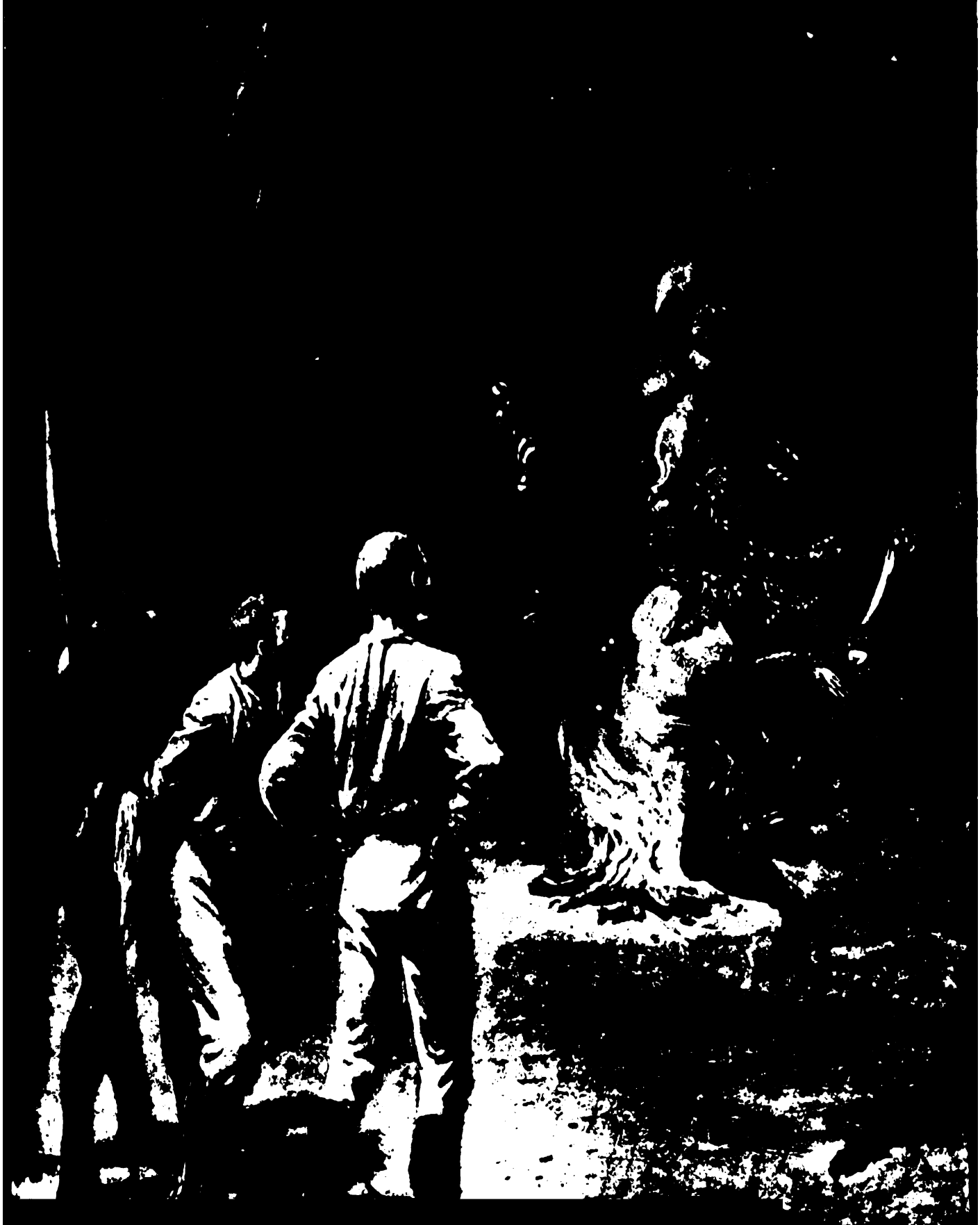
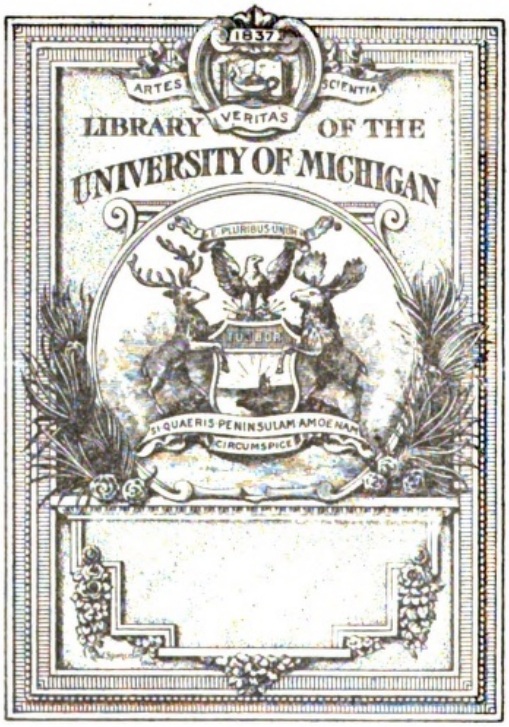


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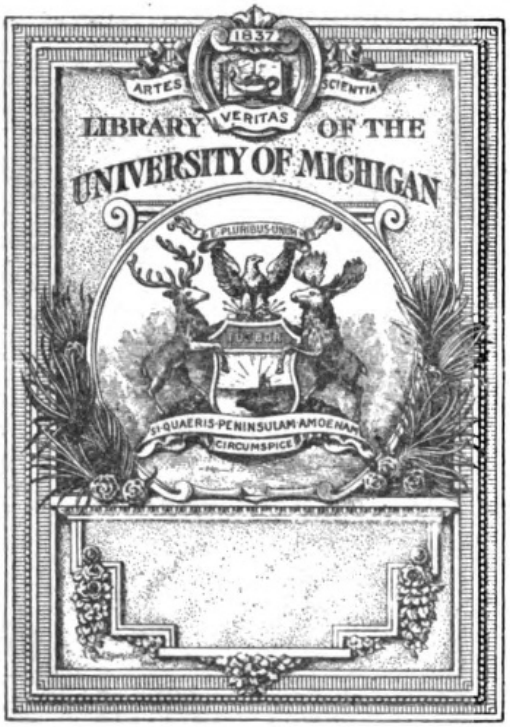
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THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. XXVI.

JULY TO DECEMBER

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, & 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

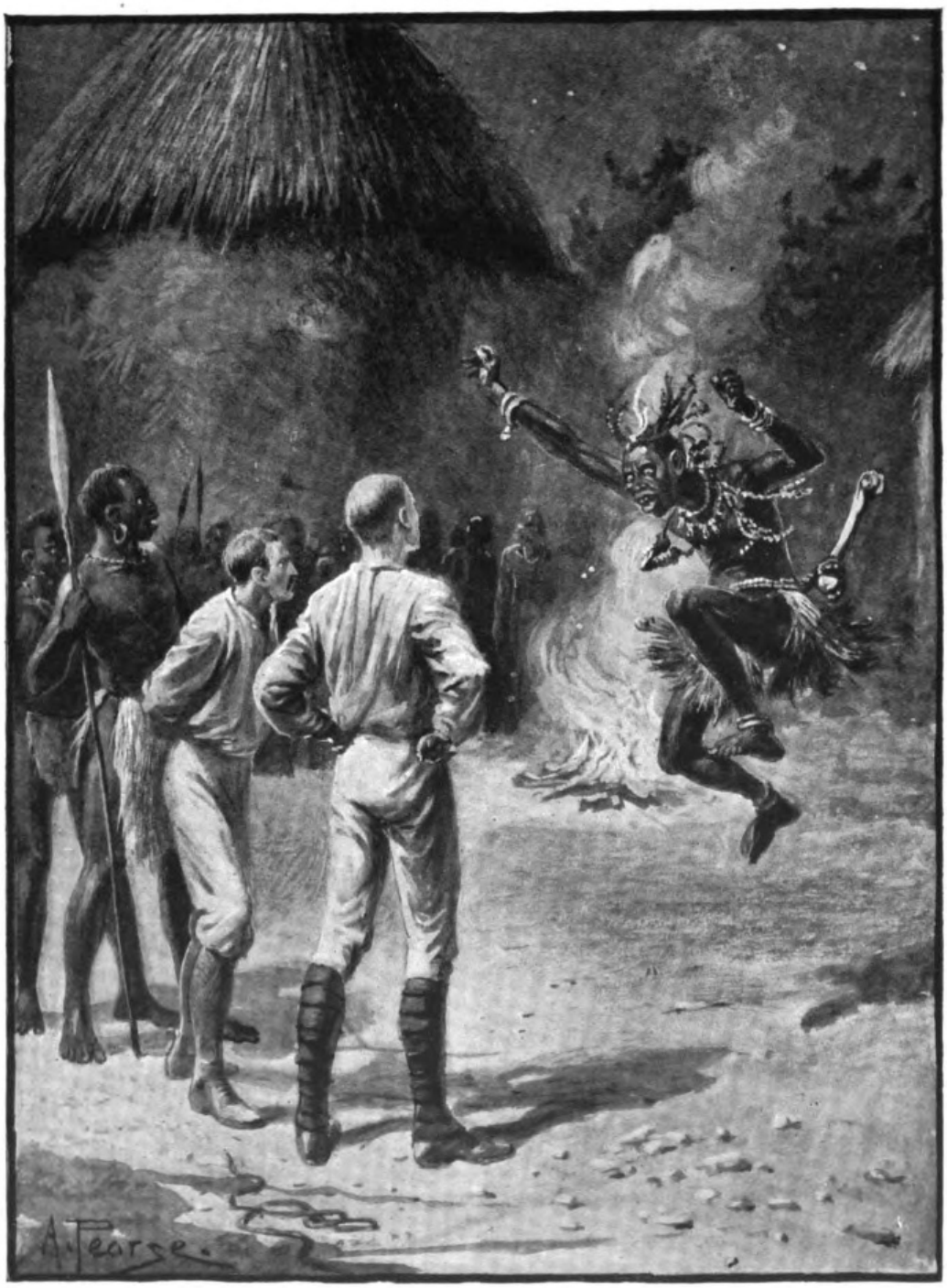
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"THE FIGURE BEGAN TO LEAP FRANTICALLY UP INTO THE AIR."

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvi. JULY, 1903. No. 151.

By Tammers' Camp Fires.—II.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard.

TAMMERS AND THE CANNIBAL.

I.

"I DON'T want to go any farther," I said.

Tammers rubbed the quarter-inch of stubble that always on active service decorated his bullet-head, and glanced anxiously round on the park-like loveliness of the scene amid which we were encamped on the edge of a plateau that lies near the heart of Africa, whither we had gone trading and hunting.

"Why?" he asked. "Can't beat the landscape, you know."

"No one could quarrel with that," I admitted; then added the naked truth, "But I am very much frightened."

"Frightened?" echoed Tammers, in surprise. "What of?"

"Ruora," I replied, shortly. "He is a cannibal, and——"

Tammers brought an open mind to the consideration of every question.

"You mustn't judge cannibals in the bunch," he urged; "I've known one or two gentlemanly cannibals in my time."

"I dare say. But Ruora has a reputation."

"That's so," said Tammers. "But Ruora's got a bowlful of diamonds, too. I'd like to trade some of those diamonds, Anson. They'd help us, you see, and they're of no use to a savage."

"How can we be certain that he has them?" I objected. "How comes a savage up here, a couple of thousand miles from the mines, to possess diamonds?"

"It's queer, but it's a fact. I made sure of that," Tammers replied. "They've passed from hand to hand in a way we mightn't like to hear. You know that niggers, who go down to the Kimberley mines, always try to smuggle away a diamond as a present to their own chief when they return home. So gradually a little lot of diamonds gets collected. Then another chief comes down and raids the lot, and so on. These diamonds have been ten years on the move, they told me. Now Ruora has them. I hear he thinks a good deal of those diamonds. It's a toss-up between them and a coloured sixpenny part of a ladies' fashion paper which he thinks most of."

"If that is the case, where shall we come in? How are we two to get a bowlful of diamonds from fifteen hundred savages who live in the centre of Africa?"

"Boldness is the only course," said Tammers, with conviction.

"There's prudence," I suggested.

I am a timid man—as timid a man, I suppose, as ever went venturing into Africa or partnered with one so daring and resourceful as my friend Tammers. I had always preferred to keep on the conventional side of the fence. Yet Tammers had a way of listening to my advice with a deference which, I fear, it did not invariably deserve. He nodded gravely at my mention of prudence, and broke off on what seemed a side-issue.

"Early this morning, while you were asleep, I climbed that big tree over there," he said.

I waited to hear more.

"I saw some glittering points of light coming up from the south-west."

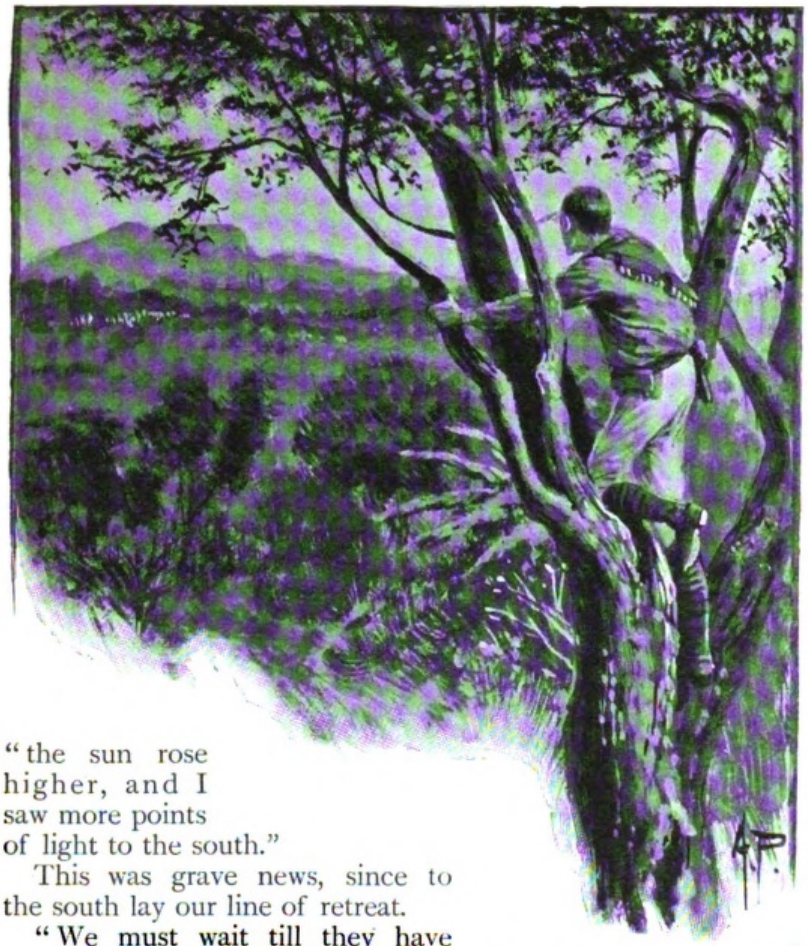
"Savages on the move?"

"Yes; I think the spears of Ruora's men."

"All the more reason for us to decamp—while we can." I was rather pleased that, for once, my counsels of caution should be justified by events. Tammers' bold strokes so often proved themselves to be irresistibly, irrefutably right.

"While I was in that tree," he continued,

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"I SAW SOME GLITTERING POINTS OF LIGHT COMING UP FROM THE SOUTH-WEST."

"the sun rose higher, and I saw more points of light to the south."

This was grave news, since to the south lay our line of retreat.

"We must wait till they have begun to fight, and then we can slip away without trouble," I said.

"They're not going to fight. They're coming this way—both lots, at a quick, regular pace. They've an object in view."

I inquired what he supposed that object could be.

"Us," he replied, baldly.

I stifled a groan and wondered what was to be done.

"What I said. We'll just go and pay Ruora a visit. It'll only be polite, you know, considering it's his country we're in. And it'll look better to go on our own legs, Anson, than to be carried there hanging from a pole trussed like a pair of fowls. I thought we were in for an ugly mess when I found those carriers gone this morning."

We had made, on the whole, a success of our trading expedition with the various savage tribes on our route, and the full packs with which we started had been gradually exchanged for payment in kind. Since then we had been pushing on with only the few carriers necessary for our personal comfort until we reached our present position. But during the preceding night these men had deserted us. Under the circumstances no more sinister event could well have occurred.

I told Tammers I was ready to start, but implied that I feared Ruora would hardly regard our embassy of two worth much consideration.

"I thought of that," he assented. "But I'm going to give him something he'll like."

"Why, we have nothing."

"Yes, we have. I brought a present on purpose for him. I'm going to give him a hat."

"Whose?" I asked.

Tammers' half-smile paid homage to my stupid little jest.

"Not yours, nor mine for that matter. Look here, Anson, I'm going to give that cannibal a theatre hat," he said, impressively.

I murmured that Ruora could scarcely fail to perceive the appropriateness of such an offering.

"Just so," said Tammers, with confidence. "It opens out with a click. That ought to make things pleasant between us."

I saw the force of the reasoning and picked myself up from the grass to prepare for our departure. Tammers opened his pack to make sure that the powers of the hat in the way of clicking and expanding had survived our months of wandering.

"If it only played a tune," he said, regretfully, as he worked the spring, "they'd want to get up a Jubilee Day for us. Still, if Ruora doesn't fall in love with that theatre hat, I'm no judge of cannibals."

Such was, on the 9th of May, our situation. Pursued by two war-parties, we were about to fly on ahead to do the civil to their bloodthirsty master, our total effects being Tammers' wits and the folding hat, to which he pinned so large a faith. Leaving our camp standing, we began a hurried descent to the lower ground. I do not suppose that even at the outset we were more than six miles from Ruora's village, and the desire to escape the attention of the

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warriors sent to capture us lent speed to our feet.

We plunged at first down a lovely glade hung with tropical ferns, through which tinkled a stream of water. Then we broke from the close heat of the forest into the more open and glaring heat of the plain. A fringe of scrubby trees and thickets hung about the flanks of the forest, and among these we came upon traces of Ruora and his people. Not readily shall I forget that march. The sun above us was pitiless; under its yellow dazzle and heat scenes and objects hideously suggestive fronted the morning.

"What's that?" I jerked out, as rounding a bush we came on a dead fire, beside which some object hung from a stick placed upright in the ground.

"Looks as if somebody thought of toasted hand for his breakfast when he got called away in a hurry," said Tammers.

But I cannot write down more of what we saw. As we cleared the trees the hive-like huts on the plain rose fully into view, and a strong smell of cattle came upon the dropping wind of the dawn.

We were at once perceived, and a detachment of armed men hastened out to meet us, or perhaps it would be more correct to say to drive us in. Many of you have read of Benin, and of what our soldiers saw when they entered the City of Blood. It was much the same in Ruora's village—the same squalor, the same abominable stenches, the same almost unbelievable evidences of cruelty.

We were thrust forward between the rows of huts until we reached an open space of ground, at the farther side of which two rather larger huts stood slightly apart from their neighbours. Heat, flies, sights, and smells! The horrible physical revulsion almost overcame the sense of the imminent danger in which we stood. It is, no doubt, a very fine thing to be a pioneer of civilization, but when the van of civilization goes forward into the untrodden places of the earth I, for one, prefer to shove behind.

Tammers doesn't, though. I never admired him more than I did on that morning—which is saying a good deal—while he walked along through a scene which recalled to me very poignantly the words of Swinburne: "Whereby the heights live haunted by present sense of past and monstrous things." Tammers, I say, marched on cool and unmoved, with the old indomitable carriage of his bullet-head, as if he had just bought the Continent of Africa and carried the stamped receipt for it in his pocket.

II.

THE cannibal of fact and the cannibal of fiction are two vastly distinct individuals. The latter is often pictured as Nature's erring gentleman, girt with leopard skins and dwelling in the warm darkness of some primeval forest. As a matter of fact he is usually a pot-bellied, red-eyed personage, who, in an environment of reeking sunshine and bad odours, suffers from acute indigestion.

This description applied in a superlative form to Ruora. We beheld a monstrously fat negro, seated on a small stool, with men and women grouped in a half-circle behind him. A rag of red cotton hung over one shoulder, and in his fist he held a much-handled stick, with which he beat upon the ground in his more emphatic moments. A man of low intelligence, vicious, malignant, yet his will lay as a yoke of iron on the necks of his people. He blinked at us in silence for a few minutes through his menacing red eyelids. Then, with a young tribesman for interpreter, the palaver began. Under the guidance of Tammers it proceeded on politic lines.

Far away, blotches against the aching blue of the sky, vultures hovered with expanded wings. I looked at them and felt very terrified indeed. How few of those who in arm-chairs read of the "mysterious heart of the marvellous Afric continent" can even dimly imagine the reality as I saw it then—pitiful, sun-rotted, squalid!

The talk went on, but the voices died strangely away to a whisper in my ears; the sunlight throbbed in flashes close before my eyes. I made a wild effort to regain my senses; unconsciousness fell upon me, and I woke to find myself in the stifling darkness of one of the beehive huts, with Tammers bathing my aching head. He asked me how I felt, and the concern in his voice drove me to refuge in feeble laughter.

"You've a touch of fever from the sun. I wish I'd never brought you here. The life's too rough-cast for you, Anson."

"Not a bit of it!" I declared. "Only over-exciting for weak nerves. Things going on well?" I asked, dreamily.

"As well as can be expected," he replied, and I must have dropped asleep as he spoke.

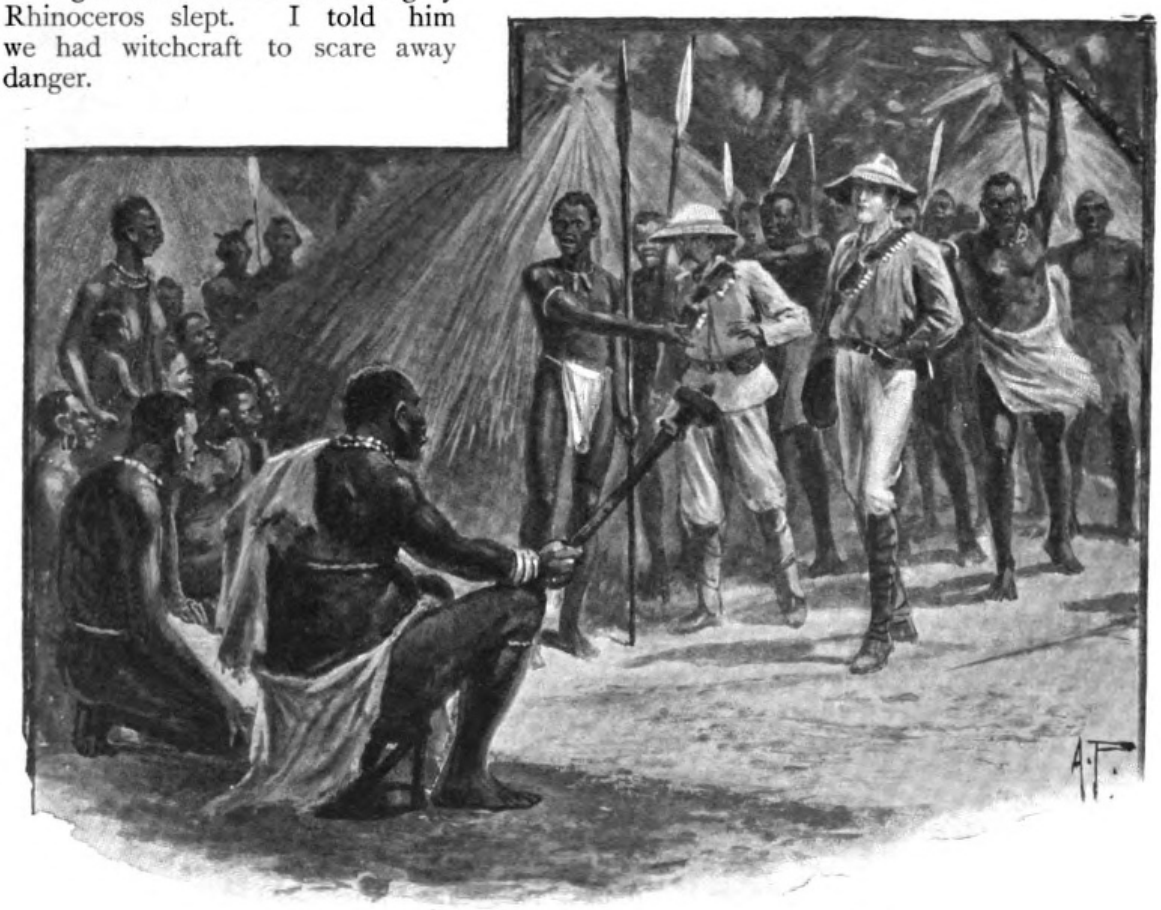
These thoughts were floating half-pleasantly on the surface of my consciousness when Tammers touched me on the shoulder, and I sat up expecting to see the blink of dying stars in the morning sky above me as I had so often done when he roused me to resume our march. But a dense blackness closed

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us in and a stifling smell of wood-smoke shot me from dreamland into the heart of the present awkward realities.

I wanted to know particulars about the interview with Ruora.

"I'll tell you. He asked what brought us across the path of the Lion, and under the feet of the Forest Elephant, and fumbling among the reeds where the mighty Rhinoceros slept. I told him we had witchcraft to scare away danger.



"WE BEHELD A MONSTROUSLY FAT NEGRO, SEATED ON A STOOL."

"'What sort of witchcraft?' he says, rubbing the big flies off his eyelids.

"I told him it was a hat-devil, and after a lot of talk (for I had to work up their feelings, you know, Anson) I showed him the hat folded up. Ruora grabbed it and put it on the top of his wool and had his wives out to see how becoming it was.

"After they'd tickled his vanity a bit he turned sulky and wanted to know where the witchcraft came in. I said the hat could make itself big or make itself small. I talked a good deal about that hat, I own, Anson.

"'Make it jump big,' he roared out. I explained it wanted an offering given to it first.

"It was something to see old Dropsy bang his stick and bellow. He's rubbed cold fear into the livers of those blacks, I tell you, Anson. They stood there in the scalding sun and fairly shivered.

"To make the story short, I worked that hat for all it was worth. Ruora's an ill-favoured savage, but there's nothing tawdry about his notion of bargaining. He began with wives, then he rose to cattle. I pushed him up to ivory. But that's too heavy to take with us just now, so I said the hat was a white man's hat and the devil liked white man's talk. With that he pulled out the diamonds. He has them slung in a little bag under his armpit."

As Tammers and I talked the darkness was thinning away, and the short-lived silence of African village life was already giving place to intermittent sounds of movement about the huts.

"Ruora was awfully taken with the way the hat snapped up into a tile," Tammers went on. "He was set on wearing it."

"Did he take the hat by force?" I asked.

"No, no; he gave me seven diamonds for it. I'd call it handsome if he'd not made a point of our staying over for the feast to-

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night. Hospitality like that's a bad trait in a cannibal, Anson."

I sat up. This was disquieting news.

"Then we can't get away to-day?"

"Well, no. You see, there are several kinds of cannibals," Tammers said. "Some, they tell me, are cannibals from religious conviction; others because they can't get over their liking for missionaries' brains. But there's another sort here, a witch-doctor. He's got a name like a sneeze that was born blind. This Tchk-tchk goes in for telling the chief's good luck or bad, and when rain's coming, by the look of a man's inside. Nasty sort of fellow."

"He'll want to prophesy from us," I suggested, with an inward squirm of anticipation. "Then they'll eat us."

Tammers nodded. "The chief said we'd come without asking his leave, but we mustn't go without it. But I took some of the pleasure out of the hat for him. I said the devil in the hat would bite his head if he harmed us."

"And then?"

Tammers looked across at me with his queer half-smile.

"He gave it to his old chief wife to wear."

"I expect it will be the old chief wife who will do the biting in the end, as far as we are concerned," I observed, ruefully.

"She was weeping into the hat when they took us away," said Tammers, "because the King said she'd got to sleep in it and shout when the devil began to chew."

"We're in a tight place, Tammers." I shook my head in deep despondency.

"We're that," he agreed, "but——"

There was a world of hope in that "but." It could not raise my spirits, however. There remained no ghost of a chance of escape. Even Tammers must be defeated by forces so enormous as those now arrayed against us. He sat silent, with his brows knit, thinking hard, while I brooded over much that might have been, and regretted—many things.

It was full daylight when the screen of grass and wattle that served as a door was pulled open and half-a-dozen of Ruora's big warriors appeared. Plenty of food was shoved into the hut, which was left open, the negroes squatting about close at hand to prevent escape.

"They don't mean to starve us. That looks well, anyhow," I remarked.

Tammers made no reply, and the fact came sickeningly home to me that lack of food was the last thing we need fear.

I sat down by the door. I have seldom felt less appetite for breakfast.

"Better eat," Tammers advised. "Fasting won't help us, you know."

"Ask for your gun," I retorted; "shoot me first and then yourself. It will be better."

"I'd shoot you right enough if the time for shooting had come," Tammers answered, in his matter-of-fact way, "but it isn't now."

"Where do you suppose help is to come from?" my irritability broke out.

"From ourselves, that's certain."

Though no echo of his self-reliance stirred in me, I grew ashamed of my attitude. In Tammers' company it was hard to be a woe-begone coward. His splendid spirit stiffened to courage even such poor material as I am made of. I joined him at his meal and ate with what zest I could. The hut we occupied stood with its back to its neighbours, the opening facing a large lagoon which lay almost under the shelter of the forest rim.

"Tammers!" I exclaimed, fired by a happy notion, "let's make a bolt for it. We're at the end of the village, and once in among the trees——"

"The trees are half a mile off," he answered, "and we'd have five hundred trained runners at our backs throwing shovel-headed spears, you know. I'm afraid it wouldn't be much use, Anson."

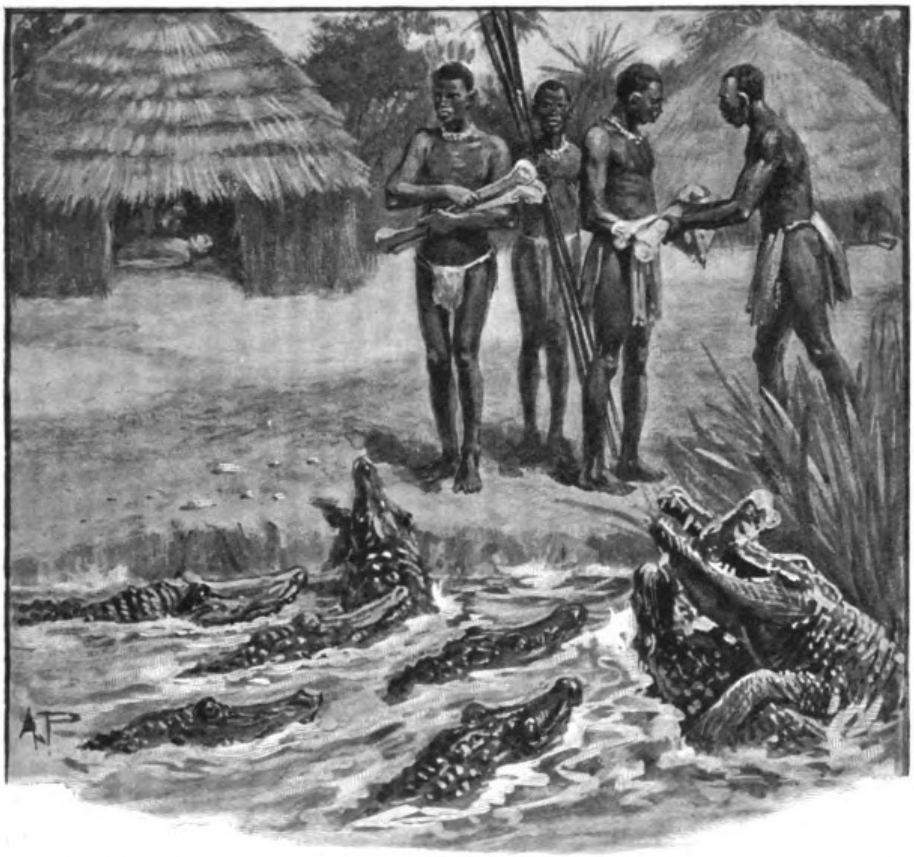
I fell silent again. There was no other loophole of opportunity in view. I tried, therefore, to settle my mind with firmness to the idea of being killed and devoured. The thought that worried me most, I remember, was that we were destined to feed such repulsive savages as were the Bahongas.

The noontide heat, under the shelter of the forest and shut off from every breeze, was suffocating. Tammers and I passed the hours each according to his character. I lay prone and, perhaps, feverish, watching the lagoon that shimmered in the glare. Now and then its oily waters would be stirred by a monstrous snout thrust out of the slime or the slow movement of a serrated tail. I can recall as in a nightmare seeing the guards bring down big cow-bones to throw to the crocodiles, and the furious rush and battle which ensued; the nauseating odour of the upstirred mud dominating for a time the other rank smells that seem to appeal so temptingly to African senses. During those long hours I must have passed into delirium.

Presently Tammers persuaded our guards to bring us water, and he bathed my head, tending me like a woman. And while he fanned me with his hat I dropped from feverish

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dozing and dreams to sound, untroubled sleep. When I awoke he was still fanning me, and I was conscious of a delicious sense of rest and relief from the tremors and bodily misery of the earlier afternoon. I could not



"I CAN RECALL AS IN A NIGHTMARE SEEING THE GUARDS BRING DOWN BIG COW-BONES TO THROW TO THE CROCODILES."

rouse myself to speak. I opened my eyes at intervals and saw the backs of the crocodiles as they lay half in and half out of the tepid water, basking in the sunshine, which still poured down from a sky like an inverted copper bowl. While I write the whole scene comes back to me with a horrible keenness of reality. The palpitating heat, the smell of fetid slime, the occasional ripple on the lagoon mud-bath, the breath of evening in a wandering breeze touches my forehead, and stale scents come crawling out from the forest depths to be in at the death of the day.

The first duty of man—to keep a stiff upper lip under all circumstances—was one I found difficult. With an effort of will I turned to Tammers.

"Feeling better?" he inquired, in his kind voice—to me always kind. Yet my readers will long ere this have learned that I was often a trying comrade, far from effective in moments of emergency.

"I'm all right now," I yawned, uncontrollably, as I tried to sit up. "But you have had no rest, Tammers."

"No need to worry about me; I'm salted," he said, briskly. "You wanted a sleep. You see, we've got to escape if we can."

"Escape?" For the life of me I could not keep the note of despair out of my voice. Then I tried to add, hopefully, "You have hit on some plan?"

"Not yet." Tammers regarded me thoughtfully. "I've got nothing but that liquid we brought along for curing skins."

I could not see its precise bearing on our destinies.

"You know, Anson, it's the root idea I like to get at," he began again. "Here's this brute Dropsy; he wants to dine off us. That's the bottom of his little game."

"Why, yes, and I don't see how we can prevent him."

"Maybe not, but it's our duty to arrange that he sha'n't enjoy his dinner."

I answered energetically that I wished Tammers could see his way to doing it.

"Just so." Tammers took the bottle from his pocket and held it up against the light. He was always a keen naturalist, as *Cobus macwhirteri* and *Canis buttoni* bear witness. Skins of first specimens of both of these creatures were, I understand, procured by Tammers. He had none of the credit, but that did not deter him from adding a preservative to our equipment when we set out on our long march through the interior.

"This stuff won't hurt on the skin," he explained. "It's only when it gets into the stomach that it shows spite. Now, if you've no objection, I'll rub some of it on you and

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the rest of the bottleful on myself. Then, after they've swallowed us, there'll be sudden deaths in Ruora's village."

I grumblingly intimated that I feared it wouldn't help us after all.

"But it'll help those who follow us," he contended; "that's some score."

"I suppose so."

"Of course it is. Besides, we aren't stewing yet, and even if in the end we do stew it'll sweeten our last hours to know that Ruora'll wish he hadn't given free play to his appetite when this begins to nip. It's strong stuff, I tell you, Anson!"

I replied it had need to be, as nothing short of an explosive would much affect the Bahongas.

"Don't you be afraid," he assured me. "It mayn't look unhealthy, but, believe me, it'd kill a child that played in the same nursery with it!"

Revenge did not appeal to me from the point of view of enjoying it as a corpse. However, I took off my shirt and Tammers with a rag resolutely sopped the liquid over my body.

"I'm not a man who ever got a wild animal's skin by poisoning the carcass I put down as bait," he remarked, as he got to work upon himself with the poison. "I respect wild animals and try to treat them in a sporting way. But these daffodils!"—he pointed to the Bahonga guards. "Just think what a lesson this'll be! They won't eat a white man after us for years and years, not inside a hundred-mile radius. That's good, you know."

He was so genuinely gratified with the notion of profiting our successors that I tried not to be behindhand in the matter. Then I warned him that he had soaked his hands in the poison while grooming me and himself. He promised to remember it, and bade me rest, as we never knew what might happen.

His dogged clinging to the idea that the last word in our deadly controversy with Ruora might yet lie with us raised my spirits in spite of my forebodings. I told myself that, desperate as our situation was, it could never be quite without hope until Tammers was dead. I had known him before now play an apparently hopeless game off his own bat, and retire with honours. Generally he had some daring and original course of action to propose, that would never have occurred to another man. And it is admitted that a novel move even in an old game is curiously disconcerting, and often sways victory to the losing side.

III.

THE heat of the day was waning, and I must confess that those later afternoon hours slid away uncommonly quickly. I, however, derived a real pleasure from the knowledge that, since we must furnish a meal for the Bahongas, we should make a surprisingly unwholesome one.

The sounds among the huts at the back of our special beehive were increasing. Clouds of dust floated past us on the rising wind of the evening and fell on the lagoon, dimming its surface. Cries, the padding of feet to and fro, the distracted attention of our guards, the assembling of the crocodiles on the edge of the water, all pointed to some particular cause of excitement. After listening for some time to the growing clamour Tammers remarked:—

"They're going to make a big thing of it, Anson. They don't taste white man every day." His tone had a curious tinge of gratification in it. "They'll be wishing presently they hadn't ever tasted 'em—that is, if the worst happens."

"I'm afraid it will happen."

"We must be guided by circumstances," he said, oracularly.

The moon was yet low on the horizon when a messenger came to hurry us to the presence of the King. Our hands were tied and we were hustled along, a crowd yelling joyfully at our heels until we came in sight of the open space before Ruora's own dwelling, when the hush of terror fell on them.

Two huge fires were roaring in the middle of this open space, and round it were gathered a number of soldiers with spears. Ruora himself sat between the fires, his stool on an outspread lion skin. Boys and youths with torches stood behind him, and the intense whiteness of African moonlight flooded all the scene, throwing shadows blacker than one ever sees in England.

The chief broke out into a violent harangue and thumped his stick in the dust until the people, who had closed about us in the beginning, shrank back foot by foot and left us alone with our long shadows before him.

"I'm able to make out what he's saying pretty well," said Tammers, suddenly. "Long ago I was with a tribe who spoke something like this dialect."

I remarked that Ruora seemed in a horrible fury.

"He's put out," admitted Tammers, "though I can't yet say what's annoyed him."

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After a little, however, Ruora's voice sank to an ominous growl, and Tammers translated to me in jerks.

"It's the hat that's vexed him. He says it sat down in the night, and they can't coax it to stand up again. He's sacrificed three girls and a boy to it. But it's in the sulks and takes no notice. That's all right so far, you know. Only I'm sorry for those who've been sacrificed.'

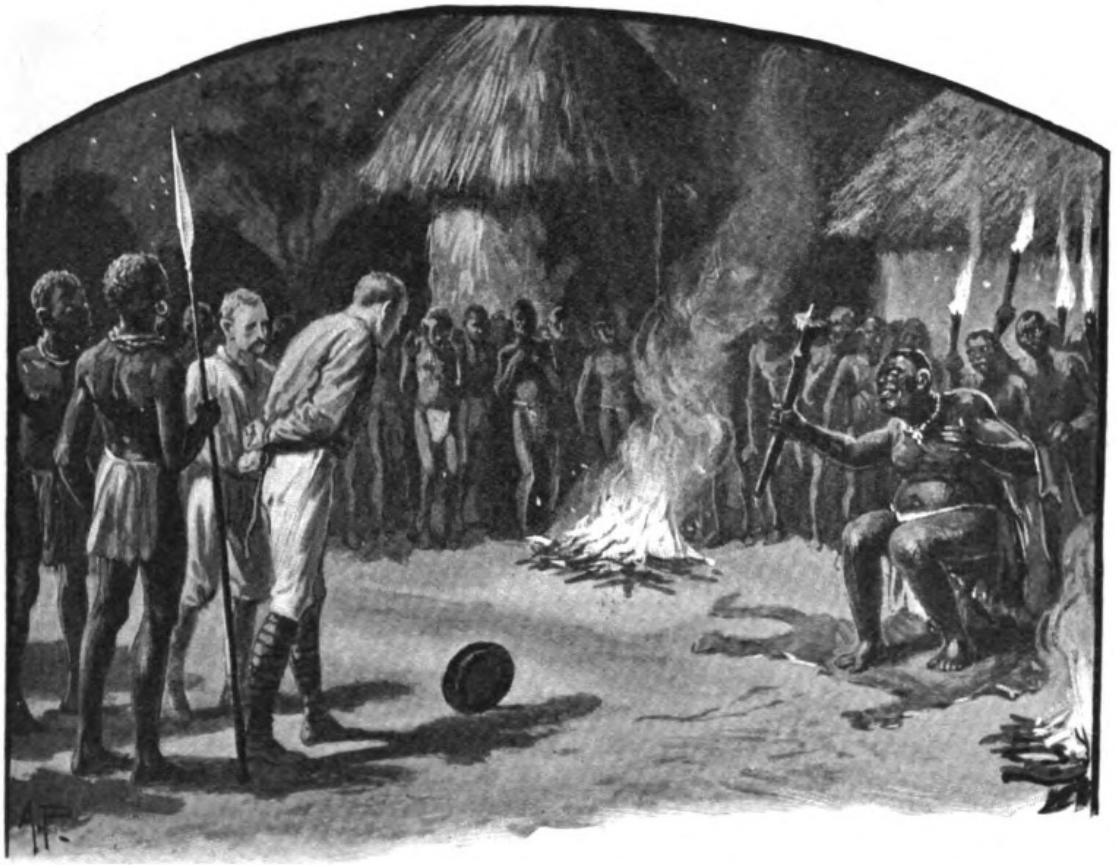
With the aid of the interpreter, Tammers made a suitable reply. The hat was brought out, flat as a pancake, and placed on the top of Ruora's head, who announced his intention of killing and eating us by way of punishment.

Tammers assured him that if he did the hat would revenge us in a peculiarly disagreeable manner.

Ruora emitted a bellow, which I was given to understand meant that he defied Tammers to propitiate the hat-devil. As good luck would have it, at this juncture the hat, dislodged by the wrathful motions of the chief, tumbled off edgeways to the hard-beaten ground and rolled over to our feet. Tammers demanded to have his hands loosed, and, raising the hat with much reverence, pointed out its manifest preference for ourselves.

"We've got to play this hand for all it's worth," he ejaculated in my ear, and proceeded to explain aloud that the hat-devil was affronted, but that perchance, if the King gave his promise to present us with three more "hard drops of water" (Bahonga for diamonds) and to set us on our journey homewards, we could prevail upon the hat to stand up once more.

Then followed prolonged chaffering, but Tammers at length extracted two diamonds and the assurance of our safety.



"THE HAT ROLLED OVER TO OUR FEET."

"Now, Anson," he said, "I'm afraid I must trouble you to sing something."

"Sing? Sing here?" I expostulated. "Why, man, I never sang a note in my life."

"You'll have to now. I tell you we're not out of the frying-pan yet, and we'll be in the fire before long if we don't take care."

"But I can't sing in tune."

"They'll like that. It'll make it all the more so. Mew up, Anson!"

"But what?"

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"It must be something with a chorus; I've got to swell the anthem on that chorus. See?" Tammers held out the theatre hat in front of him. "That hat's got us a bit of a reputation as wizards, and your singing'll strengthen it. Now!"

Probably Tammers was right, as usual; anyhow, in the midst of my fears the whimsical humour of the thing appealed to me, as I lifted my voice drearily in "Old Folks at Home."

My memory served me only with a single verse, but that I bleated forth over and over again at Tammers' prompting. As we sang the moon rose slowly toward the zenith, and her waxing light made visible many things that had hitherto been hidden from us. All that lust of cruelty and of blood could devise had there been done. It is quite impossible for me to describe the things we saw while my uncertain notes of song wailed mournfully away over the plain to the forested hills.

Tammers struck in with tremendous force at judicious intervals, and after much ceremony of manipulation the hat bounced out once more into a wearable tile.

A gulp of astonishment, followed by a simultaneous howl, went up from hundreds of throats as Tammers effected his ultimate success.

"That's done some good," he said, wiping his brow. "I think you can stop singing now, Anson."

Ruora was delighted in his own ill-conditioned way. He smote his paunch a couple of resounding slaps as Tammers swaggered up to him and placed the hat in position on the Royal pate.

I began to pluck up hope and to believe that Tammers had achieved the impossible, and that we should live to escape (very literally) from the jaws of the Bahongas, when a blood-curdling screech broke out from some spot near at hand, and a wild figure rushed into the open space and, half-doubled down, raced with extraordinary speed round and round and in and out about the two fires. The running reminded me somehow of the running of an ostrich. A sort of moan swept over the crowd, and even Ruora himself looked on scowling in an uneasy silence.

"That's Tchk-tchk," said Tammers. "Now we're in for it!"

The figure suddenly halted in front of us and began to leap frantically up into the air, clutching with hands above its head. I then discerned what it was. An old and preternaturally dirty man, hung round with fragments of skins, bones, hair, and other oddments and relics of the human frame. The evil old face peered malignantly at us as the man bunched himself into a grotesque attitude of deformity and spat vehemently in our direction. Then he turned to Ruora, and with furious gestures appeared to be denouncing us.

Ruora listened sullenly at first.

"Things are looking bad, Tammers," I said, in a low voice.

"Couldn't be worse," he agreed, briefly.

In the lull after the raucous emotional appeal Ruora spoke, but he had scarcely begun when the witch-doctor burst out again. I understood not a single word of the language, but Ruora's bloated face gave us a free translation. His great features began to work, his eyeballs stared, and as he snarled forth a harsh order the soldiers from behind sprang forward to pinion us afresh.

"That old ruffian's thirsting for more bloodshed," Tammers said, "but I have another word to say yet. Where's that interpreter?"

He plucked the man from the crowd and thrust him forward. I never guessed how much picturesqueness of speech of a rough and ready kind Tammers possessed until I heard him then.

He foretold many things that were about to befall the chief and his tribe—all of them evil. He described a parched land and a rainless succession of years. He spoke of withering winds that would blow sickness and boils from the aching north, and blasting, dry-eyed winds that would lie in wait to rush upon them from the near-by hills. He described the monstrous "skellem," wild beasts that would slay all their cattle. Then, addressing Ruora, he predicted for him a special assortment of human ills. He would in due time swell in the sun and burst. His wives, driven mad by the devil of the hat, would inevitably cook him. Moreover, when he was dead his ghost would be flung into the land of his enemies, who would chew his heart, mocking for ever at his torment and his fallen estate.

Much more also Tammers said. It sounds very different, chill, almost humorous, even absurd, as I write it down here in cold blood. But standing there in the face of a torturing death, I seemed to hear the ring of a battle-song in that speech of Tammers.

The chief cowered before his prophecies of woe, but Tchk-tchk had too long held influence over him to allow of any real revolt

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from the advice he offered. Ruora seemed to say there was no help for it; he was bound to do as Tchk-tchk thought best.

"What's that?" asked Tammers.

The interpreter gave us explicit details as to how we should be split open for the witch-doctor's benefit, that he might read the future and obtain spells and omens to bring victory to Ruora in his wars.

"Tell the chief if he eats any of us he'll die in agony!" Tammers emphasized the warning by a really well-executed yell in good Bahonga fashion.

Ruora looked uncomfortable at this, but Tchk-tchk's arguments once more prevailed.

"We are children of the hat. Men born beneath the shadow of the hat are filled with witchcraft, and their flesh is dangerous. Death cannot destroy its wonderful power. It will wring the heart, and eat its way out of the stomach of him who swallows it," cried Tammers again.

The interpreter gave the witch-doctor's answer. He feared not the white wizards; while, as for the power claimed for our flesh by Tammers, he derided it, and swore to eat a large helping of each of us himself, and thus force the devil of the hat to become his devil.

In short, he defied us very successfully, and everyone seemed much impressed with his courage.

"The interpreter says this is the biggest witch-doctor in the world. He has killed off half the tribe by suggesting suspicions to Ruora. I think, Anson, it's time someone took him in hand." There was a light in Tammers' eyes as he said this.

I stared at him expectantly. What was he going to do? Was he about to strangle Tchk-tchk with his hands? It was clear he had some scheme in his head.

Tchk-tchk ordered our guards to hold us tight, and advanced upon us with a broad-bladed weapon that made me shiver.

"Ruora," shouted Tammers, "if we die, you will also die. Our witchcraft will slay you. You may kill us, but we shall not be dead. Our flesh will grip the inside of your body as a strong wind grips a plantain leaf, and it will tear you to shreds."

Tchk-tchk gnashed on us with his teeth. "These men are liars. Their flesh is as the flesh of little children!" he screamed, for Ruora bade him stay his hand.

Death stood face to face with us at that moment.

"O chief, you who are wise, you shall be the judge," Tammers spoke again. "That refuse-hung wizard says that we are liars. Nay, but it is he who lies! For, indeed, our flesh can surely eat its way out of him who swallows it."

"How can I know the truth?" cried Ruora, in great agitation between the pretensions of the rival wizards.

"Prove us!" Tammers hurled out his challenge.

I knew Tammers to be a man of infinite resource, but how under heaven he was going to furnish proof of his threats until one or the other of us was in process of digestion I could not conceive! A dreadful idea struck me that he meant to give himself to death with the hope of saving my life.

"Tammers, stop!" I laid my hand upon his arm. He gave me a reassuring wink.

"How can any prove you unless indeed you die?" retorted Ruora, gloomily.

"Taste us!"

A dead silence held the assembly for a moment. Even the seasoned chief was taken aback by this outrageous proposal. A confused recollection of the Merchant of Venice hummed through my bewildered brain. But Tammers was ready.

"Aye, taste us and see," he repeated; then, seeing that Ruora shrank from testing our boasted unwholesomeness in person, he added, "Let this old man taste and see. Let him eat but my little finger, and it will pierce his liver with ravening teeth as I and my companion have said."

It was handsome of Tammers to include me, for up to that point my sole contribution to the scene had been, I fear, my song and an ill-supported assumption of indifference to danger.

Perhaps Ruora was not loth to put his high priest's life in jeopardy. Tchk-tchk was a despot in his own line, and no doubt Ruora relished opposition as little as any other tyrant.

"Eat, father of wizards!" he called out.

"Hearken again, O chief!" Tammers cried. "So mighty is the hat-devil that, if this old man, who fears to eat, will but lick my finger my words shall be proved!"

But after all Tchk-tchk had the courage of his convictions. He was well versed in bluffing, himself, and I feel certain he believed Tammers was also playing that time-honoured game. Anyhow, when Ruora growled, "Lick, O wizard!" he licked unreservedly.

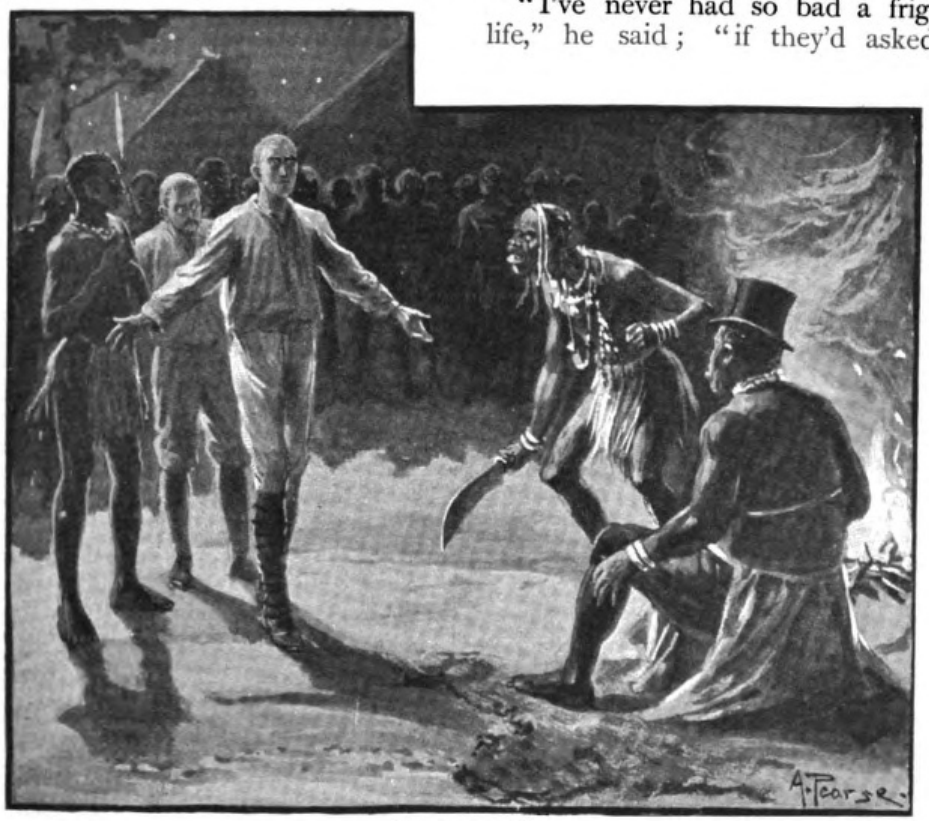
He was the centre of all eyes, and in the midst of the rather prolonged operation Ruora put a question. Tchk-tchk replied.

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"What is he saying?" I inquired, in a quiver of excitement.

"Says it tastes all right," said Tammers, with complacency. "He's not through with that preservative yet, Anson."

In a few minutes the old wizard began a fresh series of antics, but of an entirely new description. They were, in fact, the convulsions of an unconquerable anguish. With an extraordinary fortitude he tried to conceal his pain by aping his former movements. His last effort culminated in a rush at Tammers, but he fell before reaching us.



"TASTE US!"

I cannot set down the details of the horrid scene. Ruora and his people looked on at Tchk-tchk's sufferings with a cold if absorbed curiosity, until death put an end to them.

"I don't think they'll press us to stop on now," observed Tammers.

And, in fact, they were anxious to be rid of us as soon as might be. The moon still rode high as we set out on our return journey to the coast. We took with us five-and-twenty diamonds, the full number Tammers demanded before he would promise to return no more for the purpose of recovering the magic hat that had endowed him with such useful capabilities.

"Tammers!" I exclaimed, "who but you could have hit upon such a notion?"

"I've never had so bad a fright in my life," he said; "if they'd asked for my trigger-finger, I must have given it! Think of that!

"I'd like to have had a chance to clean up that soup-kitchen before we left," he went on. "The only thing I hope is that those cannibals won't be able to deny themselves the luxury of eating old Tchk-tchk. There's enough poison in that carcass to do a lot of harm. I say, Anson, this'll make rather a good incident for your book on Mrs. Africa," he ended, critically.

"Except that no one will believe it."

"What? You mean you'll leave it out?" His disappointment was plain.

"No," I replied, "perhaps I'll tell it as fiction."

And I have.

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Sovereigns I Have Met.

By Hélène Vacaresco.

II.—SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF KING EDWARD VII.

[In the following article Mlle. Vacaresco gives a slight but interesting account of a visit paid by King Edward, when Prince of Wales, to the Roumanian Court, together with an amusing description of the tableaux vivants devised by the ingenuity of the Queen herself for his special entertainment.]

THE arrival of a Royal visitor at a foreign Court is always an important event, especially when, as in the case of King Edward's visit to Roumania a few years ago, the illustrious guest is unknown to the august couple who are to entertain him during several days. Moreover, the Prince of Wales, as he was then, had chosen a season when the presence of foreign Sovereigns at our Court was unusual, and the problem was a hard one—how to make him spend his time pleasantly in the summer residence of the King? Of course, the official programme would have to be regarded, but our Queen felt strongly that the Prince of Wales should be received with some novel form of entertainment, so that he might carry back with him a charming recollection of a country whose situation and destinies had hitherto been so widely different from those of all the other European nations. Besides, Her Majesty was always anxious to spare her fellow-sufferers—that is to say, Royal Princes and Princesses — the monotonous process of seeing everywhere the same festivities, and of gathering from their travels little genuine delight.



KING EDWARD VII., FROM A PHOTO. TAKEN ABOUT THE DATE OF HIS VISIT TO ROUMANIA.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

On the other hand, we did not know much about the Prince of Wales, although we had read frequent descriptions of his tastes and habits. But as we were all aware that a Prince's character is only familiar to those who approach him daily, and that there is not much to be gathered on this subject from newspapers and reports, the heir to the English throne was quite a stranger to us. No one could tell what kind of entertainment would be most agreeable to one who had seen half the world, who had visited India, and who had spent many months every spring in the French capital. When asked to give my opinion of the arrangements made for the Prince's visit I was so perplexed that I was reduced to declaring that to my mind nothing seemed more natural and more courteous than to pursue the usual course—to offer His Royal Highness as many excellent dinners and brilliant luncheons as he could swallow during his short stay, to show him a fair number of military pageants, to take him for as many walks and drives through the beautiful forest as he would care to undertake, and then to close the whole series of receptions by a big party. Besides, the weather was sultry, though October was at hand. The Prince would certainly feel grateful for not being disturbed by new arrangements, and would prefer the familiar, though monotonous, formalities with which he had been acquainted since his childhood.

The Queen looked daggers at me as I wound up by saying that we should probably discover also that we were all incapable of inventing anything new and attractive in the way of theatricals, dances, or picnics. Her Majesty immediately arose and declared that, if the heat had deprived us of our sense and courage, she herself was not disposed to fall asleep or to allow the Prince to find his sojourn in Roumania tedious. In vain I argued ; in vain I pointed out that the date of the Royal visit came close upon the day when the Queen was due at the manœuvres, where the King specially desired her presence ; in vain I tried to prove how delighted the Prince would be by the surrounding landscape, by the wildness of the rocks and

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mountains under the floods of golden sunshine. The Queen's face wore a look of determination whose meaning I could guess.

I did not, therefore, feel astonished when next morning, a few minutes after sunrise, I was summoned to her apartments. For these early interviews the Queen had the habit of striking a few notes on the piano, and, as my sitting-room was situated just above Her Majesty's boudoir, I immediately obeyed and ran downstairs. The Queen was standing in the middle of the room,* her face full of joy. "Eureka!" she cried. "Oh, I am *so* pleased. I have hit on such a beautiful idea! And without your help, too! On the contrary, you lazy thing, you tried to thwart and discourage me. But I now will have my own way."

"And what is the marvellous idea, madam, may I ask?"

"Tableaux vivants."

"Tableaux vivants?" I repeated, in a subdued voice, yet in tones of respectful criticism.

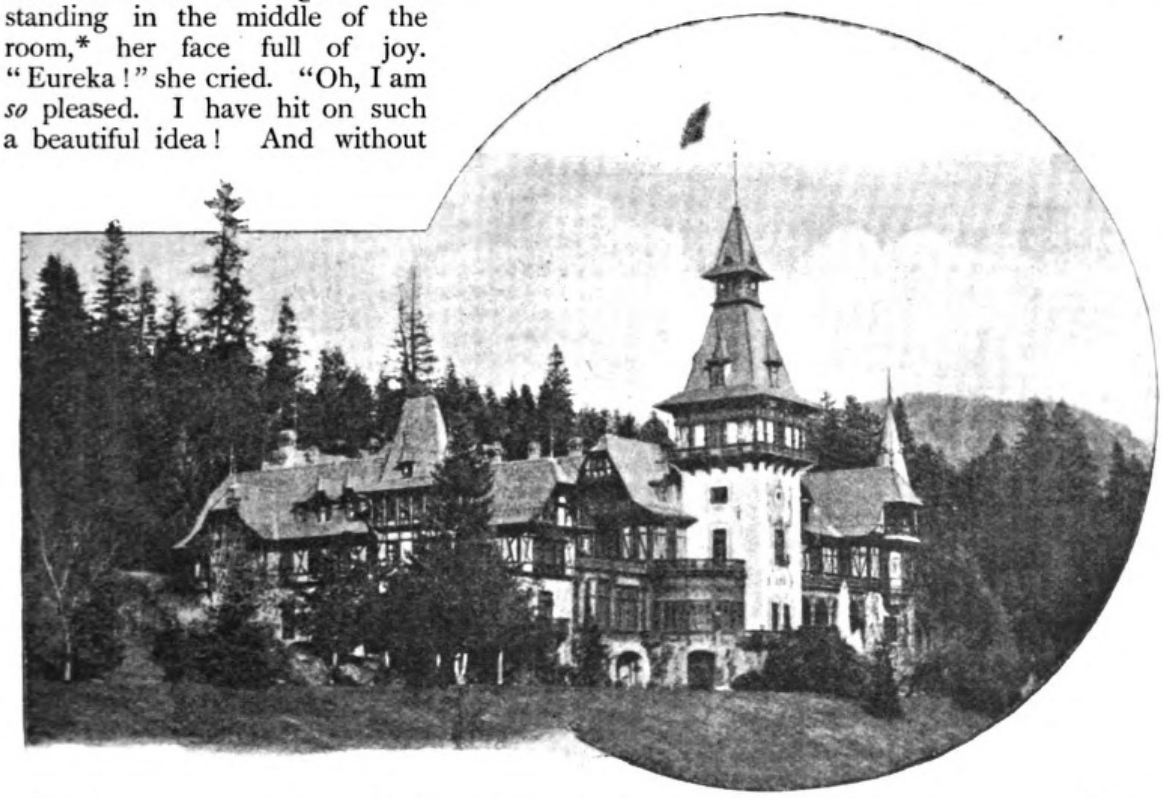
"Yes, tableaux vivants."

"But the Prince of Wales must have seen more than a thousand tableaux vivants in his life."

"Don't be silly! These tableaux vivants will be quite unlike any he has ever seen, or anyone else either."

I failed to understand.

"Wait till I explain. The tableaux will represent a charade, and the initials of the words of the charade will be our guest's own title—'Prince of Wales.' The subject of each tableau will begin with one of the letters of those three words. There are thirteen letters in the words; therefore you will have thirteen tableaux, and a fourteenth that will represent the Prince of Wales himself, or one of his predecessors, because all the subjects of these tableaux will be taken from the history of England or from English fiction. Now go back to your room and let me work."



From a] THE ROYAL SUMMER PALACE AT SINAÏA, WHERE KING EDWARD WAS A GUEST. *[Photo.*

In the calm solitude upstairs, where I looked out upon the neighbouring forest, whose dark-green branches were already reddened by the twofold colour of the autumn leaves and of the sunlight striking softly down the sloping glades and pathways, my first care was to take down the two volumes of Macaulay's "History of England" and cast a glance over the engrossing pages. But my search, though careful, was without result, as I could find no personages who seemed suitable to play a part in our projected tableaux. As I let the books fall upon the carpet, and was about to turn to some other occupation, the Queen, whose light tread I had not heard, was by my side, holding in her outstretched hands a heap of papers on which her firm, bold writing had traced

*A photograph of this room appears on the next page.

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something which very much resembled a plan of battle.

"Look here! Every tableau will represent an episode from one of Shakespeare's plays. See! All the initials of the names will form the letters of the three words 'Prince of Wales': Perdita, Richard III., Imogen, and so on. Now, telegraph to all the people who are likely to accept our invitation. Here is also a list of the people I want you to ask. Tell them to come to Sinaïa by the next train. There is no time to lose."

"And the manœuvres, madam? I suppose your Majesty intends to give up the manœuvres?"

"By no means. I never give up an iota of what I deem my duty—we shall be able to arrange everything beautifully, I assure you."

"And what says the King?"

"The King allows us to arrange the performance, but under one condition—rather a severe one. He must totally ignore our doings; the official existence in the castle must remain perfectly undisturbed, and when the Prince of Wales arrives, should he feel fatigued, the representation must not be even mentioned. The tableaux vivants are not put down in the official programme. 'Dura lex, sed lex,'" said the Queen; and she sighed softly.

I was quite abashed and terror-stricken at these words. If the Prince's curiosity should fail to be awakened, our plans, our labour, which I guessed might prove hard, would be perfectly useless, and I vowed to myself that in some way such a catastrophe could and should be avoided. The great day was fast approaching. First was to come the Queen's visit to the vast plain where the manœuvres took place. Then the King's intention was to proceed to Bucharest and to show his capital to the Prince of Wales. Afterwards the Prince was due at Sinaïa, where the grand reception was prepared.



From a] THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA'S BOUDOIR AT SINAÏA. *[Photo.*

While the train briskly carried us to the field of the manœuvres we were—both the Queen and myself—absorbed in thought, deep and serious indeed, but in no way connected with military pursuits. On one side of the carriage stood the King, surrounded by generals, colonels, and equerries-in-waiting, expounding the merits of a

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new cannon or a new gun. On the other side, but a few steps apart, the Queen exchanged with me such typical remarks as these: "Has Mr. V—— received his wig?" "Miss Z—— does not hold her head well; and the flower in her hair should be red, not blue." "We must tell Othello to look just a little bit more savage."

A couple of minutes in a swift landau brought us to the plain, where bayonets and sabres glistened under the glare of the scorching sun. But neither the sound of trumpets echoing from hill to hill, nor the mad rush of cavalry, nor the roar of the cannon could divert our minds from this chief preoccupation. Flags waved, shrill commands pierced the sultry air, regiments were poured like water from the distant horizon till they reached the landau where the Queen sat waiting and waving her handkerchief, but we saw nothing before our eyes save the little theatre where, even during our absence, the improvised actors were busy. Even when the Queen followed the King in the pathway opened for them amid the cheering soldiers, the Queen, without ceasing for one moment to bow and to appear engrossed with everything she saw, turned to me and muttered: "We have no Falstaff yet. Do try and discover among your acquaintances someone who might be a good Falstaff. I am afraid we shall not be back before evening, but I hope they are doing their best without us. But it *is* annoying to have been obliged to leave the castle on the eve of such a day. Now, I suppose, we shall be obliged to sit up the whole night."



THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, WITH LADIES OF HER COURT AT SINAÏA.
From a Photo.

Towards twilight the Royal train bore us back to the castle, while the King proceeded to Bucharest. Slowly in the soft haze of the evening light we ascended the steep route: a cool wind was rising, and the new-born moon floated in the gorgeous autumn sky. From the station to the castle, notwithstanding the pace at which the postillion was driving his four stalwart horses, we found the road long, and gave a sigh of relief as the castle, illuminated like a fairy vision, at last burst upon our sight. The postillion sang a wild song and joyful greetings came from trumpets and voices to tell the sleepy mountain forests that their Queen was returning to them under the rays of the young moon.

We stop upon the threshold—the huge doors are wide open—the Queen stops, and an exclamation of amazement and delight falls from her lips. I follow quickly upon her steps. The sight she beholds is a glorious one indeed, and one which I shall never forget. There in the high hall, where knights in armour form a range of spectators against the gilded walls, all the glory, all the glamour of the past seems to rise before our dazzled eyes. There is Mary Queen of Scots, and quite close to her, heedless of anachronism, seeing that she is but the daughter of a poet's dream, there is Perdita. Here Richard III. looks grim and resolute, while Shylock smiles upon him. Cleopatra, in

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loose robes of yellow and purple, walks hand in hand with Oberon ; the gay group of the Merry Wives of Windsor cluster round King Lear, and Cordelia leans upon the arm of Mary Tudor. In the case of two of the tableaux we have been obliged to abandon Shakespeare for Schiller and Victor Hugo ; thus is explained the presence of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, and Mary Tudor.

As "Carmen Sylva" had foretold, we slept very little that night. When I went up to my room, instead of seeking repose after the awful fatigue of the day, I had to compose the French verses to be recited before each tableau ; and the first grey streaks of dawn decked the sky before I had composed the final stanzas. Overcome by weariness, giddy and dazed, I fell asleep and dreamed of a battlefield, through the depths of which a man dressed in glistening red armour rode at full speed. I awoke to hear bugles and trumpets sound a shrill march under our windows. The troops in the castle were now astir. Already in the castle halls my companions, dressed in crisp white muslin, awaited my arrival, and were afraid that I might be too late. "Make haste ! make haste !" they cried ; "we are soon going to the station." It was even warmer than yesterday ; the night had brought no coolness. How we pitied the unfortunate Prince, who had to travel and to accomplish so many wearisome details of etiquette in such a furnace ! "It will remind him of India, perhaps," we said. "Let us give him flowers and look our gayest ; the sight of white dresses, joyous faces, and bright flowers may refresh him."



THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, TAKEN ABOUT THE TIME OF KING EDWARD'S VISIT.
From a Photo. by F. Mandy.

The arrival of the Prince took place in the usual manner, to the accompaniment of music, military salutes, speeches, and official greetings. We were all presented to Queen Victoria's heir, and we noticed that he looked courteous and pleasant in spite of the circumstances. Then we were immediately told that the Prince would lunch and take tea with the King and Queen, and that we should see nothing of him before dinner. So we had the whole afternoon to ourselves, and great was our delight when we returned to the quiet of our cool apartments and felt free to taste a few hours of well-earned repose.

My dog, a beautiful yellow setter, lay stretched on the carpet at my feet, and my mother sat on the threshold of the balcony, intent on a piece of dainty embroidery. Ada (that was the dog's name) did not inhabit the Royal stable, but was a daily visitor there, although we were always anxious to keep her from running about the staircases and perhaps meeting the King, to whom her presence might cause annoyance. But on that particular afternoon Ada looked the picture of utter laziness and comfort, and her golden eyes gazed at us with an air of perfect tranquillity and content. We little guessed the important part she was called upon to play, and we chatted about the reception and the Prince of Wales and kept wondering whether he would care to see the tableaux vivants. "It *is* a shame," I was saying, "that the Prince should be unaware of all the worry the rehearsals have caused. I am convinced that he would insist on seeing the representation if he only knew——" I

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had not time to finish the sentence before Ada darted towards the door, pushed it open, and rushed along the corridor, followed by our distressed but vain appeals. "Ada, come back!" we cried; "come back instantly!" But we dared not call too loud, because the castle was plunged in absolute stillness; but we followed the truant downstairs and arrived in time to see her throw herself down at the feet of a gentleman dressed in a plain grey suit, who was smoking a cigar at an open window, and whom I mistook for one of the Prince's equerries. The dog overwhelmed the unknown gentleman with caresses, and I must say that her impertinence seemed to please him. Suddenly he cast a glance upon us as we stood panting and aghast before him, and he immediately took in the situation.

"You want to get this beautiful creature back to her room, do you not? Please let me help you. Dogs are fond of me, and perhaps even this one will obey me better than you."

There was so much easy grace and composure in the tone in which these words were spoken that I felt startled, lifted my eyes to the stranger's visage, and recognised the Prince of Wales!

I made a low curtsy. "Miss Vacaresco, if I am not mistaken," said His Royal Highness; "and this is Madame Vacaresco, your mother, I am sure, for you are so very much alike."

And as I expressed my surprise that the Prince remembered my name, which he had heard mentioned only once that morning at the station, he said, "I have an excellent memory—a real treasure for a Prince. Now, Ada, go back with your mistress. You *must* go back; I am accustomed to be obeyed. You have seen me, caressed me, delighted me—you are one of the smartest young ladies I have met. Is not that compliment enough? Now go back." And with quiet authority the Prince touched the dog's collar. Ada, as if mesmerized with the words and action, crept back to her place by our side and seemed willing to follow us. So we had nothing more to do but to thank and curtsy and leave the Prince to his reverie and cigar. He extended his hand, and we were on the point of retiring when, with some hesitation, the Prince advanced again toward us.



THE KING OF ROUMANIA.
From a Photo. by F. Mándy.

"There is something I want to say to you," he said. "This is—I must call it so—a most fortunate incident. I see you love dogs. I have a dog here with me—my little Beatie, whom I call Beatie 'the Traveller,' because he always accompanies me on my journeys. But now the poor little thing is an invalid. Will you come and see him? He lies here in my sitting-room. His paw was caught in the door of the railway-carriage, and he has suffered dreadfully. He has had to be left a good deal alone, and he loves society."

The Prince opened the door of his large, comfortable sitting-room, and here little Beatie came to meet us and make friends with Ada. The animal, a charming white lupetto, limped, and his paw was carefully bandaged.

"Could you not let Ada stay with him while we take tea?" inquired the Prince.

"Certainly, sir," answered my mother. "Besides, I can remain here also, as I do not much care about functions and official receptions."

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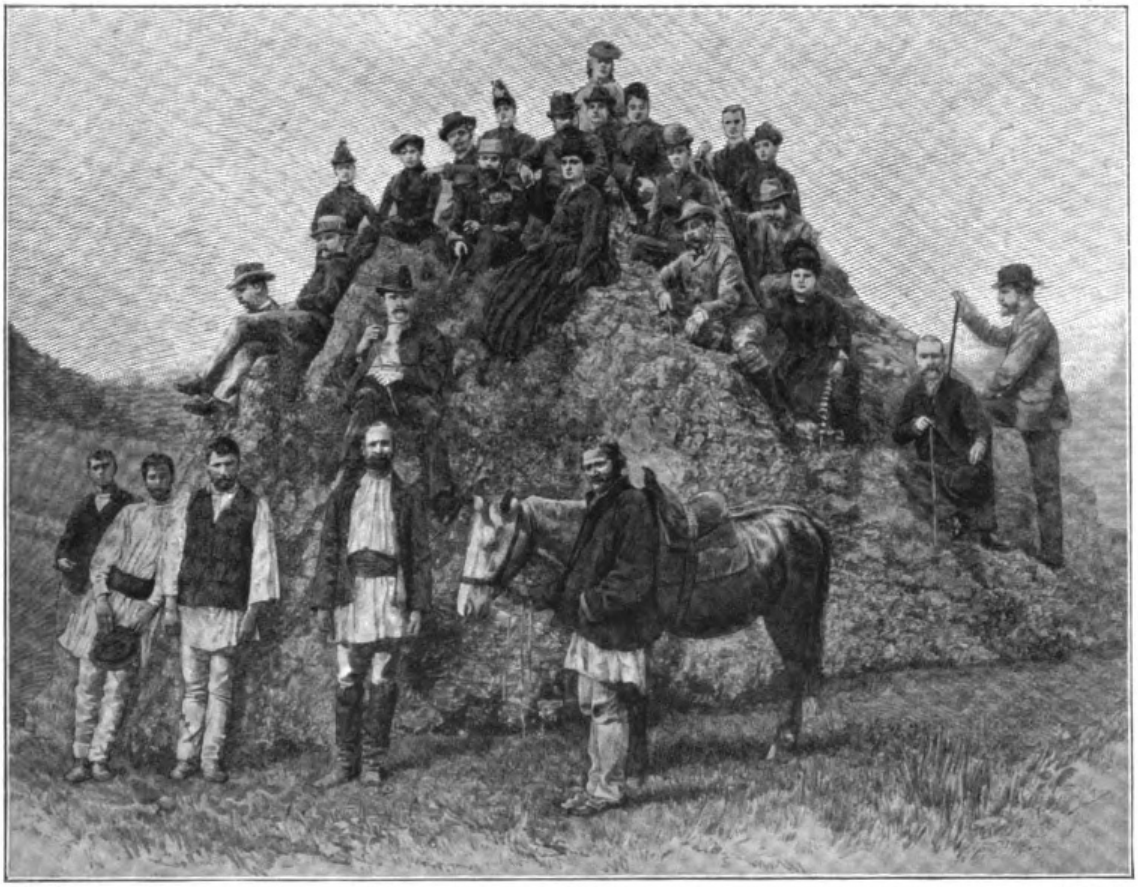
"Ah!" replied the Prince. "What would you say if you were in my place?"

Beatie was now on my knees, and felt at home with us. I began to talk to the dog. "Does Beatie know that we have prepared a beautiful series of tableaux vivants for Beatie's master to enjoy, and that, if Beatie's master does not express his desire to see them, the tableaux will not be represented, and we should feel very disappointed indeed?" These words, idly said, seemed to be as idly listened to, but when, a few hours later, we saluted the Prince of Wales downstairs, I noticed that the Queen's brow wore a gleam of triumph, and she said: "You know, my children" (she always addressed her young maids of honour as "my children"), "the Prince says he has brought a very clever little dog called Beatie to Roumania, and Beatie has asked the Prince, 'My master, how are you going to spend the evening of your first day in Sinaïa?' And this question the Prince has repeated to me. I suppose you all guess what I have answered." The witty and delicate way in which he had arranged matters made the Prince dear to all the juvenile party assembled round him.

The famous tableaux vivants proved an immense success, the more so because His Royal Highness, who almost from the beginning had guessed the words of the charade, graciously pretended to be at his wits' end and very puzzled. At last the closing scene brought Falstaff and the Prince of Wales (afterwards Henry V.) under his eyes, and the following lines were recited:—

Toi qui comme ton peuple en buvant dans son verre,
O, Prince allègre et sage, O, vainqueur d'Agincourt,
Regarde un autre Prince, espoir de l'Angleterre,
Ainsi que toi digne de son amour.

The Prince was deeply moved and thanked me heartily. "I will never forget you," said he; "you have loved my dog, and you know the proverb, 'Love me, love my dog.' And the lines in which you so strongly bring out a resemblance between myself and one of England's most glorious Kings appeal so strongly to my soul that I should like to keep them as one of the best omens I have ever known. Please write them down for me. I must have them written in your own hand, and I will show them to my mother and to the Princess; they will both be as grateful to you for them as



From a] THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA'S PICNIC FOR KING EDWARD IN THE CARPATHIANS. *[Photo.*

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I am. You are well aware, if you have heard anything of myself and my character, that these words in my mouth are not idle words." In fact, the very next day, during a long walk we took in the mountains, the Prince more than once came and walked by my side, asking me many questions about my country and my own pursuits, and telling me a good deal about himself and his own experience as a traveller and as a Royal heir. "Yes," he said, "I have been a most fortunate man—heir to a great throne and yet able to enjoy liberty. I have an admirable mother, an exquisite wife and charming children, a whole nation—nay, many nations in one—to love and please. I sometimes wonder how I manage not to become selfish and hard-hearted. Yet I pity misery and want, and when I have seen a worried or an anxious face I cannot sleep before I have inquired into the cause of the poor creature's distress. I catch very vivid impressions when I travel, and I daily write to the Princess such descriptions of landscapes and people as I well can cram into a reasonable letter. She keeps these, and could one day make a book out of my travelling notes. I wish you could see the Princess. She possesses a soul as perfect as her face, which you must know is very sweet and beautiful."

How strenuous would prove the efforts of the new King in favour of his people, how high his ideal of a monarch would rise, I had been able to discover in many conversations with His Majesty. "No one can tell," he said, "the vast difference which the change of position creates between an Heir-Apparent and the Sovereign he afterwards becomes. I feel persuaded that even my face will change when I become a King. I fervently desire that the moment will be long in coming. I know I am in many ways rendering real service to my country as Heir-Apparent. I thus become acquainted not only with the people of England, but with all the interesting people abroad. I have learnt the organization of every State, and many a foreign politician has developed in my presence his plans and methods and views. There is nothing like travelling to form the mind of a Prince, and I have always loved going from land to land. How your country has reminded me of India! The feeling that I shall never go to India again is very strong within me, and it saddens me. You cannot imagine, even in your dreams, the beauty of India and its lasting splendour. My mother, the first Empress of that marvellous Empire, has never visited it, though in her heart she has often desired to do so."

Then, while the Prince thus spoke, I put a sudden question which somehow seemed to startle him:—

"Sir, dare I ask your Royal Highness to tell me this: Are Princes happier than other men?"

"What is your own opinion?" he replied. "Before I answer I should like to hear it."

"Oh, sir, I am convinced they are a thousand times happier, though, of course, grief comes to them through the same causes as to others. But the cares of the people and the Crown are not, I am sure, a load added to affliction. On the contrary, greatness helps to bear affliction. Greatness brings with it a strong desire of life, a keen enjoyment of its cares and toils."

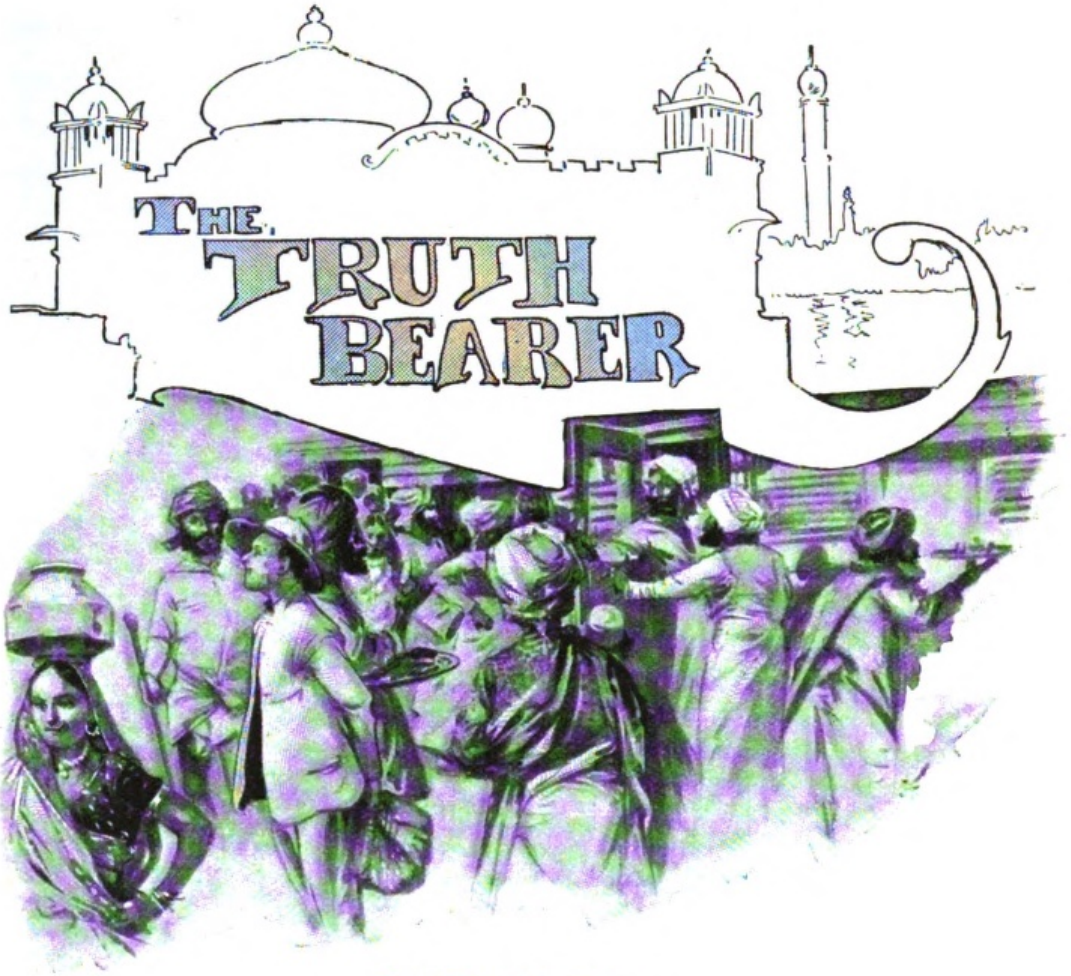
"You are perfectly right," answered the Prince. "I do not think that Princes are more liable to feel grief than other mortals; nor, indeed, to feel it to the same extent. You see, if we are really awake to the callings of our position and its innumerable duties, we have no time to nourish our emotions; and then there is a great consolation in the certainty that so many share your sorrows or your joys. For instance, I have been a very happy man—a perfectly happy man; yet this does not mean that I have not often mourned and grieved."

These and similar reflections revealed King Edward's strong and cheerful mind; a mind which openly rejects hypocrisy, cultivates gaiety and self-possession, deems the best courage to be that kind of moral courage to which every hour and duty of the day is precious—the highest quality of a Sovereign.

The Prince left after three days' sojourn among the Carpathians. "I shall never forget you," said he again, before he mounted the steps of his railway carriage; "I shall never forget your words and their good omen."

The remembrance of these scenes, to which memory clings so warmly, was strong upon me when I saw last year the King and Queen enter the choir of Westminster Abbey on the glorious morning of their Coronation. As I stood there and gazed upon the admirable scene I prayed with fervour for the happiness of both Sovereigns, while the august and radiant pair received the blessings of Heaven on their bowed heads, and while the mingled voices of cannon, bells, and organs were bearing the good news from town to borough all along the lands and seas.

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By Mayne Lindsay.

THE slow mixed train, that had toiled out of all manner of dusty, obscure places, panted between the loop-holed, red walls of Shah-jehanabad—commonly known as "Shahj'han'bad"—station. It disgorged a mob of natives to join the parti-coloured throng upon the platform; for the moment the hiss of steam dominated the cries of water sellers and of fruit pedlars thrusting their wares to barred compartment windows, amid the babble of Hindustani; and then the train crept out again on its way to Calcutta, and the few European travellers made haste to escape. In three minutes only one white man remained, gaping upon his present surroundings in what appeared to be a charmed appreciation.

He loitered down the platform, gazing with an ingenuous relish at the advertisements; sniffing the hot, heavy odours of a great city into his lungs; a strange-looking figure of an awkward young man, whose clothes were a travesty of English garments, and whose chin was blue with a two days' stubble. Even the indigo bristles could not give him a sinister appearance; there was something refreshing in his artless delight, as he progressed slowly, bundle in hand, at the dreary stalenesses of a great railway-station.

He came at last to the deep veranda before the road. There were dust, and flaring yellow sunlight, and the bustle of traffic, many-hued, without; he took it all in solemnly before he picked a *garri*, and instructed the driver to take him to the rest bungalow.

"I am going to the *Belati* shops after, to make a few little purchases, garriwan," he said. "And there is the bandstand to do before dinner, I believe. Whip up that misbegotten bundle of bones between the shafts, or you get no further hiring from *me*."

He lolled back upon the shabby cushions, and tipped a battered sun-hat rakishly over one eye. Mellars, the police superintendent, driving by at the moment in his smart high dog-cart, gave him an unobtrusive professional survey as he passed, and summed him up as an indigo assistant, grown "jungly" from existence at the back of beyond. "Let us hope Nabbi Buksh's cooking won't floor

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him at the start," commented the policeman, as the equipage turned into the dak bungalow's gates. "He has evidently come to light for an elaborate spree."

But it was with an air of impressive gravity that the arrival issued his orders to the dak khansama, an elderly and wily Mussulman, who preyed upon the humbler type of European traveller that the new modern hotels had left to him. And when, at seven o'clock, the young man returned from his drive with parcels heaped high about him, Nabbi Buksh skipped down the veranda steps with his profoundest salaam, and held the ragged reed curtain aside reverentially that this youthful Crœsus might enter. There was a magnum of cheap champagne sitting upon the front seat of the *garri;* and such luxury had not been known at the bungalow since the day that a bagman visitor had suddenly discovered himself to be a part-winner of the Calcutta Derby, the great sweepstake of India.

"Pickles, and *pâté de foie gras*, and tinned salmon, and bacon," their owner said, ticking them off. "Now, I want a rattling good dinner at eight o'clock, and dash the expense. There are quail in the basket under the seat . . . Not there—you! That's my new dress-suit, and a couple of boiled rags to make me feel it is a special occasion. Gad! it *is* my party at last; and here is the man to enjoy it."

"Put the clothes upon Tyrer Sahib's bed and see that the studs are in their place," said Nabbi Buksh to an underling. For his own part he had the champagne to lay on ice, and he would delegate the duty to no one.

Tyrer stalked up the veranda, puffing at a large cheroot, and stood with his hands in his pockets, foolishly smiling at a winking gold chain, a shabby silver locket dangling upon it, which was looped upon his waistcoat. When he withdrew his admiring gaze from his purchase and looked about for a chair, he met the eyes of the other sojourner at the bungalow.

Mr. Sydney Nuttall had been heard to say he had travelled in kerosene. If that respectable, but unpretentious, occupation had been his, it must have been at a time beyond the memory of his Indian associates, who knew him usually, after the preliminary of a railway or hotel encounter, to their cost across a card-table. Of late bad luck, an increasing wariness among his acquaintances, and the necessity of dodging many happy hunting-grounds had made him seedy and hungry-looking. Most people would have recognised him instantly for the man he was; he hardly dared believe in his good fortune when he saw that the new-comer was looking wistfully towards him. Here was actually existing a simpleton who could still be undismayed by the disreputability of his nose and his apparel — nay, who could be taken in handsomely by his well-worn, familiar airs. He felt in his pocket to make certain that he could call for whisky and sodas. Then he called, ostentatiously, and introduced himself. In half an hour he had secured an invitation to dinner; and at eight o'clock, with a frayed white linen suit and a scarlet cummerbund bedecking him, he was strolling in to share the magnum, his hand upon the glossy new coat-sleeve of his benefactor. It was, Mr. Nuttall exulted to himself, as he moved dreamlike to the feast, as good as a straight flush after a run of pairs.

"You don't know what it is like to sit down to a decent meal with a white man again, after being out in the cold for five years," Tyrer said. He beamed upon the khansama's table decoration of marigolds and red hedge-roses, with a cart-wheel of pewter spoons surrounding them.

Nuttall privately thought he did; but he said nothing. He was curious to know some more about this moneyed person, beyond the fact already drawn above the whisky and soda. And that was, briefly, that the money was there. He had seen a crackling pocket-book, and the sight of it had warmed his blood like wine. And the owner was green —oh! how deliciously green he was! For he thought Nabbi Buksh's hostelry was the resort of rank and fashion; and he took Mr. Sydney Nuttall for a Government official. He had swallowed, indeed, a very large quantity of fabrications in the passing hour; Nuttall's genius lay in the generation of many and varied lies. It was now the young man's turn to speak about himself. As his *vis-à-vis* surmised would come to pass, the first glass of champagne loosened his tongue.

"You mustn't think I'm grumbling. I've had awful luck," he said. "It was heaps better than being a shipper's clerk at fifteen shillings a week. And that's what I was, in a dirty little City den, when I was nineteen, which was when I met the Rajah."

"Of ——?" Nuttall queried.

"Bitipur," Tyrer said, proudly. "You've heard of *him*, of course. Here—your glass isn't half full. Khansama!"

Nuttall moistened his lips—no more; there was business to be done. He remarked that he had heard of the Rajah, and that he understood he was one of the old-fashioned

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sort, who kept his State to himself and had not gone in for English society and a racing stable.

"That's true; barring the presence of the Resident and a few missionaries, you might be out of the British Empire altogether in Bitipur," Tyrer said. "But he ruled 'em; he was a good man; high caste; blue blood; he kept his end up in style; there's a native saying in Rajputana that the Maharajah of —— is a moneylender and the Nawab of —— is a jockey, but that Bitipur is a prince first and a man afterwards. He came across me in a queer way.

"I was down at the docks for Wilson—that was my guv'nor—when I happened to pick up a signet-ring. Turned out afterwards it belonged to the Rajah of Bitipur, and that there was an awful fuss being made about it. Wilson tried to take all the credit, of course, when it was handed back, but Bitipur was too 'cute: he sent for the person that had picked it up. He was at Claridge's; don't I remember my heart being in my boots when the flunkey showed me up? He said it was valuable; and then he thanked me. One thing led to another; I don't know—he seemed to like me—he asked me what I was doing, and I said there wasn't much in it, and I wanted something better. . . . In the end he offered me his secretaryship. You can imagine my feelings! I didn't want to accept at first—it sounded such a mighty big job for a chap like me to tackle—but the Rajah wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. Eastern princes are fond of doing things when they are least expected, or, at least, *he* is; there is a touch of the 'Arabian Nights' fellow—what do you call him?—Haroun al Raschid—about my Rajah. . . . After all it wasn't difficult a bit, for he had a whole regiment of Hindu scribes and Allahabad B.A.'s on the spot, as I found when we arrived at Bitipur.

"I read English to him, as well as wrote his letters. I had a suite of rooms and the run of my teeth, and he took to sending for me to amuse him in the evenings. . . . I taught him 'Beggar-my-neighbour'; and you wouldn't believe, Mr. Nuttall, how much he enjoyed it. If I had been fond of sport I dare say I should have stuck to it longer; but I'm just a Cockney, and I don't know a blackbuck from a donkey. I never asked for leave; and I had the contract for five years and regular pay, and nothing to spend it on. My time's up now; I may go back or I may not, but for the present I'm a free man. I shall go home and show 'em what I'm fit for, first thing; I know that. I've got a sister, badly off, married in Camberwell; it will be a lark playing the rich Indian uncle to the kiddies. And, mind you, I don't suppose I spent ten per cent. of my screw all the time. . . . Yes, the Rajah is a thunderin' good sort, though he's not one of the 'enlightened' ones. What do you think of that wine, now?"

Nuttall said, promptly, that it was excellent, and made a feint of drinking freely. At the first opportunity he said:—

"I suppose he loaded you up with presents? Indian princes have that way."

"No—no. I can't say he did; but my pay came regularly, and that is more than might have been expected in Rajputana. He



"I TAUGHT HIM 'BEGGAR-MY-NEIGHBOUR.'"

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gave me a gold match-box when I came away, and a signed photograph—pretty handsome, you know. Oh! and—yes, a queer sort of locket thing that I mean to hand over to my sister when I get home. Might do for a lady; it's a bit odd for a man, and the Rajah seemed to think he was giving me something special. I hitched it on to my watch and chain to-night. . . . There it is."

He dumped the cheap curb chain on the table, and Nuttall leaned forward eagerly to see what a prince's gift might be. To his disappointment he saw nothing but an open silver locket, pear-shaped, with what he took to be an engraved cornelian inside it.

"It doesn't look like a valuable stone, and the case is only silver," he said. "I think your Rajah must have been economizing, Mr. Tyrer."

"Maybe," Tyrer said easily, with a boyish laugh. He was flushed and genial, and he perpetually pushed the wine across to his companion and urged him to help himself. "He was distinctly impressive about its presentation, though; from his talk you would have understood he was only throwing in the match-box as *dusturi*, and that this was the real mark of favour. He said it had properties. 'You see that I give it to you,' he said. 'It is better to receive than to take. It is a servant that knows its master. Ask the Bitipuris. Nay, rather, do *not* ask them, lest they say I give away their treasures.' And then he laughed."

Nuttall took the thing back, curiosity-pricked, and looked it over and over. But, no; it was nothing but a mean-looking silver charm, with sundry scratchings upon the face of the stone. Tyrer drained his glass and filled it again.

"Some dashed silly superstition, I suppose," said Nuttall, with a yawn, pushing the locket back to its owner, who replaced it upon his waistcoat. And he trifled with his wine and watched the other's heated face, for it seemed to him that the opportunity he was waiting was very slow a-coming.

The cloth was withdrawn at last, however, and there sat the two men, the light of a vile-smelling, untrimmed lamp glaring at them from the wall, the smoke of Tyrer's cheroots curling up to the roof rafters, where dust and spiders and lizards kept company together. Nabbi Buksh set coffee upon the bare camp-table. Outside, the underling upon his haunches was washing the plates, and far away beyond the maidan twinkled the lights of cantonments. Now and then a carriage thudded by through the dust, on its way to some social function. Tyrer cracked five-year old jokes, his chair tipped back upon two rickety legs; it was plain that he was enjoying his emancipation, and he had certainly taken more champagne than was good for him. He nodded like a pleased child when Nuttall threw a pack of cards carelessly upon the table.

"Like to play something better than 'beggar-my-neighbour'? Must do something, you know."

"I don't mind." He nodded again. "You're awf'lly good f'llow, Nuttall, I say. I'm awf'lly glad I met you. . . . Oh, yes, play! Well, what shall we play?"

And Nuttall cut the cards; and Tyrer, the pigeon for the plucking, laid his fat pocket-book proudly upon the table.

Mellars, the police superintendent, drove back from the Bengal Cavalry ball at three o'clock in the morning, and he had Wrightson, a fellow-policeman, in the cart with him, because Wrightson was his guest for the night. They were both men who knew their India, and they had an inexhaustible fund of common topics. They talked shop, of course, condemning many methods of their Government, and exchanging experiences not set down in official reports. The clang of a temple bell had started them upon the influence of beliefs as seen through police glasses. It was not a subject you could do justice to in anything under a lifetime, and Wrightson cut it short with a wave of his hand at last. The gesture included the faint shimmer of the native city behind its white walls, and the drone of life that even the darkest hour of the night could not hush into silence.

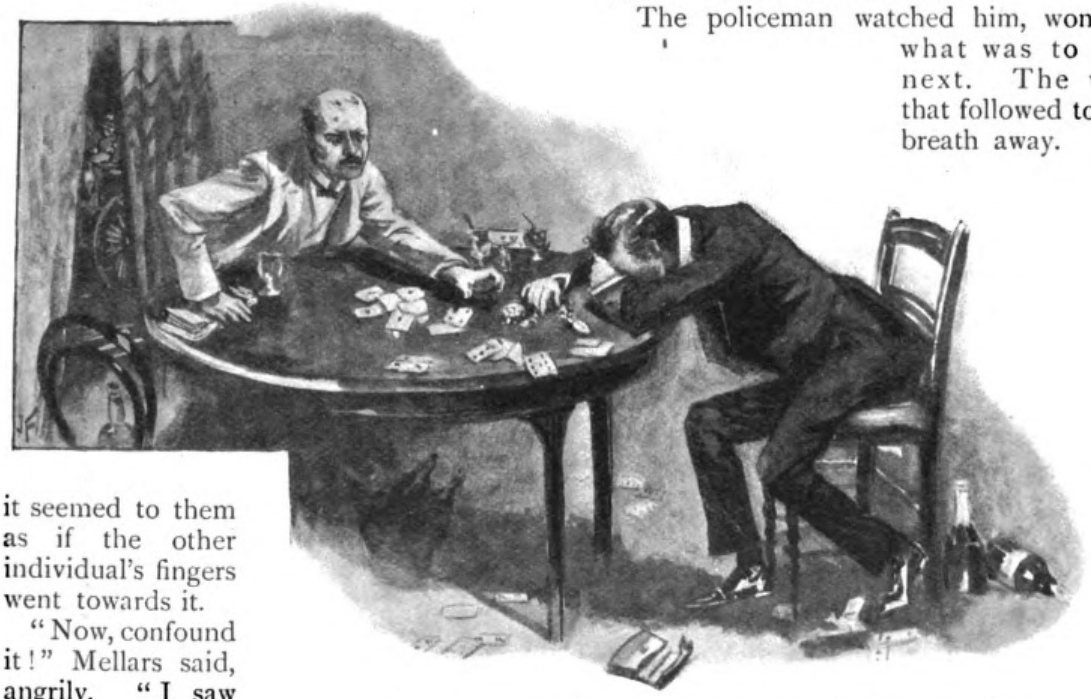
"It flows on," he said; "and we dabble in the lip of the flood. We know next to nothing of what they really think and suffer and do. We have to study their crime—a sporadic growth; their creeds, which may be convention. We see nothing of what is beneath. And you can't get at the truth in the blessed East. There *is* no truth, I'm beginning to think, this side Gibraltar. Look at the belief in the evil eye and devilry generally! Who knows how deep it goes? We don't hear enough of these subterranean tunnellings and mysticisms and mystery to let us judge how far they influence the big events that matter."

"You may go in for causes; consequences are enough for me. They are simple enough if you just take them at their face value."

"If that could be——!" Wrightson said. "But *can* you separate the two?"

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The cart slid past the dak bungalow. The rolled curtain disclosed a tableau for a second as they flashed by. It was that of a room hazy with cigar smoke, wherein a young man sat, his head pillowed on his arms, slumbering heavily among a scattering of cards. Another man was sitting with his back to the road, laying flimsy oblongs of paper carefully one on top of the other on the table. There was a whisky-bottle on a chair, and there were glasses visible. The young man's watch and chain were under his hand, and even in the second that they passed it seemed to them as if the other individual's fingers went towards it.



"THE YOUNG MAN'S WATCH AND CHAIN WERE UNDER HIS HAND."

"Now, confound it!" Mellars said, angrily. "I saw that curly-headed young fool come in to-day from the jungle, and here is the end of him. You know the other fellow by sight, I suppose?"

"It looked like Nuttall."

"It *is* Nuttall, and, of course, he has rooked him. . . . I wish I knew a way by which his game could be stopped. It's robbery, and we know it is; but, unhappily, it is not the robbery that can be proven, and so one of the biggest rogues in Asia escapes punishment."

He drew the horse up at his own step and went in, visibly irritated by the momentary glimpse of Mr. Nuttall's machinations. Wrightson followed silently, and they threw themselves into chairs and refreshed the inner man. But when the guest had gone to bed the host still sat on, tapping the long arm of his chair with his fingers, and frowning at the problem presented to him. It was half-past four when he arose; and there was the first faint stir of dawn behind the *sisams* in the garden.

Just as Mellars turned to go he heard a step upon the carriage sweep. He halted, looking into the black darkness which was still gripping everything, and a man stumbled into the half light and up to the veranda. It was Nuttall walking, with a haggard face, into the lion's den.

"Hey! It's you, is it?" Mellars said, viciously. "What do you want with me?"

"A word or two, please," Sydney Nuttall said. "Can I have a chair?"

The policeman watched him, wondering what was to come next. The words that followed took his breath away.

"I've come to say that I am a rogue," Nuttall said, very low and very clearly. He put his hands into his pockets, and emptied on to the table a flood of rupees and a handful of crumpled notes. He laid a watch and chain, with a battered silver locket attached, upon the money. "I played a young fool to-night and cleaned him out, and I cheated steadily from start to finish. Heavens! I forced the cards whenever I chose. There was nothing in it all; he was muddled with some beastly sweet champagne, and a babe could ha' plucked him. He's asleep on a pile of I.O.U.'s now. But, of course, I've got to put it all right before he wakes, for there wasn't a penn'orth of fair play in the business, and I'd like you to know it."

"Would you, indeed?" Mellars said, and he whistled and backed slowly to the door,

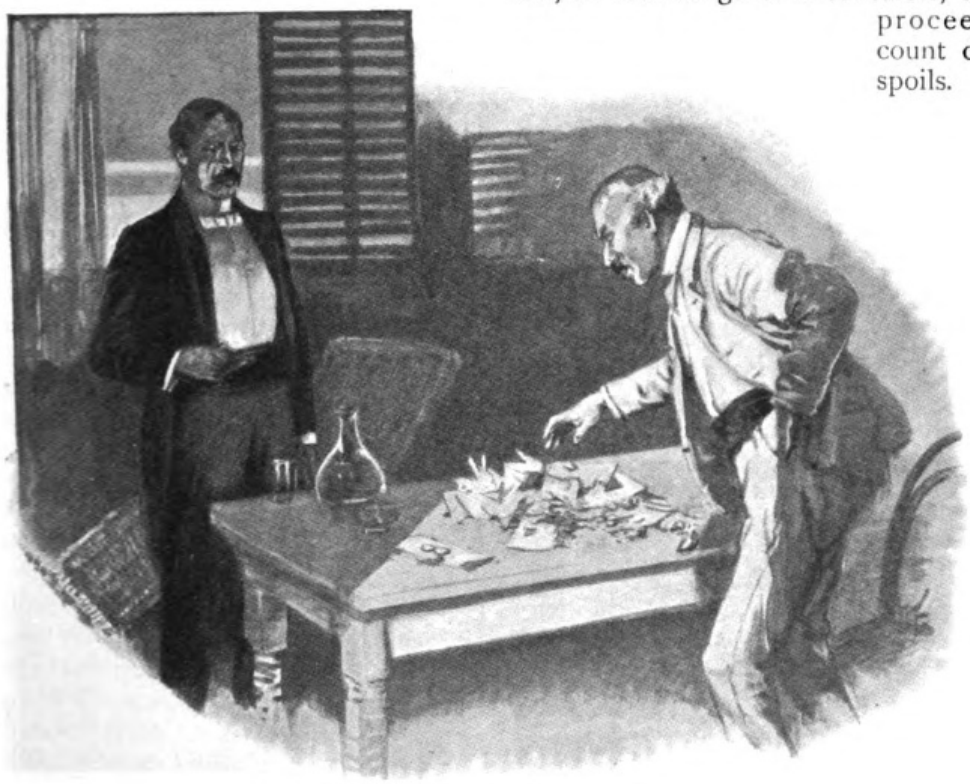
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keeping his eyes upon the dejected wretch.

"Wrightson!"

Wrightson came.

"Here is Nuttall owning up to having



"'I'VE COME TO SAY THAT I'M A ROGUE,' NUTTALL SAID."

swindled my young griffin out of his worldly all. He wants to make restitution. Hold me up, will you? Am I all right? Perhaps that touch of fever that I had in the rains——"

"What do you mean?"

"Hear him!" said Mellars, with outstretched finger, and Nuttall mechanically repeated his confession. In the end he wept, while two astounded policemen rubbed their eyes.

"I swear to you I'm sober," he whined. "I can't afford to liquor up over the cards. It's as true as death; and I believe it is the first true word I ever spoke. If you'll take charge of the money till the morning, Mr. Mellars, and hand it over to the young man, I shall feel better. But it goes to my heart to have it under my hand like this and know I've done nothing to earn it. Oh, Lord! and I wanted it so badly, too, and the getting it was just like child's play!"

"What about there being no truth east of Gibraltar *now?*" Mellars said, when they had been across to investigate the aspect of affairs at the dak bungalow and had found some useful proofs of Nuttall's story, as well as Nabbi Buksh putting Tyrer to bed in his new dress-suit. They returned to see Nuttall sitting forlornly, crushed and hopeless, in the charge of a constable, and they proceeded to count over the spoils.

Wrightson did not immediately answer. He was turning the locket over and over and puzzling out the inscription.

"It is Persian," he said. "Evidently a charm, of unusually old workmanship. Ha! Can you read it?"

"Let me try." Mellars took it and translated slowly:—

"*To the one to whom it is given the blessing of Truth; to him who wrongly holds it the curse of Truth. . . . Who speaks at my call speaks not what he would, but what he must.*"

A silence followed the stumbling words. They looked at each other, and involuntarily they looked upon Nuttall in the room beyond, with the rosy dawn mocking his dejection. Wrightson expressed the meaning in both their faces when he strode to the card-sharper, dangling the locket from his fingers.

"Here, I say! Did you get this dishonestly, too?"

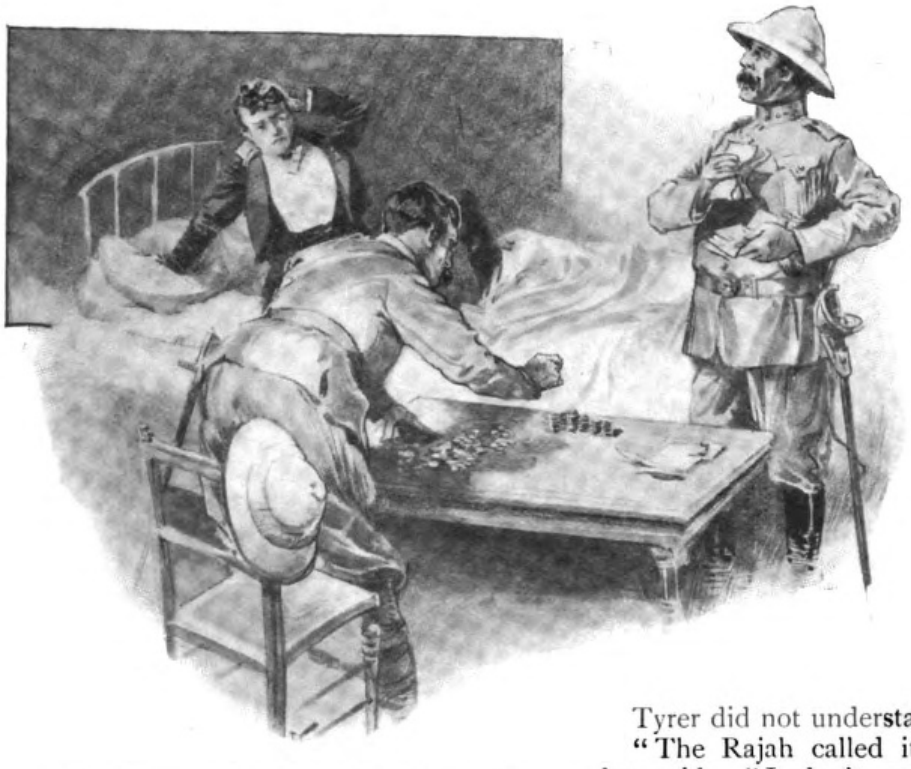
Nuttall raised his head.

"Of course I did," he said. "That was the last thing he staked—the very last, and I wanted it, and so I got it. Take it away, will you? I don't feel very well."

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There was pallor on his face. He lurched forward, and the policeman held him back by the shoulders for fear he should fall to the floor. In the interval, while Mellars ran for the brandy, Wrightson, on his knees undoing his collar, heard the babble of his unclean life running from his lips and marvelled. It was as if the man's shrivelled soul were trying to voice the misdeeds of a lifetime. Then the flow of words died away and the babbler fainted.

Tyrer woke at seven with a headache and a sense of calamity. Neither ill was eased by the sight upon which his eyes first fell—which was the figures of two tall police officers, grim in khaki and sword-belts, counting coins and notes at his bedside.



"TYRER HELD HIS HEAD AND GAZED UPON THEM."

"Here, young man!" Mellars said, and he pushed the money across to him. "I'm hanged if you sha'n't tally it for yourself. . . . Have you any recollection of losing a matter of eleven thousand rupees to one Nuttall last night? By sheer miracle, with which your brains have nothing to do, he has disgorged that sum, demanding that it should be handed over to you. Eh? what?"

Tyrer held his head and gazed upon them.

"I do remember. He cleared me out," he said, slowly.

"Well, and now he has cleared out himself, for he went away by the Bombay mail this morning with exactly eighteen borrowed rupees in his pocket. I never saw a limper man in my life. But I want proofs of the ownership of this. Kindly put your head in your tub, and when it has worked off the combined effects of bad champagne and cheap whisky I should like to talk to you seriously."

Tyrer rose meekly from his bed and obeyed, and as a reward for his obedience Mellars treated him to a long and instructive homily upon the conduct of life. In the end, laying the silver locket upon the table, he said:—

"Wrightson says you've got that to thank for Nuttall's conversion. He certainly was the most notorious liar in Asia; and he as certainly spoke the truth this morning. It sounds rubbish; but, then, what but rank magic could make him tell the truth? Have you any knowledge of an occult tradition hanging to the thing?"

Tyrer did not understand in the least.

"The Rajah called it the Truth-bearer," he said. "I don't quite follow. If you would explain——'

"There is no explanation," said Wrightson, over Mellars's shoulder. "But it strikes me the Rajah of Bitipur is inclined to be over-generous. Pshaw! you may laugh, Mellars, but if that little battered scrap of silver were mine I would undertake to prosper. Superstitious, am I? Well, at any rate, *I* don't profess to understand my East."

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The Birth of a Butterfly.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY L. W. BROWNELL.

IN our rapidly growing knowledge of the interdependent life of the universe, one of the first lessons that we learn is that Nature, our all-provident mother, does nothing without some purpose in view, although she is often a spendthrift. Every creature born, no matter how lowly or insignificant it may be, has its allotted task to perform in our mother's wonderful workshop, its special place in Nature's great economical system.

When we fully realize this vital principle of being, the flight of a butterfly should gain for us an added significance, and we should look upon him no longer as one who idles away the golden hours without a serious aim in life, but rather as one who, like the bee, is an earnest worker, his mission to carry pollen from flower to flower, thus fertilizing and cross-fertilizing them. This mission he faithfully fulfils, thereby enabling those flowers which so materially aid in Nature's scheme for beautifying a once barren world to successfully continue their struggle for existence.

Does it not add to the interest with which we view a swarm of these dainty summer visitors to know that each and every one is not a mere saunterer, fluttering his life away among the petals of newly-opened flowers, or swinging lazily from clover head or leaf, but is really seriously at work fulfilling the function of his being? And this is true throughout the entire insect world, for only the workers are allowed to exist; they only can struggle in the fulfilment of that greatest of all the great laws of the universe —the survival of the fittest; the lazy, the drones, are pushed to the wall and allowed to perish, if, indeed, as often happens, they are not killed outright by their more energetic relatives as encumberers of the earth.

It is not, however, of the butterfly's part in the economy of Nature that I wish to write, but of its birth — that most wonderful of all of Nature's miracles, whereby the common, crawling, ugly worm becomes one of the most graceful, airy, and beautiful creatures in existence. This metamorphosis, as it is called, is practically the same in all the species. The one, however, which I have chosen to describe is that of the milkweed butterfly (Anosia plixippus), as being the most universally distributed of all our lepidoptera, and the one whose various changes can be watched with the greatest ease.

This butterfly was originally a native of the United States only, but with true Yankee spirit it has emigrated until there is scarcely a corner of the globe where it cannot be found. It is a large reddish-brown fellow, with conspicuous black veinings and white spots on its wings. Wherever it is found it is more or less common during the summer and autumn. The worms or larvæ feed exclusively upon the leaves of the different species of milkweed (sclepias). They are distinctive in appearance, and once seen can never again be mistaken. Of from two to two and a half inches in length when full grown, with two black, fleshy filaments on the head and two more on the last segment of the body, and banded throughout their entire length with transverse alternate stripes of black, yellow, and white, they present a striking appearance and really are as nearly beautiful as a worm can be.

The butterflies average about three inches in expanse and are migratory, in some climates often congregating in immense swarms of such size and extent as to take hours to pass a given point, and of such density as to often obscure the sun as would a cloud. In the autumn these swarms pass southward as the cold increases, returning again in the spring, and thus, while one day discovers none, the next day may find them with us in large numbers. They are double and sometimes even triple-brooded, the

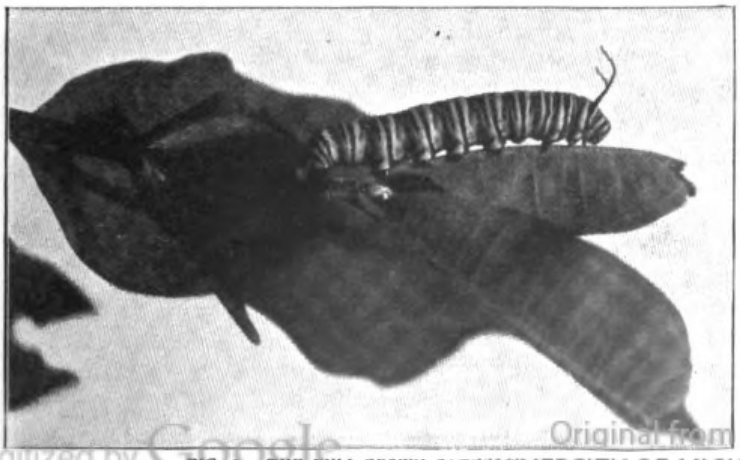


FIG. 1.—THE FULL-GROWN CATERPILLAR.

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undeveloped worms and pupæ of the autumn brood perishing at the first frost, none, apparently, surviving the winter months, as do the larvæ or pupæ of nearly all others of our lepidopterous insects. Thus the task of the continuance of this species falls entirely upon those matured insects which have passed the winter months in the south.

The larvæ are enormous eaters and rapid growers, passing this stage of existence in from ten to fifteen days. They spend nearly the entire time, both night and day, in eating, giving but little or none of it to rest, except during the five moults which occur, at which periods, for two or three hours both before and after casting the skin, they are extremely sluggish, remaining almost immovable in the same position.

Let us take one of these little creatures home with us and watch this wonderful process of transformation. The time occupied

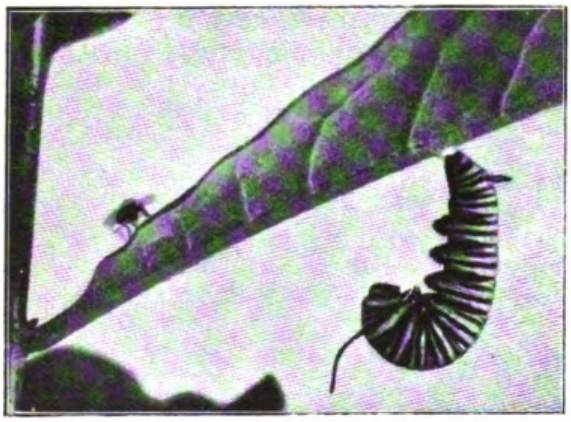


FIG. 2.—THE CATERPILLAR SUSPENDS HIMSELF FROM A LEAF.

by the entire process does not exceed three or four weeks, and the little trouble which it will cost us will be fully repaid if we are—as we should be—interested in these wonderful doings of Nature which are constantly occurring on all sides, and which we may see if we will but open our eyes. The trouble is that too many of us go through life with these organs shut, and thus miss much that is of interest and enjoyment.

The first ten days, as I have said, are occupied exclusively with eating, and during this time we must keep our little guest well supplied with fresh leaves. At the end of this time, having attained his full growth (Fig. 1), he becomes restless, crawling from leaf to leaf in an apparently aimless fashion, sometimes for as long as one or two days, before quieting down. Finally, his wanderings ended, he selects a leaf and hangs himself from the midrib on the underside, attaching himself to it by means of an

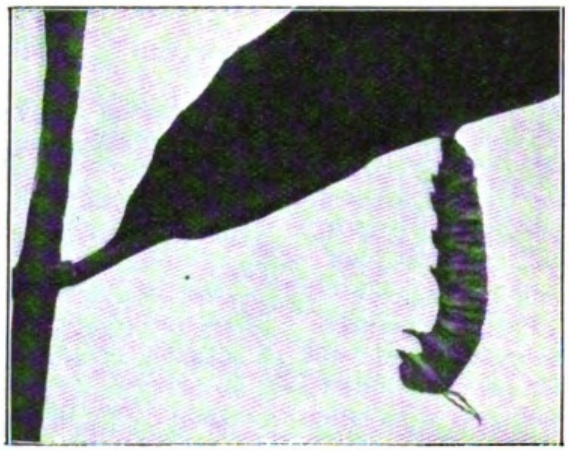


FIG. 3.—THE CATERPILLAR JUST BEFORE THE SKIN SPLITS.

adhesive silky substance, exuded from a small opening in the last segment of his body. Suspended from the leaf, with body curved into the shape of a hook (Fig. 2), he hangs entirely inactive for a period of about twenty-four hours. During this period of apparently complete quiescence a most marvellous change is taking place in his inner mechanism, of which we shall soon see the results.

Presently, the inner workings completed, his body commences to contract and expand longitudinally, the convulsions passing over him with regularity from head to tail, his body straightens out and stiffens, and to all appearances he is in extreme agony (Fig. 3). The head and first segments of the body gradually swell until, the strain becoming too great for the tightened skin to stand, it splits between the eyes and for a short distance up the back, revealing the enclosed chrysalid (Fig. 4). This gradually works its way out, pressing the skin upward and backward (Fig. 5) by a continuation of the convulsions until the latter is compressed into a small wad at the extremity of the last segment (Fig. 6). While a portion of the skin still remains attached to the body of the

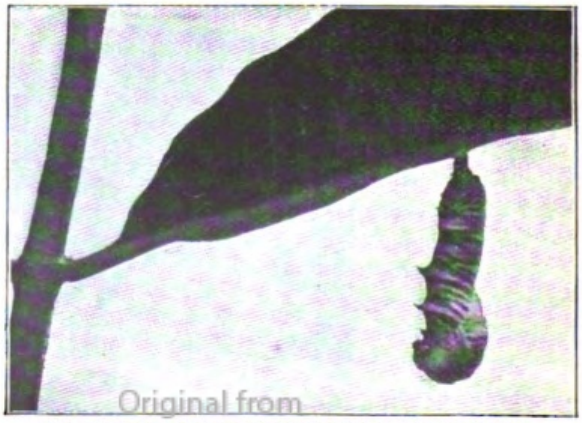


FIG. 4.—THE CHRYSALID EMERGING FROM THE SKIN.

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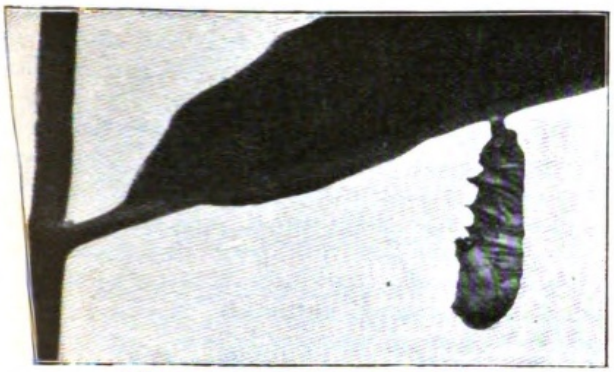


FIG. 5.—THE CHRYSALID HALF-WAY OUT.

chrysalid, the extreme point of the last segment is withdrawn armed with a small black hook. This hook is securely worked into the silky substance which has held the caterpillar attached to the leaf, and with a last convulsive jerk the erstwhile necessary but now superfluous skin is entirely cast aside, leaving the chrysalid completely denuded of its covering.

The next two or three hours are occupied by the gradual changing of the shape of the chrysalid from that shown in Fig. 6 to that in Fig. 7. When this change is completed it is really a gem. About an inch or slightly less in length, of a bright emerald green,

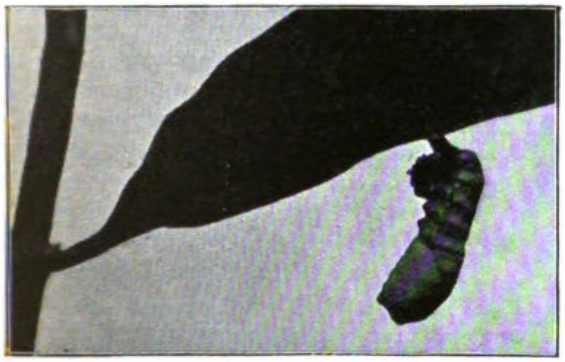


FIG. 6.—THE CHRYSALID NEARLY OUT.

with a row of golden spots near the top and several others distributed on different parts, it is an object that well might be used as a model by some jeweller, for, could it be accurately reproduced, no more striking pendant could be devised. Luckily for the life of the butterfly, this little wayside jewel is but seldom found by the casual observer, being well concealed by the broad leaf from which it is hung.

During the next ten or twelve days no observation can be made by us, as we cannot penetrate with our eyes to the interior of the chrysalid and there watch the wonderful change that is taking place. Would that we might do so, for it would be well worth watching, but we must be content with seeing the results when they occur.

Some eight or ten hours before the butterfly emerges we are conscious that something is soon to happen, for the colour of the chrysalid slowly turns from green to brown, due to the fact that, the shell being transparent, the wings of the enclosed butterfly and even the markings upon the wings can be plainly seen through it (Fig. 8). We must now watch closely or we may miss some interesting details, for suddenly, without any warning, the shell bursts open and the butterfly emerges, pulling himself out by

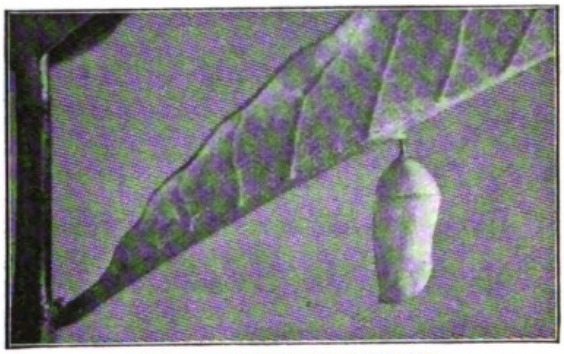


FIG. 7.—THE PERFECT CHRYSALID.

the aid of his forelegs, the whole process occupying not more than forty-five seconds.

The butterfly does not essay to leave his empty chrysalis shell just yet, but is content to hang from it, an insect all body, with wings so rumpled, damp, and insignificant-looking as would cause the uninitiated to consider it an imperfect specimen (Fig. 9). Shortly these despised wings expand (Fig. 10), however, and the wrinkles disappear, until at the end of ten or fifteen minutes he can leave his discarded chrysalis shell and crawl to some more elevated portion of the plant where he can the better dry his now perfectly expanded wings, which are as yet too damp and weak, however, to be of any practical

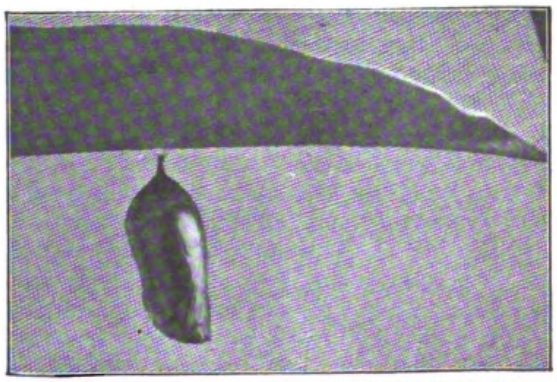


FIG. 8.—THE CHRYSALID JUST BEFORE THE BUTTERFLY BREAKS OUT.

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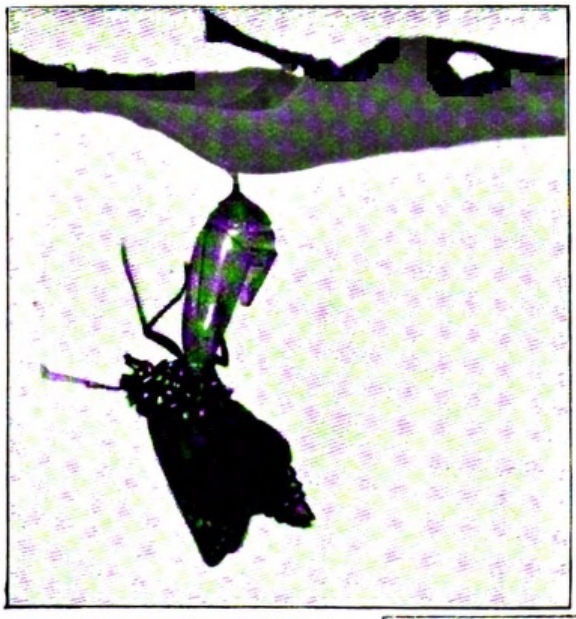


FIG. 9.—THE BUTTERFLY JUST OUT.

use (Fig. 11). The next four or five hours are spent by him in resting and gaining strength, while his wings dry and stiffen and become serviceable to carry him on his short but none the less important mission in the world. He must learn the use of these newly-acquired wings, and consequently, when they have dried sufficiently, he gently and slowly opens and shuts them with strokes not exceeding two or three to the minute. This exercising of his pinions lasts for at least two hours before he seems to consider that he has sufficiently learned their use to entrust himself to them; and when he does finally leave his perch it is but for a short, awkward flight to another near by, which he hails as a haven of refuge, and to which he clings for several ensuing hours.

Finally, having become thoroughly accustomed to his gaudy appendages, which to him are useful merely as a means of locomotion and not as an adornment, he launches forth with more certainty, and with surer, steadier strokes, momentarily gaining courage as he advances, he sails forth into the world to fulfil his allotted mission.

I have given in the foregoing as correct a description of the metamorphoses of one of our common butterflies as it is possible to do with pen, but it should be watched to be appreciated, and I should advise any of my readers to whom Nature's works are interesting to follow it for himself.

The butterfly described is the best one for the purpose, as all its various changes are easy to watch; the entire process takes but a comparatively short time, and the caterpillar is not difficult to raise. The process with any of our lepidopterous insects is practically the same, although it may differ slightly in some minor details, and with most the time occupied from the first stages to the last is much longer, some covering a period of two or three years, in which cases the caterpillars hibernate and are difficult and tedious to raise successfully.

Most of our moths and some butterflies spin cocoons in which to pass the chrysalis stage of their existence, and these, naturally, are not satisfactory subjects from which to gain a comprehensive knowledge of the various changes.

In rearing caterpillars it is always well to remember that they need a continual supply of fresh leaves, and if kept in a box it should be frequently cleaned, for a caterpillar, despite his repulsive form, is naturally an insect to whom all dirt is abhorrent, and he will quickly sicken and die if kept in filthy surroundings, but if tended with a little care he is easily raised.

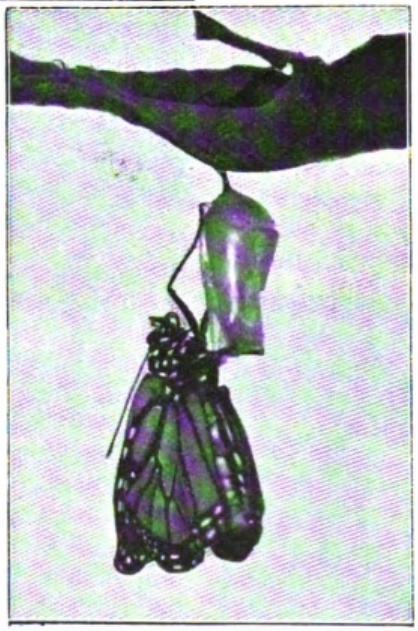


FIG. 10.—DRYING HIS WINGS.



FIG. 11.—THE PERFECT BUTTERFLY.

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A Memorial Card Order.

By Elizabeth Stuart-Langford.

I.

THE March evening was grey and lowering, and the icy wind that swept round the corner of Crown Street carried a promise of snow; but the exigencies of business demanded an open shop door, and Lydia Hawthorne stood shivering behind her counter.

Lydia was commonplace: not red-faced and assertive as some women become who have struggled for a matter of fifteen years with a hard world, but dull and colourless from the crown of her head, where the sparse drab hair fell back limply, innocent of curl or wave, to the hem of her drab gown, which clung disconsolately about her tired feet and gathered specks of sawdust when she moved.

Business had been very slack for three months. Nearly a half of the workmen in Boreton were out on strike, and Miss Hawthorne's business depended largely on working men. She dealt chiefly in newspapers; for, though she called herself a stationer, and had her name entered as such in the trade directory, her poor little stock of cheap photo.-frames, inkstands, and such-like knick-knacks was never turned over, and buyers of Christmas and birthday cards did not take her into account.

But very frequently during the last three years she had been called upon to take the framed specimen-sheet of memorial cards from her window, and to advise sorrowing relatives which one of the selected verses pasted on the back of the frame would "go" best with their case.

Profits in this department were sure, and, though they totalled up to but a small sum, Miss Hawthorne was pleased to recognise it as a growing trade, and had gladly added a new book of specimens to her stock. The book had been in request for the first time that afternoon. Lydia had sympathized warmly with a bowed-down widower in seedy black; had agreed with him that March was always a month to carry people off; had assented, softly, when he put a horny forefinger upon a certain verse and requested her to read it aloud; and had obligingly conveyed as much expression as possible into the hopeless doggerel:—

> Affliction sore long time I bore,
> To ease me was in vain,
> Till God at last did pity me
> And loose me from my pain.

"That'll do," the man said, decisively. "Not a bit o' need to read me more. That 'ere couldn't be beat."

"Poor thing," mused Lydia, recalling the circumstance as she copied out the order in the quiet of the gloaming. "A verse out of 'Ancient and Modern' wouldn't have given him half the satisfaction."

Her meditations were cut short by a telegraph-boy, who handed her a fateful-looking missive.

"Answer?" he said, inquiringly, as he halted on one foot.

"No—oh, no," returned Lydia, impressively; and the boy went. "It isn't; it can't be—I mean there's only Lyddie; and she's quite strong. I must light the gas," resumed Miss Hawthorne, talking aloud to herself. She had to run into the tiny parlour at the back of the shop for matches; but she saved time there by crouching upon the hearth and reading the telegram by the fire-light. It was a sixpenny affair, briefly worded.

"Lyddie is coming by the 8.35," it ran; and Miss Hawthorne, whose eyes had carried a hungry gleam as she tore open the envelope, rose, half-subdued, lit the gas, and piled fresh coals on the fire.

II.

Lyddie had come, and items of her personal property were strewn liberally about her aunt's parlour; here a crimson knitted glove, there a bit of golden-brown fur, yonder the coquettish green velvet toque which, in Miss Hawthorne's eyes, was a trifle unseemly, being unworthy the name of either hat, bonnet, or cap.

And Lyddie herself, a veritable harmony of colour, leaned back in the rocking-chair by the fire, and poised her dainty feet upon the steel-topped fender. She was small, like her aunt, but there the analogy ended, for the crown of Lyddie's head was adorned by shining coils of perfectly black hair, and her lips and cheeks and gown were all red together.

"Auntie," she said, airily, when the little maid-of-all-work had cleared away the supper, "I know you are dying to hear what ill wind has blown me to Boreton so unexpectedly. Why don't you catechize me?"

Miss Hawthorne, having come off second best in all previous encounters with her niece, had postponed the evil moment as long as

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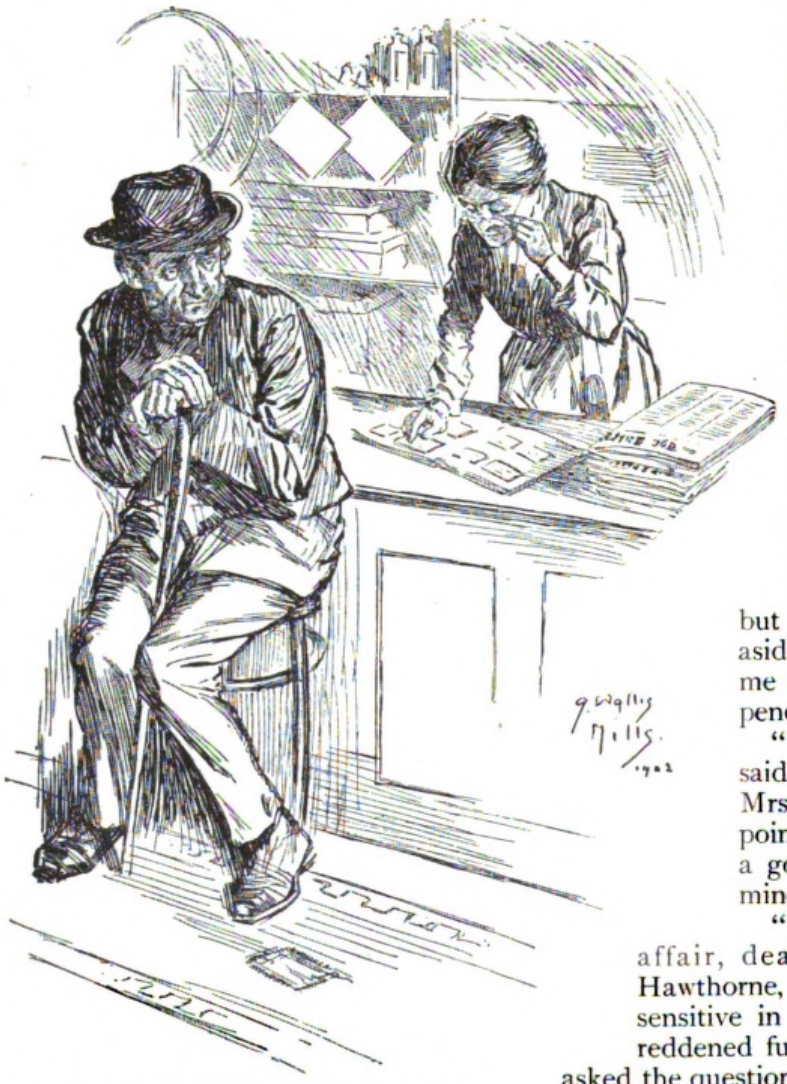
possible. She now looked up somewhat timidly.

"You haven't left your place, have you, Lyddie?" she inquired. "You seemed so comfortably settled, and the salary was exceptionally good."

"Yes," returned Lyddie, "I was comfortable and well enough paid; but I have left, for all that. I suggested the forfeiting of a month's salary, but Mrs. Mulligatawny——"

"Lyddie!"

"Well, Mulloney, then —— is a generous woman—her worst enemy could not deny that—and she was sufficiently mollified by my offering to leave on the spot, and insisted that I should bring eight unearned half-sovereigns with me. I shall dedicate them, auntie, to this sweet household shrine. You'll find one every Friday evening, so long as I am here, under the base of the timepiece on the upstairs sitting-room mantelpiece. That, in other words, will pay for my bare board; and I shall accept home comforts and good advice gratis."



"SHE HAD OBLIGINGLY CONVEYED AS MUCH EXPRESSION AS POSSIBLE INTO THE HOPELESS DOGGEREL."

"Lyddie, you are shockingly high-spirited. I really couldn't accept the money."

"Then it may be that your small maid will not be similarly scrupulous," observed Lyddie, serenely. "I saw her pick a corner off the tart when she was pretending to put it in the sideboard; and a straw shows which way the wind blows. But the sin in the matter of the half-sovereigns will be yours, for leading her into temptation."

"You're a Hawthorne, every inch of you, Lyddie," interrupted her aunt.

"Yes, I know, auntie; and I'm all set about with prickles, quite natural."

"The business isn't up to much," resumed Miss Hawthorne, "but it is not so poor that I can't make you welcome for a month, or even two. I've been feeling lonely this winter — unusually lonely; but we'll put that aside till you tell me what has happened."

"Not much," said Lyddie, "from Mrs. Mulloney's point of view, but a good deal from mine."

"Is it a love affair, dearie?" Miss Hawthorne, being hypersensitive in such matters, reddened furiously as she asked the question, and Lyddie's eyes dropped.

"Just that, auntie," she replied, softly; "and it's Mrs. Mulloney's brother Bob. He came for Christmas, and again for New Year; then — it was very ridiculous—he actually begged for a holiday and came on Pancake Tuesday—and he has a journey of nearly a hundred miles each time."

"Has he proposed, Lyddie?" asked Miss Hawthorne, nervously.

"You'll be content with the side-shows, won't you, auntie?" continued the girl, not heeding the question. "I'm no hand at dramatizing. Of course, Mrs. Mulloney is horrified at Bob."

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"The Hawthornes of Hawthornthwaite used to be considered good enough for anybody," murmured Miss Lydia, whose eyes were dimmed by visions of past splendours.

"That may have been once," observed Lyddie, callously, "but it was a very, very long time ago. I possess one hundred pounds, and my only known relative keeps a small shop—eh, Aunt Lyd? But I'm glad that I let Mrs. Mulloney and all of them know that I am proud as well as poor."

Miss Hawthorne leaned forward in her chair, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. Her eyes had been quick to read Lyddie's face, and there was an unwonted tremor in her voice as she made answer:—

"Pride is an excellent quality, dearie, in its proper place. I would not have you without it; but I've known it to be the cause of more than one heart-break among the Hawthornes."

"Just so, auntie." Lyddie clasped her hands at the back of her head and tried hard to look defiant, but succeeded only poorly. "I sent him away, anyhow, all because of Mrs. Mulloney; but I gave him permission to write platonic letters once a fortnight, and promised to give him a hearing in twelve months' time if he still desired it."

"You are twenty-six, Lyddie."

"Yes, and he is twenty-seven—a young lawyer with very fair prospects."

"A woman gets to age each year after she's past five-and-twenty."

"I suppose so, auntie."

"And the Hawthornes—I'm sorry to say it, Lyddie—have always been unfortunate in their love affairs. Your poor mother, your uncle Stephen, even your grandmother, and—and——"

"Never mind, auntie, don't pile up too many bogeys. I know you only want to beg me not to build my hopes on the sand. Let us forget all about it. I feel inclined to be rather—happy."

It was a sweet little face, pathetic and brave.

Aunt Lydia could not bear the sight of it any longer, and turned her eyes away.

III.

THREE successive half-sovereigns had been surreptitiously removed from beneath the base of the upstairs timepiece by Miss Hawthorne, who, however, had been careful to lock them away in a separate compartment of her best work-box. Lyddie might be getting married some day, she argued, and then they would come in useful.

But Lyddie, just now, was recklessly high-spirited.

She had perched herself one morning on the end of the counter, her back to the shop door and her face towards Miss Hawthorne, who was writing out quarterly bills at the desk, and she was passionately humming a medley of tunes, from "Daisy Bell" to "Robin Adair."

"What's this cold world to me, Robin Adair?" She had burst, unwittingly, into words, and drew herself up sharply, with a half-smothered sigh. It may have been that a certain platonic letter, signed "Robin," and concealed—welladay!—inside the folds of her blouse, had burned through and pricked her heart.

"I say, auntie," she inquired, with a brusque descent to the commonplace, "haven't you nearly finished book-keeping?"

"Quite, dearie." Miss Hawthorne twisted herself round on her high stool as she spoke. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Lyddie, "I should like you to go over the three-and-twenty answers I have received to my advertisement in the *Times*."

Miss Hawthorne looked moonstruck.

"Yes, I advertised in last Wednesday's issue," resumed Lyddie. "Eight half-sovereigns won't last for ever, you know. Don't be shocked, auntie; it hurts me here"—and she tapped her blouse tragically, in the region of the platonic letter.

"When did the answers come?" asked Miss Hawthorne.

"The postman gave them to me yesterday morning at that precise moment when you were pouring vials of wrath upon Dinah for burning the porridge. I had them sent on from a London office."

"And the advertisement, Lyddie; what did you put in it to draw so many answers?"

"That's my secret," retorted the girl, mischievously. "I shall never tell you, auntie."

There was a footstep at that moment on the threshold of the shop, and Miss Hawthorne peeped round curiously from her post of vantage to catch a glimpse of the coming customer. Then she stepped from her seat and Lyddie, who had scarcely noticed the interruption, was amazed to see her crouching beneath the cover of the outstanding shop-fixtures and making a hasty retreat to the back parlour.

"Oh, what is the matter? Do tell me!" she implored, when, utterly oblivious of the interests of business, she had followed her aunt.

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Miss Hawthorne had dropped into the rocking-chair and sat bewildered, her wide eyes fixed on the door that led into the shop.

"I knew it would come some day," she gasped. "I had a presentiment. Go back, Lyddie, and see what he wants. If he should ask, say you are me and the owner of the business."

"How could I, auntie?"

"Don't ask me how. You must, Lyddie."

A prolonged rapping proclaimed the customer's impatience; and Lyddie stepped forward. Her little head was proudly poised, her lips were set firm, her eyes defiant—she was every inch a Hawthorne.

The customer stood passive—a tall fellow, bronzed and bearded, with keen grey eyes and a distinguished bearing.

"The *Yorkshire Post*," he said, pleasantly enough; and the girl's heart gave a great bound.

Aunt Lydia must have made a terrible mistake, she told herself—this was only a chance passer-by, in quest of his favourite daily.

He lingered to open the paper, however, and refolded it slowly, his eyes, as he did so, wandering just sufficiently to take in the shabby details of the shop and the brilliant beauty of the girl behind the counter.

"By-the-bye," he said, as if struck by an afterthought, "have you any unmounted photographs of the district?"

"Oh, yes," said Lyddie, "I'll show you what we have."

She tried to look quite calm, and as though it were only a matter of slipping towards the desk to get them, but her newborn confidence was rather shaken, and she made a somewhat undignified dart towards the back parlour.

"Unmounted photographs, auntie; for pity's sake, where are they?"

"Under the counter to the left. A big, flat, green book. Go back to him, Lyddie."

The choosing of unmounted photographs is a quiet occupation and, when a customer is so inclined, affords ample scope for conversation.

Boreton views were not picturesque, and the stranger seemed not to take kindly to them. The inside of St. Mary's? Yes, that would do for one; but now for the district! There was a delightful stretch of country all about; one small place particularly had appealed to the gentleman's eye—a little village by the name of Hawthornthwaite. Had it ever been the young lady's good fortune to visit Hawthornthwaite?

"Never," said Lyddie, turning rather pale.

Ah! she had missed a great deal. He began to fear there were no published photographs of Hawthornthwaite; he had asked in so many shops and never met with one. The name over the door had recalled the village.

"L. Hawthorne." Did it happen to be Lucy?



"HE SEATED HIMSELF LEISURELY AND TURNED THE PAGES."

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"My name is Lydia Hawthorne," returned the girl.

"Lydia!" She distinctly heard him repeat the name softly, as if to himself.

A little pile of envelopes containing bills ready for delivery lay at his elbow. They were all addressed in Miss Hawthorne's handwriting, the quaint, spidery style taught in the boarding-schools of twenty years ago. Quite accidentally, as it seemed, he scattered them with a sweep of his arm.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as Lyddie gathered them together.

"It is nothing," said Lyddie.

"This photograph, now," he observed. "St. Mary's, did you call it? Would you mind just writing the name on the back? I shall be sure to forget before I reach home."

"Interior of St. Mary's Church, Boreton," wrote Lyddie, in her clear, modern, Civil Service hand, and he read it over and thanked her.

He was surely about to pay the two shillings and go, she thought then; but before she had rolled up the photograph his wandering eyes had discovered the new memorial card book on the counter.

"Ah!" he said, "I just remember; I want some memorial cards."

Lyddie handed him the book, and he seated himself leisurely and turned the pages. At last he paused over a modern card, of a faint heliotrope colour, adorned with a small spray of pinkish forget-me-nots.

"This will do," he said. "If you will allow me, I would prefer to write out the wording myself."

Lyddie provided him with pen, ink, and paper, and stood behind the counter trembling a little.

"How many?" she said, mechanically, as he presently handed her the sheet.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," he returned, absently; "a dozen or fifty, as may be most convenient."

Lyddie's eyes ran over the paper, where the characters were dancing tragically. She could just make out, however, that there was no verse at the bottom; and a sudden fear possessed her that he would presently come back again and suggest one.

"You do not wish a verse, sir?" she said, quietly.

"No; or, perhaps—yes. I will add one myself."

"There!"—as he wrote rapidly. "When shall I call for them?"

"If it will be quite convenient we will send them," said Lyddie, "the day after to-morrow. What name, please?"

"I will call on Saturday at noon. Let it stand at that. Yes, I will call and pay at the same time."

In another moment he was gone and Lyddie stood perplexed, the sheet of paper shaking between her fingers.

Surely never before in the history of memorial cards had so strange an order been written out:—

In Memory of
My Pride,
Which died January 27th, 1879,
and was buried at sea.
"Be ye tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

IV.

MISS HAWTHORNE leaned back in the rocking-chair, her face haggard, her eyes pitiful with the gathered hunger of seventeen years, and waited patiently for Lyddie.

She came, after sundry delays incidental to a newspaper business, and dropped quietly on her knees on the hearthrug and took her aunt's cold hands between her own.

"You frightened me so, Aunt Lydia," she said; "I thought it was some terrible creditor come to threaten a deed of assignment. What ailed you that you did not stay to see him?"

"My dear," faltered Miss Hawthorne, "everything has altered so. I couldn't face him."

"Won't you tell me about it, auntie—supposing you have no one else to tell? Trouble hurts so when lips are sealed."

"It was a long, long time ago, dearie," said Miss Hawthorne. "I was rich and proud—he was proud and poor. I, being much sought after, scorned him just a little; but I never meant to—to——. Don't you see, Lyddie? And he went away to California, carrying his pride with him."

"Ah, auntie!" The girl's dark eyes were aflame, but she compelled herself to be calm.

"You see, Lyddie, everything is different. He is rich now, no doubt, and I am poor. One never thinks, when one is young, how soon riches may fly away, and beauty too. I had it in those days—golden-brown hair, set close in ringlets, bright soft cheeks, and pearly teeth. Dearie, my bedroom mirror is set in a good light, and it tells me no false tales. I would not like Stanley Drysdale to see me."

Lyddie clasped the cold hands a little tighter and looked towards the fire.

"Pride is an excellent quality," she

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murmured. "I could not imagine you without it, auntie. Yet, for all that, I have known pride come very near to breaking the heart of a Hawthorne."

"But, dearie, he is handsome; and men think so much of these things."

"Perhaps," said Lyddie, and looked up bravely, and met her aunt's eyes. "His forehead is crossed with many lines, auntie, his beard is grizzled, he has a white scar on his left eyebrow, a wart beneath his right ear; and it may even be that his bedroom mirror is set in as true a light as yours."

"Lyddie, you are very strange! My—my dearie, you are crying. What has he said to you?"

"Nothing much," replied Lyddie, with a final effort. "He bought a photograph of hair; second, that you put on your myrtle-green gown—I have taken the liberty of stitching a bit of frilling into the neck and wrists for you; third, that you have a fire in the upstairs sitting-room, and remain in it."

Miss Hawthorne turned away her face as she made answer.

"I wouldn't like to look as though I had been getting myself up, Lyddie."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Lyddie. "It is positively sinful for a woman, whose complexion is past its prime, to dress in drab. Go back to your room, auntie. I'll be ready for your hair in twenty minutes."

Miss Hawthorne shook her head doubtfully, but went.

Boreton town clock was striking twelve



"'ON THREE CONDITIONS,' SAID LYDDIE, SITTING UP WIDE AWAKE."

St. Mary's and left an order for memorial cards, but did not ask for you. There is the order—if you would like to go over it. Someone is coming into the shop; I will go and serve."

V.

EARLY on Saturday morning Miss Hawthorne tapped at her niece's bedroom door and entered.

"Lyddie," she said, as she seated herself on the edge of the bed, "I don't think I shall be equal to the shop to-day. Do you think you could manage it for me?"

"On three conditions," said Lyddie, sitting up wide awake and tossing back her rebellious tresses. "First, that I do up your hair; second, that you put on your myrtle-green gown—I have taken the liberty of stitching a bit of frilling into the neck and wrists for you; third, that you have a fire in the upstairs sitting-room, and remain in it."

Miss Hawthorne turned away her face as she made answer.

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Miss Hawthorne shook her head doubtfully, but went.

Boreton town clock was striking twelve when the tall stranger entered the dingy little shop. Lyddie went up to him, blushing but brave, and held out her hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Drysdale," she said; "your cards are not in yet. Would you like to see my aunt about them? She can explain."

The big fellow wrung her hand harder than he knew.

"Lydia," he said, "I'll remember it of you."

She preceded him up the stairs, and at every step she heard his breath come harder.

"Auntie," she said, as she opened the door of the sitting-room, "this is Mr. Drysdale. I told him you would explain."

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Then she closed the door upon them and went down to sell rare bargains to such lucky customers as happened to enter the shop.

An hour passed, and heavy footsteps on the floor above the shop proclaimed to Lyddie that the interview was at an end. She stole softly to the foot of the stairs and stood waiting for Mr. Drysdale.

He was, as she had anticipated, alone, and she did not quite know what to say to him.

"Was auntie pleased to see you, Mr. Drysdale?" she ventured, timidly. "I thought the visit of an old friend might cheer her up."

She made as though she was but holding open the door for him to pass through into the shop, but he paused abruptly and grasped her hands and held her a little from him, looking straight into her beautiful face.

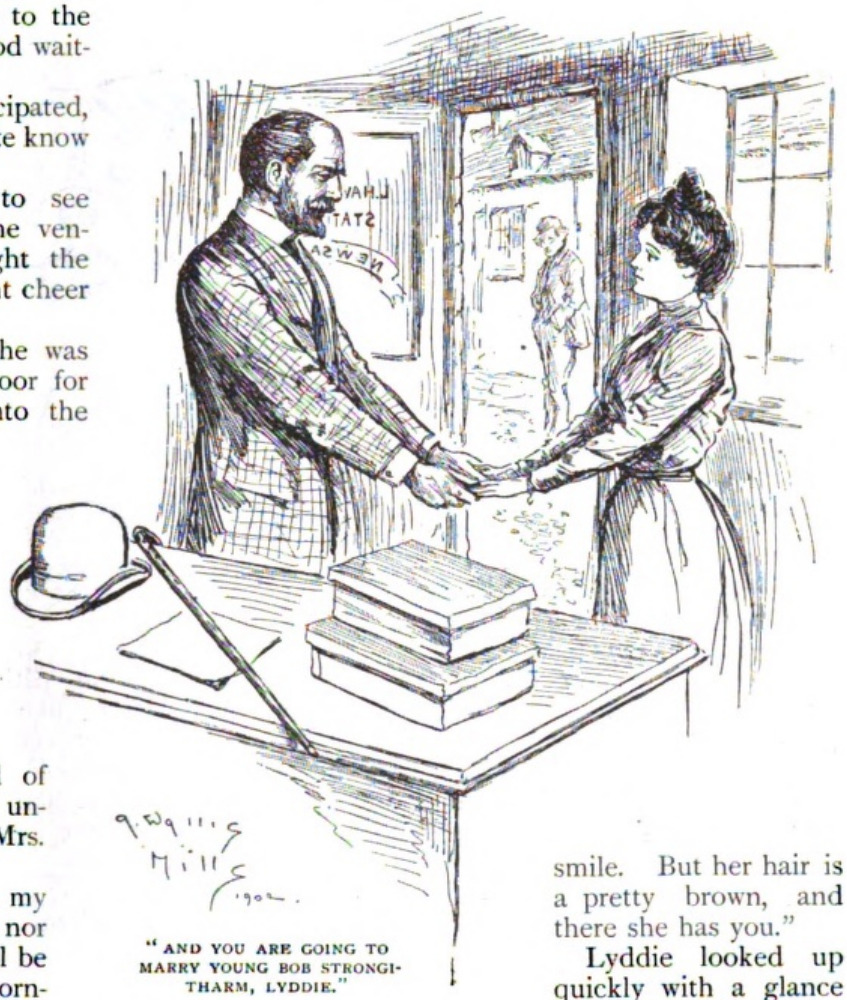
"Lyddie," he said, "have you ever felt the need of a father?"

"Sometimes," faltered Lyddie, who was still bitterly mindful of the humiliations she had undergone at the hands of Mrs. Mulloney.

"You never shall again, my girl, so long as I am alive, nor of a home either. There'll be a home for you at Hawthornthwaite within the month, the prettiest nest you'd find from one end of England to the other, and the happiest; and you'll be welcome to it next to your aunt."

"You are going to marry her, then, Mr. Drysdale?" cried Lyddie. "I am so glad!"

"Yes; and you are going to marry young Bob Strongitharm, Lyddie, or I'll know the reason why. Bless you, lassie, I rode that Mrs. Mulloney a-pickaback when she was a baby, and I'll give her to understand that Miss Hawthorne of Hawthornthwaite is no common match for that scapegrace of a brother. Do you know, Lyddie"—he broke off suddenly and adopted a serious tone—"if it wouldn't make you vain I'd tell you that you are remarkably like your aunt; the same bright eyes and cheeks and the same smile. But her hair is a pretty brown, and there she has you."



"AND YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY YOUNG BOB STRONGITHARM, LYDDIE."

Lyddie looked up quickly with a glance of keen inquiry. Was he mocking both her and her aunt? she wondered. But his frank eyes never wavered, and she listened again in amazement.

"The greatest marvel to me is, Lyddie, that she has scarcely altered a bit in all these years. Why, I've been right round the world since we parted, and have never seen another face so bonny as hers."

Lyddie's eyes drooped before his, being filled with tears of penitence. She had come face to face with the mystery of love, and was ashamed of the pride of the Hawthornes.

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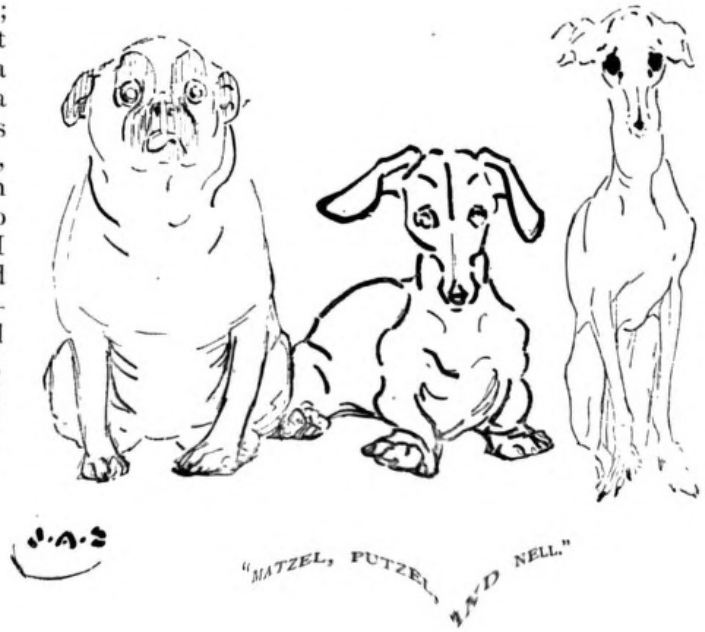
I CAN'T for the life of me imagine why we called her "Giblets." I only know that we did, the very first day she came to us.

She was not our one ewe-lamb; we had three others—extremely small—Matzel, Putzel, and Nell.

When I saw her first I stood with arrested step and daren't go any farther. She "stared at me with her teeth," cold water ran down my spine, and I said, "I'll make peace with mine adversary whilst she is in the way," and went down on my knees.

The fearsome beast drew near, paused, then came quite close and looked into my face. What it saw in my face I can't tell; what I saw in its eyes I cannot put into words. You may laugh and call me fanciful; I only know that I caught a glimpse of a dumb creature's innocent soul, and the vision was so fair, so touching, that I bent forward and kissed the furrowed forehead between the soft, black eyes, and Giblets and I became friends till death. For a few days the three original ewe-lambs were on the war-path, and conducted themselves more like spiteful cats than decent dogs. Whenever the elephantine form hove in sight, gambolling in pure joy of heart, they fled before it like withered leaves before the wind. So she would sit in the middle of the floor, wistfully gazing at us, and asking us, in her dumb way, what she'd done that none of the doggies would play with her.

Poor little "bull in a china-shop"!

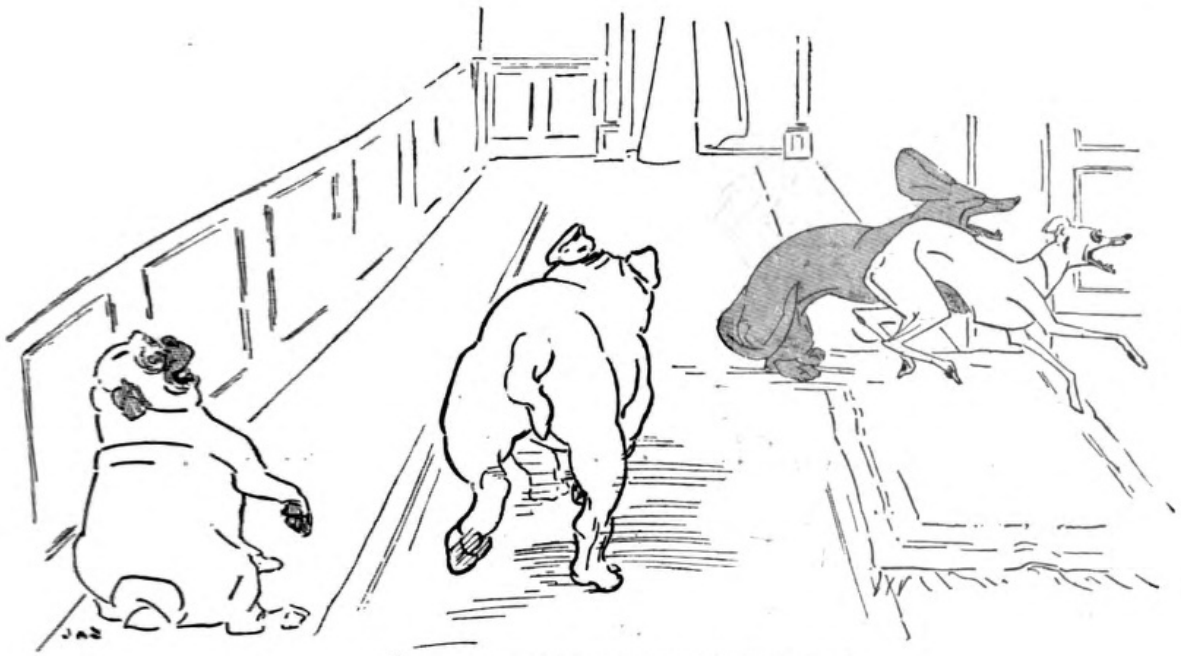


"MATZEL, PUTZEL, AND NELL."

The worst of the lot was Nell. Now, Nell was as beautiful as a dream and as disagreeable as a nightmare. Her coat was pale gold, her eyes were brown and liquid as a deer's, her delicate head was clear-cut as a cameo; she was a pure Italian greyhound.

The mere sight of the "bull" threw her into fits; if so

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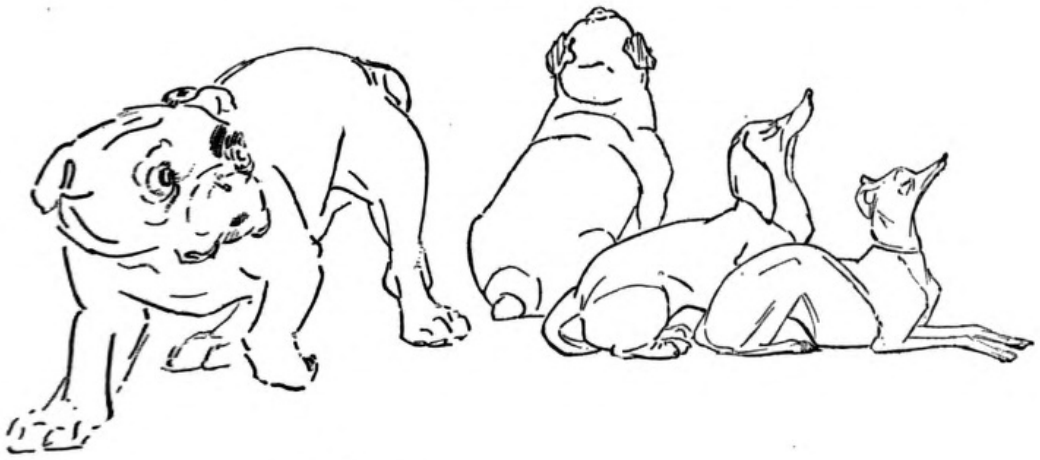
"THEY FLED BEFORE IT LIKE WITHERED LEAVES."

much as the shadow of the other fell within a yard of her the house was filled with her shrieks.

One fine day the Powers that be—Giblets's master and mistress—went a trip down the Mediterranean; they were to be away three weeks, and I was left alone in my glory with Giblets and Matzel, the pug.

Nell and Putz were packed off to the "Dog's Friend" at Putney Bridge, and when they'd gone, small as they were, they left a considerable blank. In my loneliness I turned to the two remaining dogs, and found therein much consolation. Upstairs, downstairs, wherever I wandered these two gentle beasts went with me. When I went out two faces watched wistfully from the window; when I came in two ecstatic forms flung themselves into my arms. Matzel's aversion to the bull-pup died out, and they became close cronies.

From almost the first day of her life with us, Gibbie had, puppy-like, pursued a wild career of destruction with regard to every inanimate object that came within her grasp. First she ate the cook's slippers, then the house-parlourmaid's caps, chewed choice morsels out of embroidered five-o'clock tea-cloths, lovingly sucked the edges of our gowns as she sat beside us, and, if she felt particularly affectionate, bit large semi-circular pieces out of them and offered them to us



"NONE OF THE DOGGIES WOULD PLAY WITH HER."

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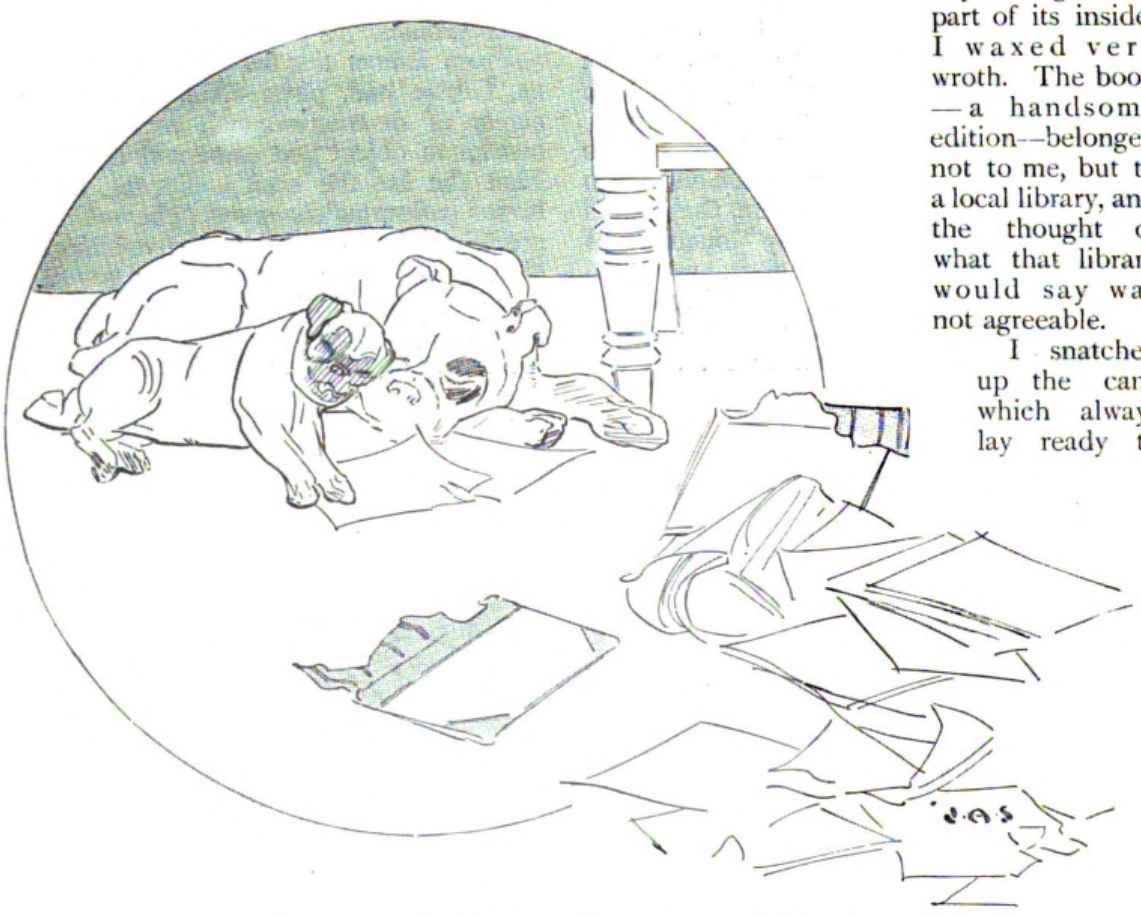
"CLOSE CRONIES."

with a friendly warmth of manner that was quite irresistible. So I was warned to keep a sharp eye on her, and punish her if she got up to any of her tricks. One afternoon, towards dusk, we were all three sitting together, the two dogs lying at my feet, Matzel's little head nestling against Gibbie's body, both, to all appearance, sound asleep.

I was regaling myself with G. W. Russell's "Collections and Recollections," and finding therein much food for quiet mirth. I went out of the room for a few minutes, and, coming back, found everything apparently just as I'd left it. Both dogs lay in the same Babes-in-the-wood attitude, breathing softly as before. Then I spied something white on the floor.

Russell's book I had left open on a chair; it was now lying face downwards, and in the middle of the room, scattered with a generous and impartial hand, lay the greater part of its inside. I waxed very wroth. The book—a handsome edition—belonged not to me, but to a local library, and the thought of what that library would say was not agreeable.

I snatched up the cane which always lay ready to



"BOTH DOGS LAY IN THE SAME BABES-IN-THE-WOOD ATTITUDE."

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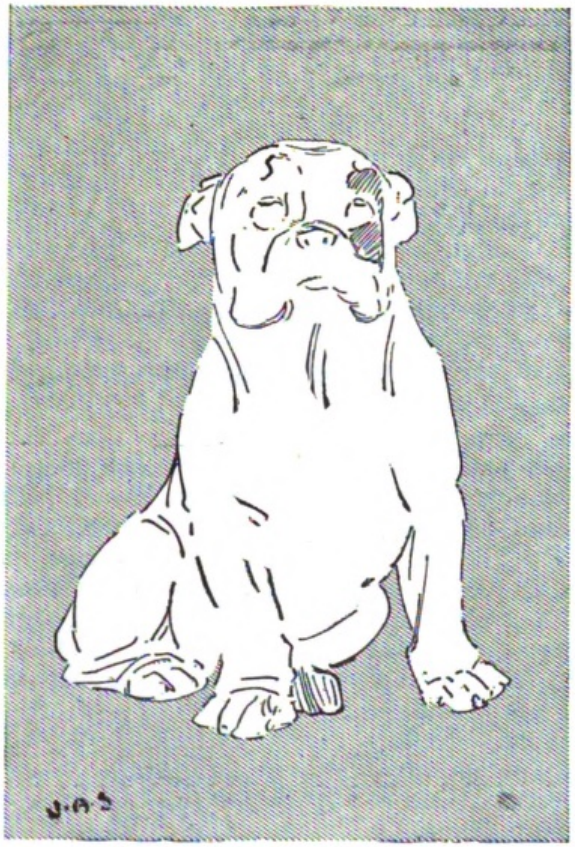
hand and, grabbing Giblets by her neck, dragged her up to the wrecked "Recollections."

"Bad, wicked, depraved dog!" I exclaimed, smartly whipping the firm little shoulders.

She didn't utter a sound, and I pulled her along the hall and pushed her out into what we call by courtesy the back garden, and banged the door.

I returned to the room, which somehow looked very dark and lonely; Matzel, who disliked fuss, had retired to the sofa slightly offended. I lit the gas.

I hadn't finished "Collections and Recollections," but Giblets had; I couldn't very well go on with it. I began to feel bored. I took up the newspaper; it was most uninteresting. I stared out of the window. It was now quite dark and a melancholy drizzle was falling. I half expected to see Giblets, entirely unrepentant, gambolling over the narrow strip of black mould which runs along the foot of the wall, and which we dignify by the name of flower-beds. But no white form relieved the mirk of the so-called garden.



"EARLY PIETY."

"Up to some deadly mischief, I'll be bound," said I. "I'll go and see."

So I slowly strolled off and opened the door.

Just as I'd left her, the sturdy little figure sat motionless, grey-white in the gloom, the dark eyes looking up wistfully into my face.

I began mechanically repeating "Bad, wicked, depraved——" Then I went down on one knee and opened my arms. The next instant the dear, clumsy head was pressed close to mine, and "Recollections" was forgotten.

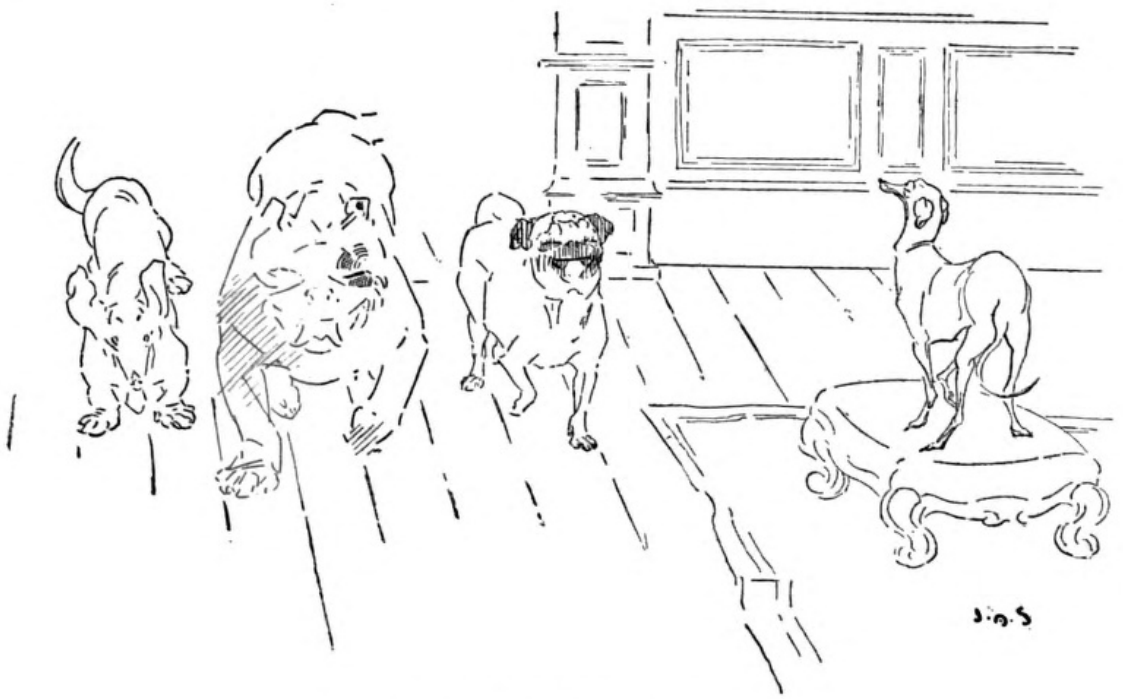
For a few days that bull-pup was an illustration in "black and white" of early piety.

She ate nothing but her food. On the third day I happened to leave the two alone asleep on the sofa; when I returned Giblets was performing a war-dance round some mysterious substance on the floor, while Matzel sat looking on with a slightly bored expression: Gibbie's baby-fun fatigued her. The reason for all this jubilation was a large three-cornered piece of leather, sucked and torn, lying on the floor; a hole in the sofa which exactly corresponded with it, and a considerable quantity of the sofa's internal organs scattered about the room. Giblets approached me affably, with her mouth full, and laid the trophy at my feet. I stared helplessly at her. I thought of the fiasco of the last punishment and didn't care to repeat it.

The Powers that be were coming home next day; I'd leave them to punish her. Which meant that she would probably not be punished at all. Giblets, however, would no doubt be able to bear up under the disappointment. In the evening I carefully stitched the three-cornered rag back into its place, Giblets watching the process with deep interest, leaning affectionately against me.

The wanderers duly returned. After the first greetings were over, in which the two dogs took the lion's share by nearly devouring them, I plunged breathlessly into the confession. I thought it would be diplomatic to do this while the flush of welcome was upon them. "Gibbie and I are very sorry but we've bitten a large piece out of the sofa and torn its inside out but we've put it all back and sewed it up and the button belongs to the bolster for we swallowed the other but it doesn't show when it's turned the other way round and we'll never do it again as long as ever we live and I'll be back in a minute."

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"NELL HELD ALOOF FROM ALL THREE."

There were no stops. I'd no time to "stop," and I fled. When I returned the dining-room was a scene of perfect peace; Gibbie sat close against her master, her head thrown back, looking at him upside down, a sign of great affection, and he was playing with one ear.

In a few days Putzel and Nell returned, the latter full of pomp. The old feud began again with this difference, that it was now entirely monopolized by Nell; Putz, who always followed Matzel's lead, accepted Gibbie as a chum. Nell held aloof from all three, except at mealtime, when she stole Gib's dinner. She would glide up behind, all delicate grace and sinuous movement, and, stretching out her snake-like neck, seize the daintiest morsels from under Gibbie's very jaws with a snarl. The simple, good-humoured puppy would turn and stare with a look of innocent wonder, and then quietly finish what was left.

"Ah, my lady," their master would say, addressing Nell, "wait until that bull-pup gets a little older; she'll teach you a lesson you won't forget!"

Early one morning there was a "collie-shangie" in the back garden. Nell was in a spiteful mood, and set her teeth in one of Putz's long ears. In one instant she was pinned to the ground by Giblets. The pug and the dachs, always loyal to the weakest, dashed at the bull and, seizing leg and tail, tried to drag her off the terrified greyhound.



"A LOOK OF INNOCENT WONDER."

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"A COLLIE-SHANGIE."

But they reckoned without their hostess. Giblets meant to pay off old scores.

The small dogs rent the air with their shrieks, while the bull never uttered a sound. Nell would have been assuredly doomed had not the cook, the house-parlourmaid, and the boy who cleans the boots and knives rushed to the rescue. As it was, a largish piece was taken out of her side, and she had no flesh to spare.

Gibbie's master looked very grave. It was Nell's own fault, he said; she'd brought it on herself by her temper; but, all the same, he could not have his three little dogs devoured by the bull, much as he loved her. Gibbie must go. He would write to her original master to take her back; in the meantime she must go to his own factory.

Our breakfast-table that morning was like a funeral feast. Nell lay wrapped up on the sofa; Matz and Putz were very subdued. The culprit was sitting stock-still in the back garden, fastened by a chain, watching for the door to open.

The long morning wore away, and lunch-time arrived; Gibbie's food was put outside,



"NELL LAY WRAPPED UP ON THE SOFA; MATZ AND PUTZ WERE VERY SUBDUED."

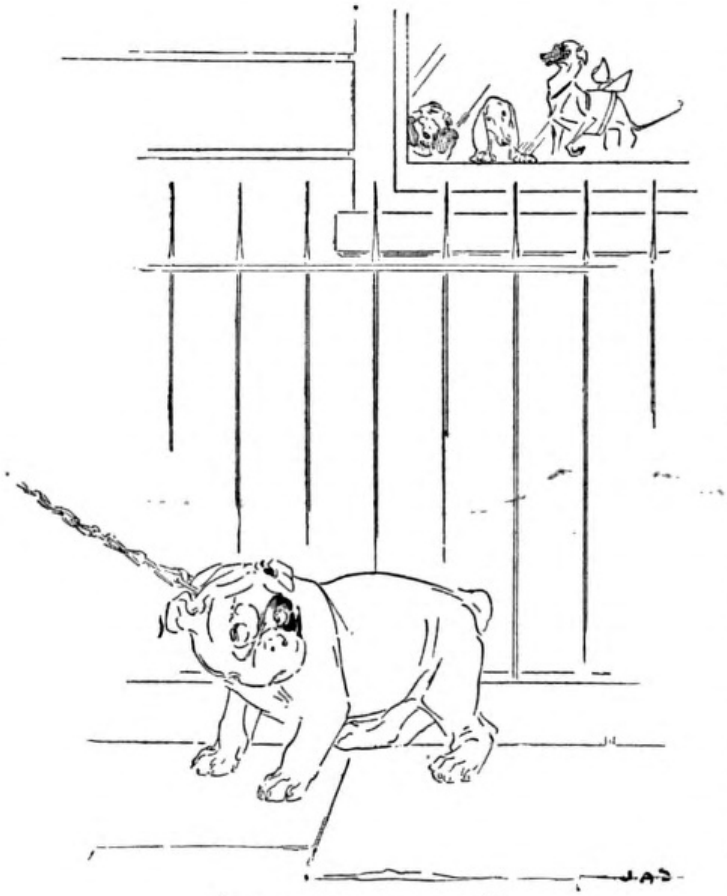


"WATCHING FOR THE DOOR TO OPEN."

but she wouldn't touch it; she still silently watched the closed door.

At lunch her master announced that she must go to the factory that afternoon. He couldn't take her himself, he was going to the City; how was it to be managed? I cut

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"SHE TRIED TO TURN BACK."

in here and begged that I might take her; if she was to be haled to prison, the hand of one that loved her should lead her there.

The door was at last opened. Gibbie broken-heartedly crept towards it, and was brought into the house, to the front-door. I led her down the steps, and then she seemed to realize that she was to leave her home. She came to a dead stop, struggled, and tried to turn back.

But the fiat had gone forth; there was no appeal. The day was gloriously fine and very hot; the sun beat fiercely upon us in the long, unlovely streets through which we passed. They were nearly deserted, and we slowly dragged in silence along the baking stones. The heavy chain wearied us both, and we stopped now and then, she wistfully questioning me with her eyes. I had no reply but "My poor dearie."

At last the factory loomed dark against the summer sky and our journey was ended.

One of the men took us to the coach-house and I handed Gibbie over to him. I couldn't say "good-bye." I left her. Was I a fool to care so much? It was "only a dog"—only one of God's creatures that loved me and which I loved. That was all.

That evening I couldn't rest. The thought of the lonely animal shut up in her dreary prison haunted me.

A few days passed, and Gibbie's master said she was settling down at the factory and becoming a great favourite with the men. She sat with him all the morning in his office, and would try to follow him as he left for home, but always obediently turned back when he told her. "Cuts her up, though, not to come," he added.

One morning, instead of Giblets, Pritchard, the man that looked after the horse, presented himself and asked to be allowed to see the master.

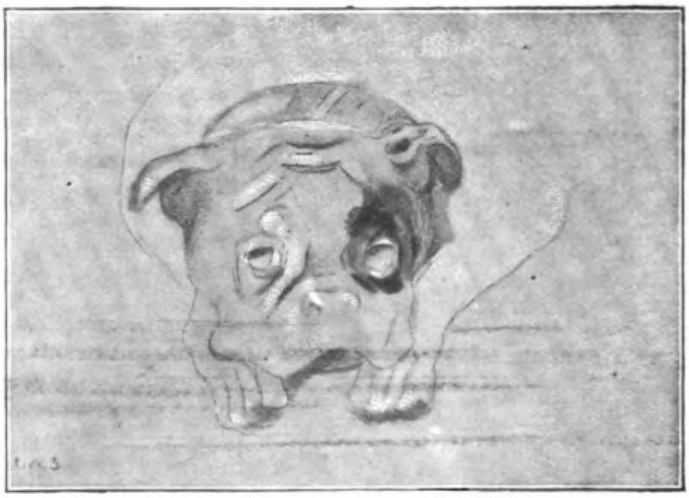
"If you please, sir, the bull-pup, she've gone and eat my clothes."

The master looked round, as if he half expected to find Pritchard clad only in his nobility.

"My *best* clothes, sir," added Pritchard, as if interpreting the look.

Gib's master walked across to the coach-house.

In the middle of the floor was Gibbie, sitting like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, the remains of garments strewn about her. There was a gleam of ill-concealed joy in the bull's eye.



"BROKEN-HEARTED."

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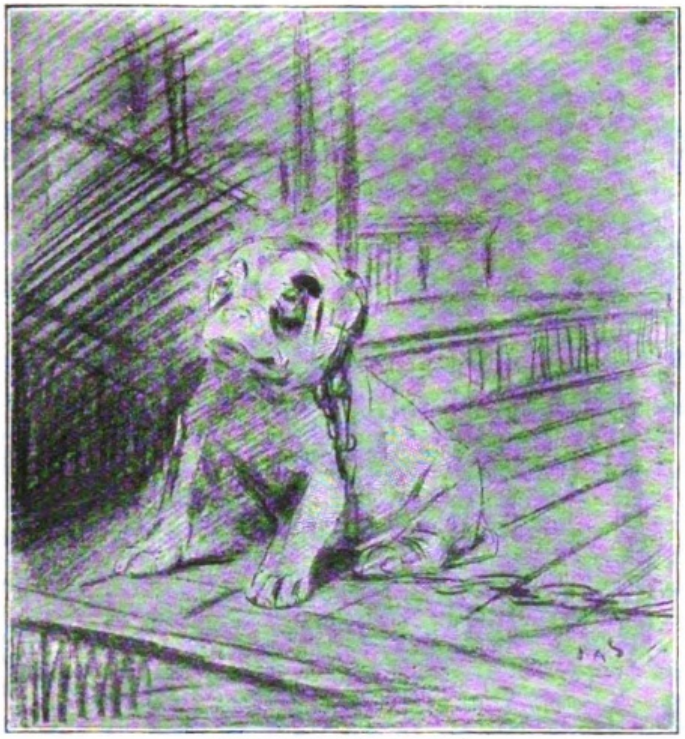
"Pups are always up to larks of this kind, Pritchard. I'm sorry about your clothes, but you sha'n't be the loser. Only, hang your things out of her way in the future."

"She tries 'er teeth on everythink, sir. It'll be the carriage-wheels next, sir."

"Good dog if she eats carriage-wheels, Pritchard."

"She'll try it, sir. May I put the chain on 'er to-night?" Gib's master was moving away as the man spoke and scarcely caught the question. He replied, absently, "All right."

As he crossed over again to the office he laughed to himself. "The little beggar's had a gaudy time with those clothes!"



"LONELY AND HOME-SICK."

Evening came. As Pritchard closed the coach-house for the night he fastened the hated chain to Gib's collar. She resented it deeply in her heart, but took it quietly; she had just cheerfully dispatched her supper and soon fell asleep.

In half an hour she woke like a giant refreshed, and her active little limbs yearned for exercise.

The night was still young, and the summer twilight filled the big room. She trotted up and down for a time, but the heavy chain wearied her and she sat down to ponder.

She was lonely and home-sick. When was she to go back, she wondered. Not till she was a good dog, evidently. And now she'd been wicked again, and it was once more put off. She longed for home till she whimpered.

"To-morrow," she thought, "I'll turn over a new leaf; I'll be good for days and days, and then perhaps they'll take me home."

But the prospect of this awful goodness which was to be donned next day made her restless.

"I'll have a gallop," she thought, "up and down those stairs; it'll be better than nothing."

So thinking, she sprang up the steps, dragging the chain at her heels; up and down breathlessly, working off her superfluity of naughtiness and energy.

The soft patter of the little feet sounded on the boards, followed by the discordant rattle of the chain — a stumble, a sudden sharp rasping of the heavy links over the edge of a step—a struggle —then silence.

Next morning Giblets's master crossed the yard towards the coach-house.

Gibbie's chain hung from a high nail on the wall. She was generally at that time playing about, and always rushed to greet him. A horse-cloth lay on the floor spread out.



"Come," he thought, "that's rather nice of Pritchard; he's put that for Gibbie to lie on.

"Pritchard," he called out, seeing the man at a little distance, "where's the pup?"

"The pup, sir—she's——"

"Speak up, man; where *is* the dog?"

"If you please, sir, I'm truly sorry, but she's under that 'orse-cloth."

Gibbie's master turned away and, bending down, gently drew aside the covering. The firm mouth was very grim, but the stern eyes were full of tears as he tenderly stroked one little velvety ear.

Gibbie had kept her promise; she had turned over a new leaf.

Nothing in the world could be quieter than the bull-pup now.

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Extract from account of interview with a celebrated building contractor in newspaper of October, 1901.

"THIS new century," said the Great Man, stretching his legs as he offered me a cigar, "will see marvellous improvements in the construction of houses and flats. Servants will become an extinct race. Everything, from your hall-door to your beds and stoves, will work by machinery and the whole house will look after itself."

Three years having elapsed, the following is copied from the diary of a lady lately from India, whose husband has rented a flat constructed on up-to-date principles.

NOVEMBER 1ST, 1904.—Nice living in these new flats. You don't want servants; or, at any rate, you don't want them quite so badly. The amount of worry and time one is saved is wonderful. I have often resolved to keep a really full diary, but somehow things have conspired to make it irregular. With the leisure I shall get in this wonderful flat I hope to do better. What shall I write about? Why, the flat itself, of course.

Well, it is fitted with every modern convenience, with a view to doing without servants if needful. It *is* a little hard, perhaps, when one has lived in India and kept servants by the dozen, and nothing on earth to do except abuse them, to be forced suddenly to pig it in England on nothing a year and have to be for ever "considering Mary."

Mary, however, is gone now, because I offered some objection to her plan of boiling the stockings in the stock-pot. Jane left because the only bicycle I could spare her had no free-wheel, and Zillah *would* wear my hats. That, of course, I might have tried to put up with; but they always came in in such a crushed state on Sunday nights, and they smelt so terribly of such bad tobacco, that—but, there, it's over now.

We're servantless, but we don't mind very much. The Distributing Kitchens Society deliver our meals out of a red-hot motor-car four times a day. Water, hot and cold, is laid on over each bedroom wash-stand, and as soon as you've washed the basin somehow knows it and empties itself neatly. The fires, also, supply themselves with coal as if they were human, and never go out day or night, which is more than can be said of some things that really are human—husbands, for instance.

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The beds have clockwork fixed underneath, and when you have made up your mind what time you would like to be called, you just set the hands, and at that hour, to the second, the bed starts playing "Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun," and turns you out on to the floor. I remember reading something about what we might expect during the century in this line. It was in some newspaper interview with a builder, I think, three years ago or so. Things have certainly improved in the short time, and no doubt a very little more of the century will see us independent for ever of servants; and serve them right, I say!

NOVEMBER 8TH.—These animated flats are simply wonderful. We find some new advantage in ours every day. You haven't even to open the hall-door. When a pleasant visitor or a rich aunt rings the door softly and hospitably swings back, almost, you might say, with a kind of bow. When a tradesman rings a tray shoots out, takes the parcel, throws the bill back at him, and goes in again. When a creditor rings nothing happens at all; there is a dignified silence, the door remains closed.

NOVEMBER 10TH.—The only thing wanting in these patent animated flats is some way of being waited on during meals. Surely that would be a very simple thing to invent, but somehow they haven't done it yet. So in the meantime we've decided to engage a Swiss waiter, and Jimmy has gone off to find one.

In the strict confidence of my diary I must confess that I have never known Jimmy so cross as he has been the last few days. It may be due to his not getting enough sleep since those clockwork beds went wrong. It isn't easy to discover exactly what is amiss, but I suppose such complicated machinery must go out of gear sometimes; at any rate, just now, if we set the tune for nine, it goes off at six. Nine turned upside down is six—I wonder if that has anything to with it? Whatever it is, it is inconvenient. You may be in the middle of a lovely sleep, when "Awake, my Soul" suddenly strikes up, and you're landed on the floor. When you look round you see that the bed has shut up tight for the day. This is a capital arrangement for economizing space, but when it works at six in the morning it makes my dear husband very angry. There is no opening the bed again, it would seem, for when it gets out of order it does it thoroughly. We have had to get a workman in each time, and by the time he had got the thing open we were too wide awake to want to sleep again. It has happened three mornings now, so Jimmy's going to lie on the floor to-night, and he is *very* cross and snappish.

NOVEMBER 11TH.—To-day has been very eventful. Jimmy's uncle is here—the Bishop of Cherubiminster. There are expectations from the Bishop. Also, I may admit in these private confessions, Jimmy has a strong idea of asking the Bishop to lend him two hundred pounds, for we are very short of money just at present. He has hesitated to write for it because of Aunt Seraphina, whose wishes the Bishop defers to (can't help it, I'm afraid), and who is—well, not quite so easy to get on with as her husband. So that when, in the middle of his hunt from one registry office to another in quest of the Swiss waiter, he came upon the Bishop, he was pleased enough at the chance, and resolved to make the most of it. It seems that the Bishop was tearing in and out of registry offices, too, trying to find servants to take back to Cherubiminster (I must say they never stay very long there), and he was half dead with fatigue and heaped-up difficulties.

It all seemed a capital opportunity, so Jimmy took him into a restaurant and promised to relieve him of all this servant worry. He told him about our wonderful animated flat, seriously advised him to adopt the system at the Palace, and invited him to come and see it at work.

"You come back with me," said Jimmy, "and spend the night and see for yourself. It's a most providential invention—absolutely providential. It would be well worth your while to pull the Palace down, Uncle Paul, and have it rebuilt on these new 'animated' lines, where every mortal thing works for itself; works for itself and for you, you know, in the most devoted manner. No rows, no jawing from the missus, no wages to pay, and no feeding of hungry mouths that never get satisfied."

"It sounds delightful," said Uncle Paul. "I wonder what Aunt Seraphina will say, though? I do not think, James, your Aunt Seraphina could live unless she had *two or three* servants left, at any rate, to na—ah, well, *you* know—to—to exercise her gentle influence upon."

"Oh, bosh!" said Jimmy; "she'll live long enough."

"No, James, I cannot permit you to speak

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like that, my boy. She is a most estimable creature, your Aunt Seraphina."

"Of course she is," said Jim, "and you'll see how much more estimable still she'll be when you've done with servants. Lor' bless you, she'll have all the more time to devote to you, uncle."

"True, true!" said Uncle Paul, though he said it rather uneasily. At this Jimmy saw that he had pulled the wrong string, so to speak, and that some very different argument must be employed if he were to have the credit of putting the Episcopal Palace out of reach of servant troubles. So he took once more to enumerating the delights and conveniences of our flat, and once more implored Uncle Paul to come and see it at least, sleep in the bed, wash in the wash-stand, and taste of its joys in general for himself.

I have always noticed, though I can't quite understand it, how, if you've hit upon a new seaside place, a new dressmaker, tailor, doctor, lawyer, gold-mining company, hair-wash, patent medicine, or any discovery you are pleased with, you never rest till you've got all your friends to try it too. I think perhaps it is that you feel in your heart it is probably going to be a failure, and so great is the yearning for human sympathy in the human breast that you long, before the failure actually happens, to have a few more in it beside yourself, so that you can all sympathize together. I am sure, at any rate, that it is a very beautiful feeling, and as it has been so deeply implanted in our natures we should be wicked to disregard it. Jimmy didn't disregard it, and there, in that restaurant, he talked Uncle Paul so far round that the Bishop consented to go with him to see the contractor for these new animated buildings, with furniture to match.

"There can be no harm," said Uncle Paul, in the contractor's warehouse, "in having a little of this delightfully obliging furniture in the Palace. Yes, you can send down to Cherubiminster five 'Awake-my-Soul' beds for the Palace. Two double ones and three single. We have a kitchen-maid, James, whose sloth is truly heartrending. She goes to bed at two regularly, rarely a bit later, and yet she refuses—refuses absolutely—to get up again at four!"

"I should recommend for a case like that," said the shopman, "our three-pound-six-and-sixpenny 'Tis-the-Voice-of-the-Sluggard' bed. An ignorant, wilful servant like that, with no sense of duty and no soul above her potato-peelings, would snore through anything of a sacred nature. 'The Voice of the Sluggard' is set to a waltz tune, and a girl who luxuriates in two full hours' sleep a night requires something rousing. The 'Sluggard' bed not only turns her on to the floor, your lordship, but flings a small panful of cold water over her while she is sprawling."

"Excellent," said Jim; and the "Sluggard" bed was ordered.

Jim next persuaded Uncle Paul to give the Palace a large supply of self-emptying wash-stands, self-supplying grates, and a self-opening hall-door.

"It will entail the pulling down of half the building," said uncle.

"And jolly glad you will be of it," said Jim. "Jolly glad when it's done, and you can send your servants flying with one comprehensive kick."

So the transactions went on, and so Uncle Paul's bill lengthened. His face lengthened also, and it grew plain that he began to dread the disapproval of Aunt Seraphina.

"How much will it all be?" he said, at last, producing his cheque-book and looking exceedingly worried.

"Three hundred pounds fourteen shillings and fourpence three farthings, your lordship," said the man. And so the deed was done and the cheque was signed, and Jim says he believes that if at that moment anyone had offered Uncle Paul poison he would gladly have taken it rather than meet Aunt Seraphina again on this earth.

"And now," said Jim, "if you don't mind just coming round with me to my registry office, where my Swiss waiter is waiting to see me, I'd be glad, Uncle Paul, and then we'll drive home."

"A Swiss waiter!" said Uncle Paul. "What do you require with a Swiss waiter when you are living in an animated flat?"

"Ah! but, you see, the whole flat isn't animated, uncle—not yet. There's no contrivance just yet for waiting on us, and there are a lot of little odd jobs which must be done, but are not quite provided for, so, of course, I've got to get someone to do them. We're having a little dinner-party next week, by-the-bye, which I hope you'll stop over for. We want to show our friends what can be done without servants. By Jove! This animated invention will revolutionize everything—revolutionize the world."

"It will revolutionize my Palace," said Uncle Paul, blankly. "I dare not contemplate the scene when I reach home. I don't

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know why I have done it, James; indeed, I don't. I was quite happy before."

When Uncle Paul and Jim drove up I was sitting crying on the floor, near the only comfortable arm-chair we have. It is an arm-chair of the animated kind, and as soon as you get into it, it starts rocking you and plays a lullaby; but it has lately become inadvisable to use it — never mind why, now.

For myself I always hated the chair. It makes me sea-sick, so when I am really tired I sit on the floor; and I had sunk down for a moment on the carpet to have a good cry, because everything had gone wrong all day.

I stifled my sobs for a moment when I heard Uncle Paul's voice on the stairs. I knew about Jimmy's intentions as to asking for that two hundred pounds, and I felt it was really very clever of him to have found the Bishop and brought him home like this.



"I HAD SUNK DOWN FOR A MOMENT ON THE CARPET TO HAVE A GOOD CRY."

They rang the bell marked "R.R." (rich relatives), and I heard Uncle Paul ask what "R.R." meant. "Religious relations," replied Jimmy.

"Very nice and proper," said Uncle Paul, as the door swung hospitably open.

"There!" said Jim, "you see! It knows! Why, Cynthia, my dear—my angel—what *is* the matter? Look! here's Uncle Paul! But what is wrong? Tell me. What in the world has happened?"

"Everything has happened," I sobbed, despairingly, for I had an idea that the two hundred pounds would be more easily obtained if Uncle Paul found us in trouble; so that any sort of concealment was unnecessary. "Oh, I'm sick of life," I went on, "and I'm sick of animated flats. I want to die, Jim! I am so tired, working like a slave all day, and Fanny says she won't stay beyond this evening. I *hope* you have got the Swiss waiter!"

"Who is Fanny?" inquired Uncle Paul, gazing around in a distracted manner.

"Fanny is a smudgy little brute," I answered, with a sob. "A little brute that comes in to do the boots and knives, and run errands, and so on. There is a boot and knife machine in the kitchen, but she won't have anything to say to it since it cut the top off her little finger last week; says it is cheaper to use her own hands. To-day she is in a bad temper over something else. First she grumbled because the dining-room grate wasn't supplying itself with coal, and she put her head up the chimney to see why. Then while her head was there the machinery acted rather suddenly, and a couple of bricks came down with the coal, and then she grumbled at *that*. There is no satisfying these servants — grumbling first because the grate doesn't act and then worse because it does. She has been groaning ever since, and, Uncle Paul, I would rather be dead, please! I *prefer* to be in my grave."

"Very likely, my dear," said Uncle Paul, feelingly. "So would—ah, well, other persons, possibly; but there is nobody to put us there, my dear!"

We had some tea, which did me good, and after that I went off to lie down and try to compose myself. Jimmy spread a rug on the floor for me, and pillows, for now it is no use even trying to get on to our bed. You have only to touch it, and it instantly lands you on your face on the floor. They are coming to-morrow to see what's wrong. For my part I feel I would give anything for a good, steady, ordinary, lifeless bed. There is a deal of cleverness and—well, perhaps

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convenience in these animated beds, but no particular sense of repose.

We left Uncle Paul in the drawing-room, and Jim sat by me and talked, and, by way of doing so, he told me all about how he had persuaded Uncle Paul to spend three hundred pounds on these new-fangled inventions for his Palace at Cherubiminster.



"THE CHAIR WAS GALLOPING UP AND DOWN FORTY TIMES AS FAST AS ANY BOAT AT SEA."

"Aunt Seraphina will murder him," I said, wearily, but with a horrible, worn-out feeling of not caring very much. At this moment there came a tap at the door, and Fanny thrust her head in, to say she didn't know what was wrong with the old gentleman in the "droring-room," but he had been calling for ten minutes hard, and now he seemed to be sea-sick, or something very like it.

"Merciful heavens!" said Jimmy; "it's the rocking-chair, Cynthia. But he could have got out!"

"No," I said, springing up and pushing Jim along in front of me. "I meant to warn him, Jim. It went wrong this morning and I was nearly killed. The moment you sit down it starts rocking so *violently* you get giddy and you can't get out. *You* just hang on till you're sea-sick."

Uncle Paul, with *gaitered legs* now in the air and now in the *fender*, was rapidly subsiding into unconsciousness when Jim reached the drawing-room. The chair was galloping up and down forty times as fast as any boat at sea. Uncle Paul is tall and broad and the chair is narrow, and it's a hard chair to get out of at any time, for it slopes back a long way, and your feet are always off the floor. This makes you helpless when it begins rocking, which it does as soon as your weight presses the machinery in the seat. It is supposed to rock gently to Gounod's serenade, "Dormez, Dormez, Ma Belle," but this morning it had taken to a mad canter, which had frightened me out of my life, and I had quite meant to warn Uncle Paul against it. It is horrible. You lose your head at once. Every time your heels bang the floor you are sea-sick, and the next minute the back of your head strikes the carpet. You struggle to get out, but by this time you can't tell which is the ceiling and which is the floor. By the time your head has hit the writing-table, the fire-irons, and the fender, and your heels have smashed the chandelier, the pier-glass, and the reading-lamp, such an acute vertigo has set in that you give it all up and remember nothing more.

Well, we managed to get Uncle Paul out of the thing somehow, but he felt so bad that he said he'd go to bed, and Jim sent Fanny running to the chemist for some stuff he remembered they sold as a cure for sea-sickness.

The chemist told Fanny to tell the gentleman to take a dose an hour before he went on board, and another after the vessel had reached mid-ocean.

I am not so much in love with these animated flats as I was, and no more is Jim. He is writing to-night to tell the landlord so. He is saying that we think that the only people who ought to take them are those for whom a sea voyage is recommended. You get everything except the sea breeze and the appetite.

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NOVEMBER 12TH.—Whether or not that two hundred pounds will ever come our way I cannot say. Jimmy thinks an action for heavy damages might possibly be successfully brought against the A.F.S. (Animated Flat Syndicate), and he is determined to try for it if Uncle Paul refuses to lend us this money, but, so far, we have not quite liked to ask him. But we are watching him carefully, though, I must confess, he doesn't look very hopeful. Last night I trusted that our troubles were over, at any rate for as long as he stayed with us. I saw him into his room and asked him what time he would like to be called, and I wound the spare bed up for nine o'clock.

He was still rather shaky after his adventure with the arm-chair. He bore it no personal malice, he said, but he thought it would prove more beneficial in the form of firewood; or it might be sold to someone who wanted yachting and hadn't the time to get away from home. I quite sincerely agreed with him. I told him also that if only he was careful, in getting into bed, not to touch the handle of the clockwork, all would be well. He would have a long and refreshing night's rest, and at nine a hymn would arouse him. If, however, he thought he wouldn't get up just then, he need only touch a button I pointed out to him and the bed would stop in the very act of turning over. He quite cheered up, poor old fellow, at the pleasant prospect, kissed me most affectionately, and said the bed was a truly charming invention, which he should recommend to all his clergy.

I thought, on the whole, there was no need to mention how our own bed was behaving. This spare bed had cost four pounds more than ours, so I felt sure it would be all right.

Uncle Paul's room was at the opposite end of the flat to our own. Once or twice in the night I thought I heard something from that direction, but I was very tired, so I turned over on the floor and went off to sleep again. But at about three o'clock on this bitter cold, dark winter's morning Uncle Paul came



"IF HE WAS CAREFUL, IN GETTING INTO BED, NOT TO TOUCH THE HANDLE OF THE CLOCK-WORK, ALL WOULD BE WELL."

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knocking at our door and imploring us to come to his aid. So far, he said, he had had no sleep at all.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you," he went on, when we all three reached his room, "but there is something wrong. I have tried to keep my temper, but it has been a severe trial—a very severe trial."

"Has the washing-stand been whistling for hot water?" inquired Jim, darting a furious glance at the article he suspected, which, however, appeared to be innocently asleep. "They do it now and then, I know, but there's a dodge to smother them with a towel."

"The wash-stand may have been whistling all night," answered Uncle Paul, wearily, "but I haven't noticed it. My attention has been absorbed by the bed, which, until past midnight, absolutely refused to let me go on to it. Every time I approached it, it shut itself up. Do you know, I am inclined to think, James, that this animated furniture of yours has been brought to such a state of perfection that it has become endowed with every human attribute. I have felt seriously uneasy this night, I assure you. I could never have believed before that any bed could exhibit such temper.'

"It was warranted without vice," said Jim, sleepily scratching his head; "that is, I mean, warranted to work properly."

"Perhaps you can find out what I have done to annoy it," said Uncle Paul, shivering in his dressing-gown and looking the picture of misery by the light of two tallow candles. "I did manage to get on to it at last, but not until I had recourse to a ruse. I deceived it. I pretended I did not, after all, wish to retire to rest."

"That was a good idea," said Jim—"an excellent idea."

"My dear James, I judged by the analogy of human nature, and I founded my procedure on a long experience of—well, of your Aunt Seraphina. I long ago discovered that she might be—ah, well, managed, you know, managed. It is a strange fact, but so sure as I, for instance, order the gig she insists I must have the carriage and pair, and *vice versâ*. In these circumstances what do I do? If I desire the gig I pretend I want the carriage and pair, and I get the gig. I have found it an excellent plan, and I adopted it to-night. I sat down with a book—I hummed a little tune—and as soon as ever this bed of yours thought I did not care one way or the other it grew calm—er—grew quite calm, indeed, and I achieved my purpose."

"And what's wrong now, then?" asked Jim, desperately.

"Every twenty-five minutes since it has broken into profane music and pitched me out on the floor."

"Are you sure you didn't lie too much on one side, Uncle Paul?" I inquired, lifting up the mattress. "There is a place just down the middle you ought to lie on."

"I may have missed it," said Uncle Paul, moodily; "the geography of the bed was not explained to me. It has played music all night—a series of tunes the most unclerical it is possible to imagine."

"Jim," I said, "fetch the catalogue. You chose the bed. It's marked No. 19."

Jim fetched the catalogue, and then we discovered that the people had sent us the wrong bed by mistake. This was a bed made for the sort of young man who drinks and gambles all night and wants to be wakened at intervals during the following afternoon with cheering tunes to drive away his headache. The bed appeared in the catalogue as "No. 19. 'The La-di-da.' Tunes: 'Oh, What a Difference in the Morning!' 'Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road,' 'Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back,' 'Bow-wow-wow, I'm Getting Wiser Now.'"

Jimmy tried desperately to make the best of it. "To the holy all things are holy," he said, airily. "And now, having had a Bishop to sleep in it, or, any way, to try, this bed will be a reformed character from to-night, I've no doubt. Meanwhile, uncle, come and sleep on the sofa, and I'll fix it up for you."

"What—what—what tunes does the sofa play?" asked Uncle Paul, timidly. And it was only on being positively assured that it played none, not even an anthem, that he consented to retire to it for the rest of the night.

NOVEMBER 13TH.—Uncle Paul is stopping on, though he is rather disturbed in mind. He has received a telegram from Aunt Seraphina asking what it all meant, and then a letter of four pages asking the same question at much greater length—and strength—and saying he was to return home at once. The animated contractor has wired from Cherubiminster to ask if he is to proceed or leave off, or what? The telegram was followed by a letter, in which he respectfully intimates that before he can again approach the Palace he must have Uncle Paul's written instructions about pulling down the hall-door and fixing the "Awake-my-Soul" beds. The animated

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contractor is evidently very much afraid of Aunt Seraphina, and, to judge by his letter (which, however, is carefully worded not to give offence), his animation has received a severe shock since he met her. Uncle Paul, in a terrible stew, has been consulting Jim and me. Jim's put his advice in this form: "Let the contractor and Aunt Seraphina fight it out together. Wire again, 'Proceed with the work,' and sit tight here in our flat until it is all over."

"I am not so sure, James," said poor Uncle Paul, "that I entirely like this animated furniture idea after all. We have certainly had a very quiet day to-day, but I understand from Cynthia that quiet days are quite the exception. Your little handmaiden, Fanny, bears her out. 'You wait,' she remarked to me, when I said what a nice, quiet, pleasant day we had had; 'it takes a day's rest every now and then, and then it breaks out worse than ever.'"

"Fanny is a fool," said Jim; "she doesn't understand the things—doesn't treat them properly. If she *will* stick her head up the chimney just as the self-supplying thing is about to work, a lump of coal will naturally fall on her, and if she will be inquisitive and peep out of the hall-door when a creditor is ringing, she must expect it to shut on her neck."

"That is only reasonable," said Uncle Paul. "Quite reasonable."



"THE BAILIFF WAS A VULGAR-LOOKING MAN—HORRID."

NOVEMBER 18TH.—For just a day or two the animated furniture behaved beautifully, but on the afternoon of the dinner-party that hall-door went all out of gear. It actually opened with a respectful flourish to a bailiff, who walked in and served an execution on the animated furniture, because of that trumpery bill for nineteen pounds owing for nineteen years to Jim's tailor.

"All right," said Jim, "this ends it. I never go near that tailor again—never."

As Jim has not been near him for nearly twenty years it's possible the tailor may be able to bear this blow; but the brute deserves it, if it crushes him.

The bailiff was a vulgar looking man—horrid. He marched into the kitchen and sat himself down. If Uncle Paul saw him I knew he would never help us again, and I felt wretched. I burst into tears.

The bailiff said he was sorry, but he must do his duty, and why didn't we pay and have done with it?

"How can we pay," said I, "without the money? Oh, bailiff, will you *please* help us to keep this from my uncle, the Bishop? He is staying with us, and I think he will lend us two hundred pounds to-morrow if all goes well. But I'm sure he will *never* lend us a penny if he sees you."

"I'm ready to oblige a lady," said the bailiff, "but I must know fust what you want me to do. Last place I was asked to sit in a dark cupboard because of a rich aunt comin', an' I got art stifled. I can't do that again. No—no cupboards, mum."

"You needn't sit in a cupboard or anywhere," I replied, "if you will just pretend, dear bailiff, to be a Swiss waiter. We were expecting one, and he can't come. We'll give you a five-pound note if you'll do it—will you? And you must say 'Oui' when you are spoken to in the Bishop's presence, and pretend you can't say anything else—see? If you'll do this you'll save us from ruin."

The bailiff reflected for some time. "I'll do it, mum," he said at last, with a wink, "when I sees my fiver."

So poor Jim had to fork out five pounds, almost his last, which the man pocketed—mean creature. Why, even the tailor that sent him gave a *little* credit.

Well, we tied an apron on the bailiff, and

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he said "Wee," "Nong," "Mercy," and "Jammy", until he knew them by heart. What he really meant, I may explain, was "Oui," "Non," "Merci," and "Jamais"—but, there, it was all right. When he was as perfect as ever he seemed likely to be, we took an opportunity of casually introducing him to Uncle Paul as "Phineas Gorgonzola, the Swiss waiter."

"Dear me," said Uncle Paul; "curious person—curious name, too. But really, you know, it seems to me that you want more servants in an animated flat than in an ordinary one."

And to us it seemed the same.

I have scarcely the heart to write about the misfortunes that attended that dinner-party of ours. But I'll try.

The first guest to arrive was Aunt Seraphina, from Cherubiminster. I must say she didn't seem to want to get dinner so much as to drag Uncle Paul home again.

"Is my husband the Bishop in?" she demanded.

"Wee," said the stupid bailiff, and let her in. He was worse than the out-of-gear hall-door. That at least *might* have kept her out.

Aunt Seraphina had a great deal to say to the Bishop about the new furniture. It seemed that she had hounded the animated contractor out of the Palace grounds, and had made a bonfire of all his "Awake-my-Soul" beds. And now she had such a large piece of her mind to give the poor Bishop, and took such a deal of time to bestow it, and such a lot of talk, that it became too late to carry Uncle Paul back that night. So we persuaded them to stay together.

More and more guests arrived, all looking somewhat startled at the bailiff, who used the four French words we had taught him, in careful rotation, to each fresh arrival.

"Are Captain and Mrs. Chauncey in?"

"Nong," said the bailiff, *alias* Phineas, and showed them in with a flourish.

"Can I take off my wraps here, *s'il vous plait?*" said one lady. And I heard Phineas reply, "Mercy — Jammy — Wee — Wee." Whereupon she preceded him into the drawing-room, looking absolutely terrified.

"Of what nationality is that servant of yours?" she asked.

"He comes," said Jim, "of a—a sort of—a wild mountain tribe, you know; somewhere between the — the Alps and the Apennines. He speaks a peculiar *patois* of his own—very peculiar. Phineas!"

"Jammy, sir," said the bailiff.

"Laissez la chambre ce moment. Comprennez?"

"Nong," said the bailiff, and retired.

Just as we were beginning to recover our self-possession, and just as the guests, pretending to forget Phineas, were engaging in polite conversation, there was a terrific explosion and the room was plunged into darkness.

"It's that electric light," said Jim; "it *always* goes like that if anyone sits on the battery." And he rushed out.

Smack went someone's open palm in the dark—somewhere in the direction of the sofa. There was a sudden scrimmage, and Aunt Seraphina loudly and angrily announced that she had been kissed.

Everyone denied it, and I couldn't believe it—even in the dark. Everyone talked at once, and then suddenly the four electric suns blazed out as unexpectedly as they had gone in, and the curate was revealed rubbing his very red cheek, while a little way off pretty Miss Pimpernel was looking much dejected. It was plain to everyone in the room that a miserable mistake had been made in the dark.

At this moment Phineas created a diversion from the door.

"Please, mum," he said, "'ere's a fearful go! They've telephoned through as how the perlice 'ave arrested the Distributing Kitchens motor-car for furious drivin', and the dinner's gone. They've bin an' eaten it in the station, the perlice, for fear it should get cold—as a sort of a little reward on account, they say!"

"Who is this person?" demanded Aunt Seraphina, rising in treble wrath, "who dares to address us in this familiar fashion in Cockney English, and yet who, when arrived, could only bow and parley-voo?"

"What is this mystery?" said Uncle Paul sepulchrally. "Phineas Gorgonzola, keske ker-say-ker-ceci?"

But Phineas was gone, cursing his stupidity in *such* language that there was no longer any use in concealing his nationality. We didn't try. And when some hornspiteful woman remembered the bailiff's face (I wonder where *she* met him?) there was no more concealment of the pickle we found ourselves in.

"Give me a 'Bradshaw,' somebody," said Aunt Phina. "Bishop, collect your traps if you please. If we sit all night at Charing Cross Station we will do so in preference to remaining in this place. James, consider yourself cut out of *my* will. It is thanks to you that the Episcopal Palace is upside down

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with your animated furniture, and that I am served with a summons—a police summons—by the animated contractor for my forcible ejection of him and his myrmidons. You, Cynthia, have deceived me, and allowed a common, low bailiff to take off my lace boots and goloshes and bring hot water to my room. You have both demoralized your uncle, you have both told untruths by the score, and I—I, the wife of the Bishop of Cherubiminster, have been kissed in the dark by a little whipper-snapper of a curate."

"Perhaps we had better all go?" sobbed Miss Pimpernel, "especially as there is, after all, to be no dinner."

Then Jim completely lost his temper, and cried, angrily, "You can all go to—to your homes."

"Thank you, James," said Aunt Seraphina, majestically sailing out of the animated hall-door. "I am glad you substituted that. Come, Paul."

"My children," whispered Uncle Paul, shakily, as he followed her, here is a cheque for the tailor, crossed on my bank."



"'PLEASE, MUM,' HE SAID, 'ERE'S A FEARFUL GO!'"

"Uncle Paul," said Jim, "you're a brick."

"Give it to the bailiff," continued the Bishop, "and get rid of him, and I will telegraph to the bank to stop payment. More than this I cannot do for you. Meanwhile, be advised by me. Move as soon as you can. Move into an abode that is inanimate, and have done in future with this diabolical, mind-inspired furniture, endowed with every unpleasant human attribute and not one single human virtue. If I am spared," concluded Uncle Paul, with a most pathetic glance at Aunt Seraphina's back, as she went bristling down the staircase, "I will write anon."

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Eccentric Cricket Matches.

By A. Wallis Myers.

SOME people think that Mr. Kipling, in admonishing Englishmen for their zealous devotion to cricket, might have confined his criticisms to the genuine "flannelled fools" who wield unorthodox bats, figure in unconventional garb, or play their matches upon pitches which could have had but a very limited acquaintance, if any, with the horse-roller. The suggestion, however, is open to argument, for many of the eccentric matches with which the national game has been associated have either been contested in the good cause of charity, which possesses an unconditional license, or have been the outcome of an innocent desire *pour passer le temps*.

Not even Mr. Kipling, had he lived a hundred years ago, would have set his face against the valiant efforts of the one-armed Greenwich pensioners to vanquish their colleagues who boasted only one leg. For several years this extraordinary match took place on various London grounds and attracted considerable popular attention, though it was generally found that the veterans who possessed the use of two arms proved superior players to those who were the owners of two legs.

On one occasion, in 1796, when these twenty-two physically-handicapped players met at Walworth, a remarkable incident happened on the second day of the match, and provoked no little excitement and amusement. The wooden leg of one of the pensioners flew off as he ran between the wickets! Nothing daunted, the invincible hero hopped on towards his haven of refuge. Alas! Point fielded the "leg" and shied the wicket down with it. The men had not crossed—was the owner of the artificial member out? It was a "nice point," as the lawyers say. Part of his dress had knocked down the wicket. But it had not been done in the act of striking. To set speculation at rest, it may be stated that the poor fellow was given "out," and is said to have wept aloud as he buckled on his treacherous supporter.

The accompanying print is most amusing. The artist, with more regard for variety than for truth, has mixed up the elevens in an extraordinary manner, so that it is impossible to tell which side is "in." The umpires are both in the wrong place, while the picture of a one-legged cover-point wildly cheering on a one-armed bowler reveals a depth of unconscious humour which only a cricketer can appreciate.

When single-wicket matches were more the order of the day, it was a frequent event on some of our village greens for players destitute of a limb to take part in serious cricket. And very agile cricketers they generally made. There is a case on record where a one-armed man, who was a very confident player, challenged one, Silas Quarterman, who kept the little inn on the borders of Streatham Common. It was arranged that the one-armed man should have the assistance of his ten-year-old son, while the innkeeper should engage the services of his Newfoundland dog, an animal which had been trained to field the ball with almost human intelligence. As one side would have two "batsmen," while the other would have but one, it was generally conjectured that Quarterman and the dog would be beaten. Bets were, therefore, doubled in favour of the one-armed man, who, as a matter of fact, won by a narrow margin. Though



From an] "ONE-LEGGED V. ONE-ARMED"—PLAYED AT WALWORTH, 1796. [Old Print.

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the dog had the advantage over the child in running after the ball, it sometimes failed to bring it back to the innkeeper with profitable alacrity; once, despite his training, he conveyed the ball off the common in the direction of the inn.

Under very different surroundings was the single-wicket match that took place a year or two ago on the county cricket ground at Hove. It was the outcome of a casual remark made in the pavilion by Ranjit Sinhji, who offered to act as umpire. Bland was to play Bradley, the Kent fast bowler, and another, who was to keep wicket for both sides. The game ended in a draw, for Bland kept his end up until darkness crept over the ground and it was necessary to stop play.



A SINGLE-WICKET MATCH—BLAND (BATTING) V. BRADLEY (BOWLING), WITH RANJIT SINHJI AS UMPIRE—PLAYED AT BRIGHTON.
From a Photo. by E. Hawkins, Brighton.

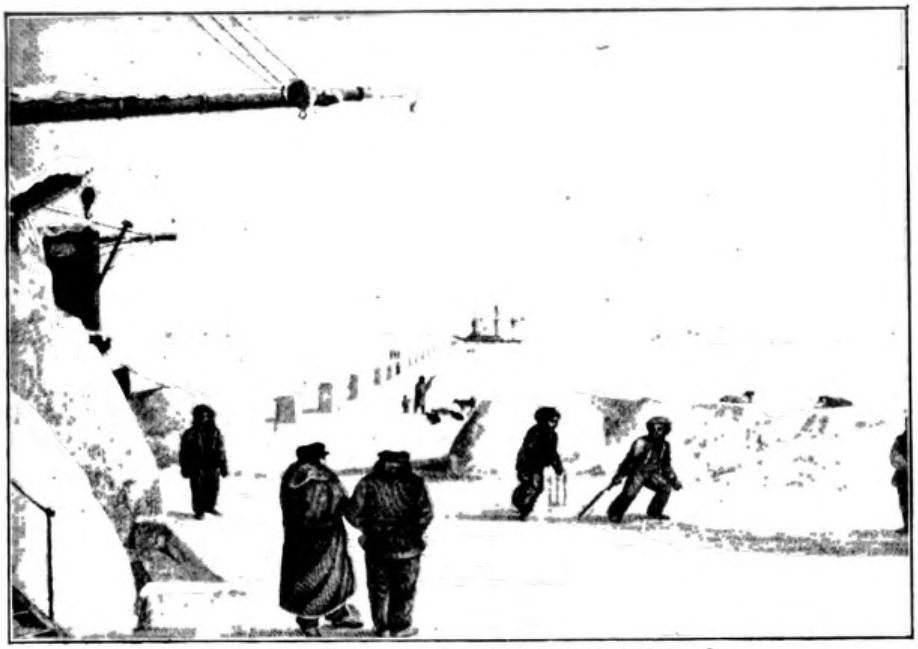
Eastern inhabitants, if one leaves out of account the Ranjit Sinhjis, do not, as a rule, take very heartily to cricket; but this was not the case with a party of Chinese at Shanghai, who had witnessed a game played by Englishmen and determined to personally test its charms. They chose a ground in the neighbourhood, procured bats, stumps, and a ball, and invited the British residents to come along and see the match. This the foreigners did with eagerness, for they had never seen a Chinaman run in their lives, much less run between the wickets.

When the game began it was seen that all the fielders were gathered together in a bunch, creating a deafening noise as they shouted instructions to each other. The bowler delivered his first ball—and it was found that the ball was attached to a long string, which avoided the necessity for any long-fielders. During the match only two runs were scored. Naturally the visitors laughed immeasurably, but the poor Chinese looked abashed and foolish, evidently expecting to be praised for their ingenuity in saving bodily exertion.

During the celebrated frost which lasted for two months in 1814, a game of cricket was played on the Thames, but it was scarcely a success. Apart from the difficulty which arose in attempting to keep a clear pitch for the players, the ball after it had been struck with the bat was by no means easy to pick up in time, the resistance of the ice causing it to bound so frequently.

Probably the only cricket match recorded as having taken place on a frozen island was that organized by the respective crews of His Majesty's ships *Fury* and *Hecla*, who wintered in the Arctic Ocean in 1822-3. The scene of this memorable game was Igloolik, an island near the east end of the Fury and Hecla Strait. Sir William Edward Parry, the famous Arctic explorer, who took

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A CRICKET MATCH PLAYED IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS IN 1822.
From an Old Print.

command of five expeditions to the Polar regions, and who was the first to cross 110deg. W. long., was in chief command of the two vessels, which after an exciting voyage were forced to lie up for the winter on this ice-bound island. Many members of the party were enthusiastic cricketers, and it is small wonder that in their efforts to while away the months of inactivity they should improvise a game on the snow. That they

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and devoted patron of cricket the Earl of Sheffield, who has frec entertained Indian and Colonial elev his country seat. A few winters ago a fine stretch of water in Sheffield Pa frozen over, his lordship organized a on the ice, in which several of his guests appeared. All the players used the wicket-keeper, as might be ima having no little difficulty to keep still, a



From a Photo. by] A CRICKET MATCH ON THE ICE AT SHEFFIELD PARK. [*E. Hawkins, Bri*

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"TOP HATS v. FANCY BATS"—PLAYED AT SEAFORTH BARRACKS, LIVERPOOL.
From a Photo. by Foulds & Hibberd, Seaforth, Liverpool.

bowlers being continually no-balled for running, or rather skating, over the crease. The beauty of ice-cricket lies in the fact that the batsman may score half-a-dozen runs while the fieldsman is endeavouring to regain his feet and pick up the ball, which may be lodged in a bank of snow.

It is a long cry from a Polar pitch to the sweltering Bombay field upon which, fifty years ago, there occurred several of the most remarkable matches that India has seen. The Oriental Cricket Club of Bombay is the earliest Parsee club of which there is any authentic information. It was founded in 1855, and its members practised originally on the same site where Parsee cricketers in the future were to achieve so many proud victories. But the ground then was very different from what it is to-day, surrounded by stately buildings in the centre of the city. The matches took place on broken, irregular, and rough ground, overgrown with the coarsest grass. On such a field were the pioneer Parsee cricketers content to learn the alphabet of the English game, and their lot was certainly not enviable.



A PORTION OF THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH ENLARGED TO SHOW ONE OF THE FANCY BATS IN THE FORM OF A MONKEY.
From a Photo. by Foulds & Hibberd, Seaforth, Liverpool.

The greater portion of the open space was used, from sunrise to sunset, by Mohammedan dyers, who spread out on the field for drying long strips of cloth coloured with indigo blue. As the Parsee had to field a wandering ball in the region of the spread-out cloth it is not difficult to understand that frequent scuffles ensued between the cricketers and the Mohammedans, who wondered what on earth the former were doing running after cannon-balls!

Turning for a moment to cricket matches of an eccentric character which have been so played for some special purpose, generally on behalf of a charity, a contest that took place recently at Liverpool is worthy of mention. It was organized by the non-commissioned officers stationed at Seaforth Barracks, in order to encourage recruiting by illustrating the pleasurable amenities of a soldier's life. One eleven figured in top hats which had evidently seen better days, though escaping complete destruction at the hands of Mrs. Atkins, and the other wielded bats which were far above the regulation size, the idea

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being that if the bowler failed to hit this abnormal bat it counted against him. One of the men played with a dummy monkey whose power of resistance was equal to the task of knocking up fifty runs. Another used an old helmet to which a handle was affixed, while a third took a canteen tray to the wicket. Altogether there was some very laughable and quite unorthodox cricket.

There are doubtless many still residing near Southampton who remember the grand cricket match which took place on that monster vessel, the *Great Eastern*, before its departure for America over forty years ago. The ship, which has since been broken up, portions of it doing duty as garden seats, was at anchor in Southampton Water, on exhibition to the public, who flocked to inspect its record proportions. Presumably to demonstrate these vast dimensions in a thoroughly practical manner, the owners organized a cricket match on the deck, and the newspapers, in chronicling the event, declared that the ball never once left the ship during the time that the game was in progress. Shortly after this episode the *Great Eastern* left the Needles—after a series of unfortunate incidents had occurred, including the drowning of its captain in Southampton Water—on its maiden voyage across the Atlantic, reaching New York after a successful run of ten days and a half.

Everybody has heard the assertion (and, perhaps, may have heard it once too often) that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, but probably few are aware that a cricket match was ac played by English officers on the of Wellington's famous victory, thoug Thackeray has reminded us, the E officers stationed at Brussels during memorable period were "game" fo exhilarating pastime. When Englis gather together and cricket is discusse they where they may, they will play it. Waterloo. The encounter duly took on the site of the battle, and it is rec that the ball was hit over the now s hedge which separates the famous fa Hougomont from the field, and was at last under the shadow of the tablet



A MATCH ON THE GOODWIN SANDS, APRIL, 1854.
From a Photo. of an Old Print by W. H. Franklin, Deal.

to the memory of the gallant Blac who fell on the very spot beneath whic bones were buried. Here Fate ord that the cricketers should dine, and the was spread on and around the simple stone.

The Goodwins, which have been time immemorial associated with peri destruction, is another spot which, it be supposed, cricketers would not g of their way to select as the venue contest. Yet on the 10th of April, 1 game on this shifty and unique pitc arranged. The opposing sides were a of Walmer gentlemen and an eleven h by Captain Pearson and composed picked crew of the *Spartan*, one o finest luggers on Deal Beach. The was beautifully calm, and the part cluding two umpires (twenty-four in arrived and were safely landed on

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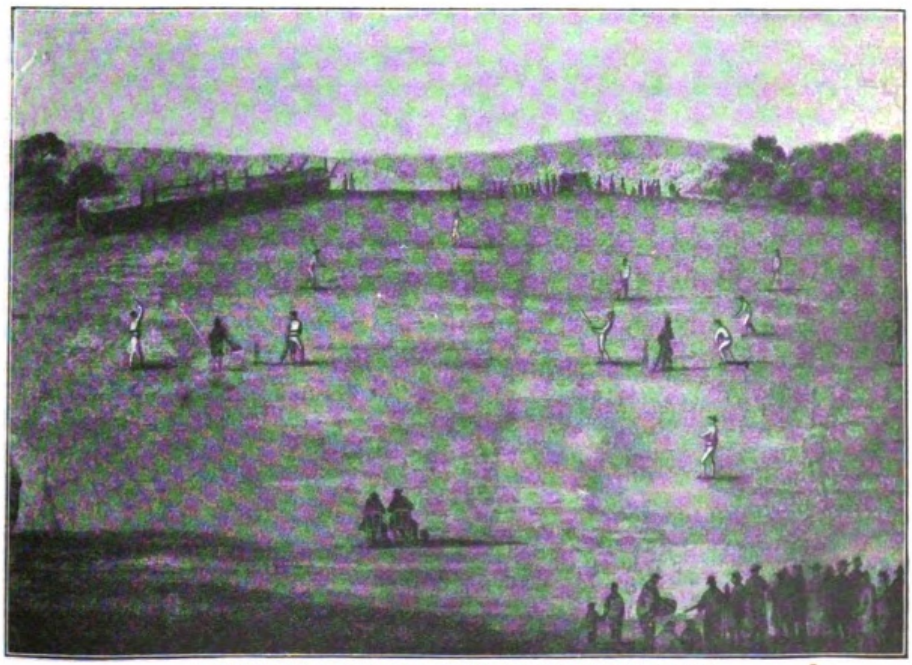


"TOWN V. GOWN" AT CAMBRIDGE, 1847.
From a Photo. of an Old Print by E. Hawkins, Brighton.

sands at five o'clock in the evening. After walking about a quarter of a mile a pitch sufficiently high and dry was found, when the match commenced and continued until nearly sunset, the winning party obtaining fifty-seven runs. The conditions of play were by no means conventional, as may be imagined, and the wonder is that none of the players was immersed. The sands were intersected in every direction with narrow but deep gullies, or, as they are termed by the sailors, "swatches," with swift-running streams, into which it was dangerous to step. However, the game was concluded without any mishap, the party returning home safely about ten o'clock, and as the lugger ploughed her way homeward the ripples on the surface of the sea were beautifully illuminated with phosphorescent light.

We may briefly notice an extraordinary match that took place at Cambridge between the residents and the 'Varsity in 1847. These contests of Town *v.* Gown were common in those days, and usually caused much partisan feeling. It was just at this period that fast bowling was introduced, and a Mr. Kirwan, of King's College, though only a youth weighing nine stone, was quite irresistible from his remarkable speed. He once hit a bail thirty yards, and in the Town *v.* Gown match the damage to limbs and fingers was so serious that many of the men were laid up for weeks from fractures inflicted by this college terror.

Except on the village green, perhaps, cricket matches for high stakes are nowadays happily never contested, but a hundred years ago it was very different. Five hundred guineas was the prize offered for competition between eleven men of All England and thirty-three of the county of Norfolk, the match taking place on Swaffham Race



A MATCH PLAYED FOR 500 GUINEAS AT SWAFFHAM, 1797.
From a Photo. of an Old Print by E. Hawkins, Brighton.

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Ground in July, 1797. Naturally the game attracted a large crowd, but the thirty-three "Dumplings" miserably failed in their first innings, not a single man reaching double figures and the whole side being out for fifty. This total the England eleven nearly trebled, Mr. T. Walker making fifty-five and Lord Beauclerk thirty-nine. As the Norfolk thirty-three only scored eighty-one at their second venture, All England won the match and the five hundred guineas by thirteen runs and an innings to spare.

But this is not the earliest instance of a cricket match for money. The quaint old print which we here reproduce—it appeared in the *Kentish Gazette* in 1775—is interesting for the same reason, but also on another account which renders it much more so. It is a representation of the first game of cricket which was played with three stumps instead of the two which had previously been used.



THE FIRST CRICKET MATCH IN WHICH THREE STUMPS WERE USED—1775. *From an* [*Old Print.*

If ladies' cricket matches are in these progressive times governed by the solemn rules of the M.C.C., and are the occasion for the display of considerable feminine prowess with the bat and ball, the same cannot be said of the contests waged between ladies in the olden days. While some of the matches of the past provided spectators with an exhibition of woman's graceful form and deportment, others, it seems, afforded grave doubts as to the wisdom or dignity of her participation in cricket.

A match which was arranged between two county clubs of ladies twenty-four years ago appears to have drawn the whole neighbourhood to the ground. The young ladies wore a pretty uniform of dark blue and pink, and instead of a bat they handled a dainty little weapon like a battledore, only with a much larger handle. They bowled underhand with tennis-balls, and the fielding is described as remarkably good.

Not nearly so successful was a match that took place in Surrey some sixty years ago between married and single ladies. Indeed, the event was never concluded. The effect produced upon the fair players at lunch precluded the possibility of its being played out, and we are told that the hot sun, flowing dresses, novel position, and rustic jokes, together with the liberal provisions, combined to create such intense enthusiasm among the ladies as to render their further presence on the field undesirable. At least one of the elevens was played out of the village in the evening to somewhat discordant music.

Lord's, even in recent years, has been the scene of several contests between elevens chosen, not so much by virtue of their skill, but rather because of some personal qualification. A week before the late Queen's Jubilee eleven gentlemen of the M.C.C. played eighteen veterans of the club over forty. W. G. played havoc with the veterans' wickets, and made twenty-four when opposed to their bowling. On this occasion Mr. A. J. Webbe made a century, and the Walkers did fine work in the field.

Devotees of the fragrant weed suffered a serious rebuff when eleven famous Non-Smokers defeated by nine wickets a team which, off the pitch, indulged freely in tobacco. Captained by Dr. W. G. Grace, the Non-Smokers were able to get together a powerful eleven, including Messrs. Bannerman, Murdoch, Bonnor, E. M. Grace, T. C. O'Brien, and Richard Pilling; while the Smokers' eleven embraced such well-known cricketers as Lord Harris, Messrs. C. I. Thornton, R. S. McDonnell, George Giffen, F. R. Spofforth, with Gunn, Emmett, and Clarke. Bonnor hit up a dashing one hundred and twenty-four; Peate took nearly all the Smokers' wickets; while W. G. did all the damage and practically won the match, which was a moral, as well as an actual, victory for those who eschew the weed.

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The Hospitable Stranger.

By Edwin Pugh.

IT was an evil day in the month of March—a bitter, biting, blinding day of shrewish winds and icy showers. For considerably more than twenty-four hours I had not had a crumb between my lips. I was sick and faint and shaking for want of food. I stood with my hands in my empty pockets at a gusty corner near Piccadilly Circus, and surveyed the arid prospect with a gloomy countenance. A beggar whined at my elbow for a copper. It was too funny. I smiled on him, but so grimly that he shambled off with a muttered apology for pestering me. I suppose he had not noticed at first that, though the uppers of my boots were brilliant with polish, I was, as a matter of fact, literally standing on the soles of my socks. He had been misled by my factitious air of smartness and well-being, by the dazzling lustre of my well-oiled top-hat and carefully-turned collar, by the careless ease with which I leaned on my walking-stick and dangled an odd glove between my forefinger and thumb. I raised my monocle, fixed it in my eye, and gazed after the abject figure of the beggar with some feeble amusement. Presently he turned and came slouching back. As he approached me I saw that he was winking like a defective electric light. He brushed against me, his face still working horribly; and as he passed he touched my hand. I held my ready palm open, and he dropped two coins into it. The coins were both bronze—a penny and a halfpenny. But they gilded my prospects. I slipped them into my fob and moved briskly away.

I would not spend the money on food. It would, at most, procure for me only a passing surcease from hunger. It might be far more judiciously invested in a shave. For I am one of those knights of fortune who live by their wits; and an appearance of spruceness is one of the most important items in my stock-in-trade. There is nothing that militates more fatally against a man's appearance than a three days' growth of beard. I passed my hand across my chin, and the rasping of the harsh stubble determined my course immediately.



"I HELD MY READY PALM OPEN."

I sought a barber's shop in Soho. It looked like a three-halfpenny place. It was a penny shave, but the mongrel Swiss demanded twopence. This was disheartening. I handed him the two bronze coins that were all I possessed.

"Twopence, sare," he insisted.

"Awfully

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sorry," said I, touching up my moustache. "Those are all the coppers I have. Stay!" I cried, and fumbled in my breast-pocket. "If you can change a five-pound note—or perhaps I had better call in later. What?"

"I vill shange ze note for you wiz pleasings," said he.

"In that case, Herr Professor," I replied, "a paltry halfpenny can make but little difference to you."

And I was sauntering out of the shop, but he seized me by the arm. Remarks passed. Soap-suds and a shaving-brush passed. But I made my escape at last. And having wiped off the spumy marks of the fray from my person I made my way toward Pall Mall.



"'I VILL SHANGE ZE NOTE FOR YOU WIZ PLEASINGS,' SAID HE."

But I merely mention these incidents of the beggar and the barber to give you some idea of the sort of life I led in those days and the manner of man I was then. The adventure that forms the real subject of this story was yet to develop itself.

Now there was at that time a club in Pall Mall so vast and palatial, with such a prodigious list of members, that anyone possessing sufficient effrontery might safely enter in and enjoy its comforts without the least fear of opposition or inquiry. I need hardly say that I possessed effrontery enough to do this. Often before that day I had enjoyed the hospitality of this magnificent institution in inclement weather, or when I was weary or depressed, or in need of such mental refreshment as its fine library afforded.

Swinging my stick with an air of jaunty assurance, my monocle screwed tightly in my eye, I passed boldly in under the handsome stone portico. I paused in the h roofed, hollow-sounding hall and yaw obtrusively, as if the burden of the hc were too heavy for me. Then I stro across the parquet flooring toward the winc marble stairc

I had my on the first when a pc gentleman middle age distinguis appearance denly eme from one of many rooms the ground and bore d swiftly upon His gaze downcast, raising his at last he ca sight of me, instantly his lit up wit smile of ple recognition. ambled up me, his b eyes twink and held ou hand.

"My dea chap!" he claimed, tily, "how I am to you! Ho you do?"

For an instant I was slightly at a los knew the old gentleman's face well. often seen him in the club, ensconced rule in the best arm-chair; sometimes h reading, sometimes dozing, with his fat h locked contentedly across his chest guessed shrewdly that he was a perso of considerable importance in the wo perhaps a member of the club comm But obviously he had never noticed before. Now it was evident he mistoc for some friend to whom I must b strong resemblance. I at once made u mind to profit by his mistake if pos I therefore stepped forward to greet without the slightest hesitation. We hands heartily.

"My dear fellow," he said, clapping the shoulder, "where on earth have

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been all these centuries? Positively, I hardly knew you, for a moment. My word, how you have altered, to be sure!"

"You notice that, too? Everybody does," said I.

"My dear boy," he went on, beaming, "you're not the same man. 'Pon my soul, if it had not been for the eye-glass I don't believe I should have recognised you. But come," he said, linking his arm in mine; "talking is dry work. Have you dined?"

My heart leaped within me for joy.

"To tell you the truth," said I, "I was just thinking about ordering something. They do you fairly well here, I believe, though I don't very often come to the place to feed."

"You will dine with me," he said, firmly. "I will take no refusal. You must. Though, in my opinion, the food *is* pretty bad here as a rule. And the service is execrable. That is, if you are an ordinary member and will put up with it. *I* won't. The waiters know that. And, consequently, I think I can promise you that if you will only place yourself entirely in my hands you will not have a great deal to complain of."

"I shall be delighted to leave it all to you," said I.

"Well, come along, then," he said again, abruptly.

He led me to the spacious dining-room, a handsome, sombrely-furnished hall, the air of which was deliciously aromatic with warm, savoury odours. There were but few diners present as yet, for the hour was somewhat early. The great majority wore evening dress; but as my distinguished friend himself wore a frock-coat, even as I did, I was not at all perturbed by this circumstance.

"An *apéritif*?" he inquired.

"I don't mind if I do," I responded.

"Do you usually indulge in that luxury?"

I thought of the mild and bitter that I take with my bread and cheese and pickles when I can afford it; and I replied, "Invariably."

"By the way," said he. "I was having a dispute with a man the other day—Joe Bargrave; you know him—about the way your middle name is spelt. How *do* you spell it, now?"



"HE LED ME TO THE SPACIOUS DINING-ROOM."

I felt as if I had been stabbed in the pit of the stomach with a red-hot knife. I was quite convinced that I did not want any dinner if this sort of thing were to continue.

"No," said I. "First tell me how you think it ought to be spelt."

"Oh, with a 'y,' of course," said he.

So I gained nothing by that stratagem.

"That's quite right," I replied. "Only a fool or an ignoramus would spell it any other way."

"Would you mind giving me one of your cards to show to the fellow I was arguing with?" said he.

I fumbled in my breast-pocket and told him that I had stupidly left my card-case at home.

"Never mind. Write it down," said he.

The painted portraits on the walls of dead illustrious members seemed to mow and mock at me. The lights danced.

"Yes, sir?" queried a waiter, stealing up behind us. He laid the menu before my companion. I could have fallen on his neck and blessed him, so great was my feeling of relief even at this respite.

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"Vermouth for me," I said, quickly. "Italian."

"Yes, sir." And the waiter scurried off.

"Now, would you mind writing your name down?" persisted my innocent tormentor.

"I haven't a scrap of paper on me," I replied.

"Write it on my cuff."

"But I haven't a pencil either."

"That's all right," he said, genially. "I have."

He produced a dainty silver contrivance. He stretched his arm across the table. I took the pencil between my fingers and stared at the fair expanse of cuff before me in a daze of utter bewilderment. I felt that I was lost indeed.

"Come," said he, almost testily, "what is the matter with you?"

I had an inspiration. "To tell you the truth," said I, "I can't write."

"Can't write!" he gasped.

"No," said I. "I have writer's cramp."

He gazed hard at me, and I thought I saw a dull light of suspicion dawning in his eyes.

"Well, spell it out to me, then," said he, "and I will write it down myself."

My heart seemed to stop beating. The game was up.

"Italian vermouth, sir," murmured the voice of the waiter in my ear. And the momentary distraction of my companion's attention gave me time to evolve yet another possible way of escape from detection.

"But your handwriting would not be accepted as evidence," I ventured.

"Neither would it," he agreed. He pondered. "Well, anyhow," he went on, "I should like you to spell it out to me, right through, so that I at least may know whether I am right or not."

Again I was nonplussed. Fortunately, my companion was now engaged in giving elaborate instructions to the waiter regarding our dinner.

"Well?" said he, turning to me at last.

Once more my inexhaustible fertility of resource came to my rescue.

"I don't know why it should be so," said I, "but one always feels rather an ass spelling out one's name. Why not show your friend one of our lists of members? Surely that would convince him?"

"Ah! I never thought of that," said he. "Waiter, bring me a list of members, will you, please?"

"Yes, sir."

The dainty volume was brought to our table, and my companion turned the leaves rapidly. My heart beat high with rekindle hope. He would be sure to show me th name of the man I was impersonating, ar request me to corroborate the evidence the list. Thus I should discover my ow identity and be one point to the good.

I peeped over his shoulder. He w browsing among the "R's." "R," then, w my initial. So far, so good.

"I am right, of course," said he, cor placently; and, greatly to my disappoir ment, he flung the book aside.

We began to eat and drink. It was excellent dinner. As the generous wine fir my blood I began to enjoy myself. I nc took a lead in the conversation. I talked my unknown host with feverish volubilit doing all I knew to keep him engaged matters of current common interest, to th exclusion of all personal topics. And succeeded in this. He was a jolly old ch enough, once I got him fairly under way. tickled his ribs with humorous anecdote a soon had him laughing heartily. He order a second bottle of wine and kept my gla well replenished.

"This is like old times," said he, as approached the cheese. "We must make point of meeting more often in future."

"And next time," said I, "you will, trust, let me have the privilege of playi host to you."

"You may play the host to me as often you like, my dear boy," said he, in his bl way, "so long as you permit me to orc the dinner. These fellows"—indicating t waiters—"have no respect for an ordina member. Do you think we should have g the undercut if you had ordered the beef

"Very likely not," said I.

"And the wine. They would have palm off any ullage on you."

"I dare say they would," I assented.

"Of course they would," he rejoine and he leaned back cosily in his chair a regarded me affectionately.

I began to consider the advisability inventing some excuse to leave him, ost sibly for only a little while. Then, as sc as I was out of his ken, I could flee from t club. In this wise intention I was baulk however, in a way that shall now be shown

I had observed that from time to time page-boy would enter the room and bawl the name of a member. This meant tha visitor was waiting in the hall to see th member; or that a fellow-member in anot of the many rooms desired to have a frien chat with him. I was so used to this cust

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of the club that I, knowing there was no possibility of my being inquired for in this way, had grown to disregard these periodical shoutings. But my companion, naturally enough, always listened attentively to the page.

"I rather expect a man to call for me to-night," he explained. "He should be here by now, unless he came before I arrived and has gone away again. If you don't mind me leaving you a minute," he added, "I'll go and find out from the hall-porter whether he has been yet. Then my mind will be at rest. And you might, while I am away, order some coffee and liqueurs. I take half brandy and half yellow Chartreuse. You have your own particular vanity, of course. I sha'n't be long." And he hurried away.

His departure caused me no disquiet; no misgiving troubled me. But I hoped devoutly that he would soon return. For it was, to say the least of it, not a little awkward for me to have to sit there alone, under false pretences, knowing no one, and without a farthing in my pocket. There was a chance that the waiter might present the bill to me in the absence of my hospitable stranger.

The minutes dragged on slowly. I began to wonder if it would be possible to make a dignified attempt to escape. But a great tide of diners was now setting steadily toward the tables. I should have to weave my way through a very maze of chairs, over countless hurdles of legs. To fill up the interval I ordered coffees and liqueurs according to my absent friend's instructions.

As I sipped my liqueur I watched the clock. Ten minutes had spun their intolerable length. The page who bawled out the names came again into the room. I beckoned him toward me.

"Will you please go and find my friend?" said I. "Tell him I should be much obliged to him if he would rejoin me at once."

"Yes, sir. What name, sir?" asked the boy.

I had expected this inquiry, and was not disconcerted. "Never mind the name. You know who I mean. The gentleman I have just been dining with." I looked at him straightly. I was not to be daunted by a mere child, after having passed through so many perils already.



"HE HURRIED AWAY."

"Yes, sir," said he. "And your name, sir?"

I waved my hand impatiently.

Suddenly I perceived that he had lowered his gaze. He was looking not at me, but at my disreputable boots. I saw a subtle change take place in him. He eyed me sharply, with an altered demeanour. His voice, when he next spoke, had an ugly ring.

"I must have your name, sir," he said. "At any rate, you must give me your friend's name. *I* don't remember him. But you tell me who he is and I'll find him—if he's a member."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," I said, feebly, "since you are so stupid."

The page, after surveying me from head to foot with cruel, deliberate insolence, smiled brazenly and sauntered away.

I sat down again. Full fifteen minutes had passed. My brow was wet with a dew of agony. For I divined the truth at last, as it were in a flash.

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This specious stranger who had so oddly claimed acquaintance with me was no more a member of the club than I was, but an impudent impostor. His airs of authority were all a piece of magnificent bluff, which his fine, stately presence and distinguished appearance had alone enabled him to carry out with such consummate success. He had seen through me from the very outset. He had been maliciously playing on my fears, torturing me for the wanton delight of a malign sense of humour. I remembered how he had said that he would be very pleased to be my guest on some future occasion if he were permitted to order the dinner. And I realized with impotent fury how he must be laughing at me in his sleeve at that very moment. He had found it only too easy to hoodwink me, and finally to escape by means of a plausible pretext. I saw it all clearly. Leaving the room he had gone straight downstairs, taken his hat and coat from a peg in the cloak-room (or somebody else's hat and coat, for all I knew), and so strolled off, comfortably. Doubtless he was a mile away ere this.

And here was I left to pay the piper, though I had not called the tune, out of empty pockets.

As I sat there, a prey to unutterable feelings of dismay, the sweat pringling in my eyebrows, my hands trembling so violently I dared not attempt to raise the liqueur glass to my lips, I was suddenly smitten with a full consciousness of the fact that I must cut a hideously conspicuous figure. Now that my companion had gone, I was the only man in the room who did not wear evening clothes. And my frock-coat was wofully old and threadbare. Under the nacreous glare of the electric globes every faded stitch of cotton, every inch of worn braid, every spot of grease and immemorial stain, seemed to shout aloud my poverty and proclaim my fraud. I fancied I caught curious, suspicious glances directed toward me.

At length my powers of endurance came to an end. I could no longer support the ordeal of this terrible inaction. I rose, pushed back my chair, and began to move away from the table toward the door—a very gateway out of Inferno it seemed to me at that crisis.

But I had not gone half the length of the room before I heard a patter of hasty footsteps coming after me. A hand fell on my shoulder. I turned and beheld, as I expected, the waiter. I stood dumfounded and flabbergasted before him.



"'THE BILL, SIR,' SAID HE."

I had not observed him closely before. I had been too much occupied with my private tremors for that. But now he had suddenly become a very important figure and I took a careful survey of him.

He was a short man with a scrubby, black head and a dark, clean-shaven face. His twinkling eyes and humorous mouth would have made the fortune of a low comedian. Somehow I was a little heartened by his expression. He appraised me in one swift, comprehensive glance.

"Well?" I said, sharply.

"The bill, sir," said he.

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"The bill!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean? I was dining with my friend."

"Yes, sir," said he. He was gazing at my boots as if fascinated. For the life of me I could not help looking down at my feet; and there was a blister of dirty white sock poking out at the toe. "But where is your friend?" he inquired. And now he was examining my collar with painful intensity. "I don't know him. What's his name?"

"That I cannot tell you," said I. "We got into conversation and he very politely——" I finished the sentence with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh!" said he, critically contemplating my paper-shielded cuffs. "And where, may I ask, did you say the gentleman was now?" he persisted.

"I don't know," I answered. "Somewhere in the building, I suppose. I will go and find him."

"Ah! but perhaps, sir," said the waiter, "you wouldn't mind paying first—in the absence of your friend. The amount is two pounds sixteen shillings."

He looked in the direction of my pocket, where, by the irony of circumstance, a small patch of threadbare cloth showed plainly as if it had been worn there by friction of money.

"Two pounds sixteen shillings," he repeated, drily.

"Of course, I could not think of paying," said I. "The thing is preposterous. My friend would be extremely annoyed."

"No," said he, "I thought not. Er—what could you think of doing?"

"Well," said I, slowly, "look here; I don't want to get you into trouble, you understand."

"Thank you, sir," he murmured.

"And so," I continued, "I will call in to-morrow and settle up then—that is, if my friend should forget to do so in the meantime, which, to say the least of it, is highly improbable. I should like to settle now and end all this confounded palaver, as I want to get away, but I feel that it would not be right."

"Yes, sir," said he, with a grin and a wink. "But the question is: Shall I let you go or not?"

"You are insolent," said I. "You forget that you are the servant of the members of this club, and I——"

"But are you a member?" he demanded.

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"If you're *not* a member——," he went on.

Then I had an inspiration.

"Well," said I, "to be quite frank with you, I am not a member. My friend——"

"He is not a member either, I expect."

"I expect he is not," I agreed, readily. "Come, now, what are you going to do about it, even if he isn't? *I* didn't order the dinner. The other fellow did all that. If he happens not to be a member you ought not to have served him. I can see you getting this club's license endorsed over this," said I, more boldly. "You ought to have been more careful. You know how stringent this new Licensing Act is."

"Please speak a little more quietly, if you don't mind," said the waiter.

I thought I might now press my advantage a little. "Ah!" I cried. "Now you are talking reasonably. I had an idea we might be able to settle this matter pleasantly. The position is this: You have served me with intoxicating liquor ordered by a man who was not a member, and consumed on the premises."

"I have—for my sins," said he.

"Under the new Act," I went on, "if you will refer to cap. seven, clause one hundred and two——" I rattled out these figures with the glibness of splendid ignorance.

"Never mind about that; go on," he said.

"All right," said I. "Now supposing, for the sake of argument, that you report me to the secretary or the manager, or whatever he is."

"Which I intend to do," said the waiter, stolidly.

"Ah! Very good. And then what happens?" I asked him. "I have no money. The dinner is eaten. The wine is drunk. I cannot pay, even if it were legal for me to do so, or you could prove that I am liable, which I deny. Now, supposing you give me into custody. The magistrate sends me to gaol—likely enough; but at the same time he remarks in a nasty manner that he is not altogether satisfied with the way in which this club is conducted. Members, reading this in the papers, promptly send in their letters of resignation. Other members administer unmitigated toko to the manager. To save himself from dismissal the manager shifts the blame on to the head-waiter. The head-waiter shifts the blame on to you. There is no one that you can rag. Consequently you are got rid of. A scapegoat is needed. You go. And I should imagine," I concluded, "that yours is a job worth having."

"You seem to forget," said he, "that we

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may not give you in charge. We may decide to merely throw you downstairs."

"I have foreseen that contingency also," said I, "and provided against it. I fancy I could make it unpleasant for you even in that case. I should create a crude disturbance outside and get taken into custody."

"No? Would you really, though?" grinned the waiter.

"Moreover," I proceeded, loftily, "I should make it my business to tell the magistrate exactly how the affairs of this club are conducted. Indeed, I don't see how the details could possibly be suppressed. Then the new Act would come into play."

"In the meantime," said he, "there is a fire-hose in the hall that may come into play."

"I should not have thought," I ventured, with a touch of pathos, "that you were a vindictive man. I judged from your expression——"

He looked at me with an altered regard.

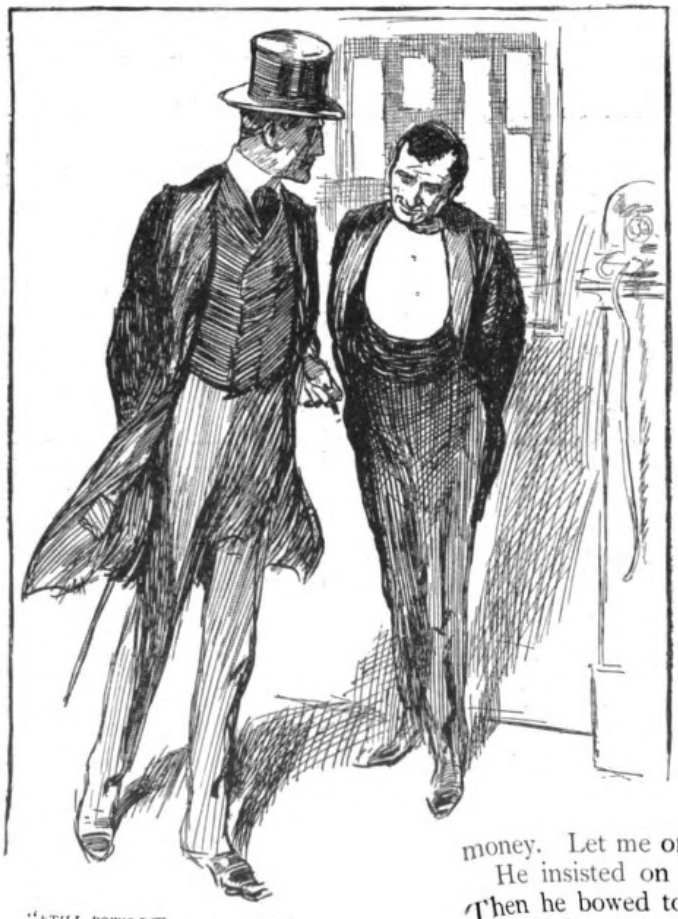
"I suppose you were hungry?" said he.

"Your supposition is not so empty as my stomach was," I replied.

"Ah!" said he. "You've been a gentleman, too. Well, wait a moment."

He turned on his heel and walked away briskly. I wheeled a chair to the fire, sat down, and opened a magazine.

A very nervous two minutes elapsed, during which time I was in momentary dread of being seized rudely and either thrown out or given into custody. But presently, to my unspeakable joy, I saw my waiter coming back with a tray. On the tray was a cigar in a wine-glass. He halted before me and lowered his burden to a level with my eyes. I stared at him in mute astonishment.



"STILL BOWING, HE USHERED ME OUT."

"Take the cigar," said he. "You've won it."

"But——" I stammered.

"You ought to annex the whole tobacco plantation. You've enough alabaster cheek to stock all the bagmen in the world. I always did admire cheek."

"Pickles!" said I, taking courage. "You know you have put yourself in my hands. You know you're afraid——"

He checked me with a laugh.

"Did you notice me when I was serving you and your friend just now?" he inquired.

"Of course I did," I replied, promptly. "I took your measure right enough, my man."

"Oh! what a beautiful liar you are!" said he.

I rose up.

"Sit down," said he. "The fact is, I did not serve you at all. It was another man. I am not a waiter. I'm Arthur Truefitt, from the Hilarity. I saw you come in—you and your precious friend. I rumbled your game. The waiters weren't going to serve you at first. But I'm on the committee and I told them to. I said I would pay. You were to be my guests. I watched you. I saw your pal make off. I saw you writhing. I saw you start to bolt. It was then I tapped you on the shoulder. Your mug!—I've been studying it ever since."

"But——" I began.

"I did it," said he, "for the fun of the thing. I'm going to sing a song about it. It'll make a capital curtain. Never fear! you're worth the money. Let me offer you a match."

He insisted on lighting the cigar. Then he bowed to me grandly; and, still bowing, ushered me out.

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Famous Walkers of the Past.

By T. D. Dutton.

PROVERBIAL wisdom assures us there is nothing new under the sun, and the present interest in long-distance walking, first aroused by the Stock Exchange's little jaunt to Brighton, is but another instance of history repeating itself. Barely a century ago the feats of Captain Barclay, George Wilson, and others attracted sufficient attention to send the town almost mad with excitement, and probably few are aware of the doughty deeds of endurance in walking which so delighted our great-grandfathers.

Even Royalty itself has been numbered among the exponents of pedestrianism, and that much-abused monarch, Charles II., is certainly entitled to respect as a fine specimen of an all-round sportsman. Apart from enjoying perhaps the unique distinction amongst English Sovereigns of riding his own horses to victory at Newmarket, Charles was also noted for his walking powers, and it has been stated that none could excel him in his favourite walk from Whitehall to Hampton Court. Hence his characteristic recommendation to William Prince of Orange, "Walk with me, hunt with my brother, and do justice to my niece," referring to William's future wife, the Princess Mary. Fashion in walking matches has changed considerably since October, 1670, when the King and all his nobles watched Lord Digby attempt to walk five miles within the hour on Newmarket Heath for a wager of fifty pounds; the athletic peer failing to accomplish his task by a short half-minute only, although walking "barefoot," as the chronicler gravely records this feat.



Foster Powell (1792), who walked from London to York and back—394 miles—in 5 days 13 hours and 35 minutes.

Comparatively few people can have walked more than fifty miles at a stretch, and the recent feats of pedestrianism are almost a fit subject for national satisfaction. Difficult, however, as the task would prove to the ordinary man, it appears almost insignificant as a feat of endurance when compared with the long-sustained efforts of departed heroes of the road.

History is often sadly silent on sporting matters, and, consequently, the earliest long-distance walker whose performances were authenticated appears to have been Foster Powell, a limb of the law with a penchant for walking from London to York and back. His first journey was made in 1773, when he covered the distance of three hundred and ninety-four miles in six days, with nearly six hours to spare. Anticipating the fashion of later days Powell eclipsed his own record more than once, and finally, in 1792, accomplished the journey in five days thirteen hours and thirty-five minutes when fifty-six years old, rather an advanced age for such a lengthy journey; but it was characteristic of these early walkers that several exhibited their powers late in life, successfully demonstrating that men can accomplish feats of endurance long after the speed and agility of youth have vanished.

As his portrait shows, Powell adopted the conventional dress of the period, which was, on the whole, admirably adapted for walking, though possibly the coat

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might with advantage have been somewhat curtailed in length. Powell, however, may have found his capacious pockets useful for carrying a reserve of hose, as white stockings must soon have presented a deplorable sight whenever the roads were in the same condition as prevailed during the Brighton walk. Regarded as quite an eighteenth-century "freak," Powell's portrait was exhibited with those of contortionists, fat men, dwarfs, and giants; for, to use a current phrase of the day, he was regarded quite as an "extraordinary character." One report states that he not only exhibited his paces at Astley's Amphitheatre, but was there theatrically crowned by his admirers, after the fashion of Voltaire at the Comédie, in Paris, some years previously — an unusual tribute to pedestrian ability.

No popular hero seems to have followed Powell until Captain Barclay appeared. Born of an ancient and honourable Scotch family, Barclay Allardice of Ury (to give him his full title) could trace his ancestry as far back as the commencement of the twelfth century, and was descended from a race noted for its strength and athletic vigour. He gave early promise of great things to come by walking, when only seventeen, six miles in an hour on the Croydon road, in August, 1796; but probably few, if any, of the competitors in the recent tramp to Brighton gave a thought to the shades of the mighty walker in whose footsteps they may be said to have been almost literally treading.



CAPTAIN BARCLAY (1809). Sketched from life at the conclusion of his walk of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours.

It was at the close of 1808 that Barclay fairly electrified the whole country by undertaking for a wager of one thousand guineas to walk one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours, a mile in every hour, such a performance being then quite unprecedented. The match was much discussed, a start being made over Newmarket I on the 1st of June, 1809, lasting unt 12th of July, or nearly forty-two days i No performance was ever better autl cated, a record being kept of the tin starting and finishing each mile; an thoroughly did the judges perform their that the state of the weather was recorded, and an elaborate diary writte each day setting forth the pedestrian's dition. As nearly everyone knows, Ca Barclay proved successful in his ler undertaking. This interesting diary, ever, discloses the fact that he only came within an ace of losing match, but it only by exerc the most determ courage that he ceeded in over ing the painful haustion resul from the los regular sleep for a lengthy pe The captain wa fact, handicappe Nature, posses the frame and mu of a professic "strong" man ra than the light wiry form usu characteristic long-distance ch pions. His we at starting was stantial, being teen stone f pounds, whilst at finish, after takir bath and nour ment and slee almost continuo for seventeen ho he was able to t the scale at ele stone, thus having lost on an average th quarters of a pound daily during the wl of his walk.

Wise in his generation, the soldier c menced his task at a season of the y when the days were at their longest and weather most likely to prove favourable. first mile, accomplished in twelve minu was a kind of "gallery" effort, being fastest of the whole walk, and he im diately settled down to a steady gait little quicker than four miles an hour.

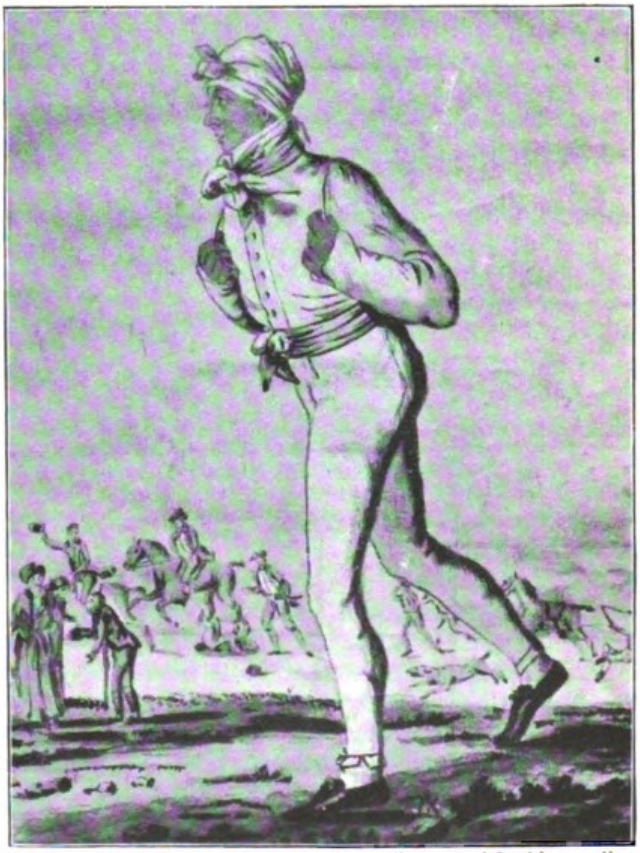
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was his invariable practice throughout the match to walk two miles at a stretch, and by commencing towards the end of one hour and continuing on for the first portion of the next he was thus enabled for the first few days, until his pace slackened, to obtain an interval of rest of one and a half hours' duration. For the first ten days he seems to have ambled pleasantly along, but by the seventeenth sufficient pain in his legs had developed to render him very slow at starting. When half the journey had been accomplished his condition was serious enough to induce his friends to requisition the services of Dr. Sandiver, and by the twenty-sixth day want of sleep began to give trouble, and the captain was sometimes dressed and out before being fully awake. The twenty-seventh day almost brought complete disaster, and the pedestrian was evidently having a very bad time indeed, allowing himself thirty-eight minutes to accomplish the fourth mile of the day. Even this only just sufficed, and it wanted but ninety seconds to complete the hour when he hobbled back to the starting-point. Another six days were passed in terrible pain, and at this stage the walker appeared to be completely exhausted; but matters went from bad to worse, for two days later he was unable to rise without assistance. Barclay had now entered upon the last week of his formidable undertaking, and even his friends began to despair. It seems quite probable (although no mention is made of such an occurrence) that he was urged to abandon his attempt, but the captain's invincible pluck remained unshaken, his determination being always the same, "to go on with the match at all risks." On the day previous to completing his task he had more difficulty in walking than ever, and could barely struggle along at a rate of less than three miles per hour, requiring nearly twenty-two minutes to cover a mile. At this stage his condition slightly improved, the walker being probably encouraged by the enthusiastic multitudes, who literally poured on the heath in such numbers as to necessitate the course being roped off; and so, amidst the cheers of thousands of admirers, the gallant soldier finally marched to victory. His pains ceased almost immediately, and recuperation ensued so quickly that four hours of the next day were spent on the racecourse; whilst on the day following Captain Barclay posted to London in order to join the expedition to Walcheren as aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Huntly.

The pedestrian's bill of fare during this walk was no less gigantic than the task accomplished, as may be gathered from the following particulars.

Breakfast at five consisted of such trifles as a roast fowl, washed down with a pint of strong ale, and followed by two cups of tea, with bread and butter. After what appears a very lengthy interval, lunch followed at twelve, either from beef-steaks or mutton-chops, of which latter commodity his chronicler guardedly remarks that the captain ate a considerable quantity. Dinner at six consisted either of roast beef or more chops, with which he drank porter and two or three glasses of wine; and, to wind up the day as he commenced, supper at eleven consisted of a cold fowl, the pedestrian having, we are told, consumed five or six pounds of animal food during the twenty-four hours, garnished with such vegetables as were in season.

Captain Barclay does not appear to have ever again competed in public, but was content to rest on his laurels, having for a few years the satisfaction of witnessing the dis-



LIEUTENANT FAIRMAN, the vegetarian walker, noted for his peculiar dress.

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comfiture of several misguided individuals (apparently all heavy-weights like himself) who vainly attempted to equal his performance, the most successful of whom was compelled to throw up the sponge after plodding bravely along for thirty days.

Other military men of the period who gained distinction were Captains Agar and Acres and also Lieutenant Fairman, the latter adopting quite different tactics to Barclay in declining to take animal food during his matches, refreshing himself principally with toast, varied by small pieces of bread steeped in Madeira wine. This gentleman, judging from his portrait, appears to have been something of a "dandy," but history, unfortunately, is silent as to the means adopted to preserve undisturbed the beautiful symmetry of his voluminous headgear and elaborate cravat. He adopted almost a leisurely style of walking, placing each thumb in a loop pendent from the shoulders—presumably with the idea of supporting the weight of his arms. Beyond this the artist (evidently with hazy ideas of what constituted an easy style of walking) has depicted the pedestrian almost balancing himself on his toes—a very elegant pose, but quite an impossible gait for a lengthy journey.



GEORGE WILSON, as he appeared during his walk of 1,000 miles in 20 days on Blackheath Common (1815). Striving to give an air of respectability to his performance, the pedestrian struggled gracefully during the morning under the burden of a tall hat.

George Wilson appears to have been the next walker of note, and was a man whose love for walking seems to have amounted almost to a passion, so thoroughly did it enter into the history of his whole life. A native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and by turns broker, hosier, draper, and tax-gatherer, Wilson, when in business, professed a necessity for walking to London and back about six times a year, in order to replenish his stock, transacting his business and covering the distance of five hundred and fifty odd miles in the space of twelve days. If not exactly a ne'er-do-well, Wilson eventually found himself, in the year 1813, committed to prison for debt. Strong exercise was, of course, a necessity for such a restless being, and Wilson improved the shining hour by pledging his watch to raise a stake of sixty-one shillings, for which he undertook to walk fifty miles in twelve hours round the prison yard, the space available measuring but thirty-three feet by twenty-five and a half—surely the most unsuitable arena ever selected for such a performance. Wilson, in racing parlance, won cleverly with less than five minutes to spare, having covered ten thousand three hundred circuits of what was probably the smallest track on record; the backers of time being no doubt too amazed to raise any objection that the walker had not covered a sufficient number of laps.

Eventually drifting to London, Wilson turned his walking powers to account by distributing daily newspapers in the county of Kent, often going as far as Chatham and back in one day, a distance of sixty-four miles—sufficient to show that he might have proved a dangerous rival to the railways at present running through the district. Some years previously he had been engaged by Mr. Cary, a noted publisher of road books, to survey all the cross-roads south of the Thames; and Wilson claimed (to the satisfaction of his employer) that long practice had

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GEORGE WILSON, relieved of his encumbrance, made rapid progress during the afternoon, wearing his patent "sun-bonnet."

so perfected his powers of walking as to enable him to determine quite accurately by the passage of time the exact distance between any given points.

It was his fate once more to fall within the clutches of the law, and consequently he probably enjoyed the unique distinction of being the first and last pedestrian arrested for displaying his athletic powers. Wilson had undertaken, in September, 1815, to walk one thousand miles over Blackheath Common in twenty days, but after covering seven hundred and fifty miles was arrested on the morning of the sixteenth day under a warrant issued by certain magistrates of Kent, who had previously informed him that he could not be permitted to walk on the heath during Sunday. On that day, therefore, he had, although at considerable inconvenience, to find another course on the high road. Warned of the approach of those entrusted with the warrant, Wilson, having probably unpleasant recollections of Newcastle revived, tried manfully to escape into the neighbouring county of Surrey; but his pedestrian powers proving insufficient for this fresh task, he was eventually run to earth and arrested at the house of one of his supporters. The pedestrian, however, was soon saved from his persecutors, the justices being divided in opinion, and when charged before the full Bench with causing an obstruction was released from custody, some informality in the issue of the warrant causing the opposition to collapse.

Wilson's attempted feat was regarded as quite sensational, and created the greatest excitement in London, at least six different portraits of the pedestrian at different stages of his walk having been engraved and issued. Copper-plate presses were even set up on the common, and for threepence a very fair likeness could be obtained. During the progress of the walk thousands assembled daily, and Blackheath, in fact, became one huge fair, the common being appropriated by tumblers, rope-dancers, fire-eaters, conjurers, pony-racers, ballad-singers, and all the itinerant venders of the day; bands played, and there were more ambitious shows still in the shape of an equestrian theatre and two menageries.

Wilson suffered but little inconvenience from his long walk, having lost but three and a half pounds in weight during its progress. The splendid advertisement gained must have proved some compensation, as the next three or four years were spent in touring the country, exhibitions being given at Chelsea, Cambridge, Norwich, Manchester, and several other large towns; whilst he eventually had the satisfaction of beating his Blackheath record on three occasions by walking one thousand miles in eighteen days, the last time being in 1819, when over fifty-three years of age—a very remarkable instance of long-preserved vigour, and a fitting climax to a wonderful career of pedestrian activity, to which no parallel could probably be found at the present day under the altered conditions of life brought about by railways and other means of rapid locomotion.

The excitement created by the dramatic termination of Wilson's walk at Blackheath had hardly time to cool before fresh material

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JOSIAH EATON, who walked the 51 miles between London and Colchester on 20 successive days. He used his sticks to keep back the crowds.

was provided in the doughty deeds of a certain Josiah Eaton, who appears to have been the most famous walker of an age noted for its pedestrian champions. Eaton, in fact, demonstrated the practicability of beating Captain Barclay's record; and on Boxing Day, 1815, completed a walk of eleven hundred miles in eleven hundred successive hours. On July 20th, 1816, he repeated the performance, handicapping himself by commencing each mile within twenty minutes after each hour; and finally, on December 5th, 1816, completed on Brixton causeway one thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight half miles in one thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight successive half-hours, a trio of performances in little more than twelve months which far surpassed the records of any previous pedestrian.

Eaton, like Powell and Wilson, was well matured, being at the time forty-six years of age—a fact which seems to show that, so far as long-distance walking is concerned, the human frame is best fitted to sustain prolonged exertion in the decade between forty and fifty. In 1817 Eaton found a very tough opponent in the person of Baker, these pedestrians contesting on Wormwood Scrubs a little match of walking two thousand miles in forty-two days—a walk lengthy enough in all conscience to satisfy the severest standard of stamina; but evidently in those good old days men did not care to risk their reputations in contests of short duration and were quite willing to spend several weeks in deciding a question of athletic supremacy. Victory eventually rested with Eaton, although Baker performed so well that on the twenty-fourth day he held the substantial lead of thirteen miles. Determined to make still another record, Eaton later in the year succeeded in walking from Colchester to London one day, a distance of fifty-one miles, returning to Colchester the next, and so continuing for twenty successive days; making in all a total of one thousand and twenty miles.

With the retirement of this hero of the road the craze for long-distance walking seems almost to have died out, only to appear again a quarter of a century ago; although in the interval two members of the fair sex were credited with equalling Captain Barclay's great walk, truly remarkable instances of feminine endurance if properly authenticated.



BAKER, Eaton's opponent in a match of 2,000 miles on Wormwood Scrubs, June, 1817. This pedestrian relied upon single bludgeon and a substantial pair of boots to restrai effusive admirers.

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In 1851, also, a sprightly country dame, wanting barely sixteen years to become a centenarian, suddenly resolved to see something of the world; and, accordingly, Mary Callinack, a Cornish fishwoman, actually succeeded in walking from Penzance to London, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, in order to view the wonders of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. Mary created a great sensation there, being noticed by Queen Victoria, and finally carried out her original programme by calling on the Lord Mayor before returning home.



MARY CALLINACK, who at the age of 84 walked from Penzance to London to see the Great Exhibition (1851).

It is eloquent testimony to the spirit of emulation which the love of sport engenders that finality is seldom reached, and athletic records, like promises of a certain kind, appear only to be made to be broken. Hence in 1877 a sturdy little Welshman, William Gale, eclipsed all previous attempts by walking at Lillie Bridge one thousand five hundred miles in one thousand hours; following this, only a fortnight later, by covering four thousand quarter miles in four thousand consecutive periods of ten minutes. Gale, however, was not entirely proof against fatigue, and in attempting to walk two thousand five hundred miles in one thousand hours—equal to an average of sixty miles a day for a period of six weeks—he failed by nearly one hundred miles, covering two thousand four hundred and five and a half in the time specified.

Following hard upon the heels of Gale came that prince of walkers, Edward Payson Weston, an American, whose performances in his own country created as much sensation as Captain Barclay's or George Wilson's had ever done in England. Although Weston commenced walking in London in 1876, it was not until 1879 that he undertook his stupendous task of walking two thousand miles in one thousand hours over our turnpike roads, guaranteeing at the same time to deliver at certain specified towns fifty lectures upon his experiences of walking. In this match Weston accepted a wager of five hundred pounds to one hundred pounds, laid by the sporting baronet, Sir John Astley, who certainly appears, notwithstanding the long odds, to have had the best of the deal. In fact, he seems to have been more than a match for the cute little Yankee; and not only was it stipulated that Weston should be debarred from walking on Sundays, but the time spent in resting on those days was actually deducted from the thousand hours, leaving but eight hundred and fifty-six hours available for the walk, an arrangement which suggests that Sir John was thoroughly versed in the game of spoof expressed by the phrase "Heads I win, tails you lose."

Weston, notwithstanding, must have had immense confidence in his ability to succeed, being quite content to start upon his task in mid-winter. He had, however, failed to grasp the capabilities of our climate in turning out weather so peculiarly unsuitable for a walking tour, and was, in fact, only beaten by the rain, snow, and mud he was compelled to plod through almost continuously. Making the best of a hard bargain by starting on Saturday, January 18th, from the Royal Exchange, his first day's walk to Folkestone was a long one, totalling eighty-one and a half miles, but this he accomplished over dreadful roads and through a heavy snowstorm. So continuous was the wet, day after day, that he was soon compelled to avail himself of the protection afforded by a whole suit of mackintosh.

Weston was a man of very highly-strung temperament, and his nervous system almost broke down, owing to the dread when walking through large towns after dark that the immense crowds, in their anxiety to obtain a glimpse of his progress, would trample him

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under foot. This fear exerted such a prejudicial effect on his walking powers that he decided to ride on such occasions, the distance, of course, being deducted from his score and entailing an appreciable loss of valuable time. On February 14th the walker had fallen one hundred and seventy-one and a half miles behind his average, but was still quite sanguine of success, and during the next eleven days reduced his arrears to one hundred and twenty-four miles. As he approached the termination of his long walk Weston made the most determined efforts to complete the distance, and after delivering a lecture would turn out at midnight, walking thirty miles before partaking of breakfast; by this means eighty and a half miles were covered on the last day but one, the pedestrian being handicapped by having to walk over fearful roads. With thirty-one hours left to accomplish one hundred and five miles there seemed a reasonable probability of success, but, unlike Captain Barclay, Weston was unable to resist the calls of Nature, and only twelve hours from the finish was completely overpowered by sleep, losing altogether about three hours, although making two unsuccessful attempts to start. There was now no hope of victory to cheer the plucky pedestrian, but he still kept doggedly on, and when time was called at four o'clock in the afternoon he had completed all but twenty-two and a half miles of the necessary total. Continuing on to the bitter end, Weston, escorted by a large crowd of admirers, eventually reached the Royal Exchange just before midnight, his performance being deservedly considered one of the most remarkable upon record in the whole annals of pedestrianism. During its progress he had traversed no fewer than thirty-one different counties, and yet this walk was but an incident in a lengthy career, as during the previous eleven years this nimble American claimed to have walked in public a distance more than equal to the added mileage of the circumference and diameter of the world—a record more likely to be admired than emulated.



EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, who only just failed to walk 2,000 miles in 1,000 hours.
From a Photo. by Woodburytype.

Weston's long walk served at least one useful purpose, for it demonstrated the fact that a man in sound condition can face the severest weather with almost absolute impunity. Although forced to walk for six weeks continuously at all hours of the day and night, through some of the worst weather known for twenty years, he is said not to have once caught a severe cold, and such symptoms as showed themselves were speedily walked off. After which, let the man inclined to forego his modest "constitutional" walk to Brighton, or, better still, to Bath.

After recounting the remarkable exploits of past generations of walkers, it has still been left for the present day to produce a man with even greater powers of will and muscle, for so recently as June, 1898, William Buckler, walking at Leeds, completed four thousand quarter miles in four thousand successive periods of nine and a quarter minutes—a performance which is claimed to be a world's record. But apparently even this did not exhaust the capabilities of the self-torturing pedestrian, as Buckler at the conclusion of his task was reported fresh enough to continue his exertions indefinitely.

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DIXON'S RETURN

BY W W JACOBS



TALKING about eddication, said the night-watchman, thoughtfully, the finest eddication you can give a lad is to send 'im to sea. School is all right up to a certain p'int, but arter that comes the sea. I've been there myself and I know wot I'm talking about. All that I am I owe to 'aving been to sea.

There's a saying that boys will be boys. That's all right till they go to sea, and then they 'ave to be men, and good men too. They get knocked about a bit, o' course, but that's all part o' the eddication, and when they get bigger they pass the eddication they've received on to other boys smaller than wot they are. Arter I'd been at sea a year I spent all my fust time ashore going round and looking for boys wot 'ad knocked me about afore I sailed, and there was only one out o' the whole lot that I wished I 'adn't found.

Most people, o' course, go to sea as boys or else not at all, but I mind one chap as was pretty near thirty years old when 'e started. It's a good many years ago now, and he was landlord of a public-'ouse as used to stand in Wapping, called the Blue Lion.

His mother, wot had 'ad the pub afore 'im, 'ad brought 'im up very quiet and genteel, and when she died 'e went and married a fine, handsome young woman who 'ad got her eye on the pub without thinking much about 'im. I got to know about it through knowing the servant that lived there. A nice, quiet gal she was, and there wasn't much went on that she didn't hear. I've known 'er to cry for hours with the ear-ache, pore gal.

Not caring much for 'er 'usband, and being spoiled by 'im into the bargain, Mrs. Dixon soon began to lead 'im a terrible life. She was always throwing his meek and mildness up into 'is face, and arter they 'ad been married two or three years he was no more like the landlord o' that public-'ouse than I'm like a lord. Not so much. She used to get into such terrible tempers there was no doing anything with 'er, and for the sake o' peace and quietness he gave way to 'er till 'e

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got into the habit of it and couldn't break 'imself of it.

They 'adn't been married long afore she 'ad her cousin, Charlie Burge, come in as barman, and a month or two arter that 'is brother Bob, who 'ad been spending a lot o' time looking for work instead o' doing it, came too. They was so comfortable there that their father—a 'ouse-painter by trade—came round to see whether he couldn't paint the Blue Lion up a bit and make 'em look smart, so that they'd get more trade. He was one o' these 'ere fust-class 'ouse-painters that can go to sleep on a ladder holding a brush in one hand and a pot o' paint in the other, and by the time he 'ad finished painting the 'ouse it was ready to be done all over agin.

I dare say that George Dixon—that was 'is name—wouldn't ha' minded so much if 'is wife 'ad only been civil, but instead o' that she used to make fun of 'im and order 'im about, and by-and-by the others began to try the same thing. As I said afore, Dixon was a very quiet man, and if there was ever anybody to be put outside Charlie or Bob used to do it. They tried to put me outside once, the two of 'em, but they on'y did it at last by telling me that somebody 'ad gone off and left a pot o' beer standing on the pavement. They was both of 'em fairly strong young chaps with a lot of bounce in 'em, and she used to say to her 'usband wot fine young fellers they was, and wot a pity it was he wasn't like 'em.

Talk like this used to upset George Dixon awful. Having been brought up careful by 'is mother, and keeping a very quiet, respectable 'ouse — I used it myself—he cert'nly was soft, and I remember 'im telling me once that he didn't believe in fighting, and that instead of hitting people you ought to try and persuade them. He was uncommon fond of 'is wife, but at last one day, arter she 'ad made a laughing-stock of 'im in the bar, he up and spoke sharp to her.

"*Wot?*" ses Mrs. Dixon, 'ardly able to believe her ears.

"Remember who you're speaking to; that's wot I said," ses Dixon.

"'Ow dare you talk to me like that?" screams 'is wife, turning red with rage. "Wot d'ye mean by it?"

"Because you seem to forget who is master 'ere," ses Dixon, in a trembling voice.

"*Master?*" she ses, firing up. "I'll soon show you who's master. Go out o' my bar; I won't 'ave you in it. D'ye 'ear? Go out of it."

Dixon turned away and began to se customer.

"D'ye hear wot I say?" ses Mrs. D stamping 'er foot. "Go out o' my Here, Charlie!"

"Hullo!" ses 'er cousin, who 'ad standing looking on and grinning.

"Take the *master* and put 'im int parlour," ses Mrs. Dixon, "and don't l come out till he's begged my pardon.

"Go on," ses Charlie, brushing up 'is sleeves; "in you go. You 'ear wot said."

He caught 'old of George Dixon, wh just turned to the back o' the bar to g customer change out of 'arf a crown, an 'im kicking and struggling into the pa George gave 'im a silly little pun the chest, and got such a bang on the back that at fust he thought it was kn off. When 'e came to 'is senses agi door leading to the bar was shut, a wife's uncle, who 'ad been asleep in th chair, was finding fault with 'im for w 'im up.

"Why can't you be quiet and peacea he ses, shaking his 'ead at him. been 'ard at work all the morning thi wot colour to paint the back-door, and the second time I've been woke up dinner. "You're old enough to know b

"Go and sleep somewhere else, ther Dixon. "I don't want you 'ere at all, o boys neither. Go and give somebody treat; I've 'ad enough of the whole pa you."

He sat down and put 'is feet i fender, and old Burge, as soon as he 'a 'is senses back, went into the bar and plained to 'is niece, and she came in parlour like a thunderstorm.

"You'll beg my uncle's pardon as w mine afore you come out o' that room ses to her 'usband; "mind that."

George Dixon didn't say a word shame of it was a'most more than 'e stand. Then 'e got up to go out parlour and Charlie pushed 'im back Three times he tried, and then 'e sto and looked at 'is wife.

"I've been a good 'usband to yo ses; "but there's no satisfying you. ought to ha' married somebody that ha' knocked you about, and then yo been happy. I'm too fond of a quiet suit you."

"Are you going to beg my pardon a uncle's pardon?" ses 'is wife, stamp foot

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"No," ses Dixon; "I am not. I'm surprised at you asking it."

"Well, you don't come out o' this room till you do," ses 'is wife.

"That won't hurt me," ses Dixon. "I couldn't look anybody in the face arter being pushed out o' my own bar."



"'GO AND SLEEP SOMEWHERE ELSE, THEN,' SES DIXON."

They kept 'im there all the rest o' the day, and, as 'e was still obstinate when bedtime came, Mrs. Dixon, who wasn't to be beat, brought down some bedclothes and 'ad a bed made up for 'im on the sofa. Some men would ha' 'ad the police in for less than that, but George Dixon 'ad got a great deal o' pride and 'e couldn't bear the shame of it. Instead o' that 'e acted like a fourteen-year-old boy and ran away to sea.

They found 'im gone when they came down in the morning, and the side-door on the latch. He 'ad left a letter for 'is wife on the table, telling 'er wot he 'ad done. Short and sweet it was, and wound up with telling 'er to be careful that her uncle and cousins didn't eat 'er out of house and 'ome.

She got another letter two days arterwards, saying that he 'ad shipped as ordinary seaman on an American barque called the *Seabird*, bound for California, and that 'e expected to be away a year, or thereabouts.

"It'll do 'im good," ses old Burge, when Mrs. Dixon read the letter to 'em. "It's a 'ard life is the sea, and he'll appreciate his 'ome when 'e comes back to it agin. He don't know when 'e's well off. It's as comfortable a 'ome as a man could wish to 'ave."

It was surprising wot a little difference George Dixon's being away made to the Blue Lion. Nobody seemed to miss 'im much, and things went on just the same as afore he went. Mrs. Dixon was all right with most people, and 'er relations 'ad a very good time of it; old Burge began to put on flesh at such a rate that the sight of a ladder made 'im ill a'most, and Charlie and Bob went about as if the place belonged to 'em.

They 'eard nothing for eight months, and then a letter came for Mrs. Dixon from her 'usband in which he said that 'e had left the *Seabird* after 'aving had a time which made 'im shiver to think of. He said that the men was the roughest of the rough and the officers was worse, and that he 'ad hardly 'ad a day without a blow from one or the other since he'd been aboard. He'd been knocked down with a handspike by the second mate, and had 'ad a week in his bunk with a kick given 'im by the boatswain. He said 'e was now on the *Rochester Castle*, bound for Sydney, and he 'oped for better times.

That was all they 'eard for some months, and then they got another letter saying that the men on the *Rochester Castle* was, if anything, worse than those on the *Seabird*, and that he'd begun to think that running away to sea was diff'rent to wot he'd expected, and that he supposed 'e'd done it too late in life. He sent 'is love to 'is wife and asked 'er as a favour to send Uncle Burge and 'is boys away, as 'e didn't want to find them there when 'e came home, because they was the cause of all his sufferings.

"He don't know 'is best friends," ses old Burge. "'E's got a nasty sperrit I don't like to see."

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"I'll 'ave a word with 'im when 'e does come home," ses Bob. "I s'pose he thinks 'imself safe writing letters thousands o' miles away."

The last letter they 'ad came from Auckland, and said that he 'ad shipped on the *Monarch*, bound for the Albert Docks, and he 'oped soon to be at 'ome and managing the Blue Lion, same as in the old happy days afore he was fool enough to go to sea.

That was the very last letter, and some time arterwards the *Monarch* was in the missing list, and by-and-by it became known that she 'ad gone down with all hands not long arter leaving New Zealand. The only difference it made at the Blue Lion was that Mrs. Dixon 'ad two of 'er dresses dyed black, and the others wore black neckties for a fortnight and spoke of Dixon as pore George, and said it was a funny world, but they supposed everything was for the best.

It must ha' been pretty near four years since George Dixon 'ad run off to sea when Charlie, who was sitting in the bar one arternoon reading the paper, things being dull, saw a man's head peep through the door for a minute and then disappear. A'most direckly arterwards it looked in at another door and then disappeared agin. When it looked in at the third door Charlie 'ad put down 'is paper and was ready for it.

"Who are you looking for?" he ses, rather sharp. "Wot d'ye want? Are you 'aving a game of peep-bo, or wot?"

The man coughed and smiled, and then 'e pushed the door open gently and came in, and stood there fingering 'is beard as though 'e didn't know wot to say.

"I've come back, Charlie," he ses at last.

"Wot, *George!*" ses Charlie, starting. "Why, I didn't know you in that beard. We all thought you was dead, years ago."

"I was pretty nearly, Charlie," ses Dixon, shaking his 'ead. "Ah! I've 'ad a terrible time since I left 'ome."

"You don't seem to ha' made your fortune," ses Charlie, looking down at 'is clothes. "I'd ha' been ashamed to come 'ome like that if it 'ad been me."

"I'm wore out," ses Dixon, leaning agin the bar. "I've got no pride left; it's all been knocked out of me. How's Julia?"

"She's all right," ses Charlie. "Here, *Ju*——"

"*H'sh!*" ses Dixon, reaching over the bar and laying his 'and on his arm. "Don't let 'er know too sudden; break it to 'er gently."

"Fiddlesticks!" ses Charlie, throwing his 'and off and calling, "Here, *Julia!* He's come back."

Mrs. Dixon came running downstairs and into the bar. "Good gracious!" she ses, staring at her 'usband. "Whoever'd ha' thought o' seeing you agin? Where 'ave you sprung from?"

"Ain't you glad to see me, Julia?" ses George Dixon.

"Yes, I s'pose so; if you've come back to behave yourself," ses Mrs. Dixon. "What 'ave you got to say for yourself for running away and then writing them letters, telling me to get rid of my relations?"

"That's a long time ago, Julia," ses Dixon, raising the flap in the counter and going into the bar. "I've gone through a great deal o' suffering since then. I've been knocked about till I 'adn't got any feeling left in me; I've been shipwrecked, and I've 'ad to fight for my life with savages."

"Nobody asked you to run away," ses his wife, edging away as he went to put his arm round 'er waist. "You'd better go upstairs and put on some decent clothes."

Dixon looked at 'er for a moment and then he 'ung his 'ead.

"I've been thinking o' you and of seeing you agin every day since I went away, Julia," he ses. "You'd be the same to me if you was dressed in rags."

He went upstairs without another word, and old Burge, who was coming down, came down five of 'em at once owing to Dixon speaking to 'im afore he knew who 'e was. The old man was still grumbling when Dixon came down agin, and said he believed he'd done it a-purpose.

"You run away from a good 'ome," he ses, "and the best wife in Wapping, and you come back and frighten people 'arf out o' their lives. I never see such a feller in all my born days."

"I was so glad to get 'ome agin I didn't think," ses Dixon. "I hope you're not 'urt."

He started telling them all about his 'ardships while they were at tea, but none of 'em seemed to care much about hearing 'em. Bob said that the sea was all right for men, and that other people were sure not to like it.

"And you brought it all on yourself," ses Charlie. "You've only got yourself to thank for it. I 'ad thought o' picking a bone with you over those letters you wrote."

"Let's 'ope 'e's come back more sensible than wot 'e was when 'e went away," ses old Burge, with 'is mouth full o' toast.

By the time he'd been back a couple o'

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days George Dixon could see that 'is going away 'adn't done any good at all. Nobody seemed to take any notice of 'im or wot he said, and at last, arter a word or two with Charlie about the rough way he spoke to some o' the customers, Charlie came in to Mrs. Dixon and said that he was at 'is old tricks of interfering, and he would not 'ave it.



"YOU'D BETTER GO UPSTAIRS AND PUT ON SOME DECENT CLOTHES."

"Well, he'd better keep out o' the bar altogether," ses Mrs. Dixon. "There's no need for 'im to go there; we managed all right while 'e was away."

"Do you mean I'm not to go into my own bar?" ses Dixon, stammering.

"Yes, I do," ses Mrs. Dixon. "You kept out of it for four years to please yourself, and now you can keep out of it to please me."

"I've put you out o' the bar before," ses Charlie, "and if you come messing about with me any more I'll do it agin. So now you know."

He walked back into the bar whistling, and George Dixon, arter sitting still for a long time thinking, got up and went into the bar, and he'd 'ardly got his foot inside afore Charlie caught 'old of 'im by the shoulder and shoved 'im back into the parlour agin.

"I told you wot it would be," ses Mrs. Dixon, looking up from 'er sewing. "You've only got your interfering ways to thank for it."

"This is a fine state of affairs in my own 'ouse," ses Dixon, 'ardly able to speak. "You've got no proper feeling for your husband, Julia, else you wouldn't allow it. Why, I was happier at sea than wot I am 'ere."

"Well, you'd better go back to it if you're so fond of it," ses 'is wife.

"I think I 'ad," ses Dixon. "If I can't be master in my own 'ouse I'm better at sea, hard as it is. You must choose between us, Julia—me or your relations. I won't sleep under the same roof as them for another night. Am I to go?"

"Please yourself," ses 'is wife. "I don't mind your staying 'ere so long as you behave yourself, but the others won't go; you can make your mind easy on that."

"I'll go and look for another ship, then," ses Dixon, taking up 'is cap. "I'm not wanted here. P'r'aps you wouldn't mind 'aving some clothes packed into a chest for me so as I can go away decent."

He looked round at 'is wife, as though 'e expected she'd ask 'im not to go, but she took no notice, and he opened the door softly and went out, while old Burge, who 'ad come into the room and 'eard what he was saying, trotted off upstairs to pack 'is chest for 'im.

In two hours 'e was back agin and more cheerful than he 'ad been since he 'ad come 'ome. Bob was in the bar and the others were just sitting down to tea, and a big chest, nicely corded, stood on the floor in the corner of the room.

"That's right," he ses, looking at it; "that's just wot I wanted."

"It's as full as it can be," ses old Burge. "I done it for you myself. 'Ave you got a ship?"

"I 'ave," ses Dixon. "A jolly good ship.

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No more hardships for me this time. I've got a berth as captain."

"*Wot?*" ses 'is wife. "Captain? You!"

"Yes," ses Dixon, smiling at her. "You can sail with me if you like."

"Thankee," ses Mrs. Dixon, "I'm quite comfortable where I am."

"Do you mean to say *you've* got a master's berth?" ses Charlie, staring at 'im.

"I do," ses Dixon; "master and owner."

Charlie coughed. "Wot's the name of the ship," he asks, winking at the others.

"The BLUE LION," ses Dixon, in a voice that made 'em all start. "I'm shipping a new crew and I pay off the old one to-night. You first, my lad."

"Pay off," ses Charlie, leaning back in 'is chair and staring at 'im in a puzzled way. "*Blue Lion?*"

"Yes," ses Dixon, in the same loud voice. "When I came 'ome the other day I thought p'r'aps I'd let bygones be bygones, and I laid low for a bit to see whether any of you deserved it. I went to sea to get hardened—and I got hard. I've fought men that would eat you at a meal. I've 'ad more blows in a week than you've 'ad in a lifetime, you fat-faced land-lubber."

He walked to the door leading to the bar, where Bob was doing 'is best to serve customers and listen at the same time, and arter locking it put the key in 'is pocket. Then 'e put his 'and in 'is pocket and slapped some money down on the table in front o' Charlie.

"There's a month's pay instead o' notice," he ses. "Now git."



"CHARLIE HAD 'AD AS MUCH AS 'E WANTED AND WAS LYING ON THE SEA-CHEST."

"George!" screams 'is wife. "'Ow dare you? 'Ave you gone crazy?"

"I'm surprised at you," ses old Burge, who'd been looking on with 'is mouth wide open, and pinching 'imself to see whether 'e wasn't dreaming.

"I don't go for your orders," ses Charlie, getting up. "Wot d'ye mean by locking that door?"

"*Wot!*" roars Dixon. "Hang it! I mustn't lock a door without asking my barman now. Pack up and be off, you swab, afore I start on you."

Charlie gave a growl and rushed at 'im, and the next moment 'e was down on the floor with the 'ardest bang in the face that he'd ever 'ad in 'is life. Mrs. Dixon screamed and ran into the kitchen, follered by old Burge, who went in to tell 'er not to be frightened. Charlie got up and went for Dixon agin; but he 'ad come back as 'ard as nails and 'ad a rushing style o' fighting that took Charlie's breath away. By the time Bob 'ad left the bar to take care of itself, and run round and got in the back way, Charlie had 'ad as much as 'e wanted and was lying on the sea-chest in the corner trying to get 'is breath.

"Yes? Wot d'ye want?" ses Dixon, with a growl, as Bob came in at the door.

He was such a 'orrible figure, with the blood on 'is face and 'is beard sticking out all ways, that Bob, instead of doing wot he 'ad come round for, stood in the doorway staring at 'im without a word.

"I'm paying off," ses Dixon. "'Ave *you* got anything to say agin it?"

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"No," ses Bob, drawing back.

"You and Charlie'll go now," ses Dixon, taking out some money. "The old man can stay on for a month to give 'im time to look round. Don't look at me that way, else I'll knock your 'ead off."

He started counting out Bob's money just as old Burge and Mrs. Dixon, hearing all quiet, came in out of the kitchen.

"Don't you be alarmed on my account, my dear," he ses, turning to 'is wife; "it's child's play to wot I've been used to. I'll just see these two mistaken young fellers off the premises, and then we'll 'ave a cup o' tea while the old man minds the bar."

Mrs. Dixon tried to speak, but 'er temper was too much for 'er. She looked from her 'usband to Charlie and Bob and then back at 'im agin and caught 'er breath.

"That's right," ses Dixon, nodding his 'ead at her. "I'm master and owner of the *Blue Lion* and you're first mate. When I'm speaking you keep quiet; that's dis-sipline."

I was in that bar about three months arterwards, and I never saw such a change in any woman as there was in Mrs. Dixon. Of all the nice-mannered, soft-spoken landladies I've ever seen, she was the best, and on'y to 'ear the way she answered her 'usband when he spoke to 'er was a pleasure to every married man in the bar



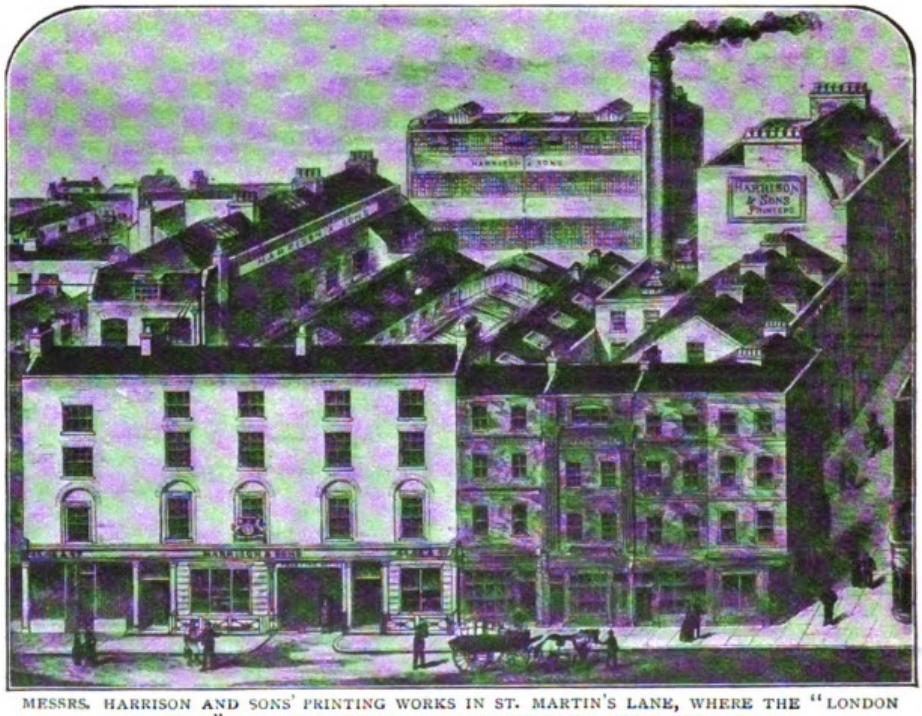
"THE WAY SHE ANSWERED HER 'USBAND WAS A PLEASURE TO EVERY MARRIED MAN IN THE BAR."

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The Government's Newspaper.

By Arthur Hill.

THERE are thousands of newspapers published and sold in England, but the most important of them all is the one we most rarely see. It is the oldest and least read of any newspaper. Every taxpayer has a proprietary interest in it, but the vast majority of English people have never had it in their hands. It is at once the biggest and the least of all our papers, for it is the only paper in the land which changes its size from one page to a hundred, according to the pressure of news. It is the only newspaper whose word is law and whose authority is accepted in the witness-box. It can make and unmake bankrupts. If it appoints you a field-marshal, a field-marshal you are, unless this wonderful paper contradicts itself and says it was all a mistake. It is the only paper in which certain persons are compelled to advertise, and in which certain other persons cannot advertise for love or money. It is the only public print in England which would refuse to advertise The Strand Magazine, though the price to be paid were ten thousand pounds an inch. Its advertisements are regulated by law; over and over again Acts of Parliament have been passed, and Cabinet Council discussions have been held, concerning this newspaper. Its "copy" is written by Cabinet Ministers; the Cabinet Council is its editorial staff, the Lord Chamberlain its descriptive reporter. It counts its age by centuries, but it has never stopped; it has prospered exceedingly and suffered heavy loss, but its news has never failed. Kings and Queens write for it, but its circulation is the smallest in the world. A single copy often contains more reading than the "Pilgrim's Progress," but it is sold for a shilling and the price never varies. It yields a profit of twenty thousand pounds a year, but it has never reported a police case or a political speech. It has never been sold at a railway bookstall, and no newsboy has ever cried its name in the street. It is never in a hurry, whatever the news; and, though edited by politicians, it leaves politics severely alone. You can buy this wonderful paper at 45, St. Martin's Lane. Its name is the *London Gazette*, and it is the organ of the British Government.



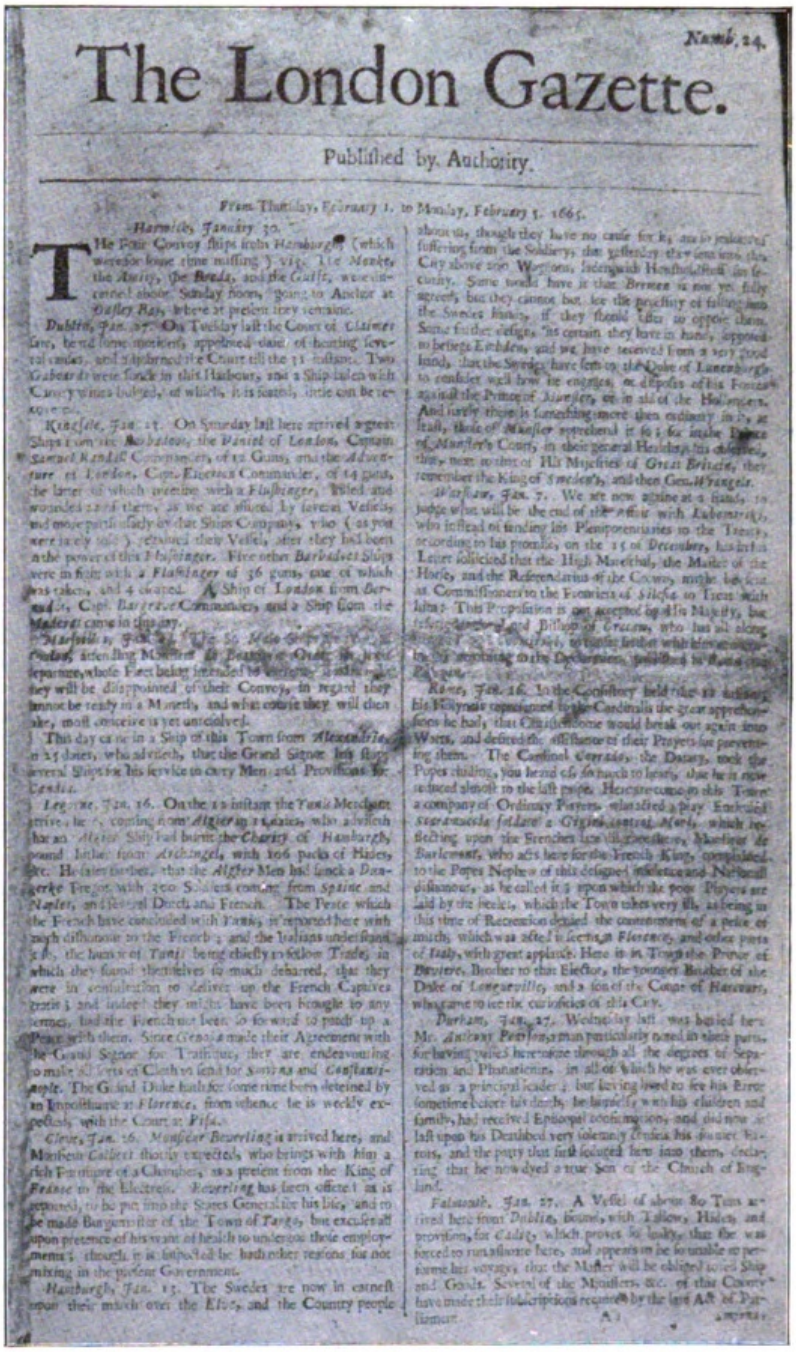
Messrs. Harrison and Sons' Printing Works in St. Martin's Lane, where the "London Gazette" has been printed for one hundred and thirty years.

The *London Gazette* is a part of that venerable old lady, the British Constitution. Nobody has ever read the British Constitution, because it has never been written, but the *London Gazette* is as vital a part of it as the Union Jack. It is the channel of communication between Government and people. Before newspapers were, the *Gazette* was; before the telegraph, it gathered the news from the ends of the earth. Cradled under Cromwell, it lived through the Stuart era and

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went on its way rejoicing when that dynasty passed away. It gained new life under the House of Hanover, whose accession it recorded in its faithful columns for the information of posterity. And on it has lived ever since, through the reigns of all the Georges, recording in lamentation the deaths of Kings, and announcing in joy their births. It is the one official thing still left to us which links the living present to the dead past before the Plague. It covers the great period between the closing years of the Victorian era and the closing years of Oliver Cromwell. Only one thing has changed. Oliver Cromwell had two papers, which afterwards married and became one and took a new name—the *Gazette*.

The two papers were *Mercurius Politicus* and the *Publique Intelligencer*, and they appeared with official news on different days of the week, and the control the Government exercised over them is seen in an announcement issued by the Council of State in 1659, four years after the first number of the *Intelligencer* appeared. The announcement ran: "Whereas Marchmont Nedham, the author of the weekly news-boks, called *Mercurius Politicus* and the *Publique Intelligencer*, is, by order of the Council of State, discharged from writing or publishing any publique intelligence; the reader is desired to the notice that, by order of the said Council, Giles Dury and Hy. Muddiman are authorized henceforth to write and publish the said intelligence, the one upon the Thursday and the other upon the Monday, which they do intend to set out under the titles of the *Parliamentary Intelligencer* and of *Mercurius Publicus*."



Numb. 24.

The London Gazette.

Published by Authority.

From Thursday, February 1. to Monday, February 5. 1665.

Hamburgh, January 30.

THe Four Convoy Ships from *Hamburgh* (which were for some time missing) viz. The *Monck*, the *Anne*, the *Breda*, and the *Guelst*, were encountered about Sunday noon, going to Anchor at *Gulley Bay*, where at present they remaine.

Dublin, Jan. 27. On Tuesday last the Court of *Claimes* here, held some months, appointed onely for hearing several causes, and adjourned the Court till the 31 instant. Two *Gabarts* were sunck in this Harbour, and a Ship taken with Canary wines lodged, of which, it is feared, little can be recovered.

Kingsale, Jan. 24. On Saturday last here arrived upon Ships from the *Barbadoes*, the *Vanist* of *London*, Captain *Samuel Kendall* Commander, of 12 Guns, and the *Adventure* of *London*, Capt. *Elizeus* Commander, of 14 guns, the latter of which meeting with a *Flushinger*, fought and wounded him, and thereby as we are informed by several Vessels and more particularly by that Ships Company, who (as you were in my sight) retrieved their Vessel, after they had been in the power of this *Flushinger*. Five other *Barbadoes* Ships were in sight with a *Flushinger* of 36 guns, one of which was taken, and 4 drowned. A Ship of *London* from *Barbadoes*, Capt. *Barefoot* Commander, and a Ship from the *Madera's* came in this day.

Marseilles, Jan. 24. The 56 Gallies of the Pope, attending Monsieur de Beaufort's Gallies, at their departure, whose Fleet being intended for Candy, and as they will be disappointed of their Convoy, in regard they cannot be ready in a Month, and what course they will then take, most conceive is yet undissolved.

This day came in a Ship of this Town from *Alexandria*, in 25 dayes, who advises, that the Grand Signor has sent several Ships into his service to carry Men and Provisions for *Candia*.

Legorne, Jan. 16. On the 12 instant the *Turkish* Merchant arrived here, coming from *Algier* in 14 dayes, who advises that an *Algier* Ship had burnt the *Charity* of *Hamburgh*, bound hither from *Archangel*, with 106 packs of Hides, &c. He further relates, that the *Algier* Men had lanch a *Dogerke* Fregat with 300 Soldiers comming from *Spaine* and *Naples*, and several Dutch and French. The Peace which the French have concluded with *Tunis*, is reported here with much dissatisfaction to the French; and the Italians understand it, the losse of *Tunis* being chiefly to fellow Trades, in which they found themselves so much debarred, that they were in consultation to deliver up the French Captives gratis; and indeed they might have been brought to any termes, had the French not been so forward to patch up a Peace with them. Since *Genoa* made their Agreement with the Grand Signor for Traffique, they are endeavouring to make Silks of Cloth to send for *Smirna* and *Constantinople*. The Grand Duke hath for some time been detained by an Impediment at *Florence*, from whence he is weekly expected, with the Court at *Pisa*.

Civita, Jan. 16. Monsieur Beverling is arrived here, and Monsieur *Colbert* shortly expected, who brings with him a rich Furniture of a Chamber, as a present from the King of *France* to the Electress. *Beverling* has been offered as is reported, to be put into the States Generall for his life, and to be made Burgomaster of the Town of *Tergo*, but excuses all upon pretence of his want of health to undergo those employments; though it is supposed he hath other reasons for not mixing in the present Government.

Hamburgh, Jan. 15. The Swedes are now in earnest upon their march over the *Elve*, and the Country people about us, though they have no cause for it, are in great suffering from the Soldiery, that yesterday they came into the City above 200 Waggons, intercepted Husbandmen in the Country. Some would have it that *Bremen* is not yet fully agreed, but they cannot but see the necessity of falling into the Swedes Interest, if they should offer to oppose them. Some further deliare, 'tis certain they have in hand, opposed to be gone *Embden*, and we have received from a very good hand, that the Swedes have sent to the Duke of *Lunenburgh* to consider well how he engages, or disposes of his Forces against the Prince of *Munster*, or in aid of the Hollanders. And lastly there is something more then ordinary in it, at least, those of *Munster* apprehend it so; for in the Towns of *Munster's* Country, in their general Heralds, his colours, they note neither of His Majesties of *Great Britain*, they remember the King of *Sweden's*, and then Gen. *Wrangels*.

Warsaw, Jan. 7. We are now astaine at a stand, to judge what will be the end of the *Peace* with *Lubomirski*, who instead of sending his Plenipotentiaries to the Treaty, according to his promise, on the 15 of *December*, has sent a Letter solliciting that the High Marshal, the Master of the Horse, and the Referendarius of the Crown, may be sent as Commissioners to the Frontiers of *Silesia* to Treat with him: This Proposition is not accepted by his Majesty, but referred to the Grand Diet of *Grodno*, who has all along [illegible] to the Declarations published in their Diet at *Warsaw*.

Rome, Jan. 16. In the Consistory held the 12 instant, his Holyness represented to the Cardinals the great apprehensions he had, that Candia alone would break out again into Wars, and desired the assistance of their Prayers for preventing them. The Cardinal *Corraro*, the Datary, mock the Popes chiding, you heard (as he said) so much to hear, that he is now reduced almost to the last prove. Hereupon came in this Town a company of Ordinary Players, who acted a play Entituled *Scaramuccia fedele e Giovanni sciocco*, *Morì*, which by reflecting upon the Frenches late ill proceedings, Monsieur de *Barlemont*, who acts here for the French King, complained to the Popes Nephew of this designed indirect and Neronell dishonour, as he called it; upon which the poor Players are laid by the heeles, which the Town takes very ill, as being in this time of Recreation denied the commonness of a peice of mirth, which was acted in *Italy*, at *Florence*, and other parts of *Italy*, with great applause. Here is in Town the Prince of *Brunsvic*, Brother to the Elector, the younger Brother of the Duke of *Longueville*, and a son of the Count of *Harcourt*, who came to see the curiosities of this City.

Durham, Jan. 27. Wednesday last was buried here Mr. *Anthony Pearson*, a man particularly noted in these parts, for having suffered horrible through all the degrees of Separation and Phanatisme, in all of which he was ever observed as a principal leader; but living lived to see his Error sometime before his death, he happily with his children and family, had received Episcopal confirmation, and did now at last upon his Deathbed very solemnly declare his former Errors, and the paths that had seduced him into them, declaring that he now dyed a true Son of the Church of England.

Falmouth, Jan. 27. A Vessel of about 80 Tuns arrived here from *Dublin*, bound, with Tallow, Hides, and provision, for *Cadiz*, which proves so leaky, that she was forced to run ashore here, and appears to be unable to performe her voyage, that the Master will be obliged to sell Ship and Goods. Several of the Merchants, &c. of that County have made their subscriptions according to the late Act of Parliament.

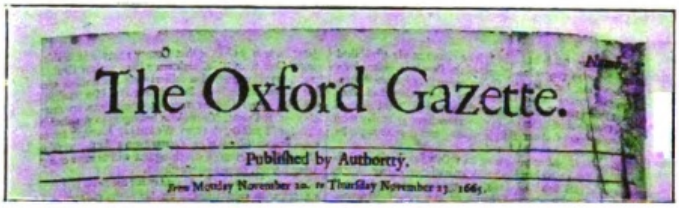
A COPY OF THE "LONDON GAZETTE" PUBLISHED JUST BEFORE THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.

The two papers afterwards became conjointly the foundation of the *London Gazette*, which was launched on its long and interesting career in 1665. Its babyhood seems to have been of a somewhat stormy kind. The exchequer of the *Intelligencer* appears to have fallen very low, for we find its editor appealing pathetically to Lord Arlington for help. The charge for "entertaining Royal spies for information" was five hundred pounds in the first year, the editor wrote to his lordship, but, being a man of evident genius, he had raised the price of the paper

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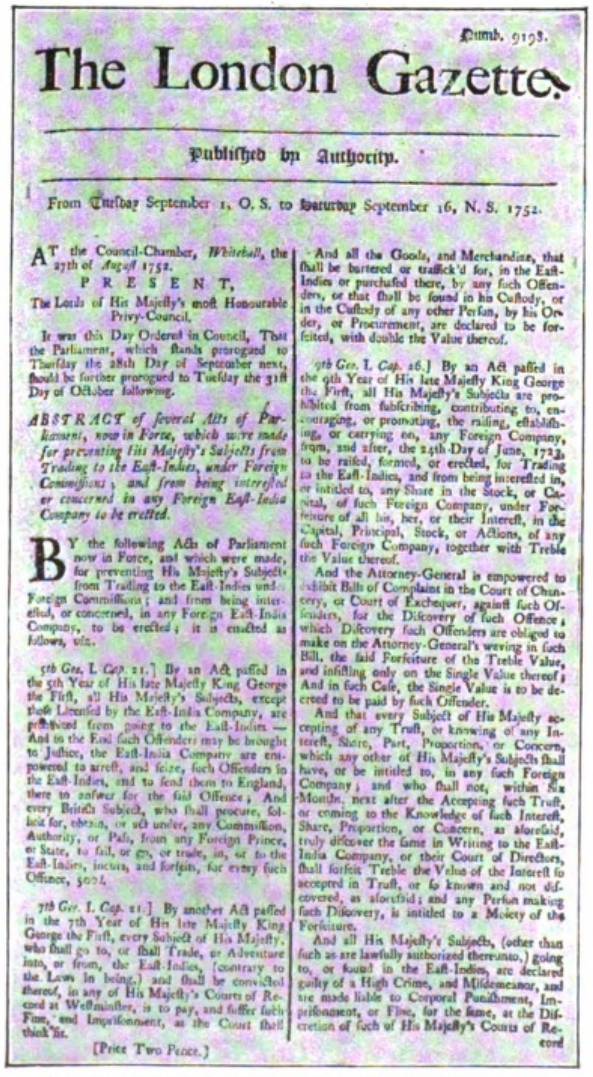
and increased the profit from two hundred pounds to more than double. And hardly had the name been changed when the Great Plague broke out and drove the Court to Oxford.

The *Gazette* followed the Court, being known temporarily as the *Oxford Gazette*. Nor did its misfortunes cease in its youth. It was a staid old centenarian when Lord Weymouth appealed on its behalf to the British representatives abroad. "The writer of the *Gazette*," said his lordship, "has represented that the reputation of that paper has greatly lessened, and the sale diminished, from the small portion of foreign news with which it is supplied." Lord Weymouth desired the British representatives to send regularly all such items of foreign intelligence as might appear proper for the paper, warning them to take care that, as the *Gazette* was the only paper of authority published in England, nothing should be sent concerning the authenticity of which there could be the smallest doubt.



THE "LONDON GAZETTE" WAS REMOVED TO OXFORD DURING THE GREAT PLAGUE, AND CHANGED ITS TITLE ACCORDINGLY.

But since those days the *Gazette* has had little to complain of. It has become regularized as a part of the British Constitution now, but time was when the editorship of the *Gazette* was one of the spoils of office, worth eight hundred pounds a year. It was the recognised reward of party services in the Press, and was held at different times by old editors of the *Observer* and the *Daily News*. The Government is more economical to-day in its journalism. Under the old *régime* the *Gazette* had, besides its editor, a staff of five clerks appointed by the Treasury, but in 1889 the Treasury remodelled the management of the paper, found the staff employment elsewhere, and left the whole responsibility of the *Gazette* on its present publishers, Messrs. Harrison and Sons, of St. Martin's Lane. As the printing of the paper has been in the Harrison family for practically one hundred and thirty years, the Government has little fear in entrusting the *Gazette* to them, and as Mr. Bernard Harrison now fulfils the duties of the former editorial staff the Government may be said to have the best of the bargain.


Numb. 9193.

The London Gazette.

Published by Authority.

From Tuesday September 1, O. S. to Saturday September 16, N. S. 1752.

AT the Council-Chamber, *Whitehall*, the 27th of *August* 1752.

PRESENT,

The Lords of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council.

It was this Day Ordered in Council, That the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Thursday the 28th Day of September next, should be further prorogued to Tuesday the 31st Day of October following.

ABSTRACT of several Acts of Parliament, now in Force, which were made for preventing His Majesty's Subjects from Trading to the East-Indies, under Foreign Commissions; and from being interested or concerned in any Foreign East-India Company to be erected.

BY the following Acts of Parliament now in Force, and which were made, for preventing His Majesty's Subjects from Trading to the East-Indies under Foreign Commissions; and from being interested, or concerned, in any Foreign East-India Company, to be erected; it is enacted as follows, viz.

5th Geo. I. Cap. 21.] By an Act passed in the 5th Year of His late Majesty King George the First, all His Majesty's Subjects, except those Licensed by the East-India Company, are prohibited from going to the East-Indies. — And to the End such Offenders may be brought to Justice, the East-India Company are empowered to arrest, and seize, such Offenders in the East-Indies, and to send them to England, there to answer for the said Offence; And every British Subject, who shall procure, solicit for, obtain, or act under, any Commission, Authority, or Pass, from any Foreign Prince, or State, to sail, or go, or trade, in, or to the East-Indies, incurs, and forfeits, for every such Offence, 500*l.*

7th Geo. I. Cap. 21.] By another Act passed in the 7th Year of His late Majesty King George the First, every Subject of His Majesty, who shall go to, or shall Trade, or Adventure into, or from, the East-Indies, (contrary to the Laws in being,) and shall be convicted thereof, in any of His Majesty's Courts of Record at Westminster, is to pay, and suffer such Fine, and Imprisonment, as the Court shall think fit.

And all the Goods, and Merchandize, that shall be bartered or traffick'd for, in the East-Indies or purchased there, by any such Offenders, or that shall be found in his Custody, or in the Custody of any other Person, by his Order, or Procurement, are declared to be forfeited, with double the Value thereof.

9th Geo. I. Cap. 26.] By an Act passed in the 9th Year of His late Majesty King George the First, all His Majesty's Subjects are prohibited from subscribing, contributing to, encouraging, or promoting, the raising, establishing, or carrying on, any Foreign Company, from, and after, the 24th Day of June, 1723, to be raised, formed, or erected, for Trading to the East-Indies, and from being interested in, or intitled to, any Share in the Stock, or Capital, of such Foreign Company, under Forfeiture of all his, her, or their Interest, in the Capital, Principal, Stock, or Actions, of any such Foreign Company, together with Treble the Value thereof.

And the Attorney-General is empowered to exhibit Bills of Complaint in the Court of Chancery, or Court of Exchequer, against such Offenders, for the Discovery of such Offence; which Discovery such Offenders are obliged to make on the Attorney-General's waving in such Bill, the said Forfeiture of the Treble Value, and inflicting only on the Single Value thereof; And in such Case, the Single Value is to be decreed to be paid by such Offender.

And that every Subject of His Majesty accepting of any Trust, or knowing of any Interest, Share, Part, Proportion, or Concern, which any other of His Majesty's Subjects shall have, or be intitled to, in any such Foreign Company; and who shall not, within Six Months next after the Accepting such Trust, or coming to the Knowledge of such Interest, Share, Proportion, or Concern, as aforesaid, truly discover the same in Writing to the East-India Company, or their Court of Directors, shall forfeit Treble the Value of the Interest so accepted in Trust, or so known and not discovered, as aforesaid; and any Person making such Discovery, is intitled to a Moiety of the Forfeiture.

And all His Majesty's Subjects, (other than such as are lawfully authorized thereunto,) going to, or found in the East-Indies, are declared guilty of a High Crime, and Misdemeanor, and are made liable to Corporal Punishment, Imprisonment, or Fine, for the same, at the Discretion of such of His Majesty's Courts of Record

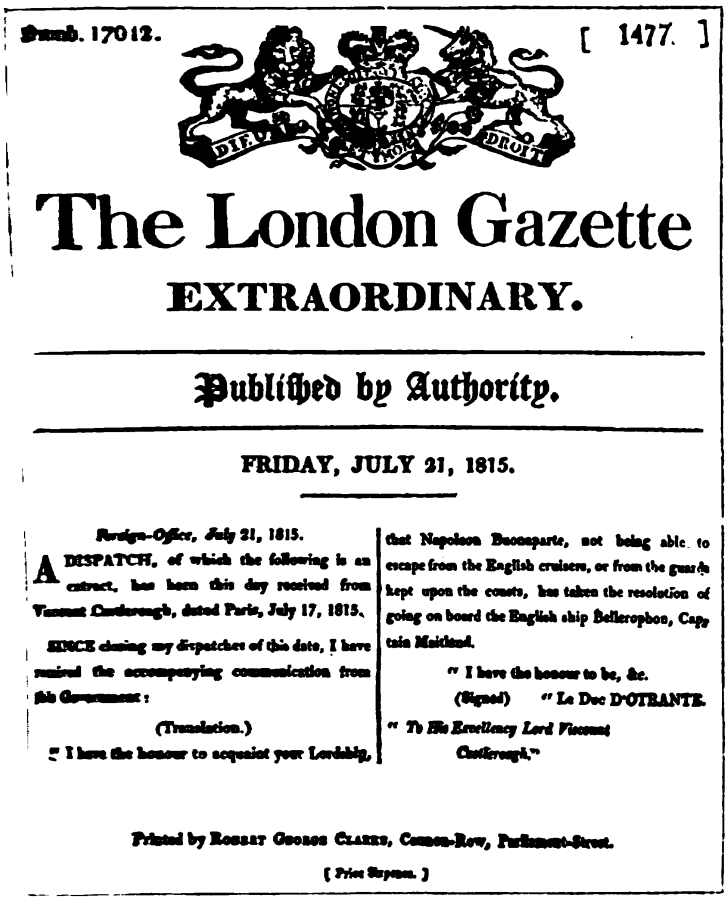
[Price Two Pence.]

THE "LONDON GAZETTE" IN ITS 18TH CENTURY FORM.

The great days of the *Gazette* have gone for ever. In the olden time, before the days of telegraphs and "special editions," the *Gazette* offices were besieged by anxious crowds, who had no other channel through which to learn the news. The picture we are able to reproduce, showing an incident outside the offices at that time, is not in the least exaggerated. Mr. James Harrison, who printed the *Gazette* fifty years ago, has a vivid recollection of such scenes.

Mr. Harrison, who still takes an active interest in the work, has given me a strange chapter from his book of memories, which helps us to realize the place the *Gazette* filled in the days before newspapers and telegraphs

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Numb. 17012. [1477.]

The London Gazette

EXTRAORDINARY.

Published by Authority.

FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1815.

Foreign-Office, July 21, 1815.

A DESPATCH, of which the following is an extract, has been this day received from Viscount Castlereagh, dated Paris, July 17, 1815.

SINCE closing my dispatches of this date, I have received the accompanying communication from this Government:

(Translation.)

"I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship, that Napoleon Buonaparte, not being able to escape from the English cruisers, or from the guards kept upon the coasts, has taken the resolution of going on board the English ship Bellerophon, Captain Maitland.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "Le Duc D'OTRANTE.

"*To His Excellency Lord Viscount Castlereagh.*"

Printed by ROBERT GEORGE CLARKE, Cannon-Row, Parliament-Street.

[*Price Sixpence.*]

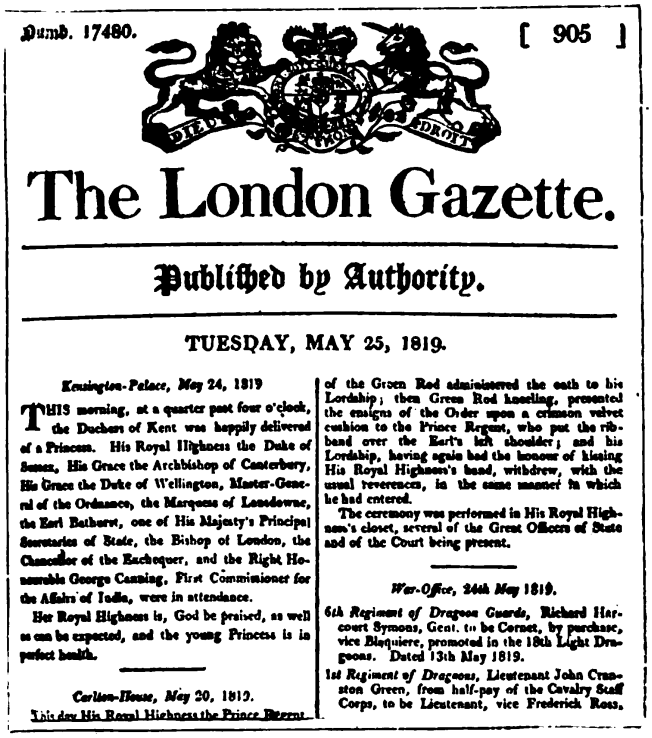
THE ISSUE ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER OF NAPOLEON.

were what they are. Mr. Harrison's story is a curious echo of the Crimean War, when the English people were kept waiting days and weeks for the news which we get now in hours. It was on the day the news of the Battle of the Alma reached England. It was on September 30th, 1854. Mr. Harrison sat in his office in the afternoon, when a messenger arrived from the Duke of Newcastle, the First Secretary of State for War, asking him to hasten to Downing Street, where the Duke was in temporary occupation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's rooms.

Hurrying back with the messenger, Mr. Harrison found the Duke in a state of great excitement. "We have such glorious news," said the Duke, explaining the nature of it. But the puzzle was how to make it known. Of course, it would be printed in the *Gazette;* but it was Saturday evening, and there were no papers until Sunday, and it was important that the public anxiety should be allayed by the widest possible circulation of such a piece of news. "Nobody knows it, and I don't know how to communicate it," the Duke went on. The news had found him almost alone in his office—there were only two messengers in the place—and it seemed impossible that the news of the Alma could be circulated that night.

Mr. Harrison was equal to the occasion. He immediately thought of the theatres. There were three of them open: why not have the telegram read out there? The Duke thought the plan excellent, and Mr. Harrison returned to St. Martin's Lane, set up the news with his own hands, and sent men round to the theatres with early copies of the *Gazette*. "See the manager," were the instructions to the messengers. "Take no refusal. Insist on having the performance stopped by order of the Duke while this news is read out." The men obeyed the orders to the letter, and at Drury Lane and other theatres the scenes were historic. A paragraph in the "Greville Memoirs" tells how the writer was passing the Adelphi Theatre when the play suddenly ceased and the people rushed out, shouting and cheering wildly over the victory.

While the theatres were cheering themselves hoarse, Mr. Harrison, with a bundle



Numb. 17480. [905]

The London Gazette.

Published by Authority.

TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1819.

Kensington-Palace, May 24, 1819

THIS morning, at a quarter past four o'clock, the Duchess of Kent was happily delivered of a Princess. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, His Grace the Duke of Wellington, Master-General of the Ordnance, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Earl Bathurst, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, the Bishop of London, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Right Honourable George Canning, First Commissioner for the Affairs of India, were in attendance.

Her Royal Highness is, God be praised, as well as can be expected, and the young Princess is in perfect health.

Carlton-House, May 20, 1819.

This day His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of the Green Rod administered the oath to his Lordship; then Green Rod kneeling, presented the ensigns of the Order upon a crimson velvet cushion to the Prince Regent, who put the ribband over the Earl's left shoulder; and his Lordship, having again had the honour of kissing His Royal Highness's hand, withdrew, with the usual reverences, in the same manner as which he had entered.

The ceremony was performed in His Royal Highness's closet, several of the Great Officers of State and of the Court being present.

War-Office, 24th May 1819.

6th *Regiment of Dragoon Guards*, Richard Harcourt Symons, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Blaquiere, promoted in the 18th Light Dragoons. Dated 13th May 1819.

1st *Regiment of Dragoons*, Lieutenant John Cranston Green, from half-pay of the Cavalry Staff Corps, to be Lieutenant, vice Frederick Ross.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BIRTH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

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A RUSH AT THE PUBLISHING OFFICE DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR.
From "The Illustrated London News."

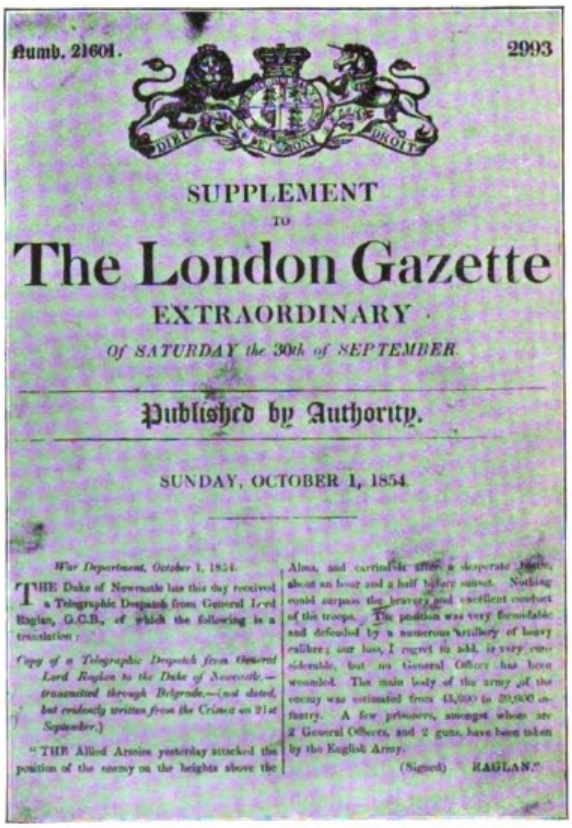
of *Gazettes*, was making his way to the Mansion House in a hansom cab. It was eight o'clock at night, and Lord Mayor Sydney came down half-dressed and in slippers. The telegram woke him up. Seizing the paper his worship rushed upstairs, shouting the good news all over the house.

But all the world was not at the Mansion House, and some means must be found of making the glad news known to the citizens. The Sheriffs were dining at the London Tavern, then in Bishopsgate, and thither Mr. Harrison, the Lord Mayor's chaplain, and the Lord Mayor himself, in slippers, flew as fast as a hansom cab could go with them. Rushing upstairs, the Lord Mayor pushed to the front. The dinner was half over, and one of the Sheriffs was speaking. But dinner and speeches were of secondary moment just then. Pushing the Sheriff on one side, the Lord Mayor took possession and read out the news of the Battle of the Alma. "It was an extraordinary sight," says Mr. Harrison, "such as I have never seen since. The guests left the table and went away, and soon the news was everywhere."

That was how the news came home from the Alma. The telegram which caused such commotion had been dispatched at seven o'clock in the morning from Belgrade, and at nine o'clock at night it was known, without the aid of newspapers, all over London. It was this news, it is interesting to note, which was the occasion of the only Sunday opening of Messrs. W. H. Smith's bookstalls which has ever been known. On the Sunday morning, in order that the news might be spread as far and wide as possible, Messrs. Smith departed from their no-Sunday rule and circulated the *Gazette* and other papers containing the despatch. On that day, too, a special *Gazette* was issued confirming the news from the Alma. Here is a copy of the telegram which was in these ways circulated throughout London on that exciting Saturday night:—

Copy of a telegraphic despatch from Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe to the Earl of Clarendon, dated Constantinople, September 23rd, 1854, and transmitted by Her Majesty's Consul-General at Belgrade under date September 30th, 7 a.m. :—

"The entrenched camp of the Russians, containing 50,000 men, with a numerous artillery and cavalry on the heights of the Alma, was attacked on the 20th inst., at 1 p.m., by the allied troops and carried by the bayonet at half-past three, with a loss on our side of about 1,400 killed and wounded, and an equal loss on the side of the French. The Russian army was forced to put itself in full retreat."


Numb. 21601. 2093

SUPPLEMENT
TO
The London Gazette
EXTRAORDINARY
Of SATURDAY the 30th of SEPTEMBER

Published by Authority.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1854.

War Department, October 1, 1854.

THE Duke of Newcastle has this day received a Telegraphic Despatch from General Lord Raglan, G.C.B., of which the following is a translation :

Copy of a Telegraphic Despatch from General Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle,—transmitted through Belgrade.—(not dated, but evidently written from the Crimea on 21st September.)

"THE Allied Armies yesterday attacked the position of the enemy on the heights above the Alma, and carried it after a desperate battle, about an hour and a half before sunset. Nothing could surpass the bravery and excellent conduct of the troops. The position was very formidable, and defended by a numerous artillery of heavy calibre; our loss, I regret to add, is very considerable, but no General Officer has been wounded. The main body of the army of the enemy was estimated from 45,000 to 50,000 infantry. A few prisoners, amongst whom are 2 General Officers, and 2 guns, have been taken by the English Army.

(Signed) "RAGLAN."

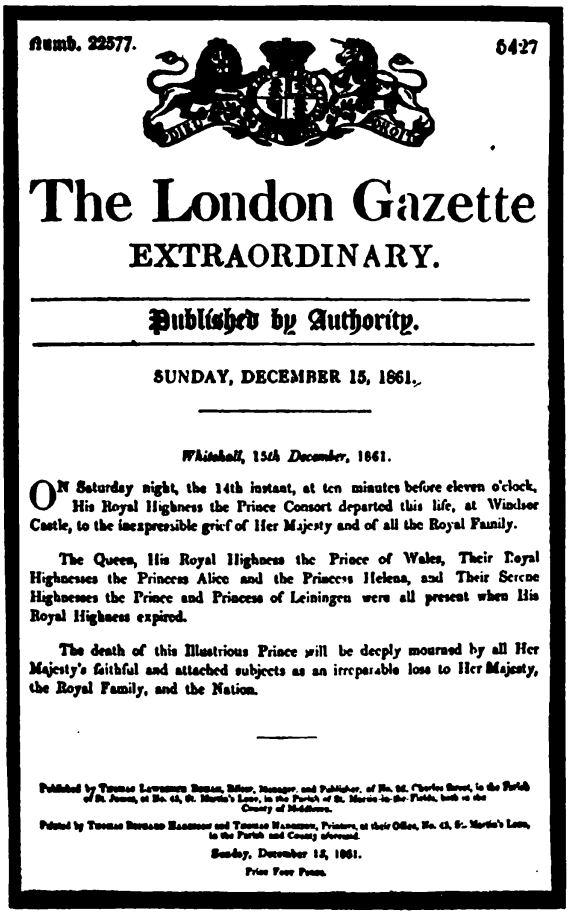
THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

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Appended to this was the following note :—

The Duke of Newcastle feels it his duty, in publishing this telegraphic despatch, to caution the public against expecting any details for several days. He fears none can be received before the 6th of October. Everything which is received by the Government will be published immediately.

During those trying times many painful scenes were witnessed outside the offices of the *Gazette*, where the despatches were first published, and on the publication of the casualty lists the office was frequently invaded by the public, impatient for the news. Mr. Harrison was fetched out of bed two or three times a week, to sit waiting with the Duke at his house in Portland Square, and for weeks the offices were open on Sundays. The Duke was a generous man, and on one of these Sundays he sent word to the office that all the employés were to be given a good dinner at his expense.



Numb. 22577. 6427

The London Gazette

EXTRAORDINARY.

Published by Authority.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1861.

Whitehall, 15th December, 1861.

ON Saturday night, the 14th instant, at ten minutes before eleven o'clock, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort departed this life, at Windsor Castle, to the inexpressible grief of Her Majesty and of all the Royal Family.

The Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Alice and the Princess Helena, and Their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Leiningen were all present when His Royal Highness expired.

The death of this Illustrious Prince will be deeply mourned by all Her Majesty's faithful and attached subjects as an irreparable loss to Her Majesty, the Royal Family, and the Nation.

Published by Thomas Lawrence Bensly, Editor, Manager and Publisher, of No. 52, Charles Street, in the Parish of St. Anne, at No. 45, St. Martin's Lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, both in the County of Middlesex.

Printed by Thomas Bensley Harriman and Thomas Harriman, Printers, at their Office, No. 45, St. Martin's Lane, in the Parish and County aforesaid.

Sunday, December 15, 1861.

Price Four Pence.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

The *Gazette* appears twice a week—on Tuesdays and Fridays — and runs from one to four hundred and fifty pages, according to the pressure of news. Nothing goes into the paper unless it is bound to do so, and much of what appears in it has the force of law. Notices of Bills to be introduced into Parliament, Orders in Council, notices to creditors, bankruptcy and sale of property announcements, legal judgments, military and naval official news, and Royal and legal announcements fill most of its space. It is the dullest newspaper in England, yet it is all-important. Until the *Gazette* has declared that certain things must be, certain things cannot be. Parliament cannot open until the opening has been announced in the *Gazette*, and without such announcements certain cases in the Courts could not be heard.

Dull though it is, the *Gazette* is often anxiously awaited by certain persons. Army officers expecting to be "gazetted" have been known to wait for its appearance with feverish impatience, and more than once attempts have been made to obtain information before the paper is actually published. But absolute secrecy prevails at St. Martin's Lane, and, though there are a thousand workers in Messrs. Harrison's offices, no item of news has ever leaked out before its time. Every sheet of "copy" is private and confidential until it appears for all the world to see. It must be so. There are promotions which are abandoned, declarations which are withdrawn ; many things are set up in type which are never seen again.

The "copy" for the *Gazette* is written in the Government offices, often by Cabinet Ministers themselves, and is invariably returned with the proofs. Each Secretary initials his copy —Lord Salisbury signing his with the letter "S" in red ink—and in cases of promotion in the services no paragraph is accepted even in proof without being initialled a second time. Now and then—on very rare occasions—a piece of "copy" is received autographed by the Sovereign, and many a page of the *Gazette* has been set up from illuminated addresses presented to Queen Victoria or to King Edward. They have formed the only printers' "copy" received for the purpose, and in the old days, before the "copy" was returned, heaps of such documents lay about in the store-room with the rest of the *Gazette* MSS.

Now and again supplements and editions extraordinary appear, as at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, when the Lord Chamberlain's report of the procession filled a whole *Gazette*. At times the *Gazette* appears in a single page ; at others it may be four hundred and fifty pages. It has

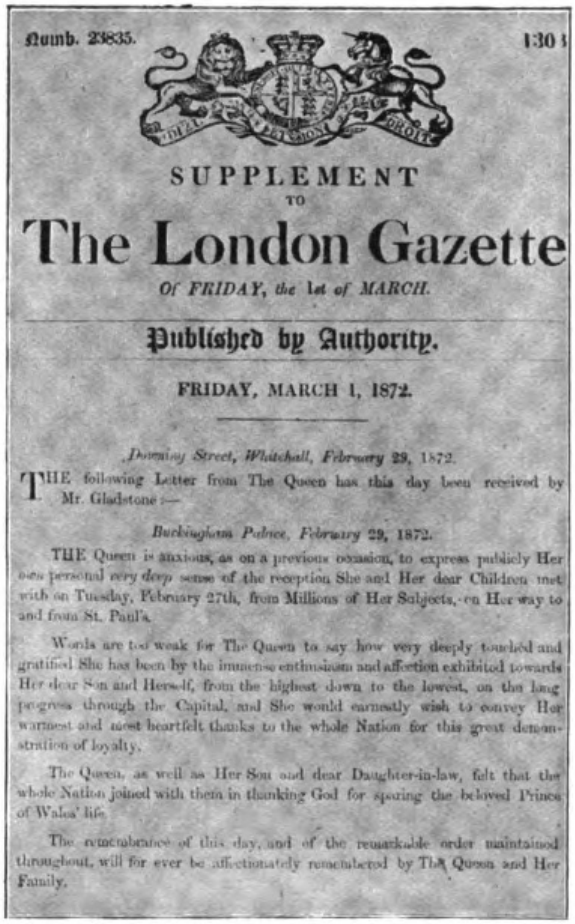
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none of the regularity of other newspapers; the printers rarely know the size of the paper until shortly before they go to press. Yet the *Gazette* appears with almost automatic regularity, and the big editions, containing often half a million words, and involving the handling of millions of pieces of movable type, are rarely much later than usual.

November is the month of big *Gazettes*, there being hundreds of pages of special advertisements for that month. Ninety per cent. of its pages are often nothing but advertisements, all of which must appear by Act of Parliament. How grateful many another editor would be for such Acts of Parliament! The advertisements are sober and staid enough now, but there were many glimpses of humour in them in the old days, when lost cows were advertised for in the Government newspaper, and quaint announcements appeared offering rewards for the identity of highwaymen who attacked post-boys.

The year 1847, the railway year, was an exciting time for the *Gazette*. On the day when the period for depositing railway notices expired—which happened to be a Sunday—Whitehall was besieged by an enormous crowd, so heavily laden with notices that they were literally thrown into the Board of Trade from the street. All these had to appear three times in the *Gazette*, at so much a line, and for one week the *Gazette* was published every day, the size for the week being something like three thousand pages. In those early days, when every sheet bore a penny stamp, a *Gazette* bearing thirty-seven stamps was frequently sold for two shillings and eightpence—a curious sidelight on the sham obedience of the Government to its own law, for is it not obvious that the stamps must have been bogus? The *Gazette*—of which, by the way, French editions were published in the days when the Court was in France—is the only existing paper which shows the change in the calendar adopted by this country in 1752.

To put Father Time right the Government turned on the hands of the clock eleven days in September of that year, the day after September 2nd, 1752, being reckoned as September 14th, 1752. In those days the *Gazette* was dated "from —— to ——," and the front page for the first week in September shows the date, including the missing eleven days. From the printed date it would seem that a fortnight elapsed between the two issues, whereas the period was actually three days.



Numb. 23835. 1301

SUPPLEMENT TO

The London Gazette

Of FRIDAY, the 1st of MARCH.

Published by Authority.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1872.

Downing Street, Whitehall, February 29, 1872.

THE following Letter from The Queen has this day been received by Mr. Gladstone:—

Buckingham Palace, February 29, 1872.

THE Queen is anxious, as on a previous occasion, to express publicly Her own personal very deep sense of the reception She and Her dear Children met with on Tuesday, February 27th, from Millions of Her Subjects, on Her way to and from St. Paul's.

Words are too weak for The Queen to say how very deeply touched and gratified She has been by the immense enthusiasm and affection exhibited towards Her dear Son and Herself, from the highest down to the lowest, on the long progress through the Capital, and She would earnestly wish to convey Her warmest and most heartfelt thanks to the whole Nation for this great demonstration of loyalty.

The Queen, as well as Her Son and dear Daughter-in-law, felt that the whole Nation joined with them in thanking God for sparing the beloved Prince of Wales' life.

The remembrance of this day, and of the remarkable order maintained throughout, will for ever be affectionately remembered by The Queen and Her Family.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTER TO HER PEOPLE AFTER THE ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Such is the Government's newspaper. It issues no contents-bills, false or true. It knows no politics and never gets excited. It never trades on sensationalism. On the negative side, indeed, it is largely what Mr. Sheldon would have a newspaper be. Nobody buys it unless they must—unless it brings them joy or sorrow. If you are made a bankrupt, you may buy the *Gazette* in sorrow to see your doom in black and white; if you are made an earl, you may buy it in joy to see how the King tells the people of your good fortune. But unless you want it badly you will probably never buy it at all. Nobody cares whether you buy it or not. The Government does not boast nor does it crave for million circulations. It is satisfied if its newspaper comes out twice a week and pays its way, and as long as it pays the salary of the Queen's Prime Minister four times over it is not likely to be stopped. Kings and Queens may pass away, Governments may come and go, but the *London Gazette*, unless some great calamity befalls it, will go on as long as London flies the Union Jack.

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Tunnels.

By Hilary Beckles.

THE mouth of the Mont Cenis —or, more properly, the Frejus —Tunnel is guarded on the French side by an armour-plated fort and on the Italian by guns, Gatlings, and a detachment of artillery.

Between the Italian sentry and the French guard there are eight English miles of black hole, surmounted by a snow-capped mountain more than a mile high. A French lieutenant of Engineers was taken by his colonel to the mouth of the tunnel and asked :—

"Suppose the enemy blew up our fort and was sending twenty thousand invading soldiers through by train, how would you stop them?"

The lieutenant of Engineers hesitated.

"I would block the tunnel," he said.

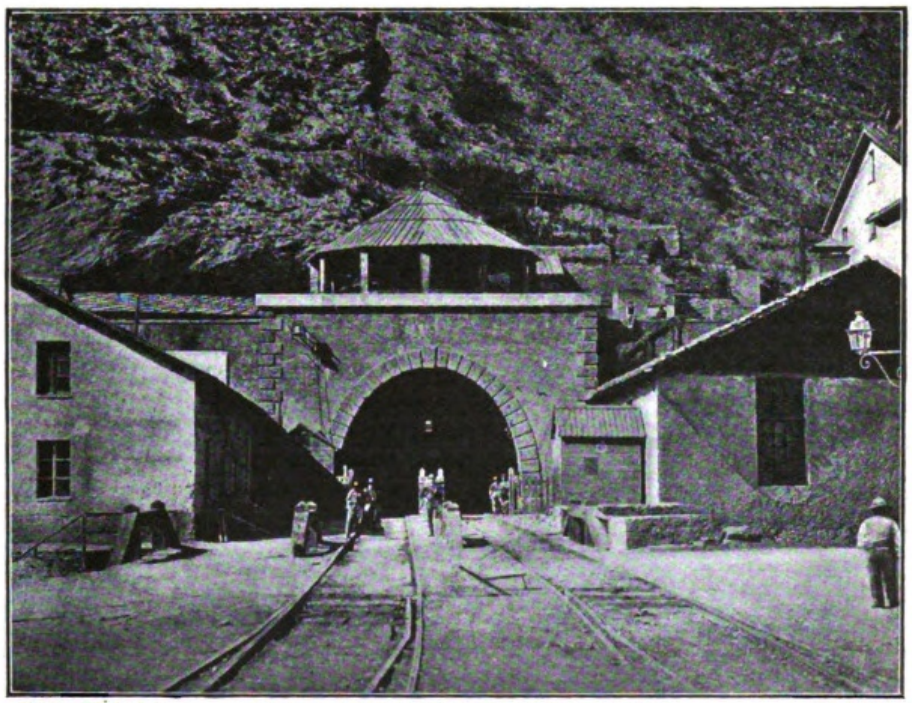
"How?"

"By causing the mountain to fall on them before they emerged."

The ingenious lieutenant went, sketch-book in hand, into the tunnel to explore. The colonel waited ten—twenty minutes — an hour. Then the Italian express came thundering through with the dead body of the French lieutenant borne upon a portion of the engine. His clothing had caught at the moment he was struck, his bull's-eye lantern was still alight, and the colonel was saved the task of exploring the Frejus Tunnel.

This is merely one incident in the story of modern tunnels. To show what the tragedy is on a large scale, let us turn to another of these subterranean cylinders. The St. Gothard Tunnel was conducted with skill and energy; thousands of human moles burrowed incessantly through the foundations of the Alps at an average temperature of 100deg. Fahrenheit, and no fewer than six hundred lives paid the penalty, including those of both the engineer and contractor.

Few themes of the kind present more fascination than tunnels, both as monuments of human engineering achievement and as objects of curiosity and mystery. A tunnel is a means of escape—to prisoners in a beleaguered fortress, to a railway company wishing to avoid a chain of mountains, or, as in London at present, to avoid a too congested surface traffic. New tunnelling projects are put forth yearly, almost monthly, and the dawn of the twentieth century sees the genius of the world's civil engineers striving to cope with the problem of how to burrow under ground, sea, or river as cheaply and effectually as a surface road can be built. Those mighty schemes the Channel Tunnel and the Irish Tunnel are merely in abeyance, and now that a way has been discovered of lessening the great sacrifice of life the Hudson River Tunnel is to be continued. The bill of mortality from what is known as tunnel sickness of this latter work has been already as great as a small war.



From a Photo. by] THE ENTRANCE TO THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL. *[E. Brogi.*

But we must not dwell too much on the tragedy; there is a comedy of tunnelling as well, as we shall mark in a moment. Before going any farther, the reader may be in-

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formed that there are three kinds of tunnels, or, more properly, that modern tunnelling is of three classes. The first consists of boring through soft ground, such as clay, loose rock, etc.; second, of rock-tunnelling without machinery; third, tunnelling through solid rock by the aid of machinery. In tunnelling through a hill or other mass of earth a large quantity of timber for temporary arching is called for until the brick or stone work is forthcoming. But this is very costly and old-fashioned and is only used for short tunnels. At present this sort of engineering is carried on, where the tunnel is of any length, with the aid of steel and diamond-pointed drills, or drills driven by water or compressed air (at about forty pounds to the square inch), which also serves for purposes of ventilation. By this means the professional tunneller has found that he can cut longer holes and use heavier charges of dynamite than in the old way.

It will not be necessary in this article to describe ancient tunnels or methods of tunnelling; we will confine ourselves to the great tunnels of the world at present and the peculiar science of the modern professional tunneller. Yet occasionally one difficulty which confronted the ancient engineer finds its parallel to-day. Not always are the engineers so fortunate as those of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, who, after working from opposite sides of the mountain, met, at the end of thirteen years' labour, exactly in the middle. When one says *exactly* it is only fair to allow for an inch or two of leeway; it is not, after all, much in eight miles!

A Roman engineer describes a certain tunnel which was being driven under his directions, but which he was able, during the progress of the work, to visit only occasionally. In this case the two headings missed each other, and if the engineer had not arrived on the scene in time there would, he says, have been two tunnels. To match this there is the well-known instance of an important main line in the Midland counties, where the engineers at either end failed to meet, greatly to their own consternation. The result is that at this day reverse curves exist within that tunnel to testify to their unlucky miscalculation.

It is not an easy matter, this accurate meeting of the headings or driftways of a tunnel, and it is wonderful that blunders do not occur more frequently. To begin with, the centre line beneath which the tunnel will run has to be fixed above-ground. In the Mont Cenis undertaking observatories were erected by the surveyors at some distance from the entrance of the projected tunnel. Marks were placed along the line and their accuracy verified by astronomical calculations. Then the marks were brought into agreement by means of telescopes and lamps, until the axis of the tunnel laid out above-ground was determined.

The way it is done with shorter tunnels is curious. A pair of fine wires are suspended from above the surface down the shafts of a tunnel, with heavy plumb-bobs attached to them in buckets of water or tar, so as to bring their oscillations to rest. The wires, which are placed ten feet apart, are gradually brought into the same vertical plane, the direction being given by means of a theodolite or transit instrument on the surface. As it follows that what is correct above-ground is also correct below, the tunnellers must drive their galleries or headings so that only a single wire is visible through the instrument. One wire must exactly eclipse the other wire, otherwise the tunnel will not be driven quite straight. More than this, the wires must be of precisely the same diameter.

Suppose the two shafts of the tunnel are a mile apart, an error of a fortieth of an inch would cause a mistake of nearly half a foot at the place of meeting, while if the other tunneller were equally careless the difference would be doubled. A mistake of a quarter or even an eighth of an inch at the commencement, and the two shafts would miss each other altogether. As even the trickling of water down the wires increases their diameter, it is a common practice to affix a small shield or umbrella to the top of the wire to deflect the water.

It is not every tunneller who realizes the immense importance of these fractions at the outset of his task. Mr. Francis Fox, the eminent engineer, tells of a recent tunnel in which the first chief worker was replaced by another. An accurate survey of the state of the work was made by the latter, revealing the startling fact that the tunnel made a sharp deflection from its original course. The explanation given by the former "ganger" was that he "found the rock too hard, and thought that, by bearing round somewhat to the right, he might get into more easily excavated material!"

We have mentioned the St. Gothard tunnel—at present the longest tunnel on, or rather under, the earth. In January, 1871, when it was begun, a German scientist announced that the projectors might save themselves

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a world of pains by abandoning the enterprise, inasmuch as "a large lake would be met with, which would put a sudden end to all the work." But M. Favre, who soon after its inception took charge of the contract, attacked the work with vigour, declaring that if the "German lake were found he would drown the scientist in it." This M. Favre was a remarkable character, and was at one time a journeyman carpenter in Paris. In September, 1872, a quarter in length, is in the centre of the mountain, and the ventilation of this tropical passage has long puzzled the authorities. If there happens to be wind the condition of the tunnel is bad, but when a gale blows in at the lower end at the same time that a heavy goods or passenger train is ascending the gradient the air is insupportable, and may be likened to nothing so much as the flue of a furnace.

A crowd gathered round the exit of



From a Photo. by] THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL AT AIROLO. *[Sommer.*

the Italian side of the great tunnel was begun at Airolo. The heading driven at top was about eight feet square, the improved M'Kean drill being employed during the later part of the work, a machine which cut its way through at the rate of twelve inches every sixty seconds. It was intended that the tunnel should cost two millions sterling—that is to say, three pounds ten shillings an inch. As a matter of fact, the St. Gothard cost several millions more by the time it was completed. The heavy loss of life amongst the workers of the tunnel was primarily due to the high temperature, for, although the Alps are covered with a perpetual snow, the atmosphere of the interior often stands at 107deg. Fahrenheit. The tunnel, which is about nine miles and

Pracchia Tunnel to greet a train bearing one of the crowned heads of Europe and suite. It was a heavy train, comprising both dining and sleeping carriages, with two engines, and when it emerged from the tunnel it gradually slowed up. It was noticed something was wrong. Both engineers and both firemen were insensible, the former bent double over the safety valves. A little more of the fearful atmosphere of the tunnel and there would have been four deaths, for human endurance could not stand that experience. Not long ago the bodies of two runaway peasant boys were found in the St. Gothard Tunnel. They were not bruised or injured in any way; death was merely due to asphyxiation. Owing to the height of the mountain, no shafts are available for purposes

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of ventilation, and it is highly satisfactory to learn that an Italian, Signor Saccardo, has invented a system for supplying the interior of the tunnel with air, which has already had excellent results, and may, indeed, be said to have solved the problem.

The Mont Cenis, nearly eight miles in length, was the first of the great Alpine tunnels, having been begun in August, 1857. Although it is named from that mountain, the tunnel actually passes under the Grand Vallon. It was commenced by manual labour, and continued to be worked after that fashion for nearly four years, when rock-boring machinery was adopted. It is pierced for a double line of track, its width being twenty-six feet and the height above the metals twenty feet six inches. It is lined throughout with either masonry or brick-work, except for two lengths of one hundred and ninety-nine mètres and seventy mètres, where a mass of solid white quartz was encountered. Two years were spent in penetrating that monstrous white wall in the middle of the mountain.

The actual excavation of the tunnel offered a huge puzzle to many enlightened people of the time. Even engineers familiar with tunnelling smiled at the notion of cutting through a mountain nearly three thousand mètres in height and above twelve thousand in thickness. Where was air to come from for the workmen? And could the work be done under fifty years? It was impossible to use steam, because it would have caused smoke and vapour, and these would have been intolerable in a long, closed gallery. The mountain torrents were, therefore, harnessed into service; and by means of water-wheels air was compressed into tubes, which drove the perforating engines that pierced small holes into the face of the rock for blasting purposes, and after the explosion cleared the foul atmosphere. The compressing engines were, of course, outside the tunnel, the air from them being driven along flexible pipes. The perforating engine, with its nine or ten perforators, rested upon a tramway, in order that it could be moved backwards or forwards as the occasion demanded. They look like large gun-barrels, these perforators; out of each of them a boring bar, or "jumper"—impelled from behind by a blast of compressed air—is discharged at the rock and returns again into the barrel by the same means. It took, in the case of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, about three-quarters of an hour for each perforator to pierce a hole from two feet to two feet six inches deep. Ten holes are done simultaneously, and when eighty have been made the perforating machine is drawn backwards on its truck and sheltered behind two massive doors. The miners now advance, the holes are charged with powder, the matches are adjusted and lit, the folding-doors close behind the men, and the explosion follows. Air is at once pumped in, and the tunnellers set to work to clear the *débris* into the little waggons that run on a tram-line beside the main tramway. Altogether these three operations consumed from ten to fourteen hours; and we thus see the rate of progress made in that particular tunnel.

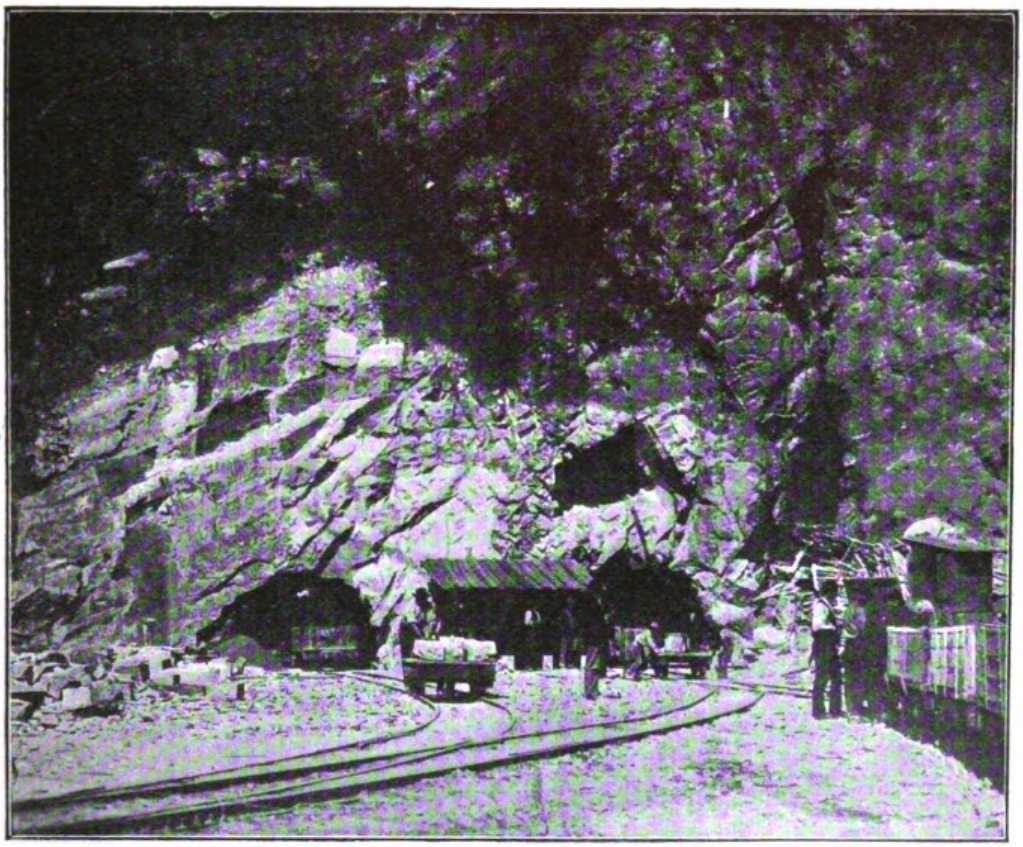
A Swiss workman, named Parent, now living at Lucerne, is said to have been the first to penetrate the tunnel. He was in charge of the drill that pierced the thin wall in the middle, while the occupants of the tunnel joined in a chorus of *vives* and *vivas*, and the French and Italian workmen who had never seen one another rushed forward to a mutual embrace.

It was a dramatic scene, lit up by the lanterns and torches. They had been working towards a union for thirteen years—hundreds of them had perished in the darkness and heat of the terrible "tunnel sickness"—and now they had met. It only remained for the mighty undertaking to be inaugurated in state in the presence of the Empress Eugénie on the 17th of September of the following year.

The gradients are very severe in the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and trains coming from France, with an incline of one in forty against them for several miles at a stretch, when followed by a current of air in the same direction, produce what might almost be described as an Inferno. For here, as in all other steep tunnels, engines drawing heavy loads steam along with their regulator wide open, emitting huge volumes of smoke and steam; and with an atmosphere of, say, 90deg. Fahrenheit, the discomfort of the custodians of the tunnel may be imagined far better than it can be described.

At regular intervals of a kilomètre in the tunnel there is a refuge, or "grande chambre," for the workmen. This refuge is supplied with compressed air, fresh water, a telephone in each direction, a medicine chest, barometer, and thermometer. As it is the practice of these custodians to go in pairs, if one man succumbs to the lack of oxygen or dense smoke, his companion can render assistance or telephone for further help. If a man can manage to drag his swooning

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THE ENTRANCE TO THE SIMPLON TUNNEL, NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.
From a Photo. by Bahn.

comrade inside one of these chambers he has merely to close the door, turn on the store of compressed air, and wait either for the tunnel to clear or for a locomotive to come to their rescue.

But all that we have mentioned are eclipsed by the great subterranean passage now in course of construction, known as the Simplon Tunnel. The total distance between the two portals is to be twenty-one thousand five hundred and sixty-four yards, or 12·26 miles. In order to form a directly straight line from end to end in so lengthy a work, a gallery of direction has been driven at both ends until the actual tunnels are reached. The imagination fails to grapple with the notion of two headings wandering around in the bowels of the Alps groping for each other and failing to "connect." The engineers are wise to leave nothing to chance.

The Simplon is to comprise two single-line tunnels running parallel, at a distance apart from centre to centre of fifty-five feet nine inches, the rails resting at a much lower altitude above sea-level than any of the rival tunnels. This will be a great consideration in the haulage of traffic; and in addition to this there is to be a different system for providing the tunnellers with air. For every cubic foot of air which the St. Gothard workers were compelled to breathe, fifty times as much will be provided within the Simplon Tunnel. When the men finish their daily work, damp and exhausted, they are not permitted to pass from the tunnel into the Alpine atmosphere without, but repair to a large building, suitably warmed, where they may change their mining clothes for others. Hot and cold douche baths are provided, as well as excellent food at a moderate cost. The result of this care is that the death-rate is greatly reduced compared with that of the St. Gothard.

Having now spoken of the Alpine tunnels it is necessary to mention the method by which such tunnelling is achieved. The old percussive and diamond-pointed drills, by which the older tunnels were pierced, have been abandoned in favour of the machine invented by M. Brandt, the engineer of the St. Gothard and also one of its victims. This drill is mounted on a carriage, which enables it to work in any direction. It has a rotatory action, with a pressure on the cutting points of ten tons, moving at slow speed, but capable of being accelerated at pleasure. The drills are driven by hydraulic pressure of what is known as one hundred atmospheres, or one thousand

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four hundred and seventy pounds to the inch. If the rock is very hard the face of the tunnel is pierced with from ten to twelve holes, each three inches in diameter. The amount of rock thus pierced daily is about nineteen feet six inches.

To get an idea of what this rate of progress means it is merely necessary to state that this tunnel is being driven through granite quicker than the fastest hydraulic shield can cut through London clay.

"Shield-driven" tunnels date from the time of the great engineer, Brunel. Brunel's idea, which he patented in 1818, was the principle of the cap of the telescope, sliding upon the tube, which forms the body of the instrument. The shield was a round disc with a cutting edge, to be forced forward by hydraulic jacks. In the Thames Tunnel, however, he did not put this idea into execution, nor did he substitute cast-iron for the old-fashioned masonry or brickwork. Brunel's shield was built of sections, moved forward by means of screws, separately, as fast as the workmen excavated, the surrounding material being temporarily supported upon timber. It cannot be denied that Brunel's tunnel under the Thames was a great engineering triumph, but it was a financial failure, and for a long time this method of tunnelling was unpopular. After posing as a sort of show-place for a number of years, the Thames Tunnel was bought by the East London Rail way, which still uses it. The Tower Subway, which was the next attempt to tunnel under the Thames, is of interest as being the first shield-driven, cast-iron-lined tunnel. Compressed air was neither used nor required, six screw-jacks abutting against the completed cast-iron lining being used to push the shield forward. It is a very small tunnel, only a little over six and a half feet in diameter, and was finished in less than twelve months in 1869.

Ten years later the Hudson River Tunnel was commenced in America, the first tunnel in which compressed air was used. Strange as it may seem, it is far harder to pierce through river mud at times than through rock granite, and owing to the terrible air-pressure several of those accidents to the work known to engineers as "blow-outs" occurred, and the mortality amongst the tunnellers amounted to 25 per cent. At length, in 1889, an English engineer, Mr. Moir, was sent out to take charge of the work, and under his direction greater and sounder progress was made and the death-



VIEW OF THE PEAKS UNDER WHICH THE SIMPLON TUNNEL PASSES. IN THE VALLEY TO THE RIGHT OF THE GREAT PEAK THERE IS AN AIR-SHAFT TO THE TUNNEL.
From a Photo. by Bahn.

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rate reduced by means of a contrivance known as an "air-lock," or "medical lock."

When a man goes into compressed air he is, according to Mr. Moir, "like a furnace under forced draught." We who are not tunnellers are continually living under the ordinary pressure of one atmosphere, *i.e.*, about fifteen pounds on each square inch. Tunnellers often work at a pressure of fifty pounds on every square inch of body surface. If the reader will take a delicate glass globe and exhaust the air from the inside, the outside pressure will break the glass; and if the surface of the human body consisted of some perfectly rigid substance, and there was no method of communicating the external pressure to the interior as well as to the exterior, grave consequences would inevitably ensue. But, happily, the pressure is communicated to the lungs and through the lungs to the whole internal economy, so that a workman will work for a long time without being aware that anything unusual is in the quality of the atmosphere. It is when he comes out of the tunnel that the sudden reduction in the amount of oxygen tells upon him. The forced draught is shut off, and there is an accumulation of carbon in the human furnace with an insufficiency of oxygen to burn it up.

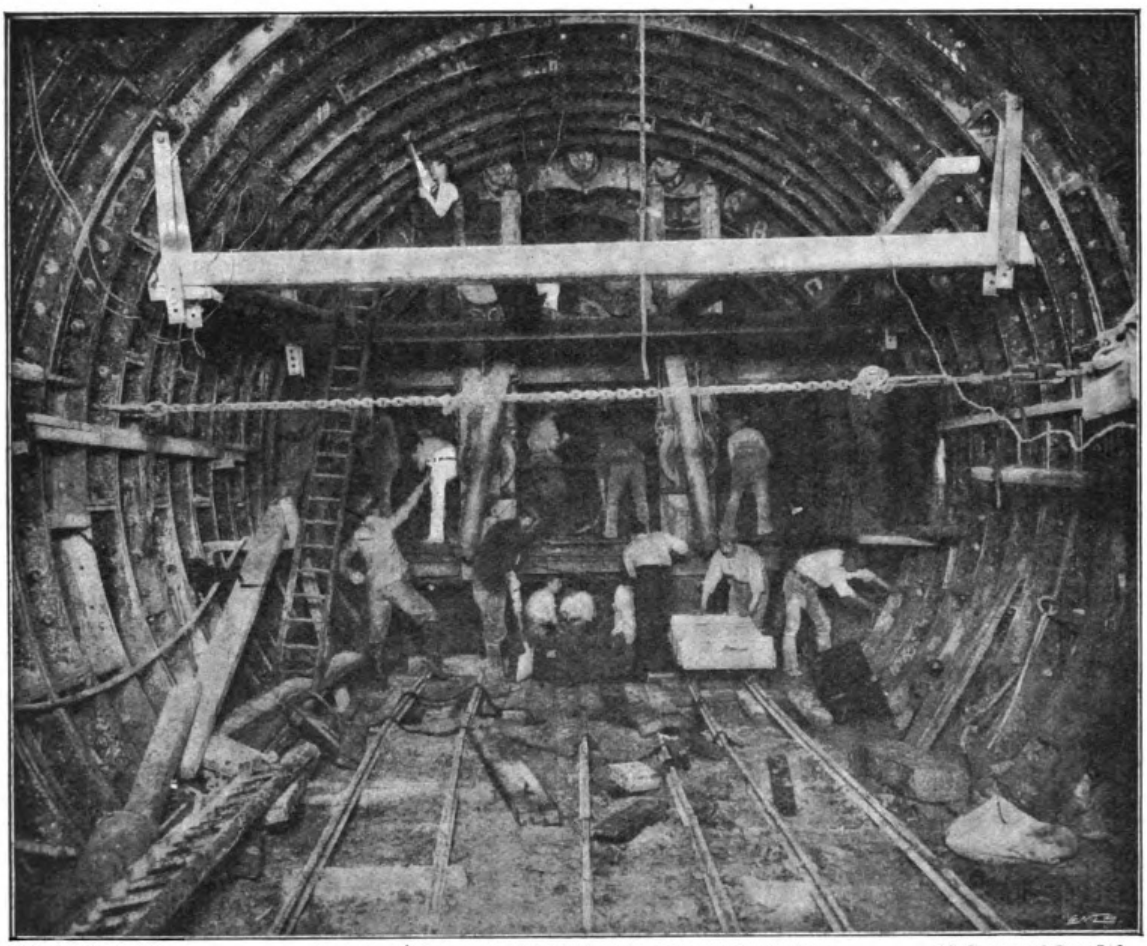
The cure for tunnel illness was discovered accidentally by some Belgian workmen in 1848. These men noticed that the pains they suffered from disappeared when they returned into compressed air. But this cure, even when applied, came too late when the stricken tunneller had reached the surface. Mr. Moir's air-lock was constructed within the shaft of the tunnel; it resembled a boiler in which the men could receive homœopathic treatment. The air-pressure is gradually lowered for the space of about half an hour, and even when the victim is completely overcome and apparently paralyzed he comes out of the air-lock quite cured.

There are more than a hundred miles of tunnelling in England, but, happily, not continuous. Our tunnels are numerous and small. Of the hill borings the longest is that at Stanedge, Yorkshire, on the London and North-Western Railway, which is over three miles long. The Box Tunnel, near Bath, is nearly two miles long; the Woodhead Tunnel, near Manchester, is three miles in length; the Kilsby Tunnel, on the London and North-Western, is two thousand three hundred and ninety-eight yards long. The Summit Tunnel, on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, although in capacity one of the smallest, is one of the longest in England, being more than three miles in length. It took about six years to construct, sometimes as many as one thousand five hundred workmen being employed simultaneously. As this tunnel passes through sandstone principally the vast quantity of three thousand four hundred and eighty-five barrels of gunpowder was used in blasting. Eight million tons of water were pumped out during the progress of the work. The Box Tunnel used up no fewer than thirty million bricks. A ton of gunpowder and a ton of candles were consumed every week for two years and a half in blasting and lighting, and one thousand one hundred men and two hundred and fifty horses were continually employed. The deepest tunnel in England is that which passes through the hill range between Great Malvern and Herefordshire. It is over six hundred feet from floor to surface and is one thousand five hundred and sixty yards in length. As to the cost of our tunnels, it has varied from twenty pounds a yard in sandstone rock—which does not require a lining—up to one hundred and one hundred and sixty pounds a yard in loose earth. The Kilsby Tunnel cost about one hundred and twenty-five pounds a yard throughout.

Of sub-aqueous tunnels our longest are the Mersey, four and a half miles (including approaches), and the Severn, four and a third miles long. But the tunnels which exist are as nothing to those being projected or which are already under way. The borings for underground railway transit in London alone will soon amount to fifty miles and more. The latest tunnel of this kind is that of the Great Northern and City Railway, in charge of Mr. Moir, probably the most successful and ingenious tunnelling engineer in the world.

The pluck and endurance of tunnelling engineers would be hard to beat. Mr. Francis Fox tells of a young resident engineer who, when a length of a certain tunnel during construction through quicksand fell in, burying alive eleven men, volunteered, at the risk of his life, to go down in the shaft and rebuild the damaged work with his own hands, and alone. The leader of the gang having held back for a time, believing it certain death, now seeing the engineer was in earnest, jumped into the descending bucket, with some strong language to the effect that "he wasn't going to see the boss killed alone." He also descended, and the pair completed the next length

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From a Photo. by] MAKING A TUNNEL BY THE "SHIELD-DRIVING" PROCESS. *[S. Pearson & Son, Ltd.*

before any other of the workmen would return to the job.

To hark back to the comedy of tunnelling, a somewhat amusing incident happened a few years ago. A well-known railway company was engaged in boring a tunnel beneath and almost at right angles to the existing tunnel of one of its rivals. One day the contractor received notice to stop the work until certain legal proceedings were complied with. Outwardly observing the legal formalities, and at the same time dreading delay, the contractor as quiet as a mole went on with his "heading." But notwithstanding all his caution the engineer of the rival company suspected these clandestine operations and sank a bore-hole on the centre line of the new tunnel, thoroughly believing that his instrument would, at the proper level, drop into a tunnel seventy feet below.

But the contracting tunneller was not to be so taken by surprise. A sheet of steel was affixed to the roof of the illicitly-built tunnel, so that the tool of the rival engineer, when it came, would merely grind away harmlessly against its tough surface.

What was the surprise of the contractor and the prying engineer, the one to find no drill and the other to discover no tunnel, although the latter had bored down some ninety feet? Resolved not to be baulked, the engineer thereupon very foolishly lowered a charge of dynamite, which exploded a portion of the new tunnel. Luckily no one was killed, although there were some narrow escapes. The engineer's boring tool had, it seemed, wandered several feet to one side, and its owner, still perplexed, began to doubt if the rival company had persisted in the tunnel after all.

Suddenly a brilliant idea struck him: he would turn on the municipal fire-hose into his boring; if it failed to overflow his suspicions would be confirmed. He carried his idea into instant execution; there was a panic among the tunnellers and a cry, "Fly for your lives!" all labouring under the belief that an underground lake or river had been penetrated.

If the volume of water had been greater the men would have been swept away and submerged in the heading of the tunnel.

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The Phoenix and the Carpet.

By E. Nesbit.

I.—THE EGG.

IT began with the day when it was almost the fifth of November, and a doubt arose in some breast—Robert's, I fancy—as to the quality of the fireworks laid in for the Guy Fawkes celebration.

"They were jolly cheap," said whoever it was—and I think it was Robert—"and suppose they didn't go off on the night? Those Prosser kids would have something to snigger about then."

"The ones *I* got are all right," Jane said. "I know they are, because the man at the shop said they were worth thribble the money."

"I'm sure 'thribble' isn't grammar," Anthea said.

"Of course it isn't," said Cyril; "one word can't be grammar all by itself, so you needn't be so jolly clever."

Anthea was rummaging in the corner-drawers of her mind for a very disagreeable answer when she remembered what a wet day it was, and how the boys had been disappointed of that ride to London and back on the top of the tram, which their mother had promised them as a reward for not having once forgotten for six whole days to wipe their boots on the mat when they came home from school.

So Anthea only said: "Don't be so jolly clever yourself, Squirrel. And the fireworks look all right, and you'll have the eightpence that your tram-fares didn't cost to-day to buy something more with. You ought to get a perfectly lovely Catherine-wheel for eightpence."

"I dare say," said Cyril, coldly; "but it's not *your* eightpence anyhow."

"But look here," said Robert, "really now, about the fireworks. We don't want to be disgraced before those kids next door. They think because they wear red plush on Sundays no one else is any good."

"I wouldn't wear plush if it was ever so—unless it was black to be beheaded in, if I was Mary Queen of Scots," said Anthea, with scorn.

Robert stuck steadily to his point. One great point about Robert is the steadiness with which he can stick.

"I think we ought to test them," he said.

"You young duffer," said Cyril, "fireworks are like postage-stamps. You can only use them once."

"What do you suppose it means by 'Carter's tested seeds' in the advertisement?"

There was a blank silence. Then Cyril touched his forehead with his finger and shook his head.

"A little wrong here," he said; "I was always afraid of that with poor Robert. All that cleverness, you know, and being top in algebra so often, it's bound to tell."

"Dry up," said Robert, fiercely. "Don't you see you can't *test* seeds if you do them

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all? You first take a few here and there, and if those grow you can feel pretty sure the others will be—what do you call it? Father told me—'up to sample.' Don't you think we ought to sample the fireworks? Just shut our eyes and each draw one out, and then try them."

"But it's raining cats and dogs," said Jane.

"And Queen Anne is dead," rejoined Robert. No one was in a very good temper. "We needn't go out to do them, we can just move back the table and let them off on the old tea-tray we play toboggans with. I don't know what *you* think—but *I* think it's time we did something, and that would be really useful; because then we shouldn't just *hope* the fireworks would make those Prossers sit up—we should *know*."

"It *would* be something to do," Cyril owned, with languid approval.

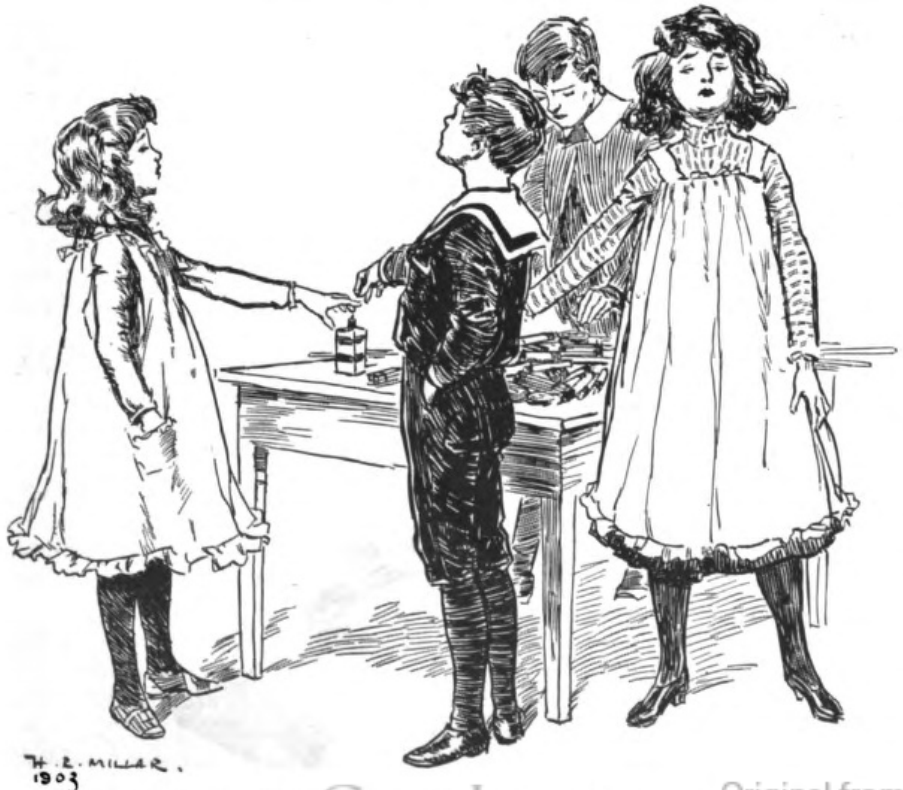
So the table was moved back. And then the hole in the carpet, that had been near the window till the carpet was turned round, showed most awfully. But Anthea stole out on tip-toe and got the tray when cook wasn't looking and brought it in and put it over the hole.

Then all the fireworks were put on the table, and each of the four children shut its eyes very tight and put out its hand and grasped something. Robert took a cracker, Cyril and Anthea had Roman candles, but Jane's fat paw closed on the gem of the whole collection—the Jack-in-the-box that had cost two shillings; and one at least of the party—I will not say which, because it was sorry afterwards—declared that Jane had done it on purpose. Nobody was pleased. For the worst of it was that these four children, with a very proper dislike of anything even faintly bordering on the sneakish, had a law, unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, that one had to stand by the results of a toss-up, or a drawing of lots, or any other appeal to chance, however much one might happen to dislike the way things were turning out.

"I didn't mean to," said Jane, near tears. "I don't care, I'll draw another."

"You know jolly well you can't," said Cyril, bitterly. "It's settled. It's Medium and Persian. You've done it, and you'll have to stand by it, and us too, worse luck. Never mind; you'll have your pocket-money before the fifth. Anyway, we'll have the Jack-in-the-box *last* and get the most out of it we can."

So the cracker and the Roman candles were lighted, and they were all that could be expected for the money; but when it came to the Jack-in-the-box it simply sat in the tray and laughed at them, as Cyril said. They tried to light it with paper and they tried with matches; they tried with Vesuvian fusees from the pocket of father's second-best overcoat that was hanging in the hall. And then Anthea slipped away to the cupboard under the stairs where the brooms and dust-pans were kept, and the rosiny fire-lighters that smell so nice and like the woods where pine trees grow, and the old newspapers, and the furniture polish



"EACH OF THE FOUR CHILDREN SHUT ITS EYES VERY TIGHT AND GRASPED SOMETHING."

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and the horrid, stiff, dark rags that are used for cleaning brass and furniture, and the paraffin for the lamps. She came back with a little pot that had once cost sevenpence halfpenny when it was full of red currant jelly; but the jelly had been all eaten long ago, and now Anthea had filled the jar with paraffin. She came in and she threw the paraffin over the tray just at the moment when Cyril was trying with the twenty-third match to light the Jack-in-the-box. The Jack-in-the-box did not catch fire any more than usual, but the paraffin acted quite differently, and in an instant a hot flash of flame leapt up and burnt off Cyril's eye-lashes, and scorched the faces of all four before they could spring back. They backed in four instantaneous bounds as far as they could—which was to the wall—and the pillar of fire reached from floor to ceiling.

"My hat," said Cyril, with emotion; "you've done it this time, Anthea."

The flame was spreading out under the ceiling like the rose of fire in Mr. Rider Haggard's exciting story about Alan Quatermain. Robert and Cyril saw that no time was to be lost. They turned up the edges of the carpet and kicked them over the tray. This cut off the column of fire and it disappeared, and there was nothing left but smoke and a dreadful smell of lamps that have been turned too low. All hands now rushed to the rescue, and the paraffin fire was only a bundle of trampled carpet, when suddenly a sharp crack beneath their feet made the amateur firemen start back. Another crack—the carpet moved as if it had had a mad cat wrapped in it—the Jack-in-the-box had at last allowed itself to be lighted, and it was going on with desperate violence inside the carpet.



"A HOT FLASH OF FLAME LEAPT UP."

Robert, with the air of one doing the only possible thing, rushed to the window and opened it. Anthea howled, Jane burst into tears, and Cyril turned the table wrong way on top of the carpet heap. But the firework went on banging and bursting and spluttering underneath.

Next moment mother rushed in, attracted by the howls of Anthea, and in a few moments the firework desisted and there was a dead silence, and the children stood looking at each other's black faces and, out of the corners of their eyes, at mother's white one.

The fact that the nursery carpet was ruined occasioned but little surprise, nor was anyone really astonished that bed should prove the immediate end of the adventure. It has been said that all roads lead to Rome. This may be true—but, at any rate in early youth,

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I am quite sure that many roads lead to *bed* and stop there. Or *you* do.

The rest of the fireworks were confiscated, and mother was not pleased when father let them off himself in the back garden, though he said, "Well, how else can you get rid of them, my dear?"

You see, father had forgotten that the children were in disgrace, and that their bedroom windows looked out on to the back garden. So that they all saw the fireworks most beautifully, and admired the skill with which father handled them.

Next day all was forgotten and forgiven, only the nursery had to be deeply cleaned (like spring cleaning) and the ceiling had to be whitewashed.

And mother went out. And just at tea-time next day a man came with a rolled-up carpet, and father paid him, and mother said:—

"If the carpet isn't in good condition, you know, I shall expect you to change it." And the man replied:—

"There ain't a thread gone in it nowhere, mum. It's a bargain, if ever there was one, and I'm more'n 'arf sorry I let it go at the price. But we can't resist the lydies, can we, sir?" and winked at father and went away.

Then the carpet was put down in the nursery, and sure enough there wasn't a hole in it anywhere.

As the last fold was unrolled something hard and loud-sounding bumped out of it and trundled along the nursery floor. All the children scrambled for it and Cyril got it. He took it to the window. It was shaped like an egg, very yellow and shiny, half transparent, and it had an odd sort of light in it that changed as you held it in different ways. It was as though it had a yolk of pale fire that just showed through the stone.

"I *may* keep it, mayn't I, mother?" Cyril asked. And, of course, mother said no; they must take it back to the man who had brought the carpet, because she had only paid for a carpet and not for a stone egg.

So she told them where the shop was, and it was in the Kentish Town Road, not far from the hotel that is called the Bull and Gate. It was a poky little shop, and the man was arranging furniture outside on the pavement very cunningly, so that the more broken parts should show as little as possible. And directly he saw the children he knew them again, and he began at once without giving them a chance to speak.



"ALL THE CHILDREN SCRAMBLED FOR IT."

"No, you don't!" he cried, loudly. "I ain't a-goin' to take back no carpets, so don't you make no bloomin' errer. A bargain's a bargain, and the carpet's perfect throughout."

"We don't want you to take it back,

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said Cyril, "but — we found something in it."

"It must have got into it up at your place, then," said the man, with indignant promptness, "for there ain't never nothing in nothing as *I* sell. It's all as clean as a whistle."

"I never said it wasn't *clean*," said Cyril, "but——"

"Oh, if it's *moths*," said the man, "that's easy cured with borax. But I expect it was only a odd one. I tell you the carpet's good through and through. It hadn't got no moths when it left my 'ands—not so much as a hegg!"

"But that's just it," interrupted Jane; "there *was* so much as an egg."

The man made a sort of rush at the children and stamped his foot. "Clear out, I say!" he shouted, "or I'll call for the police. A nice thing for customers to 'ear you a-comin' 'ere a-charging me with finding things in goods what I sells! 'Ere, be off, afore I sends you off with a flea in your ears. Hi! constable!"



"'NO MORE PLAYING WITH FIRE, THANK YOU,' WAS FATHER'S ANSWER."

The children fled; and they think, and their father thinks, that they couldn't have done anything else. Mother has her own opinion. But father said they might keep the egg.

"The man certainly didn't know the egg was there when he brought the carpet," said he, "any more than your mother did when *she* bought it, and we've as much right to it as he had."

So the egg was put on the mantelpiece, where it quite brightened up the dingy nursery. The nursery *was* dingy, because it was a basement-room, and its windows looked out on a stone area with a rockery made of clinkers facing the windows. Nothing grew in the rockery except London pride and snails.

The room had been described in the house-agent's list as a "convenient breakfast-room in basement," and in the daytime it was rather dark. This did not matter so much in the evenings when the gas was alight. But then it was in the evening that the black beetles got so sociable, and used to come out of the low cupboards on each side of the fireplace where their homes were, and try to make friends with the children. At least, I suppose that was what they wanted, but the children never would.

On the fifth of November father and mother went to the theatre and the children were not happy, because the Prossers next door had lots of fireworks and they had none. They were not even allowed to have a bonfire in the garden.

"No more playing with fire, thank you," was father's answer when they asked him.

When the baby had been put to bed the children sat sadly round the nursery hearth.

"I'm beastly bored," said Cyril.

"Let's talk about the Psammead," said Anthea, who generally tried to give the conversation a cheerful turn.

"What's the good of *talking?*" said Cyril. "What I want is for something to happen. It's awfully stuffy not being allowed to be out in the evenings. There's simply nothing to do when you've got through your homers."

Jane finished the last of her home lessons, and shut the book with a bang.

"We've got the pleasure of memory," said she. "Just think of last holidays!"

Last holidays, indeed, offered something to think of—for they had been spent in the country at a white house between a sand-pit and a gravel-pit, and things had happened.

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The children had found a Psammead, or sand-fairy, and it had let them have anything they wished for—just exactly anything, with no bother about its not being really for their good or anything like that. And if you want to know what kind of things they wished for and how their wishes turned out you can read it all in a book called "Five Children and It." (*It* was the Psammead.) If you've not read it, perhaps I ought to tell you that the fifth child was the baby brother, who was called the Lamb because the first thing he ever said was "Baa!" and that the other children were not particularly handsome nor were they extra clever nor extraordinarily good. But they were not bad sorts on the whole; in fact, they were rather like you.

"I don't want to think about the pleasures of memory," said Cyril; "I want some more things to happen."

"We're very much luckier than anyone else as it is," said Jane. "Why, no one else ever found a Psammead. We ought to be grateful."

"Why shouldn't we *go on* being, though?" Cyril asked—"lucky I mean, not grateful—why's it all got to stop?"

"Perhaps something will happen," said Anthea, comfortably. "Do you know, sometimes I think we are the sort of people that things *do* happen to."

"It's like that in history," said Jane; "some kings are full of interesting things, and others—nothing ever happens to them, except being born and crowned and buried, and sometimes not that."

"I think Panther's right," said Cyril; "I think we are the sort of people things do happen to. I have a sort of feeling things would happen right enough if we could only give them a shove. It just wants something to start it. That's all."

"I wish they taught magic at school," Jane sighed. "I believe if we could do a little magic it might make something happen."

"I wonder how you begin?" Robert looked round the room, but he got no ideas from the faded green curtains, or the drab Venetian blinds, or the worn brown oil-cloth on the floor. Even the new carpet suggested nothing, though its pattern was a very wonderful one, and always seemed as though it were just going to make you think of something.

"I could begin right enough," said Anthea; "I've read lots about it. But I believe it's wrong in the Bible."

"It's only wrong in the Bible because people wanted to hurt other people. I don't see how things can be wrong unless they hurt somebody, and we don't want to hurt anybody, and, what's more, we jolly well couldn't if we tried. Let's get the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' There's a thing about Abracadabra there," said Robert, yawning. "We may as well play at magic. Let's be knights-templars. They were awfully gone on magic. They used to work spells or something with a goat and a goose; father says so."

"Well, that's all right," said Robert, unkindly; "you can play the goat right enough, and Jane knows how to be a goose."

"I'll get 'Ingoldsby,'" said Anthea, hastily. "You turn up the hearthrug."

So they traced strange figures on the linoleum, on the part where the hearthrug had kept it bright. They traced them with chalk that Robert had nicked from the top of the mathematical master's desk at school. You know, of course, that it is stealing to take a new stick of chalk, but it is not wrong to take a broken piece, so long as you only take one. (I do not know the reason of this rule, nor who made it.) And they chanted all the gloomiest songs they could think of, and, of course, nothing happened; so then Anthea said:—

"I'm sure a magic fire ought to be made of sweet-smelling wood, and have magic gums and essences and things in it."

"I don't know any sweet-smelling wood except cedar," said Robert, "but I've got some ends of lead-pencil."

So they burned the ends of lead-pencil, and still nothing happened.

"Let's burn some of the eucalyptus oil we have for our colds," said Anthea. And they did. It certainly smelt very strong. And they burned a lump of camphor out of the big chest. It was very bright and made a horrid black smoke, which looked very magical. But still nothing happened. Then they got some clean tea-cloths from the dresser drawer in the kitchen and waved them over the magic chalk tracings, and sang the hymn of the Moravian nuns at Bethlehem, which is very impressive. And still nothing happened. So they waved more and more wildly, and Robert's tea-cloth caught the golden egg and rolled it off the mantelpiece, and it fell into the fender and rolled under the grate. "Oh, Kriky!" said more than one voice.

And everyone instantly lay down on its front to look under the grate, and there lay the egg glowing in a nest of hot ashes.

"It's not smashed, anyhow," said Robert,

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and he put his hand under the grate and picked up the egg. But the egg was much hotter than anyone would have believed it could possibly get in such a short time, and Robert had to drop it with a cry of "Bother!" It fell on the top bar of the grate and bounced right into the glowing red-hot heart of the fire.

"The tongs!" cried Anthea. But, alas! no one could remember where they were. Everyone had forgotten that the tongs had last been used to fish up the doll's tea-pot from the bottom of the water-butt, where the Lamb had dropped it. So the tongs were resting between the water-butt and the dust-bin—and cook refused to lend the kitchen ones.

"Never mind," said Robert; "we'll get it out with the poker and the shovel."

"Oh, stop!" cried Anthea; "look at it! look! look! look! I do believe something *is* going to happen!"

For the egg was now red-hot, and inside it something was moving. Next moment there was a soft cracking sound: the egg burst in two, and out of it came a flame-coloured bird. It rested a moment among the flames, and as it rested there the four children could see it growing bigger and bigger before their eyes.

Every mouth was agape, every eye a-goggle.

The bird rose in its nest of fire, stretched its wings, and flew out into the room. It flew round and round and round again, and where it passed the air was warm. Then it perched on the fender. The children looked at each other. Then Cyril put out a hand towards the bird. It put its head on one side and looked up at him, as you may have seen a parrot do when it is just going to speak; so that the children were hardly astonished at all when it said:—

"Be careful. I am not nearly cool yet."

They were not astonished, but they were very much interested.

They looked at the bird, and it was certainly worth looking at. Its feathers were like gold. It was about as large as a bantam, only its beak was not at all bantam-shaped.

"I believe I know what it is," said Robert. "I've seen a picture——" He hurried away; a hasty dash and scramble among the papers on father's study-table yielded, as the sum-books say, "the desired result." But when he came back into the room holding out a paper, and crying, "I say, look here!" the others all said "Hush!" and he hushed obediently and instantly, for the bird was speaking.

"Which of you," it was saying "put the egg into the fire?"

"He did," said three voices, and three fingers pointed at Robert.

The bird bowed; at least, it was more like that than anything else.

"I am your grateful debtor," it said, with a high-bred air.

The children were all choking with wonder and curiosity. All except Robert. He held the paper in his hand, and he *knew*. He said so. He said:—

"*I* know who you are."

And he opened and displayed a printed



"THE BIRD ROSE IN ITS NEST OF FIRE."

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paper at the head of which was a little picture of a bird sitting in a nest of flames.

"You are the Phœnix," said Robert. And the bird was quite pleased.

"My fame has lived, then, for two thousand years!" it said. "Allow me to look at my portrait."

It looked at the page which Robert, kneeling down, spread out in the fender, and said:—

"It's not a flattering likeness. And what

"Eagles are of different sizes," said the Phœnix. "It's not at all a good description."

All the children were kneeling on the hearthrug, to be as near the Phœnix as possible.

"You'll boil your brains," it said. "Look out, I'm nearly cool now." And with a whirr of golden wings it fluttered from the fender to the table. It was so nearly cool that there was only a very faint smell of burning when it had settled itself on the table-cloth.



"IT LOOKED AT THE PAGE WHICH ROBERT, KNEELING DOWN, SPREAD OUT IN THE FENDER."

are these characters?" it asked, pointing to the printed part.

"Oh, that's all dullish; it's not much about you, you know," said Cyril, with unconscious politeness, "but you're in lots of books——"

"With portraits?" asked the Phœnix.

"Well—no," said Cyril; "in fact, I don't think I ever saw any portrait of you but that one; but I can read you something about yourself, if you like."

The Phœnix nodded, and Cyril went off and fetched volume ten of the old encyclopædia, and on page two hundred and forty-six he found the following: "Phœnix—in ornithology, a fabulous bird of antiquity."

"Antiquity is quite correct," said the Phœnix, "but fabulous—well, do I look it?"

Everybody shook its head. Cyril went on: "The ancients speak of this bird as single, or the only one of its kind."

"That's right enough," said the Phœnix.

"They describe it as about the size of an eagle."

"It's only a very little scorched," said the Phœnix, apologetically; "it will come out in the wash. Please go on reading."

The children gathered round the table.

"The size of an eagle," Cyril went on, "its head finely crested with a beautiful plumage, its neck covered with feathers of a gold colour, and the rest of its body purple; only the tail white and the eyes sparkling like stars. They say that it lives about five hundred years in the wilderness, and when advanced in age it builds itself a pile of sweet wood and aromatic gums, fires it with the wafting of its wings, and thus burns itself; and that from its ashes arises a worm which in time grows up to be a Phœnix. Hence the Phœnicians gave——"

"Never mind what they gave," said the Phœnix, ruffling its golden feathers. "They never gave much, anyway; they always were a mean lot—gave nothing for nothing. That book ought to be destroyed. It's most inaccurate. The rest of my body was *never*

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purple ; and as for my tail—well, I simply ask you, *is* it white ? "

It turned round and gravely presented its golden tail to the children.

" No, it's not ! " said everybody.

" No—and it never was," said the Phœnix, " and that about the worm is just vulgar insult. The Phœnix has an egg like all respectable birds ; it makes a pile—that part's all right—and it lays its egg and it burns itself, and goes to sleep and wakes up in its egg, and comes out and goes on living again, and so on for ever and ever. I can't tell you how weary I got of it—such a restless existence—no repose."

" But how did your egg get *here ?* " asked Anthea.

" Ah, that's my life-secret," said the Phœnix. " I couldn't tell it to anyone who wasn't really sympathetic. I've always been a misunderstood bird. You can tell that by what they say about the worm. I might tell *you*," it went on, looking at Robert with eyes that were indeed starry. " *You* put me on the fire——"

Robert looked uncomfortable.

" The rest of us made the fire of sweet-scented woods and gums, though," said Cyril.

" And—and it was an accident my putting you on the fire," said Robert, telling the truth with some difficulty, for he did not know how the Phœnix might take it. It took it in the most unexpected manner.

" Your candid avowal," it said, " removes my last scruple. I will tell you my story."

" And you won't vanish, or anything sudden, will you ? " asked Anthea, anxiously.

" Why," it asked, puffing out the golden feathers, " do you wish me to stay here ? "

" Oh, *yes*," said everyone, with unmistakable sincerity.

" Why ? " asked the Phœnix again, looking modestly at the table-cloth.

" Because——" said everyone at once, and then stopped short. Only Jane added, after a pause :—

" You are the most beautiful person we've ever seen."

" You are a sensible child," said the Phœnix, " and I will *not* vanish, or anything sudden. And I will tell you my tale. I had resided, as your book says, for many thousand years in the wilderness, which is a large, quiet place with very little really good society, and I was becoming weary of the monotony of my existence. But I had acquired the habit of laying my egg and burning myself every five hundred years—and you know how difficult it is to break yourself of a habit."

" Yes," said Cyril. " Jane used to bite her nails."

" But I broke myself of it," urged Jane ; " you know I did."

" Not till they put bitter aloes on them," said Cyril.

" I doubt," said the bird, gravely, " whether even bitter aloes (the aloe, by the way, has a bad habit of its own which it might well cure before seeking to cure others. I allude to its lazy practice of flowering but once a century)—I doubt whether even bitter aloes could have cured *me*. But I *was* cured. I awoke one morning from a feverish dream—it was getting near the time for me to lay that tiresome fire and lay that tedious egg upon it—and I saw two people, a man and a woman. They were sitting on a carpet, and, when I accosted them civilly, they narrated to me their life-story, which, as you have not yet heard it, I will now proceed to relate. They were a Prince and Princess, and the story of their parents was one which I am sure you will like to hear. In early youth the mother of the Princess happened to hear the story of a certain enchanter, and in that story I am sure you will be interested. The enchanter——"

" Oh, please don't," said Anthea ; " I can't understand all these beginnings of stories, and you seem to be getting deeper and deeper in them every minute. Do tell us your *own* story. That's what we really want to hear."

" Well," said the Phœnix, seeming on the whole rather flattered, " to cut about seventy long stories short (though *I* had to listen to them all—but, to be sure, in the wilderness there is plenty of time), this Prince and Princess were so fond of each other that they did not want anyone else, and the enchanter—don't be alarmed, I won't go into his history—had given them a magic carpet (you've heard of a magic carpet ?), and they had just sat on it and told it to take them right away from everyone and it had brought them to the wilderness. And as they meant to stay there always they had no further use for the carpet, so they gave it to me. That was indeed the chance of a lifetime ! "

" I don't see what you wanted with a carpet," said Jane, " when you've got those lovely wings."

" They *are* pretty, aren't they ? " said the Phœnix, simpering and spreading them out. " Well, I got the Prince to lay out the carpet and I laid my egg on it. Then I said to the

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carpet: 'Now, my excellent carpet, prove your worth. Take that egg somewhere where it can't be hatched for five thousand years, and where, when that time's up, someone will light a fire of sweet wood and aromatic scents and put the egg in to hatch,' and you see it's all come out exactly as I said. The words were no sooner out of my beak than egg and carpet disappeared. The Royal lovers assisted to arrange my pile and soothed my last moments. I burnt myself up and knew no more till I awoke on yonder altar."

It pointed its claw at the grate.

"But the carpet," said Robert—"the magic carpet that takes you anywhere you wish. What became of that?"

"Oh, *that*," said the Phœnix, carelessly—"I should say that that *is* the carpet. I remember the pattern perfectly."



"'OH, THAT,' SAID THE PHŒNIX, CARELESSLY—'I SHOULD SAY THAT THAT IS THE CARPET.'"

It pointed as it spoke to the floor, where lay the carpet which mother had bought in the Kentish Town Road for twenty-two shillings and ninepence.

At that instant father's latch-key was heard in the door.

"*Oh!*" murmured Cyril, "how we shall catch it for not being in bed!"

"Wish yourself there," said the Phœnix, in a hurried whisper, "and then wish the carpet back in its place."

No sooner said than done. It made one a little giddy, certainly, and a little breathless, but when things seemed right way up again, there the children were, in bed, and the lights were out.

They heard the soft voice of the Phœnix through the darkness.

"I shall sleep on the cornice above your curtains," it said. "Please don't mention me to your kinsfolk."

"Not much good," said Robert; "they'd never believe us. I say," he called through the half-open door to the girls. "Talk about adventures and things happening. We ought to be able to get some fun out of a magic carpet *and* a Phœnix."

"Rather," said the girls in bed.

"Children," said father on the stairs, "go to sleep at once. What do you mean by talking at this time of night?"

No answer was expected to this question; but under the bedclothes Cyril murmured one.

"Mean!" he said. "Don't know what we mean! I don't know what *anything* means."

"But we've got a magic carpet *and* a Phœnix," said Robert.

"You'll get something else if father comes in and catches you," said Cyril. "Shut up, I tell you."

Robert shut up; but he knew as well as you do that the adventures of that carpet and that Phœnix were only just beginning.

Father and mother had not the least idea of what had happened in their absence. This is often the case even when there are no magic carpets or Phœnixes in the house.

The next morning—— But I am sure you would rather wait another month before you hear about *that*.

(To be continued.)

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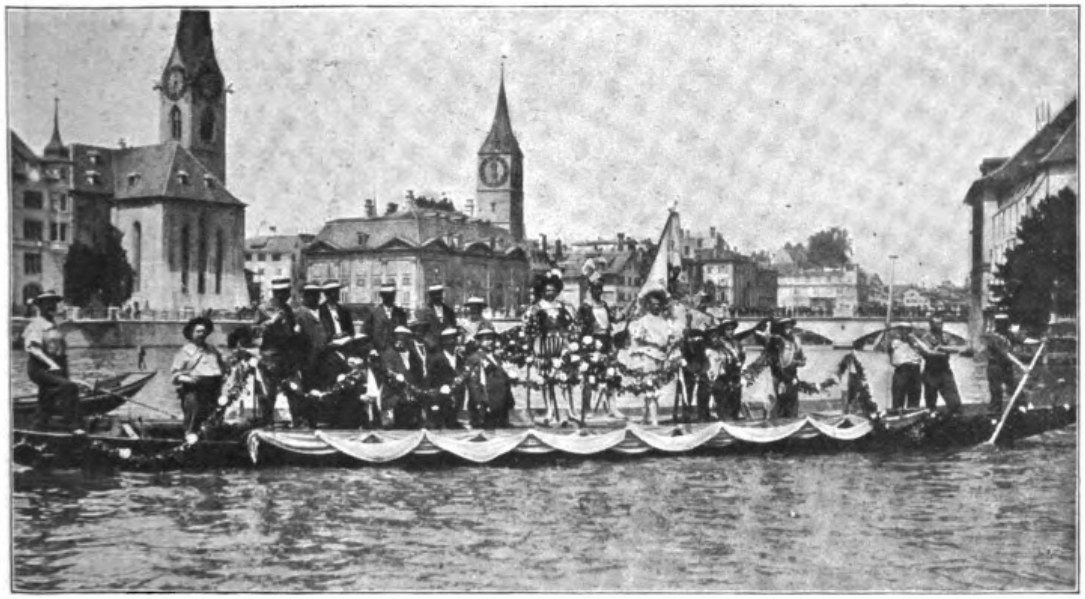
A Friendly Pot of Porridge.

By Martin Pierce.

THIS is the brief story of an old-time courtship in which the pledge of affection was not a ring, but a pot of steaming porridge. It takes us back some four hundred years, when there were neither telegraphs nor trains, when news and people travelled slowly and vows of friendship and fealty were simply kept. The Chloe and Strephon of this picturesque courtship were two Continental cities, and the metal pot in which the porridge was carried is still to be seen in Strasburg.

That city, so the story tells us, was, in the year 1456, sorely in need of help. It was rescued from its troubles by a stalwart band of Zürich men who performed the trip down the Rhine in a boat in the short space of eighteen hours, and reached the troubled city in the nick of time. It was an almost historic episode, for it placed on record the genuine affection between the two cities. Further than that we know but little. The friendship may have existed for centuries before. It was also an interesting event in its display of physical endurance, for the distance from Zürich to Strasburg on the map in a straight line is nearly one hundred miles. In the times of which we write it was reckoned a three days' journey by boat and a four days' ride.

A century later, in 1576, it occurred to the descendants of these Zürich men to commemorate the feat of their fathers and once more show to their brothers in Strasburg that they, at least, could be depended upon to bring succour in a day. The occasion has since been widely celebrated in Swiss and German annals and in the poetry of the time. It has been duplicated many times since, and each of the eventful journeys from Zürich to Strasburg has helped to strengthen this strange bond. If, in these days of railways, the significance of the old ceremony has disappeared, it is still picturesque and affords abundant enjoyment to everyone.

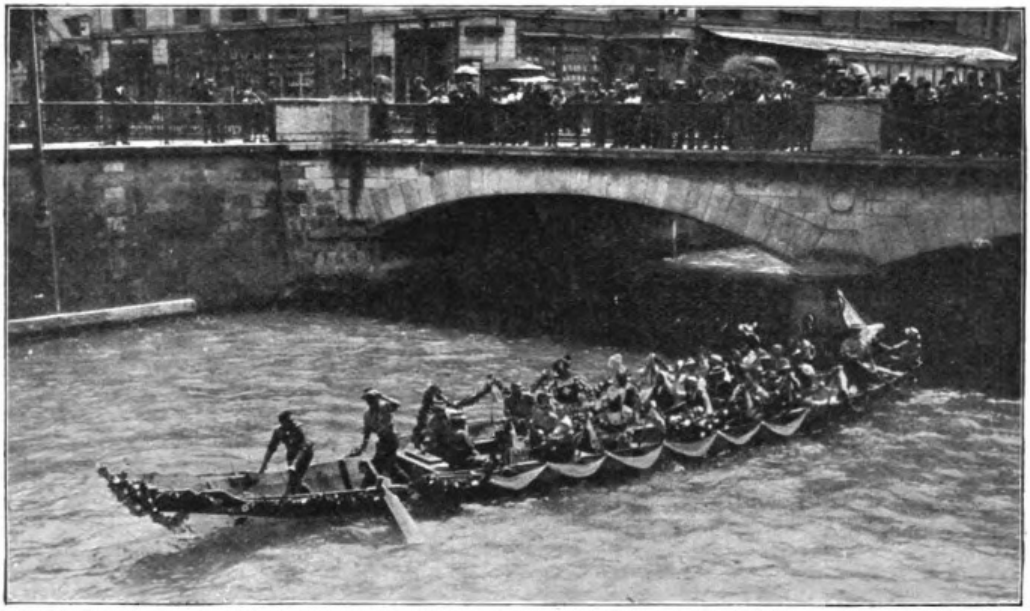


From a Photo. by] THE DEPARTURE OF THE BOAT FROM ZÜRICH. *[Ph. & E. Link, Zürich.*

The porridge-pot which the Zürichois carried with them in 1576 was full of steaming millet, cooked at the beginning of the trip, kept warm on the way, and placed in the evening on the table of the burgomaster in Strasburg as a symbol of the speed with which Zürich could do the trip—that they could, in short, cover the distance before the pot got cold. The millet was the national food of the Swiss people, and the dinner at which the Strasburgers partook of it was a love-feast of no small import.

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The month of June was chosen for the journey. Strasburg, at that time, was disporting itself with a shooting festival, a lottery, and a grand fair, such as has been held on the Continent from time immemorial. The festivities were planned to extend over two months, and the people entered into their enjoyment with special zest, since peace and concord reigned in Strasburg. It was the anniversary of the Battle of Morat, and



From a Photo. by] THE BOAT PASSING UNDER THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT ZÜRICH. *[Ph. & E. Link, Zürich.*

the city was crowded in honour of the occasion. A special interest centred in the archery contests, and the prizes to be won loomed large in the eyes of Zürich when the news came of Strasburg's festival.

We have nothing to do with the names of the hardy men who made the trip, although they exist in the chronicles of the time and are engraved to-day on monuments. Neither shall we go too deeply into the details of the voyage. History says that the boat was equipped with more eatables than porridge, that good wine and roast chicken were there, and that relays of stalwart boatmen were stationed at three places on the way. The steaming porridge-pot was in the centre of the boat, and seventeen strong men, dressed in the gorgeous-coloured costume of the time, were at the oars.

The boat left in the small hours of the morning under a sky which, the historians tell us, "sparkled with stars" and amidst the acclamations of the multitude. The banks of the Limmat were crowded with an enthusiastic mob. By sunrise the Rhine had received the hardy voyagers, and at ten o'clock they passed under the bridge at Bâle, welcomed by the cheers of the inhabitants. It was a triumphal voyage throughout, and they were greeted with salvoes of artillery along the way. Still they moved onward with the rapid Rhine, harassed by the heat of the sun and physical fatigue, but heartened by the sight of the distant spire of Strasburg, which came into view during the afternoon. At seven o'clock they bade good-bye to the Rhine and entered the Ill. An hour later they had been received with open arms by Strasburg, and the porridge was on the burgomaster's table.

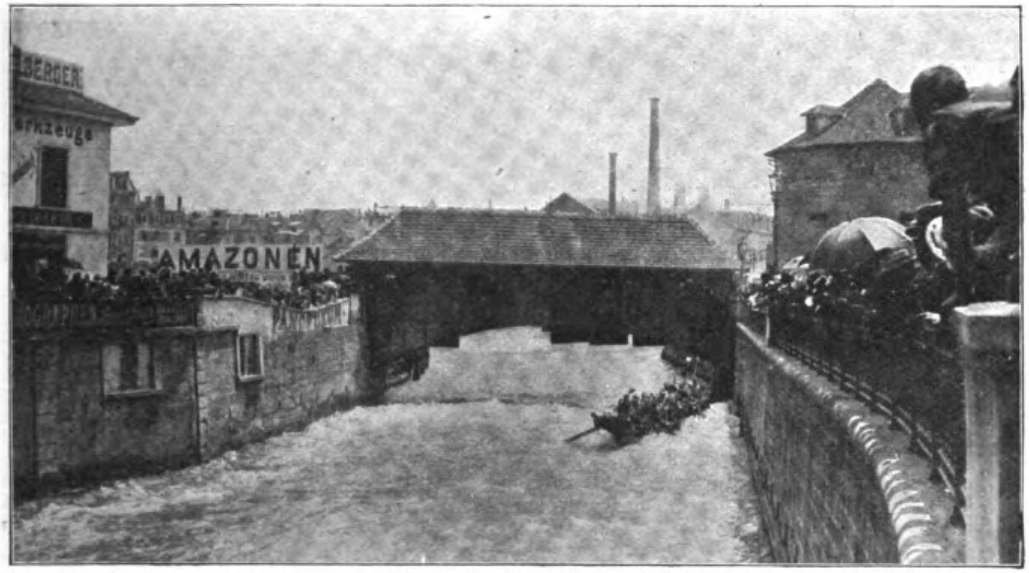
The Strasburgers had been informed of the Zürich plan, but were sceptical regarding its completion within the day. When, therefore, the Zürich men had shown how true they could be to their promise, the people on the quays went wild with joy. When they were complimented by one of the city officials on their daring enterprise and speed in bringing a pot of cooked millet from Zürich to Strasburg in seventeen hours, the reply was made that they merely wished again to show how prompt they could be in an emergency. The words gave great pleasure, and the day ended in a grand banquet, at which the millet was the dish of honour. It was, however, but the preliminary ceremony in four full days of festival, during which the visitors were shown every honour and taken to the cathedral to see the clock. Banquet followed banquet and procession followed procession. The voyagers had brought with them three trumpeters, two drummers, and a fife, and

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these helped to swell the noise. It was, in short, the most memorable occasion on which the people of the two neighbouring countries had ever been brought together, and, to go farther into the details which the historians have given us, the porridge was so hot that the burgomaster had to blow it.

That, however, was over three hundred years ago, and times have changed. Were Strasburg to be in trouble to-day the Zürichois would find some quicker means of reaching the Alsatian city. Under these circumstances it would not be surprising to hear that the pretty custom thus established so long ago had, by this time, lapsed into desuetude. But customs so bred do not rapidly die out, and, strange as it may seem, the Zürich people still occasionally show their regard for Strasburg. The porridge-pot is, it is true, in a museum, and they can no longer use this famous utensil, but they certainly try to make the trip down the Aar and Rhine. They venture, usually in July, upon a voyage made doubly dangerous by the rapids near Rheinfelden, and, lacking the experience of their forefathers, are sometimes upset in the raging current, to be laughed at by both cities in their misfortune. Usually undertaken during some festival in which both cities are interested, the voyage is once in a while completed successfully, and is then made the occasion for a great display of friendly feelings. The trip made in 1901, of which the departure from Zürich is illustrated in these pages, was specially successful, and the arrival of the voyagers in the *Waidling* —as the boat was called—was hailed with real German delight. As nearly as possible, both boat, costumes, and properties are reproductions of those used in the olden times.

Needless to say the departure of the *Glückhafte Schiff*, which is the name given by German writers—and especially by Fischart, the old Strasburg poet—to the boat which first made this momentous voyage, is watched for with the keenest interest by the people of Zürich. At whatever time of the day it may be announced to start, there are sure to be thousands lining the quays and bridges along and across the Limmat, and as the voyagers pass under these bridges their approach is cheered and their departure is made the occasion of a hearty farewell. It is no easy work, as anyone who has been in Zürich knows, to direct such a boat as this in the rapid current flowing through the city, and if the *Hirsebreifahrt* comes to grief in the early moments of its departure it is due to lack of skill in the horny-handed sons of toil who to-day represent the gallant voyagers of old. The long German word just used is that by which the journey is sometimes known and may be roughly translated, "the millet-pap trip."



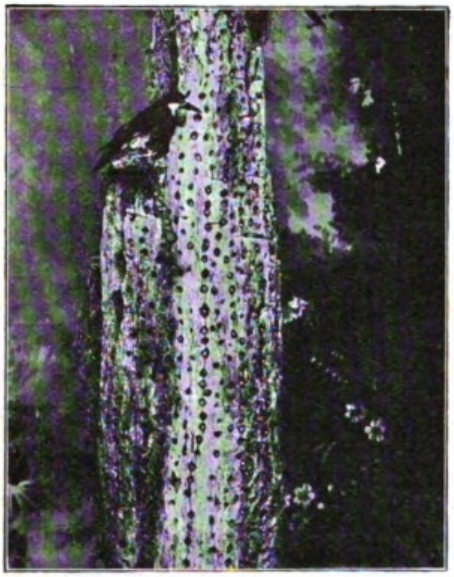
From a Photo. by] THE BOAT PASSING THE "UNTER-MÜHLESTEG" AT ZÜRICH. *[Ph. & E. Link, Zürich.*

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Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



A BIRDS' STORE-HOUSE.

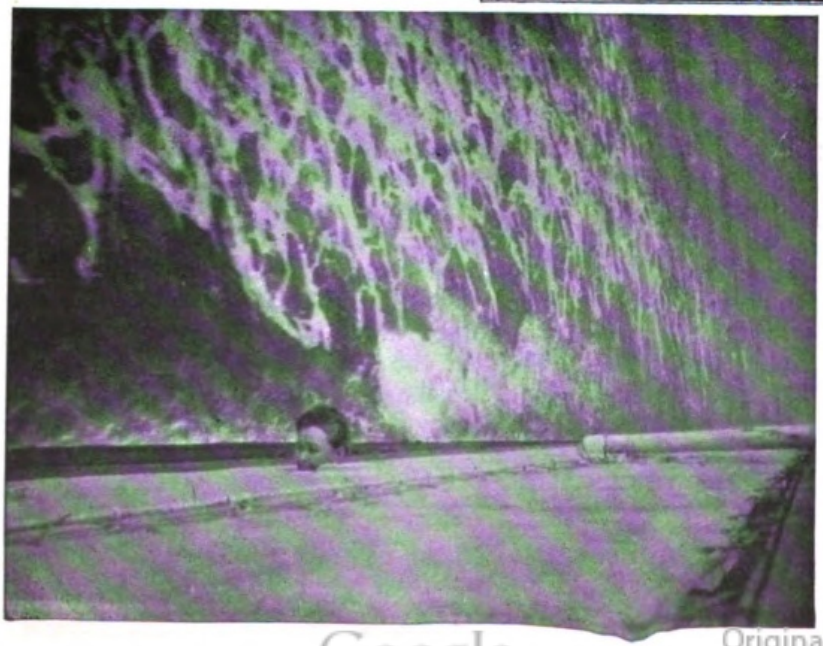
"This tree-trunk might be called a 'birds' store-room,' for the holes with which it is honeycombed have been made by woodpeckers to stow away acorns, which form one of their principal foods. The tree, which was located in a yard in Santa Barbara, Cal., was actually killed by the holes made by these birds. Near the tree is a porch. The owner recently noticed that the woodpeckers seemed to be very busy upon the edge of the roof, and upon making careful investigation found that a part of the cornice had actually been loosened by their bills. Upon pulling it off a perfect shower of acorns fell to the porch, and many more were found beneath where the cornice had lain, deposited there by the birds, for it also had been turned into a store-house."—Mr. D. Allan Willey, Baltimore.

"WELL-MEANT MISSILES."

"I send you a photo. which I think is unique. It represents a couple leaving church after marriage. The bridegroom is Mr. Fred. Holmes, a local cricketer. The splashes are not whitewash, but rice, my shutter not being quick enough.



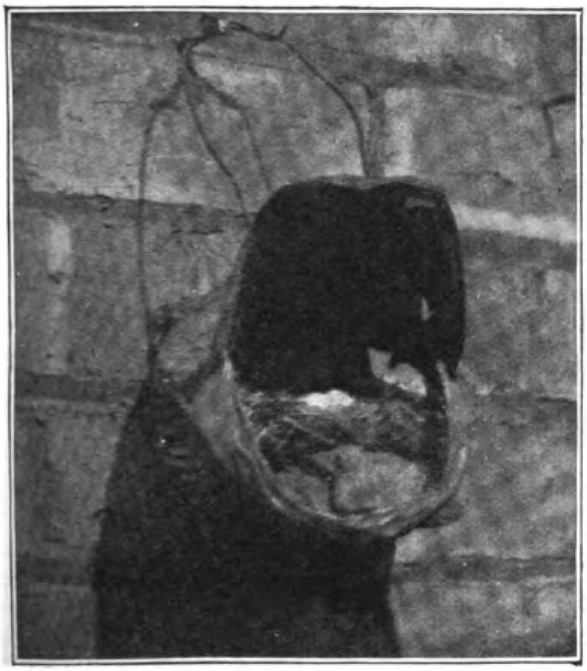
The young cricketer is protecting his wife's face from the well-meant missiles."—Mr. E. W. Ballantine, *Mercury* Office, Durban, Natal.



WHERE WAS THIS TAKEN FROM?

A reader who wishes to solve this puzzle must turn the photograph half-round, so that the right becomes the top, and then read the following: "While travelling in Italy my mother and I took the steamer *Ravenna* from Genoa to Naples. I was on the deck one day, with Kodak in hand, when I saw a lady's head come out of one of the port-holes. I called to her, she looked up, and I obtained this photo."—Mr. Leonard Woodford, c.o. Crédit Lyonnais, 19, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

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A BIRD'S NEST IN THE MOUTH OF A FISH.

"Herewith a photo. of a large pike's head which has been hanging outside my house for some time. A fly-catcher built its nest inside the pike's mouth and laid four eggs, which would doubtless have been hatched had not a cat killed the mother bird." —Mr. W. F. Dew, "Rookwood," Clyro, Hay, Hereford.



A GIANT FUNGUS.

"I send you a pretty photograph of two ladies sitting on or rather in the curious growth of a tree. This gigantic fungus is about seven feet from the ground, and the ladies can be seen holding a flying squirrel between them."—Miss Violet Alford, "Coombia," Yecrongpilly, S. Brisbane, Queensland.

AN AUTOGRAPH INSIDE A TREE.

"The tree from which these pieces were taken was recently cut down and broken up for firewood, when at six and a half inches below the bark the carving was found in the solid timber. About fifty or a hundred years ago the letters and other figures



were cut in the bark, with the usual result in the death of a thin layer of the exposed wood, which became surrounded by brown colouring matter. In time the bark grew over this, and finally covered it with fresh wood." — Prof. Stewart, of the Royal College of Surgeons, has been good enough to supply us with this interesting photograph.

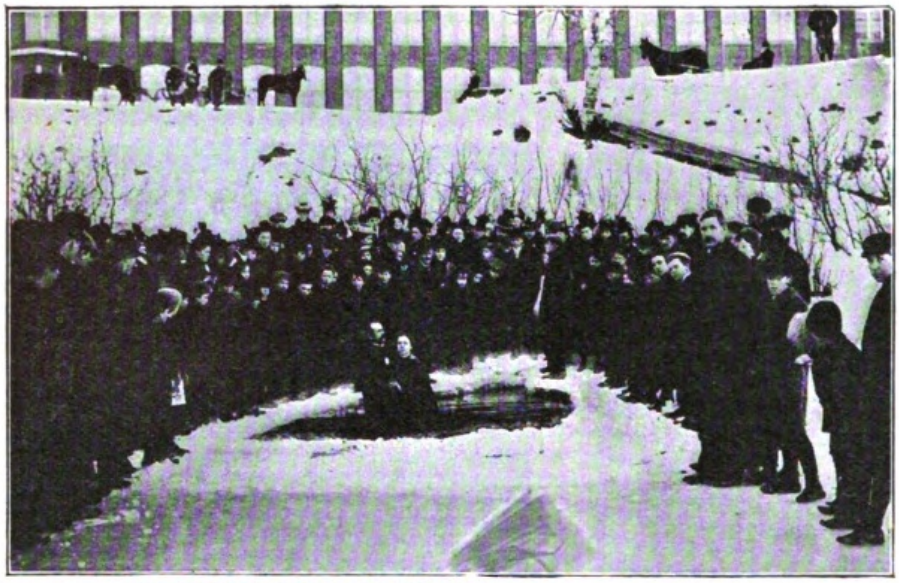
HORSESHOES!

"This photo. represents a remount officer on a sixteen-hands charger alongside a stack of worn-out horseshoes at the Remount Depôt, Port Elizabeth. This formidable pile of only a few months' accumu-



lation will give your readers a good idea of the work done by the farriers during the late war."—Lieut. H. S. Windham, Bembridge, Isle of Wight.

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BAPTIZING EXTRAORDINARY.

"My photo. is that of a baptism. In small towns, where the churches are not fitted with a baptistery, these scenes are not uncommon in the summer, and in winter, as the photo. shows, a hole some eight feet across is cut through the ice, which is twenty inches thick. The minister and the candidate enter the water, and after the congregation sing a hymn the candidate is immersed, and another takes his or her place. The event illustrated here occurred on New Year's Day, 1901, in the Nashwaak River, the thermometer registering 5deg. below zero, and, strange to say, none of the participants were inconvenienced by their cold dip." — A Distant Reader.

BALANCING FEAT ON A MOVING MOTOR.

"A curious test of the steadiness of an automobile was recently made at Detroit, Michigan. An expert tight-rope walker took his position upon a wire stretched upon a framework supported by a runabout of what is known as the Oldsmobile pattern. The runabout was then forced up a steep grade, but the motion of the engine was so steady that the gymnast was able to keep his position by merely balancing the pole in his hands. With the same vehicle he gave another exhibition — balancing himself upon a bar fastened to a framework erected upon it. Then the chauffeur started the auto at varying speeds, but throughout the trip the gymnast maintained his position on the bar. The feat of standing on the bar while the automobile was ascending the incline was considered very remarkable owing to the steepness of the grade."—Mr. D. Allan Willey, Baltimore.





HANGING OUT TO DRY.

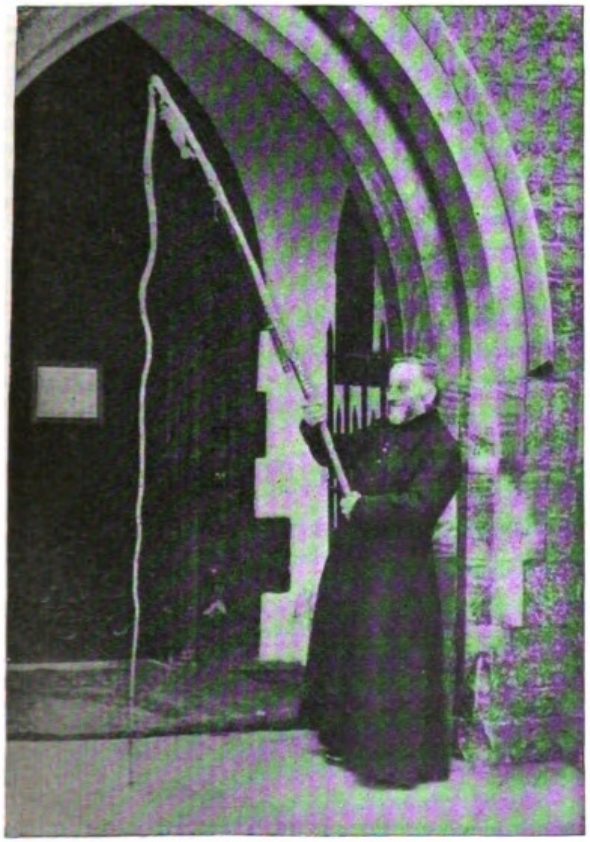
"This is a snap-shot of myself in a rather novel position. According to the picture I appear to be pegged on the clothes-line to dry, but, as a matter of fact, I am standing on the ground. The photograph was taken on the spur of the moment, and as soon as I saw the result I thought it would probably be of interest to readers of THE STRAND." — Mr. Laurie Cholerton, Sandgate Villa, Sydney Street, Boston, Lincs.

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OUR ADDRESS IN SILVER WIRE.

Master H. Taylor, of 209, Broad Street, Pendleton, has sent us a curiously addressed letter. Instead of writing our address in the ordinary way with pen and ink, he has very ingeniously formed the lettering out of silver wire. The envelope reached these offices quite safely, and, as will be seen from the photograph reproduced here, the work does Master Taylor great credit.



THE CAISTOR GAD-WHIP.

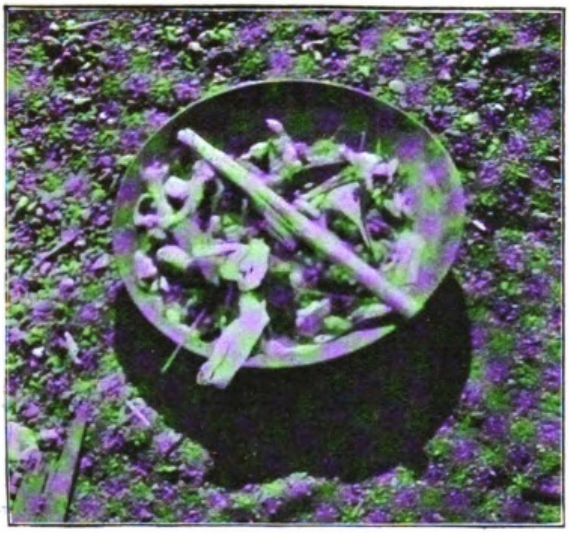
"The most noteworthy of all the remarkable manorial customs of our forefathers was the ceremony which took place at the parish church of Caistor, in Lincolnshire, every Palm Sunday. From time immemorial down to the year 1846, when the estates concerned were sold, the proprietor of the Broughton estate sent an agent to the north porch with a formidable gad-whip, which was cracked in the porch in a peculiar way during the reading of the First Lesson at morning service. During the Second Lesson the whip—the stock of which was bound round with four strips of wych-elm, and fastened to it was also a purse of leather containing thirty pieces of silver—was carried up to the prayer desk, waved thrice, and held over the head of the officiating clergyman until the Lesson was finished, when he deposited it in the pew of the lord of the manor of Hundon. A photo. of a genuine Caistor gad-whip is a curiosity, as only two whips are in existence, for both of which long prices have been offered by antiquaries. Photo. by W. H. Wood, Caistor."—Miss C. Mason, 32, Bridge Street, Louth.

A BALLOONIST AT BREAKFAST.

The curious photograph which is here reproduced shows the well-known inventor of flying-machines, M. Santos Dumont, perched upon what looks like an abnormally lofty office-stool, accompanied by a friend in a similar position. The reason for this peculiarity lies in the fact that M. Santos Dumont is so accustomed to the sensation of being elevated above the earth that he feels more at home when he is so, even at meal-times.

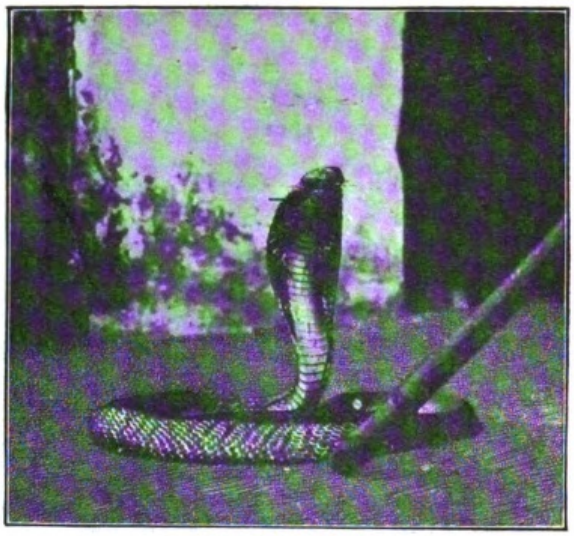


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"TRADE RATS."

"At the Silver Queen Mine, Providence Township, San Bernardino County, California, the pan shown in this photograph, containing some flour paste, was left on a chair in the assay office overnight. The next morning none of the paste was left, but the articles shown in the pan were all there. This was done by 'trade rats.' Whenever they steal anything they invariably put some article in its place. When one considers that the pan was on a chair it seems even more remarkable. Among the various articles there are a long stick, a piece of rope, several pieces of wire, and an unbroken glass funnel. The funnel was taken off the assayer's bench and carried across the floor. How the rats got it up into the chair is a mystery. Bits of plaster, nails, paper, and scraps of an old broken iron stove complete the list."—Mr. Arthur E. Corbin, Hotel Bartram, Philadelphia.



THE BITER BIT.

"I send you a unique photo. of a cobra, which I took a few days ago at Bareilly. A friend of mine had been having his fowls killed at night, but did not succeed in catching the thief, though he spent many a weary and silent hour watching for the approach or departure of the marauder. Finally he discovered, however, that these depredations were caused by a snake getting into the fowl-house, so he got a fish-hook and line, baited it with a live frog, and tied it up in the fowl-house in the evening; next morning he was glad to find the cobra was fairly caught, having swallowed the frog. I took the above photo. just before the cobra was killed. The photo. gives a good view of the hood, and the snake in position for striking. He measured about three feet six inches in length."—Mr. S. G. Elton, 32I, Dalhousie Square, Calcutta.

£1,000 IN PRIZES!

THE Proprietors of *Tit-Bits* offer ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the following conditions: **Competitors are to send in a list of what they consider the best Twelve Advertisements which will appear in THE STRAND MAGAZINE during the six months—March to August inclusive.**

FIRST PRIZE, £500. | SECOND PRIZE, £250. | THIRD PRIZE, £100.

FIFTEEN PRIZES OF £10 EACH.

The order of merit will be decided by the votes of the competitors themselves.

That is to say, the Advertisement which receives the most votes will be placed at the top of the list, that which receives the second greatest number of votes will be second, and so on, till the complete list of twelve is made according to the public vote. The competitor whose list most nearly corresponds with the list as shown by the public vote will win the First Prize of £500. The other prizes will be awarded on the same principle.

Each list must be accompanied by 26 numbered coupons, one from each copy of *Tit-Bits* which appears during the six months. The first coupon appeared in *Tit-Bits* dated March 7. Back numbers of *Tit-Bits* and of THE STRAND MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office.

The actual advertisements selected from THE STRAND MAGAZINE must be cut out and sent in with each competing list, and numbered in accordance with the position on the list.

Lists may be sent on sheets of paper *written on one side only*.

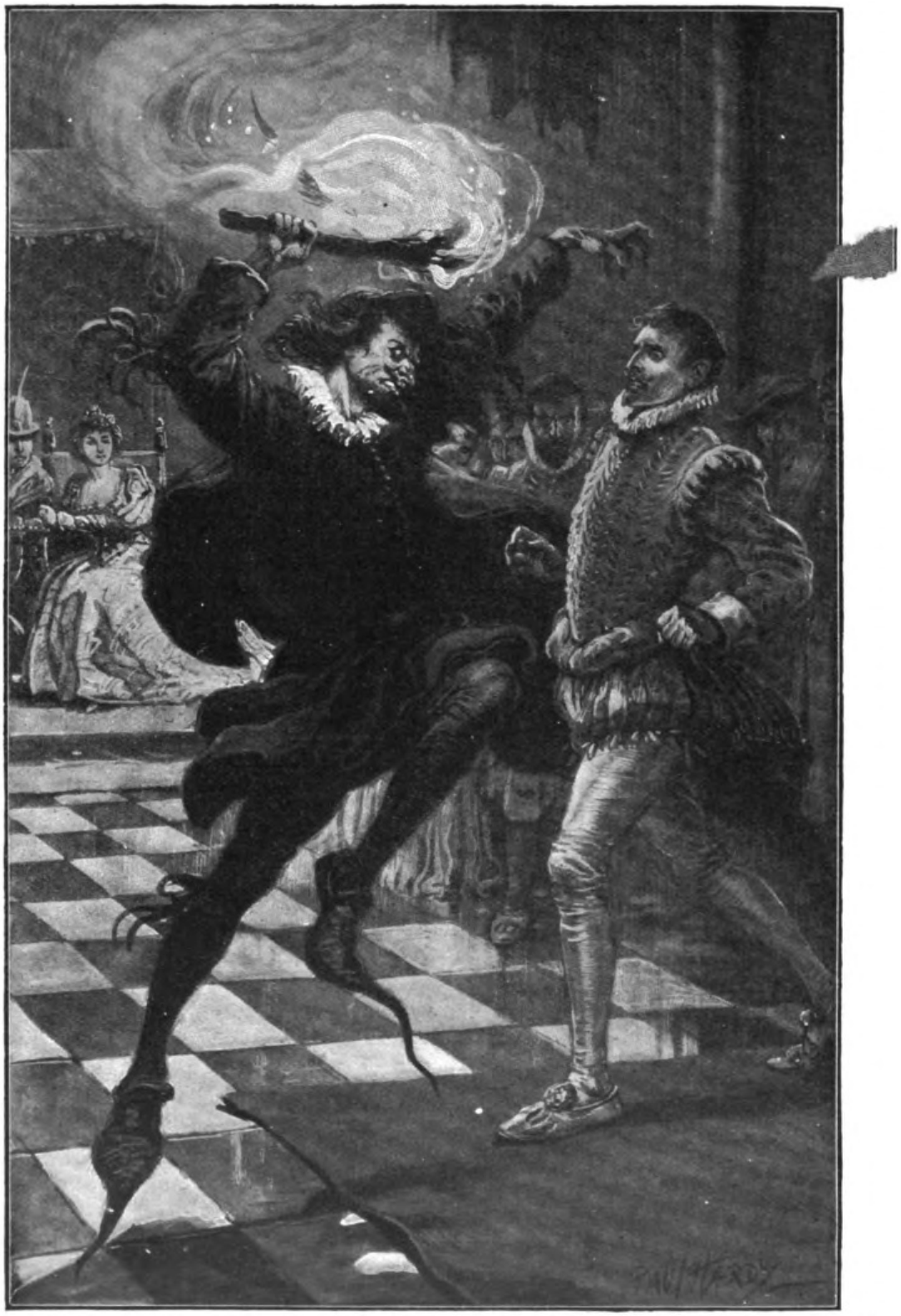
It will be asked: How are competitors to make their selections? Is it from an artistic or commercial, or some other point of view, that the Advertisements are to be judged?

In reply, we say that the competitor should choose what he thinks are the most attractive Advertisements, likely to make the reader purchase the article which is advertised.

We need hardly point out to our readers that this competition does not require any high order of intellectual ability, such as is demanded for the solution of puzzles, but is open to anyone possessing judgment and common sense. To our advertisers it will be equally obvious that such a competition provides them with unique advantages, seeing that every Advertisement appearing during six months will not only be glanced at, but attentively studied by vast numbers of the public who might otherwise never have looked at them at all.

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"'DANCE!' SHOUTED SAMSON, WHIRLING THE TORCH ABOUT DANGEROUSLY."

(*See page* 130.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvi. AUGUST, 1903. No. 152.

Samson Makes Sport.

By Maud Stepney Rawson.

Author of "A Lady of the Regency," etc.

I.

WHEN first the new Duke-Marshal rode into the principal town of his mountainous estate, and across the drawbridge into his castle on the lake, people saw that he was not a man to be easily foiled. This does not pay any special compliment to their penetration, for a man who, in the centre of several hostile princedoms, deliberately does away with his elder brother, and then coolly proposes for the hand of his brother's affianced bride, is not a fellow who errs on the side of indecision.

But there were sundry little awkward matters to be settled first, and as a formal protest had come from Rome, backed by threats, the Duke felt that propitiation was needful. Nothing seemed more advisable than to sacrifice some person or persons in the hope of securing not only a dispensation for the fratricide, but a blessing on his marriage with the gay little Austrian princess whose *dot* was so highly essential to the keeping up of the Duke-Marshal's troops for the protection of his borders. It was singularly fortunate that a recrudescence of witch-finding signalized the beginning of the year of his accession; the fact made a show of excessive zeal so easy at the expense of others. And to the Duke's emissaries, eager to be in his good graces, who more acceptable as a scapegoat than the acrobat and dancer, "Professor Samson"—Jean Marie (ex-Henry) Samson—the cordwainer's son, who had returned impoverished from the playhouses and taverns of great cities to repair his fortune in his native canton by his extraordinary somersaults and dances at the great fairs? Poor Samson! He had proved himself such an easy prey.

Why, the very appearance of the man assisted his pursuers. Over six foot, with an aquiline nose broken by a fall in his boyhood, pale from the life of taverns and from too much sour wine and too little good food, with long, moist, dark hair which hung in ringlets like wire and tossed like snakes when he grew excited, Jean Marie was a fantastical figure enough. His black eyes—deep, melancholy, piercing—were noticeable for a strong squint. People said that both broken bridge and cross eye were the work of the same claw, the devil having sat astride of his nose as a baby and pricked one of his eyes before the child's mother could make the holy sign. Moreover, his double joints and strange lissomness were all attributed to the same source. Even as a boy he could crack his joints like no one else, and it was simply because he had horrid, supernatural fluid in his veins and not good ordinary blood like other boys. They were all jealous of his feats, his agility, his wild ways, which no one seemed able to curb. They looked upon him as a castaway, and yet they were all envious of the lad when he shook off the dust of his heels against his hamlet and went capering down to the Valley of the Great River, saying that he had a mind to travel and come back rich. He was last seen on the peak of a black rock, illumined by lightning.

In a few years he came back. Baggage he had none, save a case containing a fiddle and a theatrical suit, the only one he had not pawned. It was summer-time, and there were many fairs and festivals at which he found himself the great attraction. His reputation for magic did not strike him at first as a marketable quality, but presently his practised instinct seized upon it. The gossips had often asked him if the devil had really taught him how to balance on a wire, and he had laughed "Of course." And as to his dancing, no human being, they said, who wasn't under evil influence ever could execute such leaps. Why should Jean Marie divulge to these poor ignoramuses the exist-

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ence of the beautiful steel springs which were concealed in his devilish-looking black shoes with their needle points?

Long before the festival of the Nativity of Our Lady Jean Marie was brought before a municipal council, commended for trial, and relegated to the Marshal's citadel till his Grace, who was then in Vienna marrying his wife, should have returned to hold his first court of justice. Witnesses had been legion. "With regard to the crackling of his bones," said one, "I myself know that blue sparks of fire flash from each of his joints. As to his having two joints in each case, instead of a single one, that is simply that his master has provided him with an extra set, for fear the others should break in his unholy twistings and contortions and prancings."

"The blue devil's-fire is certainly in him," asserted another, "for it runs along his hair when he combs it. I climbed to the window one night to see. Each hair stood out stiff and the flames ran along it." The abbé said nothing; there was no need. The facts against Jean Marie were so numerous, so well marshalled. It was settled that he would suffer death in the ordinary way—not at the stake. The Duke was not quite sure of the spirit of the town mob yet; his ducal authority was still very young. And since shooting was only for military prisoners, hanging would do for the "professor," as it had done for other miscreants of the miscellaneous class.



"HE WAS LAST SEEN ON THE PEAK OF A BLACK ROCK."

II.

THE turnkey threw the door of the cell open with a magnificent gesture.

"Be pleased to enter, professor," he said, very obsequiously.

And Samson, otherwise known in his canton as Jean Marie (ex-Henry), son of a cordwainer, shambled in between a lane of guards, who saluted the prisoner with broad grins. He saw it all and heard it all—the nudgings, the chuckles, the mock salute, the ribald refrain of the song the gaoler's daughter flung at him from her window as he passed through the courtyard. His limbs were full of shooting pains, his stomach was empty, his brain vacant. Long ago—was it four weeks, four months, or four years?—he saw perfectly well that the Duke-Marshal and his abbé intended his death, and he could not imagine why he had been kept so long waiting. It was not the way to treat an artist, a gentleman, a professor of the superb art of the dance! When they thundered out the sentence at him in the Hall of the Marshals just now he felt an irresistible desire to laugh. He knew that a faint, sickly smile had parted his lips, and then the blessed consolatory stupor had come upon him. But now the thing was settled, the moment fixed, the stupor lifted. They had removed him to the cell in which the condemned spent their last night, and which the coarse turnkey had dubbed the "Bride's Chamber." For in it he and death were to be made one. In a cupboard under lock and key was the swinging gibbet, a great arm of black oak fastened to the masonry of the immensely thick wall. When it stood out like a huge crane from the wall it was nicely adjusted so that the body of the victim, when cut down, could slide

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gently, and without giving anyone the slightest trouble, through the round window in the lower part of the opposite wall straight into the depth and silence of the lake which the fortress overhung. But at all this grimness it was not etiquette to hint till the proper moment. Indeed, the innocent air of the room as a whole was almost a reproach, crying "Shame!" on such ungrateful, evil imaginings. A great fire blazed on the hearth, lest the autumn chill should make the prisoner's teeth chatter before the time—a fire of sweet chestnut wood and of fir-cones. Blue and resinous flames showed that the two chairs were covered with velvet and adorned with fringe, the oak table laid with heavy silver, the large oriel window richly curtained, and the bed, with its silk canopy of green, fair and virginal, the very epitome of discreet and perfect repose.

Samson knew that he shambled, but he shambled with dignity. He turned on the threshold to wave his hat gallantly to the ribald damsel in the courtyard, and lightly kissed the tips of his wasted fingers to her. He said "Good evening, my bucks," with the patronage of the Duke-Marshal himself to the sniggering guards, and, oh! most exquisite of malicious satisfactions, he pressed into the hand of the captain of the troop, a young and insolent German-Swiss, a piece of Italian gold which had been dropped into the acrobat's pouch at a fair in Lugano, and which in the Canton Vaud they would not honour as good gold. It was delicious to hear the smothered laughter of the guards turned against their officer and to see his impotent white fury as the door closed and the "professor" passed in to his chamber. The turnkey locked the door carefully behind the "guest of honour," as they called a prisoner on his last night of earthly existence. For such a guest is never so precious as at the last moment.

Samson walked forward to the centre of the room and threw a haughty look about him. "Make up the fire," he commanded, and threw himself into the more imposing of the two chairs.

The turnkey, with a grin and a bow as before, hastened to obey.

"There is wood enough for *two* nights at least, professor," he said, slily, with a pretence at immense bustle.

But Samson did not even wince at the cruel innuendo. He merely growled, "Be quick, you clumsy old stoat. Fetch me my supper."

"What will the professor take?" cringed the gaoler.

According to etiquette, the condemned might on this fateful eve partake of any dishes he chose from the table of the Duke-Marshal himself.



"'WHAT WILL THE PROFESSOR TAKE?' CRINGED THE GAOLER."

"Have you a list of the supper dishes?" said the acrobat.

His power of imagining himself a grand seigneur, his splendid theatricality, was to him what love and comradeship in such a dark hour are to other men. It was his dear consolatrix, his good angel, who drew a veil over horror and actuality, and shed a glow of romance and pathos and distinction upon the black and awful way he must tread.

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"I saw stuffed perch garnished with crayfish in the kitchen just now," said the turnkey, licking his lips.

"The cellar of his Grace is good?"

"The best in the province, professor."

"I will have some Falernian with my dinner. I will drink it properly, my friend; not one glass of the liquor to twenty of water, like Horace. I am not a poet and I don't want my fancies diluted. Falernian first and the baked fish and meats after. And tell my friend the captain I hope he'll go and buy a good supper with my present. He looks thin, and he is young and ought to make more muscle."

In the Hall of the Knights, where the Duke-Marshal dined, all these remarks were repeated before a convulsed company. The turnkey had told the cook, and the cook had told the servers, and they had told the chief huntsman below the salt as they handed round the briskets and sallets. And the Duke-Marshal, seeing the grin go round, had asked for enlightenment. His new Duchess, the little Viennese, with whom he was terribly in love, was hugely entertained, and especially by the professor's message to the captain of the guard, for she, too, had taken a dislike to him at first sight. She carved great pieces off the boar's head for Samson with her own hands, and sent him her own goblet filled with the deep brown wine he desired, with a message to say she had first sipped from it herself. Then she made the turnkey repeat his story again, and when he came to the allusion to the captain's weedy figure she laughed till she wiped her eyes. "Must the man really die?" she said. "It *is* a pity. He seems so amusing."

"If your Grace feeds him so royally I think you have a right to get your fill of amusement out of him," said the captain, hot, but with superb composure. He was longing to bait the acrobat for the last time and have his revenge.

"It is true we are entertaining him very well, but he is scarcely in a position to repay us by comedy," said the Duke.

"By no means," returned the captain. "His heart is light, for he knows the worst; his waistcoat is full, for he has eaten a meal fit for a prince; his toes must be as warm as toast, his set of spare joints supple"—a roar of laughter greeted this little shaft; "a machine so well oiled can do as good work as ever. It is only natural that your Grace should invite him to dance after supper."

"He'll be very much out of practice," said the turnkey, grinning. "It is only a fortnight since we had him in the Red Room and screwed the devil out of his bones."

"Ugh!" shuddered the bride, "how horrible! Why did you let them?"—she turned to her husband—"if they were going to hang him they might have spared him the torture. Of course, he is a wicked heretic and a wizard, but——" she hid her face with her hands. The Duke threw his arm about her. His breath caressed her red-gold braids wreathed with pearls as he bent to her.

"Would you like to see him dance, my dearest?" he murmured, soothingly. "Would it divert you?"

"I *said* I should like it," she responded, still in a pet, but threw her head back ever so slightly, so that his lips brushed the tip of her ear.

"Where shall it be?" he asked, his fingers playing with hers under the table; "in your apartments or in the Hall of the Marshals?"

"Not in mine," she said, with a little shiver and giggle. "I couldn't bear to think of the devil's servant having been there."

"It shall be in the hall, then," he said.

III.

"You need not wait," said Samson, loftily, to the turnkey, who bustled about him with the silver dishes. "I prefer to eat alone, unless I have someone with whom I can converse with dignity, old stoat. But in half an hour you can return. I wish to make my toilet."

The fire glowed and warmed the unhappy Jean Marie. He dallied with the food, but the Falernian made him feel like a god. The racking pains grew less. He stretched himself and lay back in luxury. Then his haughty glance fell upon his tattered prison dress. The turnkey at his request had laid his old velvet dancing-suit out on the bed. The shoes? To his relief and joy they were there in the pocket of his velvet cloak, the shoes with the springs—though how it came that they had not been stolen and the suit also by the guards was a miracle. Then he remembered that the sergeant had said that his belongings had been dipped in brimstone and would only bring ill-luck to the person who took them or the place in which they were hidden, and so he had been suffered to keep them.

He would put the costume on for the last time—the black tights, the tunic, the ruff, the long cloak with its silver embroidery, the cap with its wicked red feather, the pointed shoes. He struggled into them painfully. The torture in the Red Room had strained

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and stiffened his thighs, and his muscles were swollen. Some of the ribbons at his knees, for instance, and his elbows he left hanging out of sheer exhaustion. He sank back into his chair perspiring from the effort, and fell into a sort of doze.

What was that? The key grated in the door. He turned in sublime indignation. Could they not leave a gentleman to his privacy on such a night? Then he remembered that he had told the turnkey to return and trim his beard and tie up his points. He pulled forward the big chair and flung himself, still panting, into it. The door did not open. Instead came a loud knock, as if someone rapped with a heavy sword-hilt, and not with knuckles; then a woman's light laugh. Again the knock came, and he called "Enter." The door swung portentously open, and the Duke-Marshal with his bride by the hand walked in. Both made a deep reverence, but Samson saw that fear struggled with mirth upon the face of the lady.

"Her Grace will explain the meaning of our visit," said the Duke.

"Indeed!" said the lady, heartily terrified by the piercing gaze of those black eyes; "indeed, it was my lord's notion—simply from a desire to please me, Monsieur Samson. It is, in effect, that you should honour us by an exposition of your art."

"You wish me to dance, madam?"

"That's it, that's it," she said, nodding gratefully at him.

"What sort of a dance, madam?"

"Your best, my friend," said the Duke, cheerfully; "we want to see you at your best."

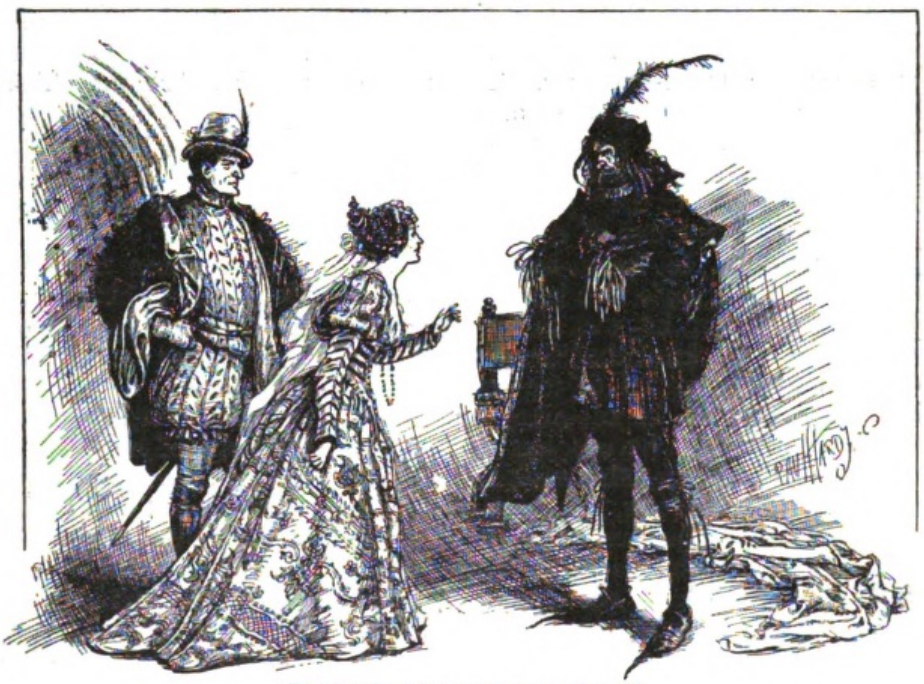
The Duchess said "Yes, yes," clapped her hands, and stepped a little nearer. Samson condescended to rise then. He folded his arms and looked down upon her, taking in the cruel little curves of her lips.

"The one which *he* taught you," she said, in a confidential whisper.

"I must have space," he said. His mind was rapidly revolving possibilities. Should he wring her neck and then jump into the lake through the loophole, taking his chance of escaping the muskets of the guards below before they could hang him or cut him down, or should he dance and see what came of it?

"We beg your presence in the Hall of the Marshals, professor," said the Duke-Marshal.

"I am honoured," said the prisoner. "Will your Grace lead the way?"



"YOU WISH ME TO DANCE, MADAM?"

A little look of cunning came into the Marshal's eyes.

"Oh——" he began, blandly. He got no farther, but stuck there, looking sheepish.

"Her Grace will, perhaps, accept my arm and we will follow," said Samson, with patronage. He saw the suspicion, the stupid embarrassment of his *soi-disant* host. The man was evidently just conscious enough of etiquette not to blurt out what he meant. Samson knew now that it was surely fortunate that he had neither knife nor poniard about him. The temptation to use it would have been irresistible in the dark corridor of the great keep on the way to the hall. He smiled with gorgeous disdain.

"You, Duke," he said, familiarly and imperiously, "will be good enough to lead. You have your sword, and can make good use of it if the rats frighten your lady as we go. I will walk behind with her Grace."

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The lady seemed indisposed to lay her hand on his arm, so he took the tips of her fingers. Along the high wooden galleries, the patrol-walks which clung to the inside walls of the great courtyard, those of the garrison who were off duty came hurrying to see the sight of the devil's servant giving a display. Samson laughed in his throat and paced slowly on his way. They should see him at his best. The devil in whom he did not believe—poor Samson!—should have his due that night.

Into the Hall of the Marshals the deep, lurid glow of the sun flowed through the long, open windows, and smouldered in the rich tone of the oaken ceiling, in its inlaid squares, and in the blazons of successive Duke-Marshals. The newest one, the crowned griffin of the new Marshal, shone out garishly in its black and gold and red over the two chairs of state upon the daïs. For the "professor" a chair was set at the other end of the room upon a green carpet. He flung himself into it, looking at the people who entered to swell his audience, but he was taking in other things also. He knew that the steps in the corner behind him led to the Justice Hall, and that, therefore, he was many feet nearer the lake-level than he was just now in the "Bride's Chamber." Moreover, as he could see from the windows, this portion of the castle faced the other way. Therefore, as he knew from his boyhood, it went down sheer into the lake. There were no rocks jutting at the base on which a man's brains could be dashed to pieces, or on which he could linger maimed unto death. And here he knew there was a less depth, for the water was always paler green at this point; that meant a bottom of soft grey clay. There were six great windows on the lake side of the hall—six slits, wide and long, from which shafts and stones could pursue a man who took the water unexpectedly. But three of them were glazed. The centre one was closed. It had the appearance of a door—it was a door! He remembered hearing that the last Duke had had the deep embrasure of this one made to slant sharply down to the floor from the sill—that he had kept a boat ready underneath into which he could drop and escape, during the days when his brother sought his life. He had never used the door, for he had been comfortably strangled over his wine in the hall itself, before he knew how things were going. Under this hall was the vaulted chamber in which slowly seasoning wood was stored for boat-building. It would be closed and silent now.

"It is airless here," complained the Duchess. Something in the sinister attitude of the melancholy, broken figure, coiled up in the chair of state on the green carpet, filled her with apprehension.

The servants opened the casements of the glazed windows. The lurid light poured in upon the eager, gaping, cruel crowd.

"That middle one, too," said the Duchess, peevishly. "There is thunder about." She shuddered and shrank nearer to her lord.

"You asked for brimstone, my heart," said the Duke, gaily. But even he was not prepared for the mutter and grumble of the thunder in the hills and the one inexplicable flash of lightning that darted through the centre embrasure. The storm was as far off as the Jura Mountains and the thunder was faint, but though it came across the pale autumn sunlight and over the exquisite blue water it was clear and distinct—a flash of steel.

To Samson it seemed like a challenge. He started to his feet. For a full minute he stood so, his long cloak shrouding him, his eyes glaring out of his wasted face at the throng.

Then he began to move slowly, holding out the wings of his cloak. He could not make up his mind yet how much his strength would stand; and his knees were not braced, they were trembling. He moved quite slowly at first, like a huge bat. Suddenly he shuffled forward to the daïs and stopped.

"Your Graces wish to see the special dance—the 'Dance of Initiation'?"

The Marshal's lady nodded; her lips were parted, her eyes dilated in a kind of delicious terror.

"For that I must have a partner," he said, "in order to give you a true picture of it all."

"Of course," said the Duke. "Choose"—he waved his hand towards the rest of the company.

"Choose your partner, professor," he added, loudly, for the benefit of the assembly. A shiver of excitement ran through it. The women-servants tried to huddle away behind the men, who stood there stolidly with the air of people ready to be amused at the cost of others. Upon the gaoler's daughter Samson's glance had fallen and stayed. But, after all, it was but poor fun to frighten a fool who would come to a sordid end quickly enough in her own fashion. *The captain of the guard?* That would be a fine satisfaction indeed!

"Have the girls out in a row," said the Duke, jocularly; "they are all dying for the honour."

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"HE SHUFFLED FORWARD TO THE DAÏS AND STOPPED."

But not a maid stepped out. Samson bowed and smiled. "It takes more courage than your Grace thinks. Some gentleman will, perhaps, oblige; someone who knows how to step out. Captain von Beck will certainly be good enough."

"Oh, yes; that's capital," said the Duchess, delighted. She wondered mischievously how the young dandy would manage it in his light uniform, with the padded jerkin and the stuffing in the puffs and slashings of his sleeves and hose.

The officer shot at his chief a look in which fury and entreaty were mingled.

"Your Grace——" he began, thickly.

"Make him," whispered the bride, maliciously, to her husband.

"Von Beck," he said—and his voice had the tone that meant "obedience or annihilation"—"Von Beck, it is only courteous to grant the request of one with whom circumstances have brought you into such intimate relations, and who is at once my guest and my entertainer."

"Herr von Beck is perhaps a little timid about my formidable 'patron,'" said Samson, with a melancholy smile.

The adjective sent the blood to the officer's head and words to his lips. But he choked them back and stepped forth.

"I do not want to hurt the poor fellow's feelings at the eleventh hour," he said, addressing the Duke, with a contemptuous jerk of his head towards the acrobat; "it is merely a question of military etiquette. But all that is subservient to your Grace's slightest wish."

"It is her Grace's wish and my command," said the Duke, in his voice of iron.

The officer bowed and strode grandly over towards the green carpet and leant against one of the slender black marble pillars which supported one side of the hall, his sword clanking as he went.

"It is hardly safe to wear steel when there is so much fire about," said Samson, pointing to the weapon, with a smile. As if to enforce his objection, the lightning darted in. It was as if the steel leapt to meet it. The storm had come much nearer during the quarter of an hour's delay.

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"Shall I take off my sword, sire?" asked the officer of the Marshal.

"Yes, yes," said the Duke, abruptly.

Von Beck unbuckled his sword and tossed it aside against the wall.

"A torch, if you please," said the dancer to one of the servants, "for I can scarcely see my feet at this end." There were one or two torches at the other end of the hall, for the oak ceiling reflected no light, and the sky was now covered with a dense pall of slate colour, through which pierced one or two rays of the sun which the storm was strangling. Upon a nod from the Duke the servant obeyed, putting the light into a socket on the wall.

"Stand there, my friend," commanded Samson. The furious officer took the position indicated.

"And move as I move," went on the dancer.

"Is it likely, vermin?" snarled Von Beck, in an undertone.

"You may *have* to," rejoined Samson. Then his face grew cruel and his eyes gleamed like those of a crouching man-eater. "Is it possible, captain, that you have forgotten your own words a few days ago: 'There are occasions, regrettable, it is true, but unavoidable, on which a man's limbs cannot obey his own gay impulses, but must twitch for the pleasure of others'?" Then he went forward a little. "Tell the fiddler I am ready," he called out to the sergeant.

A blind old Italian was led forward and set on a low stool beneath the dais.

"A tarantella measure," commanded the professor. Then he began to move once more like a bat, with slow circlings, about the immobile figure of the soldier, who stood scowling like a stuffed doll in the centre of the green carpet. Jean Marie paid no attention to the step of the particular dance, but merely observed the rhythm in a broad, easy fashion. As he moved he began to mutter. It was an absurd farrago of Neapolitan and Breton and Spanish, picked up during his wanderings and tossed into rhymes for the confounding of the vulgar. His voice rose and he moved faster. Suddenly he turned on tip-toe, quickening his step, and stretched out his arms to the stormy sky. "Master!" he cried; "I am here—I wait!"

Then with a bound he darted back, seized the torch, and began the tarantella step, facing the officer.

"Follow me!" he said to Von Beck, with wild laughter. "Watch me!" he shouted to the company; "this is just what my master makes me do. He takes the pace slowly at first, but that is only to give time. Soon he goes quicker. If you cannot keep pace it is all up."

He danced, holding the torch on high, treading on the dandy's toes.

"Dance!" shouted Samson, whirling the torch about dangerously.

"Dance, dance!" cried the Duchess.

And the company echoed her. The officer retreated, disgusted, dismayed, forced to move at all costs to avoid the crushing of his toes by those enormous feet.

"Quicker!" said Samson, menacingly. He brought the torch closer to the other's face. The terror came into Von Beck's eyes. He saw the whole danger now. The man was mad and he himself unarmed. He made a frantic attempt to dash off at the side into the arcade, but Samson dodged him, yelling to him to keep to the step. In and out of the slender black pillars they moved, the black, demoniacal, grotesque figure, the other one opposite like a marionette with flaccid face and staring eyes, while the blind fiddler scraped on with a patient smile. "Faster!" said the professor. He saw that Von Beck was ready to drop. The tightness of his wadded jerkin had long ago shortened his breath. Samson clutched the dandy by the stuffed puff on his shoulder.

"Isn't he funny?" said the Duchess to her lord. "I wonder how much of his legs is padding and how much is flesh." She broke off in a fresh giggle of amusement, for Von Beck's giddiness had half closed his eyes and he was running round and round in a circle with great bounds.

"Excellent," said Samson. "Just so my master runs after me, and when I flag he puts a little brimstone under my nose to revive me." The torch caught the imperial of the officer and singed it; the flames ran along it; the dandy clapped his hands to his face with a scream and dashed towards the open windows. "And then we go on more freshly than ever," yelled Samson, "and he puts his great arms about me"—Samson flung the torch away through the window and gripped the dandy round the waist—"and so we dance—and dance—and dance . . ."

Inch by inch backwards the dancer forced his victim, but so deftly past the centre embrasure once or twice that the audience, through which a thrill of terror ran, was for the moment disarmed.

"And he jumps——" Samson made a great spring forwards on to the long, low, slanting step of the door window, pushing

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the German back. The man struggled vainly to gain a footing, to dig his heels in. It was a matter of a mere second—a mere question of whether Samson's strength would last. . . . The captain's feet, struggling for a footing, caught the sill of the window on the wrong side. One last push and he was over the edge, a senseless, whirling lump, splashing into green water three hundred feet deep.

The impetus had been too great. Samson could not recover himself, and with a cry, but rather of triumph than of fear, he plunged after.

Instantly the whole of the room had rushed to the windows, the Duke-Marshal peering down into the stormy darkness. The sergeant gave the word to fire into the depth.

"No, no," cried others; "you may only kill the captain."

"The boats, the boats! Search every corner of the bay. Send messengers along each shore," urged the rest.

All was hubbub, uproar, wild consternation. Through it all the blind fiddler scraped on. The Duchess, after her one shriek of horror, had buried her face in the cushions of her chair.

The shots of the guard rang out and hissed into the water. The thunder crashed back answer as if in contempt. In the lightning flashes the water shone still and dark. But one flash brighter than the rest showed a dark patch, a something that bobbed and moved. It might be only a broken snag which the river had washed down; it might be a man. People jabbered, pointing out to one another in the dusk the place where it should be. The guard loaded afresh. The Duke stood in the middle of the hall—wiping his face. Presently, as if the noise irritated him, he roared out for silence. A rippling passage of the dance music trickled slowly away as the old Italian hastily put his fiddle down and turned his bewildered face from right to left.



"WITH A CRY, BUT RATHER OF TRIUMPH THAN OF FEAR, HE PLUNGED AFTER."

"Let be," said the Duke. "Give the fellow his chance. It will be poor enough directly the current of the river catches him. Let the boats continue the search for Von Beck, and send out a diver."

Then he turned to the hysterical girl on the dais, and, lifting her in his arms, bore her away across the courtyard to the Duchess's Tower.

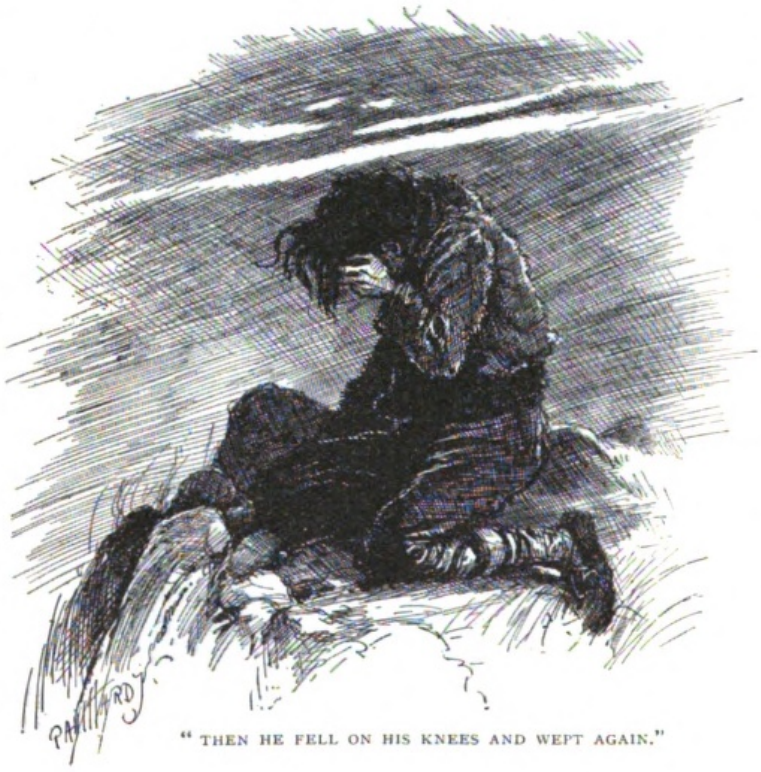
How Jean Marie escaped the talons of the swift current of the river he could never understand. After the first terrible shock of the dive he struck out desperately for the shore wherever the lightning indicated it. Some way to the left of the rock on which the fortress stood was a little creek full of flowering reeds. Three times he felt the deadly octopus-like feelers of the swirling mountain-current flickering about him. Three times with agony and superhuman will he freed himself. The third time a counter current hurled him towards a bank of mud which rose towards the long, reedy swamp.

For an hour or more he lay there, half in

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the water and half out of it, unconscious. Then gradually he awoke and began to creep along the marsh, wading, doggedly, up to his middle rather than risk detection by running over the dry strips of land. The moon beamed melancholy encouragement on him after the storm.

By dawn he had achieved drier footing. He had struck a torrent-bed and followed it, finding presently one of the goat scrambles which trickle down every mountain slope to a valley of many waters. Upon a little green plateau, on which a mountain shrine was perched, he rested at last, taking shelter under the little colonnade of four arches with its roof of stained plaster. The chapel was dedicated to all the saints. From a half-faded fresco this celestial company gazed benignantly upon him. In a corner he found a woollen bundle. He opened it. Evidently it belonged to a goatherd. Heaven help him if he were poor and wanted the sheepskin coat and the leggings and the dry shirt more than Samson needed them! Heaven bless him if he were dead and needed them not at all!



"THEN HE FELL ON HIS KNEES AND WEPT AGAIN."

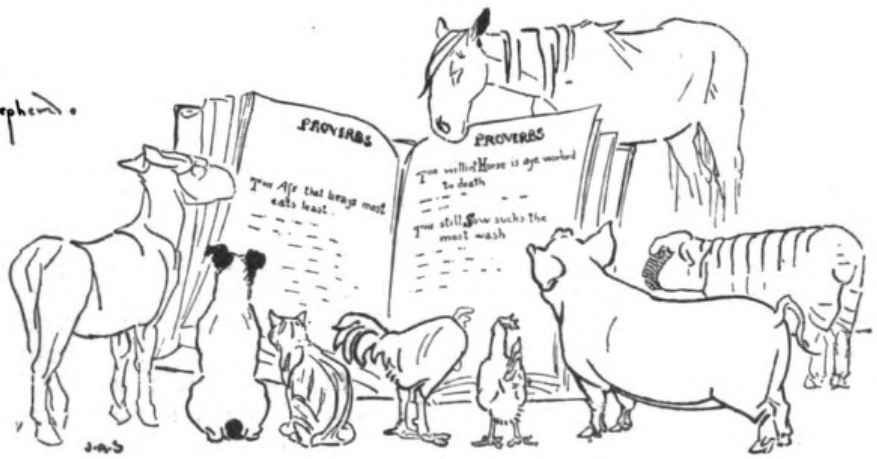
The grateful sensation of dry, warm cloth next his frozen, stiff body was overpowering. The dancer ripped off his sodden, mud-coated velvet, and, rolling it up into a bundle, tossed it down into a fathomless chasm between great rocks. Then he put his head in his hands and sobbed like a child. But the first rays of the sun warned him that delay was no longer possible. He saw the seven jagged peaks of the Great Mountain under which his native village lay. It was his landmark. In another half-hour he would lose sight of it for ever, setting his face for the Mediterranean, and thence, by one of the great ports, for the East. There, in the strange Oriental life of which travellers had told him, he would lose himself, trusting to fortune for bread and to his resource for eternal disguise.

Upon the shoulder of the summit, which at the next step forward must hide at once his country and his danger from him for ever, he paused for a moment to gaze back upon it all. A thick mist hid the cruel white fortress. But he knew the very spot where it lay grim and terrible on the water. Far out into the heavenly blue of the vast lake the turgid water of the Great River rolled, a wavy line of gulls, like a string of cowries, marking its actual embouchure just where the stream piled the sand into a submerged bank. He wondered if the captain had stuck on that sand-bank or whether the yellow flood had rolled him over and over like a ninepin into the middle of the lake. Then he fell on his knees and wept again, trying to remember the prayers of his boyhood. The river rolled on and the faint scream of the gulls came to him. Straight and dark the crowded, attenuated poplars of the immense swamp beneath reared themselves—bare-stemmed, with a tuft of dark tattered foliage at the top — like witches' brooms for sweeping the sky A light, delicious breeze stirred them slightly, and set the long black locks of the fugitive waving.

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"Animal Proverbs".

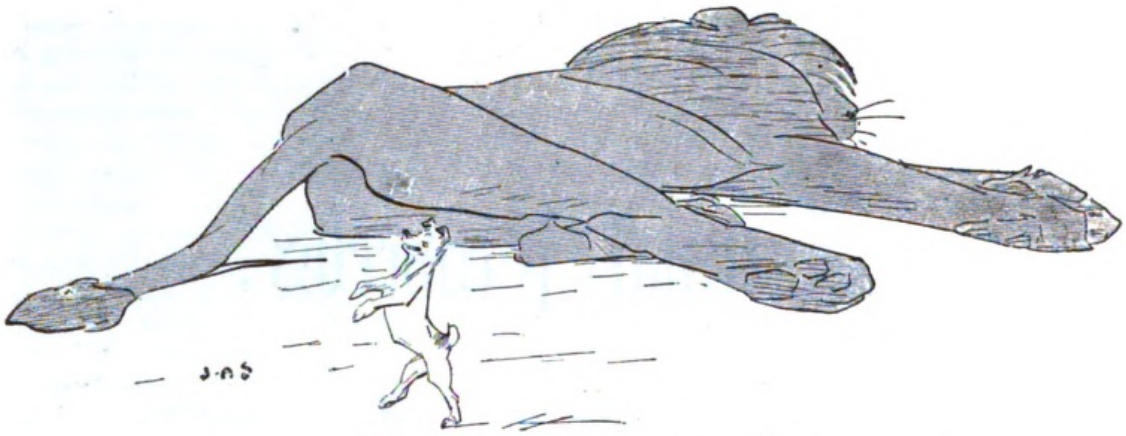
by
E. D. Cuming
and
J. A. Shepherd.



WHAT so large a proportion of the homely truths which our ancestors coined into proverbs should be derived from the traits of domestic animals and birds is only what might be expected of an agricultural people who passed their lives surrounded by farm stock. It must be admitted that the "wisdom of many and the wit of one," to employ Earl Russell's happy definition of the proverb, frequently illustrates the bad side of beast nature, and no animal has greater cause to complain of this one-sided treatment than the dog. Rarely do canine virtues supply the proverb-maker with a saying; on the other hand, the dog's shortcomings furnished so many warnings that we might almost suppose that animal to have been man's worst enemy instead of his best friend. He is pilloried as the emblem of every vice.

The dog in the manger was born in fable and probably never existed anywhere else; but that imaginary dog who refused to let the hungry ox touch the corn he could not eat himself has served as the archetype of selfishness since it occurred to human injustice to put him in the manger. "Idle dogs worry sheep" says a Scottish variant of "Satan finds some mischief still," etc.; and this, unhappily, cannot be gainsaid, for many eminently respectable and hard-working dogs have been known to fall from grace and enter upon a career of sheep-worrying as the amusement of their leisure hours. The dog might retort that his idle brother would not be able to worry sheep if his owner were at the trouble to chain him up. "He that lies down with dogs must expect to rise with fleas," says a blunt English proverb. This proverb seems to derive its origin from the household customs of the old-time farmer who was not over-addicted to the use of soap and water himself. His herdsmen and other outdoor servants received lodging and food in part payment of their labour, and the lodging was of the rudest nature: the neatherd found quarters in the cattle-sheds and the stable-hands in the stable, where the dogs also found shelter at night; and man and dog foregathered in the straw for mutual comfort and warmth. "Hungry dogs eat dirty puddings" has more pathos than reproach; hunger, whether on four legs or on two, cannot afford to be particular concerning its pudding. "A hair of the dog that bit you" has its origin in an ancient prescription for the treatment of a mad dog's bite. Holland's translation from Pliny the elder shows that to "burn the

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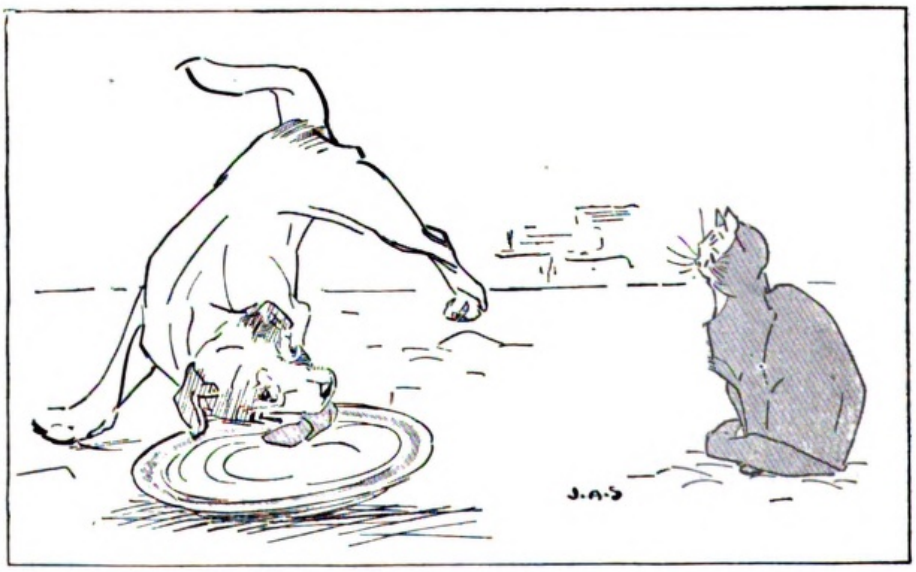


"BETTER A LIVE DOG THAN A DEAD LION."

haires of the same mad dogg's taile and conveigh their ashes handsomely . . . into the wound" was a remedy recommended by the Roman faculty. "Better a live dog than a dead lion," if consoling, relegates the dog to the lowest place in the animal world.

What gave rise to the saying, "To help a lame dog over a stile"? One feels doubtful about the justice of seeking its origin in Norman times, when the cruel forest law that condemned poaching dogs to lose their fore-feet no doubt produced a very large supply of lame dogs; and yet the idea seems too far-fetched to have originated anywhere but in fact. Hedges—fences of all kinds—and therefore stiles, were rare in England so late as the sixteenth century, as we learn from Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, who, in Henry VIII.'s time, wrote a book on agriculture, in which he urged on farmers the advantages of hedges and fences. The Royal forests were fenced to keep the game in and poachers out; so it may be that these were furnished with stiles, in which case the connection between the stile and dogs, lame or otherwise, which had no business in the woods would be clear enough. "The gude dog doesna aye get the best bone," says the irrefutable Scot, borrowing from the French. The best bone is usually the perquisite of him that has the sharpest eye for his own interests and least scruple in serving them. "Quarrelsome dogs get dirty coats" is a saying of which the most pacific dog would allow the truth. "Great barkers are no biters" is the misleading proverb; "Barking dogs never bite" is rather more accurate shape. "To lie like a dog lickin' a dish" comes from north of Tweed, if we are not mistaken; anyhow, it expresses fluent mendacity in convincing language.

"Dogs wag their tails less of love for you than for your bread" is a proverb we don't often hear used; it is as well it should be discarded, for it blends a shameful libel on the dog with a very poor compliment to his owner. We may conjecture that the saying dates from a period when the dog was the neglected servant, and not the companion and friend of his master; it might be



"TO LIE LIKE A DOG LICKIN' A DISH."

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explained by the old Scots proverb, "A dog's life—mickle ease, muckle hunger." "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," "Any stick will do to beat a dog with," and half-a-dozen more hold up the unfortunate dog as a typical victim on whom injustice may be safely practised. In the whole range of proverbdom there is but one which refers to doggy virtues—"Three faithful friends: an old wife, an old dog, and ready money."

The cat has been much better treated by the proverb-maker. Cat proverbs, taken all round, betray an undercurrent of respect. "When the cat's away the mice will play," for example. "He's over auld a cat to draw a strae before" is a good Scots variant of the proverb touching the capture of old birds with chaff, or perhaps is intended to symbolize the fact that a person is beyond the age of a kitten-like love of amusement. "See which way the cat jumps" bears testimony to the purposeful discretion of the cat. This, by the way, is a mere baby among proverbs. It first occurs in the "Universal Songster" (1825), appropriately in the poem of "The Dog's Meat Man." Two sayings recur to mind in association with the cat's proverbial nine lives: "Care killed the cat" and "Curiosity killed the cat." The first, if taken literally, is ironical: on no living creature do its cares lie more lightly than the cat. She never worries; if we all could take things as calmly as the cat does we should hear much less about nervous diseases and the devastating consequences of modern hurried life. But the proverb is really only another way of saying "a cat has nine lives"—in other words, care will kill anything, even a cat. As for the other statement, if curiosity ever did prove fatal to a cat it must have been long ago, before cats learned caution. Curiosity is deeply implanted in the cat's bosom, as witness the critical interest with which she inspects, with her nose, every stick of furniture in a new home; but there is nothing pushing or aggressive about the proceeding: she makes her inspection with the dignified self-restraint that distinguishes every decently brought up cat. "A cat may look at a King" is by way of crystallizing the privileges of humility. I never saw a King and a cat together, but am certain self-possession would be as noticeable on the one side as on the other. A cat is more at home in good society than she is in less refined circles. The Flemings went a long step farther: their proverb in the same sense is, "The cat is the Emperor's cousin." "All cats are grey in the dark" is a particularly sound proverb. In the first place, it conveys a curious fact in optics and natural history; any cat, save a snow-white one, appears grey at night, whether tabby or tortoiseshell, and the rule applies to the whole tribe; the tiger himself looks grey in the moonlight, though you see him at three paces' distance. In the second place, all cats are, morally speaking,



"HE'S OVER AULD A CAT TO DRAW A STRAE BEFORE."

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the same dubious hue when it is dark ; it is impossible to answer for the good behaviour of the most high-principled cat after nightfall. There is a cat proverb you may sometimes hear on the lips of consolers of anxious mothers in Scotland, "Wanton kittens make douce cats," as a reminder that heedless, light-hearted children grow steady with the years.

Proverbs involving the horse are many, and a few deal with the risks of horsemanship—or the want of horsemanship. "Pride's an ill horse to ride" is the Scots equivalent for "Pride will have a fall." "A man in a passion rides a horse that runs away with him" has truth, without the brevity we require of a proverb. "One man may steal a horse while another may not look over the hedge" doubtless dates from the bad old days when horse-stealing was a thriving business, but withal a hanging one for the culprit. "Locking the door when the steed has been stolen" probably dates from the same period. Ireland, as becomes a country which has been famous for its horses since the dawn of civilization, goes to the horse for many proverbs. "Many a shabby colt makes a fine horse" was conceived in the same reassuring spirit as the Scots saw touching frisky kittens. "The losing horse blames the saddle," borrowed from the racecourse, serves the same purpose as the tools blamed by the bad workman. "As proud as a horse with a wooden leg" is Irish, and also bizarre ; it is no improvement on "A dog with two tails," and the right of either to rank at all as a proverb is at least doubtful: the wit of one may be there, but the wisdom of many, or any, is not apparent. "Don't spur a free horse" and the Scots "A willin' horse is aye worked tae death" may go together. "He is a good horse that never falls" has two or three variants to the same end. "Either win (get) the horse or tine (lose) the saddle" is sound advice, dating probably from the days when all journeying was performed on horseback ; inasmuch as the traveller who could not find a horse to continue his journey must needs walk and carry the saddle himself. The horse has supplied two or three proverbs to suggest that the best of us make mistakes. "It's a good horse that never falls," or stumbles ; "It's a good horse that gallops always." The Scotsman who laid down as an axiom that "A blind horse is nae judge o' colours" gave the horse in possession of his eyesight more credit for discrimination in colours than he deserves.

Sheep, without injustice, furnish proverbs to illustrate stupidity or obstinacy. "If ae sheep loup the dyke a' follow," says the Scottish proverb ; the English saying is more pointed: "One sheep follows another." The Irish have a proverb which offers itself as a

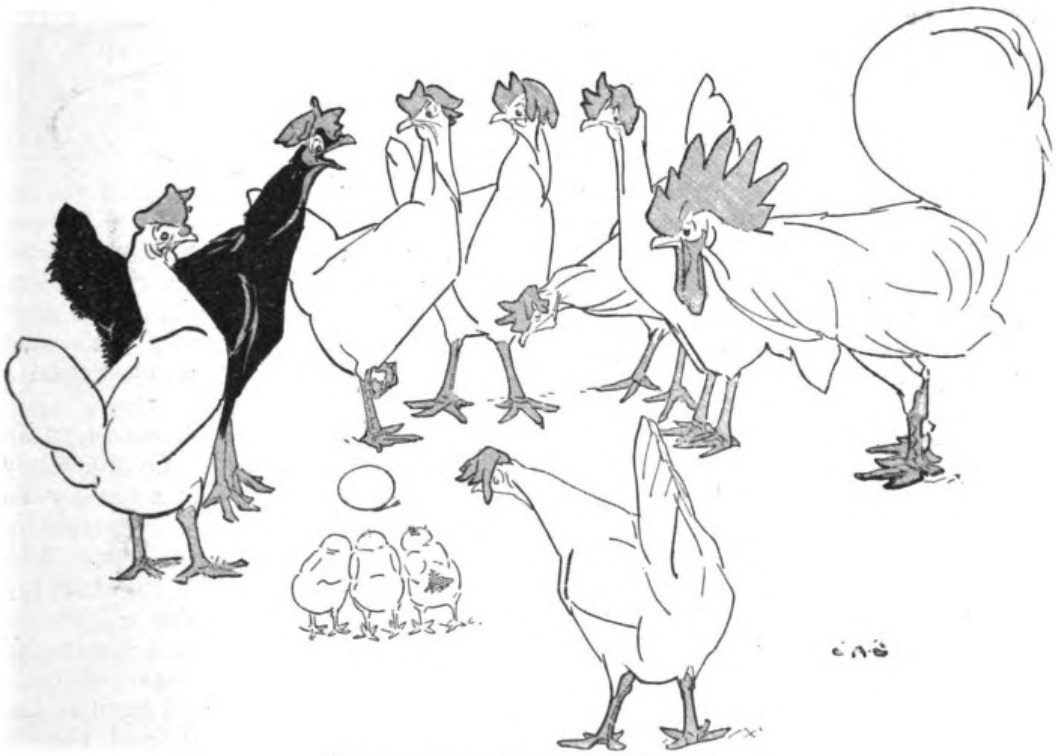


"THE LAMB TEACHING ITS DAM TO BLEAT."

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picturesque alternative to that concerning grandmothers and eggs: "The lamb teaching its dam to bleat." Over-indulgent parents should keep in mind the very true saying that "A pet lamb makes a cross ram," while the schoolmaster knows that "One rotten (or *Scottice* 'scabbet') sheep infects the whole flock." To "go out for wool and come home shorn" casts no reflection on the sheep, nor does the highwayman's proverb, "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

The poultry-yard furnishes the text for some good proverbs: "A laying hen is better than a standing mill"; "As the old cock crows the young one learns." That lay a white egg" borders on the obvious! "Counting your chickens before they are hatched" has its equivalent among the fisher-folk, who warn you against "cleaning your fish before you get them": which recalls the detail that Mrs. Glasse's cookery book is not responsible for the advice, "First catch your hare." The words were written for Frederick Yates, father of the late Edmund Yates, by Tom Hood. The line ran, "First catch your hare: then do him till he's done," and opened a speech or soliloquy which Frederick Yates used to deliver in character in his entertainment, "Mr. Yates at Home," which delighted London in the thirties.



"A BLACK HEN CAN LAY A WHITE EGG."

"Children and chickens must always be pecking" was recognised by Mr. Thomas Tusser, who wrote on farming* in the year 1580. "That is a silly hen who can't scratch for one chick." "Let every cock fight his own battle." A saying seldom heard since legislation made an end of the sport of cock-fighting strikes one as expressive: "He knows how to carry a dead cock home"—*i.e.*, how to look misfortune in the face. This is borrowed from the old "cocking" match: when a bird was killed it must have cost the owner, who had boasted of its prowess, an effort to carry home the defunct and face his neighbours. "A black hen can

We get a few words of wisdom from the pig-sty. "Don't buy a pig in a poke" (sack) seems to suggest that our farming grandfathers were sometimes tempted to indulge in speculations of that kind on market-day. "Pigs may whistle, but they've a bad mouth for it," expresses the feeling more popularly and perhaps better rendered by the assertion that you "can only get a grunt from a pig." "They that herd swine always think they hear swine grunting" is the farmyard rendering of the saying anent evil communications. "It doesna set (suit) a sow to wear a saddle" is a Scots proverb. On the whole, the pig does not appear to greater advantage than the dog in our proverbs. The saying that

* "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry."

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"LYING IN LAVENDER LIKE PADDY'S PIG."

you "can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" has several equivalents. The original appears to come from the Greek, "You cannot make a horn of a pig's tail." We might imagine the proverb, "Lying in lavender like Paddy's pig," came from the mouth of some envious occupant of an English pig-sty. I do not know that Irish dwellings of the class to which the pigs (calf, goat, and poultry) are admitted as of right represent a very high order of luxury; but a place near the fire on a dry, flagged floor in wet or cold weather compares so favourably with the accommodation which English prejudice holds fit for the most sensitive pig that the latter may well think his Irish brother lies "in lavender." This exaggerated hint of comfort, of course, refers to the careful housewife's practice of keeping bags of lavender in the bed-linen.

Cattle do not appear frequently in popular saws. "You can't sell the cow and sup her milk"; "A good cow may have a poor calf" contain hints that are equally well expressed by the proverb about eating one's cake, and by that concerning the unquestioned ability of black hens to lay white eggs.

Undesirable household insects and others supply a proverb or two. Of the stingy man the Irish say he will "skin a flea for its hide and tallow"; the Scotsman says something of the same kind about the louse. "Maybes are no honey bees" is so neat that the indifferent pun is excusable.

The most convincing and aptest of these proverbs are naturally those which use a prominent characteristic of familiar beast or bird to point the moral, and the sayings which do this with the greatest finality are those which survive; only a tersely-worded phrase which bears irrefutable truth on the face of it wins acceptance as a proverb.



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By Hélène Vacaresco.

III.—QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

ALMOST all the Queens of Europe possess an individuality of their own, and are celebrated for some peculiar quality which springs up before the mind as soon as their names are mentioned. We are accustomed to connect the late Empress of Austria with her wild desire for liberty and space, her solitary walks through glades and mountain paths, her love of the sea and of castles lost amid parks as wild as those which protected the unhaunted slumber of the Sleeping Beauty. Again, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania can scarcely be mentioned without recalling the tall white form of a Royal poet, awake from early dawn to gather material for her songs by long gazing on the towering heights of the Carpathians, that encircle her beautiful dwelling. Queen Maria Christina of Spain, again, is the sagacious, prudent Queen, the devoted mother, the resolute Sovereign of a land difficult to rule. It would, indeed, have been impossible to trace a portrait of her without some touches of austerity had we not been enabled to discover such a contrast between her smiling gentleness and the iron fetters which Fate has bound around her, that all we had heard about her was instantly forgotten in the presence of the radiant vision upon which we gazed one summer day at Miramare. Again, the name of Queen Marghareta of Italy suggests at once beauty and grace. She has become the very symbol of that sunny land where her first appearance was greeted as the vision of a fair-haired Madonna.

Some of the younger Royal consorts, such as the present Empress of Russia and Queen Helena of Italy, have not as yet taken hold of the public imagination: they do not enjoy the power of embodying a legend. This must, no doubt, be attributed to their youth, and perhaps also to their retiring natures. Yet one of them, the Empress of Russia, is Princess of the Rhine—a title worthy of any ballad and one which in itself lends attraction to its owner; while the second, the young Italian Queen, was born and bred in a home hidden amongst the rocks of the wild Tchernagora. The Queen Consort of Greece is celebrated for her boundless generosity to the poor, and the young Queen of Portugal for the tender care with which she tends little children. Her Majesty has, in fact, given and collected funds wherewith to build a large hospital, where she spends a few hours every day, and at times even takes an active part in surgical operations, being herself a clever and experienced physician.

Queen Alexandra of Great Britain and Ireland is known throughout the world for her rare beauty and for the love which she has been able to kindle in the hearts of her subjects. Though a number of them have the honour and pleasure of living in the presence of their lovely Queen, and even to some extent of sharing her existence, it was my lot—and one of which I feel especially proud—to become an immediate object of interest and sympathy to her from the very moment of our first encounter. This interest and sympathy, I am happy to say, Her Majesty has continued to evince, rightly guessing how deep and fervent a worshipper she had found in the young Roumanian girl who was first presented to her on a rainy autumn morning in Queen Victoria's sitting-room at Balmoral. I remember how startled I then was to discover that the lovely youthful face, the luminous blue eyes—blue as the water of fjords and mountain lakes—the slim form, and the indescribable grace belonged to one who was the mother of grown-up children.

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How delightful the Princess showed herself that day, when she heard we had come to Scotland for the first time, and with what gracious sympathy she began to describe the customs of the Highlands, taking us from one window to the other, and pointing out all the details of the landscape as it lay before us, clad in its glory of purple heather, veiled by thin bluish mists, weird with the magic of unknown, mysterious things!

reminded him of India. The Prince always gives me such a vivid account of his travels that ever since his return I have been dreaming of your Queen's visit to England and to us, and, somehow, I was sure you would accompany her. I know all about you and about the *tableaux vivants* in Sinaia.* I hope you will like your room here. We have paid special attention to its situation. As you are a poet you will delight in a fine view.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA—TAKEN AT ABOUT THE TIME OF MLLE. VACARESCO'S VISIT.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

"I can hardly imagine," said the fairy of the land, "that your Carpathians, gorgeous though they be, are ever clad with such a rich mantle of violet and dark red, or that your trees can rustle so gently as ours to the tune of the swift, clear river. But the Prince has told me of the dazzling sunshine as it rests on rocks and forests, and how strongly the colour of the Roumanian sky, the blinding whiteness spread above its azure depths, Well, you will be able, even without going out, to become acquainted with our woods and glens, and perhaps one day you will give us a description of them. Oh, if you would write a poem here! Does not Inspiration come when you call her, like one of those tame godmothers we read of in fairy-tales, who at the touch of a magic wand

* See the description of these in Mlle. Vacaresco's recollections of King Edward VII. in our last issue.

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appear upon the threshold and scatter jewels and flowers as they walk? Oh, please just send a message to me when you feel disposed to work, and I will sit by very quietly and watch you, as quiet as a mouse. I should love to sit by a poet when she is at work."

"Then I need not wait for inspiration," I replied, "and I need no magic wand. Your Royal Highness would represent the fairy, and I would gather the flowers and precious gems that fall from a Princess's eyes and tongue."

Although this sounded very like a Court compliment, the Princess's aspect, the bright gaze of her tender blue eyes, the easy harmony of her every gesture as she stood there, leaning a little out of the open window, made a true comment on my little speech.

"You will wear your Roumanian costumes to-night at dinner," continued the Princess. "I shall be so glad to see them. We once found a doll at a fancy fair dressed in Roumanian costume; but we could not tell whether the costume was really like the picturesque garb worn by your peasants."

A few hours later, as we were about to prepare for dinner, we were having a lively discussion with our maid as to which among the numerous costumes we had better wear —the maid, of course, proposing the most showy, the one that sparkled most and was decked the most heavily with gold and spangles. I had suggested that we should refer the question to our Queen, and had written a note asking Her Majesty's advice on the subject, to which the Queen had answered: "I consider the white and silver one is the prettiest you possess." A soft knock at the door interrupted our survey of the different belts and aprons. I went myself to open it, expecting that the Queen had sent a second note, when I saw a slender form, clad in a plain, tailor-made blue serge dress. Seeing that I failed to recognise her, the lady advanced into the middle of the room, saying quietly: "I am the Princess of Wales. You don't remember me yet, do you? I have come to see all your costumes, and to inquire whether you are comfortable in your rooms, and to watch how you arrange the different parts of this glistening attire," and she pointed to a large divan on which in splendid array lay all the pride of Oriental embroidery and colour.

One after the other the belts and veils and skirts were handed to the Princess, while she asked me numerous questions.

"This veil—do you wear it round your shoulders or on your head?"

"I do not wear it all, madam; in fact, I could not do so. The veil is a symbol, the sign of the dignity to which a woman rises by marriage, and the sign of slavery, too. A married woman must cover her hair—no man may ever see her hair except her husband. They are very strict about this in our villages."

"Indeed!" answered the Princess; "but I do not approve of the restriction—they look so fascinating with the veil. I suppose that it is a precaution against coquettishness and vanity. And this belt—why, how long it is!"

"The village girls wear it twisted twelve times round their waists."

"Which is the costume you intend to wear this evening?"

"This one, the white and silver, madam."

"It is very beautiful indeed, but rather heavy and gaudy for you," said the Princess, lifting the red skirts and snowy bodices one after another and holding them up, with exclamations of amusement. Then she uttered a cry of admiration. "Oh, how nice! Why do not you wear this? It is so simple, yet so tasteful. I am sure this coarse red skirt embroidered with thick yellow flowers, with a gleam of gold thread seen only here and there, must bear some charming meaning. There is something in this costume that appeals to my imagination."

"Your Royal Highness has guessed aright. This is the costume sometimes worn in our country by the wandering Tziganes. The rough linen, the coarse tissue of the skirt were once woven on purpose for the reckless girls of those strange tribes who may be seen at sunset lighting their fires before their ragged tents, which before daybreak will be carried away by their possessors, who know and desire neither rest nor settled home. Once upon a time the Tzigane beauties were accustomed to make themselves look dainty as they traversed the broad roads leading from one village to another; but now they do not care for any other dress than such as are, like these, made up of scraps of coloured finery. This garment, which interests your Royal Highness, is very old indeed; in fact, it was found buried in a green wooden box at the foot of a forest tree some fifty years ago, and no one can tell how long it had remained underground."

"How exciting!" exclaimed the Princess, as with breathless attention she followed my narrative. "Please go on. Is no one aware of the cause that forced the possessor of the Tzigane dress to bury it underground?"

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"No, madam; on that point legends and popular imagination are allowed full sway. Some assert that the damsel who thus concealed her finery did so from despair—a love affair, of course. Others are convinced that she had made a vow to abandon all she held most precious in order to obtain a favour from the mysterious deities of the Tzigane race. But, however that may be, I prefer this costume to all the others. And if your Royal Highness will deign to look more closely, here in the belt is the little pocket where the young Tzigane kept a shell, and here the pocket for her little flute, and there a pocket again where this small dagger lay."

"But what did she keep a shell for?"

"Ah! That requires an explanation. Every Tzigane is a sibyl. She reads the future in the stars, in the summer foliage, in the sound of the summer streams: she listens, and voices heard by herself alone speak to her. But most of all do those mysterious voices sing to her in the depths of sea-shells. Thus, no real Bohemian worthy of the name can go anywhere without a sea-shell. To tell the truth, madam, I secretly desired to wear this particular costume at dinner, but on reflection I feared that it was hardly suitable."

"But what if I forbid you to appear in any other?" said the Princess.

"I will obey, madam."

So delighted did the Princess seem with all that was novel to her in our conversation that she prolonged her visit, astonishing us by a deep knowledge of English and Scotch popular lore, and giving such advice about our trip to Ireland as proved how well she had learnt to know the Green Island which it was our intention to see.

It was growing late and the Princess still stood among the Oriental ornaments spread around her, while the mountain twilight was falling fast in the small sitting-room, where her figure now formed the one luminous point.

"You must come to Abergeldie, our Highland home, to-morrow," said she; "but first I will tell you all about Abergeldie and the quiet, refreshing life we lead there. Refreshing is the real word to express our autumn stay amongst these dear purple hills, where we seem to forget completely that we are Royalties, and only remember the fact when we discover the pleasure our presence bestows upon the people here."



ABERGELDIE—THE HIGHLAND HOME OF THE KING AND QUEEN WHEN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson.

But these records of Abergeldie I was destined not to hear, for at that moment a slight knock was heard at the door. I rushed to prevent the invasion of an intruder, and as I pulled the door open found myself confronted by a footman.

"Hush!" said I, without allowing him to speak, "the Princess of Wales is here; I must attend Her Royal Highness. Any message you have to deliver must wait."

But the undaunted footman simply said: "The Queen desires you to go to her immediately."

"Oh, I see. Then kindly tell Her Majesty that I cannot obey her for the moment, as

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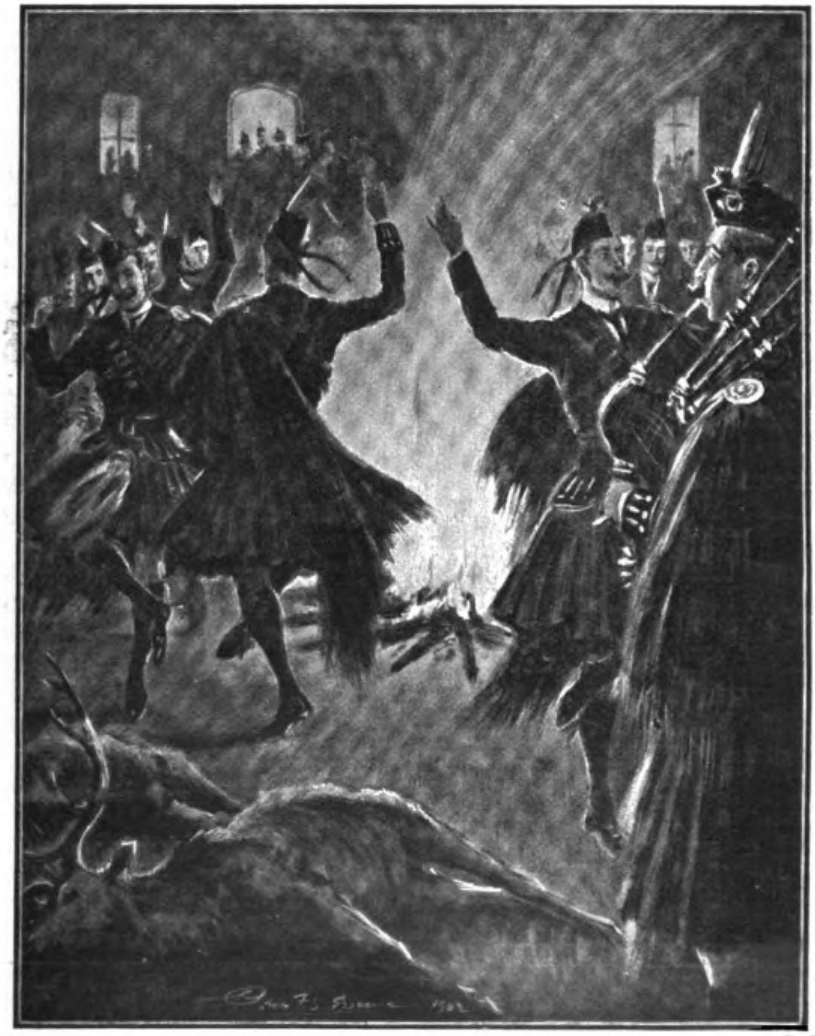
the Princess of Wales is giving me the honour of her presence in my room."

The footman stood perplexed, then made a movement to retire, but the Princess now stepped to my side.

"You are making a terrible mistake," she said. "You believe he means *your* Queen, the Queen of Roumania, and she would be willing to dispense with your company in my favour. But this man means Queen Victoria. There is but one Queen—to us, at least, there is but one Queen here, the Queen of England, and she can brook neither delay nor excuse, so run quickly." Then, noticing that the footman had vanished, she added, "Oh, do not give him time to forestall you. Can you change your stately Court step into a good run? Here, give me your hand, I will show you the way," and with a swift, graceful movement the Princess moved beside me, holding my fingers between her own till we reached the doors of Queen Victoria's apartments.

When I found myself face to face with the aged Queen I could speak of nothing but the Princess of Wales, and Her Majesty stood nodding in appreciation of my enthusiasm.

"And you have seen only one side of her various gifts. For many years the Princess has tried hard to spare me the strain and fatigue of great functions. She opens bazaars, attends concerts, visits hospitals in my place, and she always gives me such full and vivid accounts of people and places that I always seem to have been present. I sometimes laughingly tell her that she is a dictionary in which is inscribed every variety of adjective connected with the words 'good' and 'true.' However terrible the load which I lay upon her slender shoulders, she not only never complains, but endeavours to prove that she has enjoyed what to another would be a tiresome duty. She even declares that a Drawing Room is a most entertaining sight, and does not make her feel dizzy or distressed while she glances from one face to



From a Drawing by] A REEL DANCE BY HIGHLANDERS AT BALMORAL. *[P. F. S. Spence.*

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another, without ever overlooking one of them. For my part I must own how interested I felt in my early youth in young faces and fresh *débutantes;* later on matrons and maturer ladies were the great point of attraction to me; while now I pity old ladies who have to wear the three feathers and go through the tiresome ceremony which, notwithstanding its irksome length and etiquette, I love to witness, as it is one of the characteristic English traditions, and must always remain dear to the hearts of British Sovereigns. Princess Alexandra holds a Drawing Room beautifully, and I am gratified to feel secure that, when I am no more, a Queen of England worthy of England's throne will give it grace."

That very evening, in honour of our Queen, a Highland reel was danced in front of Balmoral Castle. The spectacle was new to us and somewhat bewildering. The glare of the torches, whose flame was shaken by the strong northern wind, the loud, guttural sounds that escaped from that group of wild men, clad in the picturesque costume so often described by Walter Scott, sent a thrill through our imagination as we stood there on the stone threshold with the illumined hall behind us. The tartan flew high, and from head to foot the wild dancers appeared to be seized with a frenzy of cadence and of clamour. Our Queen had insisted on getting as near the dancers as possible, and presently, to complete the weird poetry of the scene, the gentle wail of distant bagpipes floated from the neighbouring hills, as if a chorus of mysterious and invisible beings were sending forth the welcome of the dim Highland glades to the strangers entranced by their pathetic charm.

A lady, enveloped in a plain grey woollen mantle, was standing by the side of our Queen. In the darkness, when the red streaks of the trembling torches traced long furrows of flames, I could scarcely discern her form, and her face was hidden by a grey cap which descended low on her forehead. The cold was bitter, but we scarcely felt how sharply the night breeze blew, penetrating the thin tissue of our evening dresses. We should indeed have felt our light summer cloaks unable to protect us from the biting atmosphere had we bestowed a thought upon ourselves, instead of remaining entranced, with eyes and ears intent on losing not a movement or a sound. Presently that silent lady in grey, whose form mingled with the rising mist, glided softly away, and I had forgotten her when the slender figure again appeared by the side of our Queen, and, raising her arm to the shoulders of the Royal guest, wrapped round her a white fleecy shawl, which I guessed to be welcome, and which I almost envied. But I had barely time to do so before the graceful apparition had done me the same silent kindness. I lifted up my eyes and recognised the Princess of Wales. She had no leisure to listen to my grateful thanks, as her arms were laden with shawls, which one by one she deposited on the shoulders of the ladies present. Then quietly the gentle benefactress resumed her place, which she left only now and again in order to explain to us the different meanings of the words and dances. The tartan flew, the bagpipes moaned and twittered, the torches spread their flames abroad in the dark night air, and the humid scent of the heather mingled with the smell of the river and the trees. That moment will remain alive in my memory for ever.

When we returned to the hall, where the Royalties had preceded us, the Princess of Wales was seated on a bench against the white stone wall. Her woollen cap lay on her knees, and she had clasped her hands around it in a reverie which no one dared disturb. Then she rose and said: "Did you not love to hear those distant bagpipes?—did it not seem to you as if the spirit of the mountains breathed upon us from afar? That was my idea. Oh, try not to forget our Highland songs and dances!" And fervently in my heart I declared that I could never forget them, and that the impression of that wild scene which I should most vividly remember would be the form of the unknown lady in grey who stood so long by the side of our Queen.

I believe that amongst the many qualities ascribed to Queen Alexandra the one which she preserves in the most conspicuous degree is the quality which we are accustomed to admire in the heroines of history, whose valour, purity, intelligence, or grace have attracted the worship of multitudes—a knowledge which no learning can bestow—the secret, the magical power of being in sympathy with the souls with whom destiny connects them.

My destiny it was to meet the Princess again and again, in widely different circumstances. When in Rome one day in the gay bustle of a Sunday crowd, when the scent of crushed flowers and the odour of the surrounding gardens rose in the sunlight and blue air, I met a figure so sweetly wrapped in

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sadness, so immured in grief, that the cry of "Mater dolorosa" rose to my lips. No stronger image of maternal desolation, none more thrilling, could have struck upon my sight than that set expression of pain which paled the lovely vision of the Northern fairy whom I had once seen so smiling and light-hearted. Not with the hour of gaiety under the bright splendour of the Roman sky was Princess Alexandra in harmony that day, but with the hour which is filled with the dying perfume of crushed flowers—with the hour which had bruised her soul and robbed her of her eldest born.

Later, again, we met at Marlborough House; the Princess here had become a Queen, and a new majesty adorned her.

"Do you remember Balmoral?" she said. "Do you remember Rome? And now I am in black again—and black would for ever be in keeping with my thoughts if the people of this land were not so close to my heart. Then I have the comfort of my faith; I have my husband and my children. But, oh, at first I thought that I should never overcome my grief! Then I lost my own mother. We were not only mother and daughter, but such close friends. Then Queen Victoria——"



MLLE. VACARESCO.
From a Photo. by F. Mandy.

And in low, subdued tones she told me of the days of gloom, of the day that preceded Queen Victoria's death, and the last hours of that glorious life.

"And I have to leave this dear old place, though I cling to it as I clung to my title of Princess of Wales, which I bore through so many happy days. As Princess of Wales I was a young wife and a young mother and a young figure to the people, and I shall remain to them and to myself the Princess of Wales long after being a crowned Queen. There is so much to achieve and to cherish," she continued, "in the paths of duty and love. And who can deny the blessings of prayer?"

I had completely forgotten how long I had been there when an equerry or usher stepped forward, and in a respectful whisper reminded Her Majesty of the hour. "Ah! yes," and the Queen rose to her feet, "I have quite forgotten the time. It is," and she turned to me, "a deputation from the town of Chester, which gave me a casket containing an address of loyalty on the day of our marriage—and now they come to congratulate us on our accession. But where are your books which I asked you to bring?"

I pointed to a low stool, and with a swift and graceful movement the Queen knelt before the humble volumes.

"Oh, thank you, thank you! I shall love them; you may be sure I shall."

And thus I left her. She rose to say good-bye again, the trembling green shadows poured upon her form by the great trees circling her head like an aureola of emerald, a wreath of hope.

And, though since then I have again seen England's Alexandra—seen her in the glory and emotion of that Coronation hour at Westminster Abbey whose surpassing greatness held enshrined all the hours of her illustrious existence—that image of the new Queen in her old Marlborough home remains with me one of unrivalled beauty and sweetness, an image harmonious, fair, and dazzling, like the name and title of the exalted lady whose rank is eclipsed by virtues as countless as the gems of her crown.

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A Man's Word.

By Owen Oliver.

I WAS playing poker when the crone who nursed Hardy ran into the bar for the doctor. I played out the hand, and another for the look of it. Then I got up.

"I'm off cards to-night," I said.

My companions nodded silently. Hardy and I were chums, and they understood. I walked round to his hut and lurked in the shadow till the doctor came out and put his hand on my shoulder. He had been a gentleman and a real doctor once.

"It's no use taking it too hard," he said. I drew a deep breath.

"When do you give him to?" I asked.

"*I* give him till to-morrow evening; but the last word isn't mine. There's always a hope—something we don't understand. . . . You can go in and see him, if you like. It won't do any harm. I—I'm sorry."

I nodded and shook the doctor's hand. We did not shake hands very often at the camp; but I preferred it to speaking just then.

Hardy was much as I had left him an hour before; a little more haggard and a trifle shorter of breath. He glanced at me without speaking. I knew what his eyes were saying.

"You want the child?" I said. He nodded feebly.

He kept her with some friends at Troy Town, thirty miles away. The camp was no place for her. She was pretty and fragile and thirteen. Her name was Alice. I called her little sister.

"I—have—only—her," he gasped; "and you—old man!"

I sat down on the end of the bed—the chair was untrustworthy—and considered, with my chin in my hand. The Indians were out again; and it was a risky journey at the best. He would not let her come if he knew how things stood. But I had promised Alice to fetch her if he grew worse, Indians or no Indians. "I have the word of a man," she had said, fixing me with her big eyes. "The word of a man," I had answered, "little sister." For the risk was hers to take,



"I SAT DOWN ON THE END OF THE BED AND CONSIDERED."

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I thought, if she chose. Since I had only one virtue, let me claim it. I did not think of the risk to myself.

"I will bring her," I said.

Ten minutes later I rode cautiously into the night.

I arrived at Troy Town soon after midnight. Alice wished to start for the camp at once; but every riding horse was taken for the patrols, so I decided to give good old Bruce a rest till the morning and trust to him to carry us both. We started soon after eight, and he toiled bravely along, in spite of the broiling sun, till we reached Half-Way Hill. I stopped there to give him a rest.

The child wandered about, gathering wild flowers and crooning a quaint song to herself. I lay on my back watching the pale blue sky through the tree-tops and dreaming a waking dream. It had carried me to the other side of the world when Bruce neighed and pawed the ground impatiently. I sprang to my feet and looked hastily round.

"Alice!" I cried. "Quick! The Indians!" She dropped the flower she was gathering and ran to me—a frail, pretty little maid, with long, dark hair floating round her face and a gay nosegay in her hand. I picked her up in one arm and mounted. Bruce started as I touched his back and galloped at full speed down the hill.

"They'll be disappointed if they expect to catch us, won't they?" Alice said, carelessly.

"I hope so." She looked up at me with her big eyes opened wide.

"You don't think they will, do you?"

"I hope not." She looked at me again.

"We have ever such a long start," she protested.

"Nearly a mile," I agreed.

"How far is it to the settlement?"

"Fifteen miles."

"That's nothing to Bruce," she said, confidently.

"He has a heavy weight to carry." She turned a little pale.

"I'm not *very* heavy. He's going quickly."

"Yes, dear." I patted his head. "Up!" He cleared a bush neatly, but there was a trace of effort already. "He'll do his best."

We went crashing through short, dry grass and withered weeds for a few minutes. Alice kept looking over my shoulder.

"How far is it now?"

"Fourteen miles."

"They aren't catching us?"

"No, dear." Bruce's speed would tell at first, but he would tire through the extra weight. "We shall be all right." She smiled again. Her smiles were always ready.

"It will be something for us to talk about afterwards," she told me, gaily.

"Yes," I agreed, "afterwards." But I mistrusted the "afterwards."

We came to a sea of stout grass that rose above the saddle-girth, and Bruce floundered through it.

"They are closer," said Alice, when we came out into the open.

"Only a little."

"How far is it now?"

"About thirteen miles."

On the plain Bruce held his own for a couple of miles. The Indians were lashing their small, wiry horses furiously.

"We shall do it after all," I said, more cheerfully. "I was getting nervous." She laughed.

"You won't make me believe that! Father says you aren't frightened of anything."

"I wasn't frightened, Al," I said, "only—a little afraid." She shook her head.

"If you were afraid, it was only for me."

"Principally for you," I admitted.

"I was afraid for both of us." She stroked my hand. She had always been fond of me.

We came to the roughest part of the road, where it is nothing but crumbly hillocks. Bruce stumbled through the great weight he carried, and the savages on their light horses gained rapidly.

"Can't you make him go faster?" Alice asked, anxiously.

"He's doing all he can." She stroked his mane and he made a gallant spurt in response. He understood.

"How many miles now?"

"About ten."

"That isn't far," she said, brightly, "for the best horse in the country!"

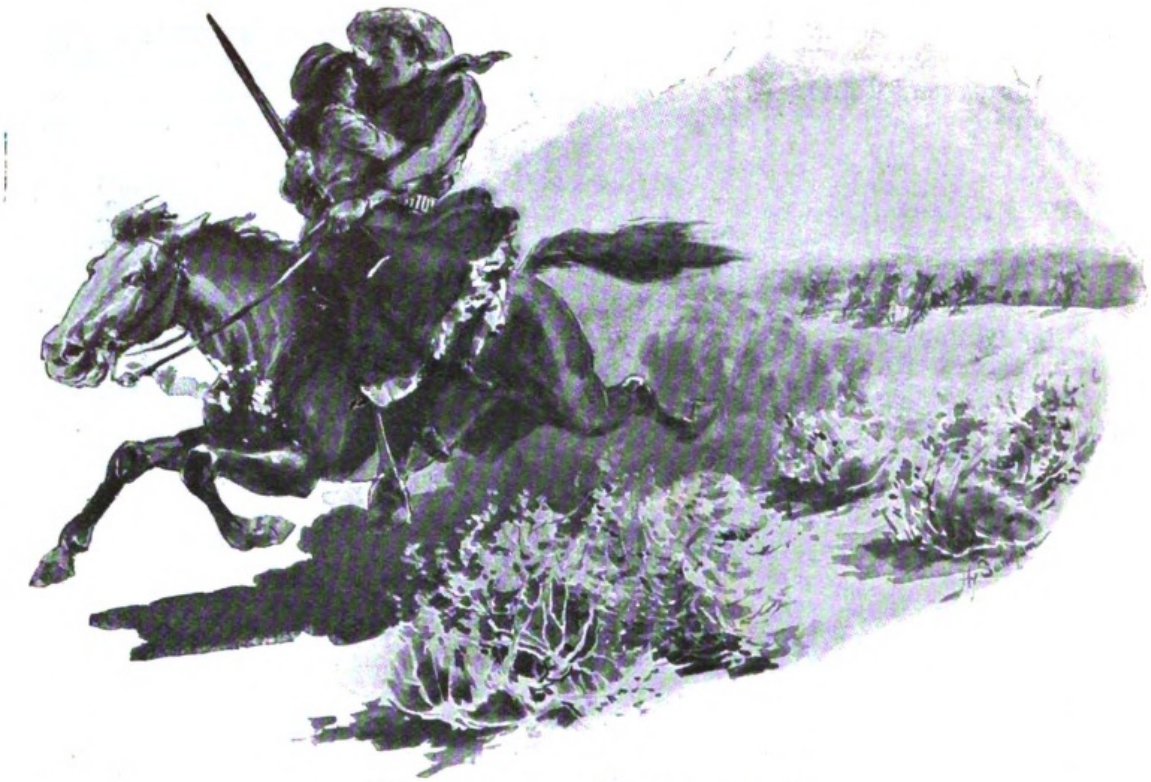
"The very best," I agreed, emphatically. "He'll do it yet." But I knew that he was asked to do more than the best horse that ever ran could do. He had carried seventeen stone for as many miles before the chase began, and he was nearly exhausted already.

I went round some bad ground to save him. This lost us fifty yards. Then we came to level grass land, and he held his own again.

"About eight miles to go," I told her. "We may do it yet." The Indians were within half a mile.

Alice sighed wearily. She was half fainting from the excitement and intense heat. There was no cloud in the sky and scarcely a breath of air. I gave the child a drink,

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"'WILL THEY CATCH US?' ALICE WHISPERED."

drained the water-bottle, and threw it away. I cast a few other superfluities after it.

"Is it so bad as *that?*" she asked, wistfully.

"So bad as that," I echoed, sadly. She clung a little closer to me.

"I won't be a coward," she promised, with a pitiful attempt at bravery.

"No, dear. I know you won't." She was her father's daughter.

"I can shoot a little. You must give me the revolver when—when they get quite close."

"We will see," I promised.

The heat grew intolerable. Bruce stumbled several times, and I expected him to drop every moment; but we came to a shallow stream and he snatched a draught as he splashed through it. This seemed to revive him.

"Good boy! Good old Bruce!" I cried, and patted his head. He made another spurt, but it soon died away, and the Indians gained rapidly. We had six miles to go and they were barely a quarter of a mile behind. Already they were brandishing their weapons in a delirious foretaste of blood. Their shrieks seemed almost in our ears, and Alice buried her face in my jacket to deaden the sound. I looked carefully to the loading of my gun and revolver. They should buy their triumph dearly!

"Will they catch us?" Alice whispered.

"Yes, little one."

"And kill us?"

I stroked her soft hair and said nothing. There was nothing to say. I did not mean them to take her alive.

"Don't you think some of the men will come to meet us?" she suggested. "There is time yet."

"Plenty of time," I said, cheeringly; but I had no hope. I had not even told them that we were coming. I was never prudent.

We were silent for a few minutes. The horse struggled painfully on and the Indians gained at every stride. We neared the finger-post where a footpath branches off to the wood. It is barely a mile and a half to the settlement by the path; but the bridle road curls round the wood for some five miles. If I had been alone I could have outrun them along the path; but they would soon catch me with a child. There was a remote chance of finding help at the ford if we kept to the road. So we went on.

Bruce's steps grew slower and slower, and his breath came in short, sob-like gasps. The Indians slackened the direct pursuit a little, but a dozen of the best mounted raced off to the right, intending to lie in wait at the ford. They evidently wished to take us alive. To be taken alive meant torture

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for me; for Alice it meant worse. I put my hand on my revolver and looked at her. She understood.

"Yes," she said, with a sob. "Kiss me first. It is my fault for asking you to bring me."

"No, no! We were so glad to bring you, weren't we, Bruce?" He answered to his name with yet another spurt. It was useless. They must catch us at the ford.

"It is my weight," she said, faintly. "Perhaps if you—did it now? He could escape with you."

"Al!" I cried. "My brave little Al! Why didn't I think of letting you ride off alone?"

"Alone!" she cried. "Do you think I would have left *you?*"

"You would do what I told you was right, Alice," I said, gravely. I glanced round to see if there was yet time. No. They would cut her off by every way unless—could I cover her flight? I turned Bruce away from the ford along the side of the wood, towards the place where the path entered it.

"Good boy!" I cried. "Good boy! Go!" He answered my call with a supreme effort. "There *is* a way, Al," I said. "The path!"

"We can't ride there."

"Neither can they; and they can only run in single file. "I can hold them while you get away." She stroked my sleeve.

"Can you get away too?" she asked.

"Of course I can." I tried to speak with assurance, but a lie never came easily to me. She detected it.

"You can't," she cried. "I will stay with you."

"I'll run after you when you have a good start," I promised. She shook her head.

"They will be too close on you." She clung tightly to my arm. "You're only doing it for me."

"It's *my* only chance, Al," I said, firmly, "as well as yours. You may be able to send help if you run on. If you can't—well, little sister, it's all up with both of us. You will spare me the worst if you go."

"I can't leave you alone," she cried, passionately. "I *can't.*"

"Then there is no hope for me," I remonstrated. If anything would persuade her to go I knew that this would.

"I will go," she said, quickly. Bruce stumbled suddenly.



"'OLD COMRADE, GOOD-BYE!' I GASPED."

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"Up!" He staggered on. "Be ready to jump, Al."

He reached the opening and fell as we got off. "Old comrade, good-bye!" I gasped. "Come, Al!"

The Indians were about a hundred yards away when we entered the wood. I pulled Alice along until I found good cover to lurk in.

"Run hard, dear," I said, breathlessly. "Don't stop—for my sake. God bless you." She flung her arms round my neck and clung to me. I unclasped them gently and pushed her away. "Run!" I entreated. "Run!" She lingered for a moment with her arm tightly around me. "I will never love anyone so much as you!" she whispered. Then she ran, sobbing as she went.

The place which I had chosen for my stand was capable of defence for hours had the Indians been in less force. The path was barely wide enough for a single person to walk in, and it took a sharp turn, so that I could cover the approach along it from the shelter of a big tree. Upon my right as I faced round there was a tall, overhanging rock. On my left the bushes were thick and covered with long, sharp thorns, and the ground beneath them was full of huge nettles. No doubt the savages would manage to work their way through these ultimately, and attack me from the side or in the rear; but this would take time. The end was inevitable; but the child should have a good start.

I took off my watch and hung it on the thorns so that I could see at a glance how much law I had gained for her. She had more than a mile to go, and at places the path was so overgrown that she would have to force her way through. It would take her a quarter of an hour, I reckoned. She should be safe if she had seven or eight minutes' start.

I rested my rifle (which was a repeater, fortunately) on a fork of the tree and aimed steadily at the place where my pursuers would appear. My senses were strangely alert. I noted every fluttering bird and every buzzing insect. I smelt the fragrance of the wild flowers. My touch seemed prolonged into my rifle, making it a part of myself. Yet all the time my mind was far away.

It would take an hour to tell all the thoughts of that minute of waiting, but the greater part of them may be summed in one word—mother!

My poor old mother! I had been wild and troubled her. Now I had kept straight for two years and had almost made a competence, so that I could return home. I had kept it a secret to surprise her; and now, perhaps, she would never know.

My poor, faithful little mother; and I her only son. Always trusting and always thinking the best of me. Her low, full voice was in my ear. The touch of her grey hair was on my cheek. Her trembling fingers were in my hand. I recalled the words that she had said and the words that she had written. I saw her coming to me when the dreary waiting was done. On her face there were mingled smiles and tears. Her arms were outstretched. She . . .

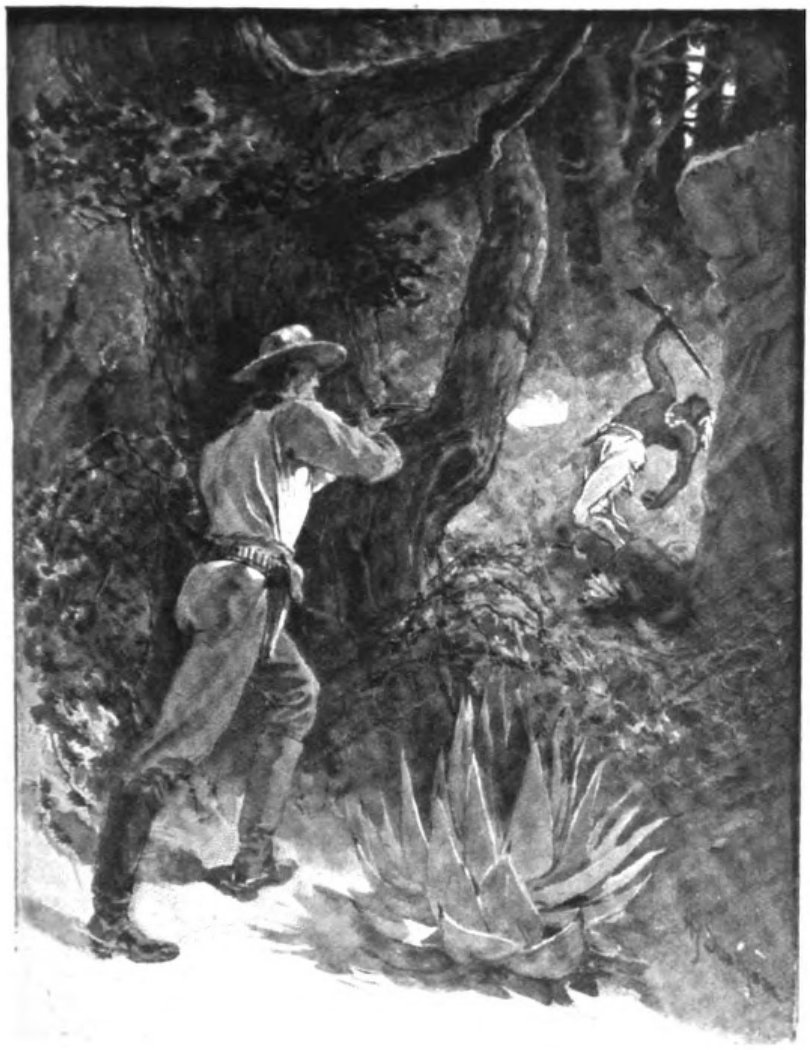
There was a gleam of red—a rustle—a rush along the path. I fired and the first of the Indians went down. Crack! A second staggered and fell. Crack! Crack! A third and fourth rolled over, clutching at the air. Then the rush stopped and I reloaded with a grim smile. *One minute was gone!*

There was an excited jabber of harsh, guttural voices. Then there was a short silence. Then the expected sounds began—sounds audible only to a practised ear—the rustle of a leaf, the crushing of a weed, the cracking of a dry twig. The Indians were working their way through the bushes on my left. I pictured them gliding like serpents through the nettles and thorns. The red skins would be stung and torn. The scowling faces would grow fiercer and fiercer; the savage minds more set on revenge. Well, they should have their revenge; but first I would have mine. And, after all, I would rob them of the child. *Two minutes gone!*

I watched intently for the least sign of an enemy. Perhaps they would work right round behind me! That would take a long time—too long for them to overtake the child. More probably they would creep to the opening on the left, where the shade of a large tree had killed some of the lower growths, and shoot at me from the tree. So much the better if they shot me dead! But they must not shoot me yet, or they would catch the child. The rustling and crackling that seemed everywhere and nowhere grew nearer and nearer, and the birds kept singing all the time. *Three minutes gone!*

The song of the birds took me back to England and home. Was my mother thinking of me, I wondered, as I was thinking of her? Surely I looked through the miles between and saw. She was sitting at the desk at the library window, writing to me.

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"A SECOND STAGGERED AND FELL."

Between the lines she looked wistfully down the rambling old garden; but it was not the garden that she saw. "When he comes——" she was saying to herself. If she knew! Thank Heaven, she would never quite know what this suspense was like. It was making me a coward. I should be thankful for them to come and end it, but for the child. *Four minutes gone!*

Was that a movement by the big tree? No. I saw nothing. There was a tremble of the white-flowered bush over there? Or was it only the bird that flew out? No, it moved again. There! A glimpse of red. Another! A flash! A watchful savage in front had seen the hem of my shirt. A brute at the side was covering me; but my aim was quicker than his, and he fell. One was aiming at me from the big tree and another from a ledge of the rock. The first missed, and I brought the second down with a heavy thud. Instantly another took his place. *Five minutes gone!*

They seemed everywhere in the bushes now. Half-a-dozen shots whizzed by if I raised my head to aim. I crouched lower and lower. Should I run? Those who were on the path could not see me; and it would take those in the bushes a minute or so to get out. I could stop them again when I found fresh cover. But should I find it? And suppose they shot me as I ran? I must take no risks till the child was safe. *Six minutes gone!*

Ah! There was a pang in my left arm and it hung helplessly. The blood fell from it in big, slow drops. I rested my rifle on some brambles and fired with one hand; but my aim was unsteady and I missed. Shots were striking the rock and peeling the branches all round me. I was hit in the thigh. I fired again and missed. A bullet cut my sleeve. I could find no cover from the Indians who had climbed the rock. I must run. *Seven minutes gone!*

My sudden rush took the Indians by surprise, and they pursued cautiously. So I had a fresh start. Had I been unwounded I should have run on till I saw the child, and, perhaps, have escaped after all; but sharp pains thrilled through me and there were blood-stains along the track. If I ran farther I should have no strength to fire a last shot; and little Alice was not safe yet.

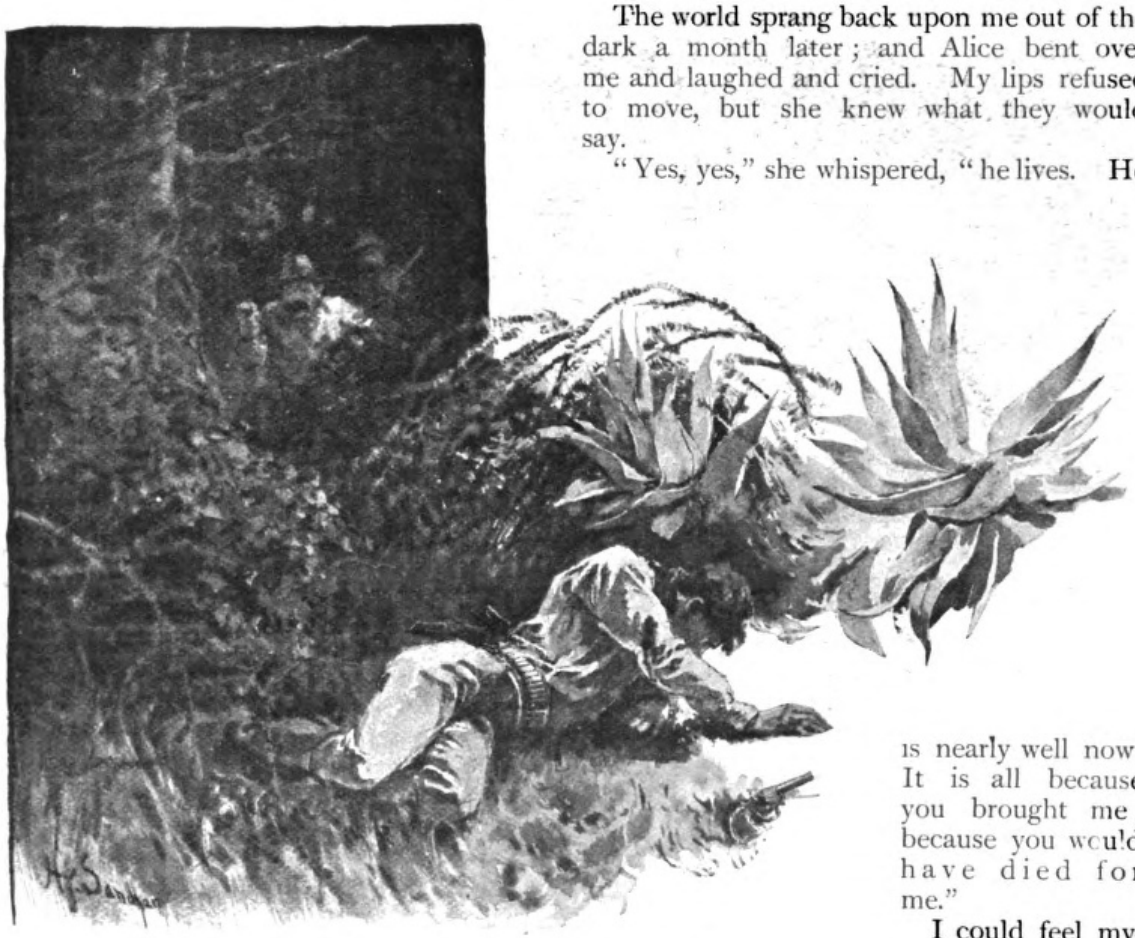
A few yards round another turning I came painfully to a stop. I had thrown my rifle away as I could not use it with one arm. I was too giddy to stand, so I fell upon my knees, and pointed my revolver unsteadily at the bend. The trees were swaying and the sky was full of blood. I glanced at the watch that I had snatched as I ran. *Nine minutes gone!*

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Nine minutes! The child was safe by now. I laughed, and wondered why I was laughing. Every few moments I seemed to lose myself and wake up again. What was I looking for? The Indians? Oh, yes! The Indians! The trees were reeling and everything was dizzy and red. I had saved Alice, and she would tell my mother. . . . My poor old mother. . . . God bless her. . . .

Suddenly they turned the corner. I fired rapidly with my revolver. One was down. A shot in my shoulder. Another was down. A numbing pain in my right arm. There was a hoarse shouting behind me. They were coming from the camp. If I could hold out for a few seconds more. . . . The revolver fell from my hand. I heard it fall. *It must be ten minutes!*

The trees fell over and the sky swayed, and the world vanished like a light that is put out.



"THE REVOLVER FELL FROM MY HAND."

The world sprang back upon me out of the dark a month later; and Alice bent over me and laughed and cried. My lips refused to move, but she knew what they would say.

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "he lives. He is nearly well now. It is all because you brought me; because you would have died for me."

I could feel myself smiling slowly. Then I found my voice. It sounded faint and a long way off.

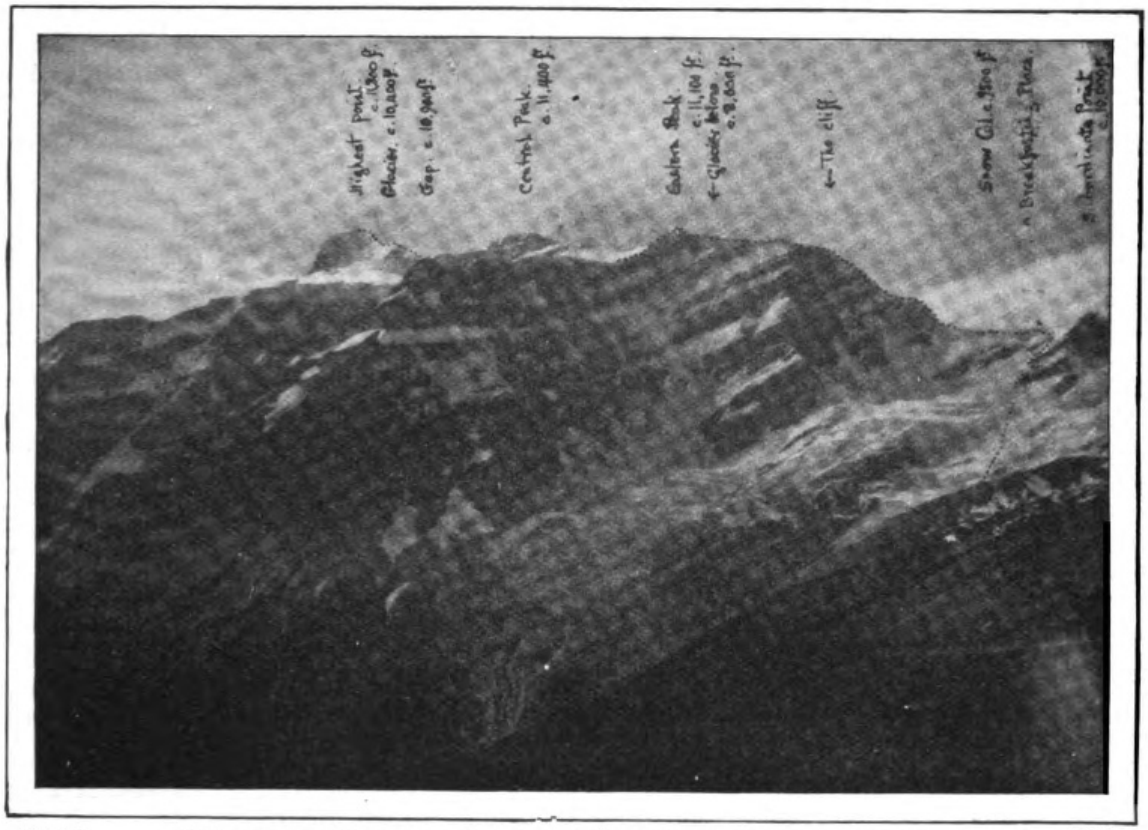
"I gave you a man's word," I said.

She bent down till her hair fell about my face.

"And I," she said, "gave you mine!"

And you have kept it through the long years since, my dear, dear love!

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From a] PANORAMA OF MOUNT BRYCE—THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE COURSE OF THE ASCENT. *[Photo.*

The First Ascent of Mount Bryce.

By James Outram.

IT was growing very dark. The sun had set nearly an hour ago. A piercing wind from a world of glaciers was whistling by on its wild course, and the rising moon, shining feebly athwart a mist of clouds, revealed two shivering human forms silhouetted upon the skyline of a rocky ridge ten thousand feet above the sea.

One, perched on the apex of a cliff some seventy feet in height, a precipice on either hand, watches intently the painful progress of his companion in adversity, who, in the dim, shadowy distance, is clinging with chilled fingers to the vertical face of rock by handholds of the tiniest dimensions, and wildly waving first one leg and then the other in a blind search for some small broken ledge or scant projection which may bear his weight, and form another step in the slow, difficult descent.

Few people could locate Mount Bryce, named in 1898 after the well-known British statesman who then held office as president of the Alpine Club. It stands amidst a group of noble peaks, some sixty miles from human habitation, so little known that the additional interest of exploration is combined with the physical pleasures of superb scenery and difficult ascents. Projecting westwards from the Continental Watershed, the mountain rises in splendid isolation from a massive base to a long and extremely narrow ridge, crowned by overhanging cornices of snow, and culminating in three sharp peaks of increasing elevation in the direction of the ever-deepening valleys, till the final, sudden precipice of the main summit looms almost vertically above the timbered slopes and foaming torrent of the Bush River, more than eight thousand feet below. Its rugged flanks present a long expanse of rocky walls, frequently sheer and always inaccessible, scored here and there by icy gullies, or hung with a glistening mantle of ice and snow, rendering access to the highest, or western, peak possible only by traversing the long ridge almost from end to end.

So dense are the great forests on the rain-swept Pacific slopes that the easiest and quickest way to reach the mountain's base is by the longer route upon the eastern side, a journey of about one hundred and twenty miles from civilization.

It took us nine days to reach the head of the west branch of the north fork of the Saskatchewan, and a cosy camping-place was

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found near its source in a tongue of the vast Columbia glacier, six thousand feet above sea-level.

On the afternoon of August 20th, 1902, the start for the hitherto unattempted peak commenced. My companion was Christian Kaufmann, a Swiss guide in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and one of the most skilful that the famous Alps have nourished and equipped; and the fact that our initials formed the significant cipher "O.K." was quite a happy omen, and doubtless contributed to the success of this and many other first ascents during our partnership.

We were clad in the usual mountain-climbers' garb of knickerbocker suit, with flannel shirt, substantial, heavily-nailed boots, and light felt hat; and our legs were swathed from knee to ankle in puttees, as a protection from snow and underbrush. A sixty-foot rope for climbing purposes, camera, sextant, plane-table, clinometer, thermometers, three aneroids and field-glasses for semi-scientific observations, with extra clothing, snow-glasses, and provisions, were packed away in our distended "rück-sacks." To crown all, our sleeping-bags were rolled and lashed above, a top-heavy addition inconveniently bulky when fighting through dense thickets of stiff fir branches or performing gymnastics over fallen logs.

Thus laden, ice-axes in hand, we traversed the boulder-strewn bed of the now shrunken river, crossed its swift waters on an impromptu bridge formed by a felled fir tree, and ascended leisurely through the trackless forest that clothes the steep western slopes of the deep valley.

In two hours we arrived at Thompson Pass, six thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, a picturesque gap on the Continental Watershed, with a beautiful little lake on the summit laving the rocky base of an imposing, sentinel-like peak that guards the narrow passage. The photograph on the opposite page will give some idea of the beauty and sublimity of the scene.

Two hundred feet higher we found a pleasant spot to bivouac, under a group of spruces, in a hollow on the flanks of the *massif* of Mount Bryce. A clear stream gurgled through the rich grass close at hand; the abundant heather and spruce boughs, chopped with our ice-axes, provided material for most comfortable beds. Dry wood for fuel was collected, and we looked forward to a good hot supper, when, to our dismay, it was discovered that we were matchless! Kaufmann, for the first time, had omitted to carry any—a highly reprehensible oversight for an habitual smoker—and every single one of my supply had been jerked from my pocket during the forceful struggle through the forest tangle. Every corner was ransacked without avail, and finally the inevitable was ruefully accepted and Christian deposited the "billy," full of clear but very frigid water, on the grass before me, and solemnly announced, "Supper is ready." It was cold comfort, and we retired very early to the recesses of our sleeping-bags and tried to slumber.

Unsuccessful at first and too successful later, it was four o'clock ere we awoke, and as there was no fire, no hot tea or soup, we deferred breakfast for a little while, hung up our blankets on the trees to preserve them from voracious marmots, *cachéd* our spare provisions, and started at 4.40 on our journey round the steep shoulder that intervened between the bivouac and the main ridge of Mount Bryce.

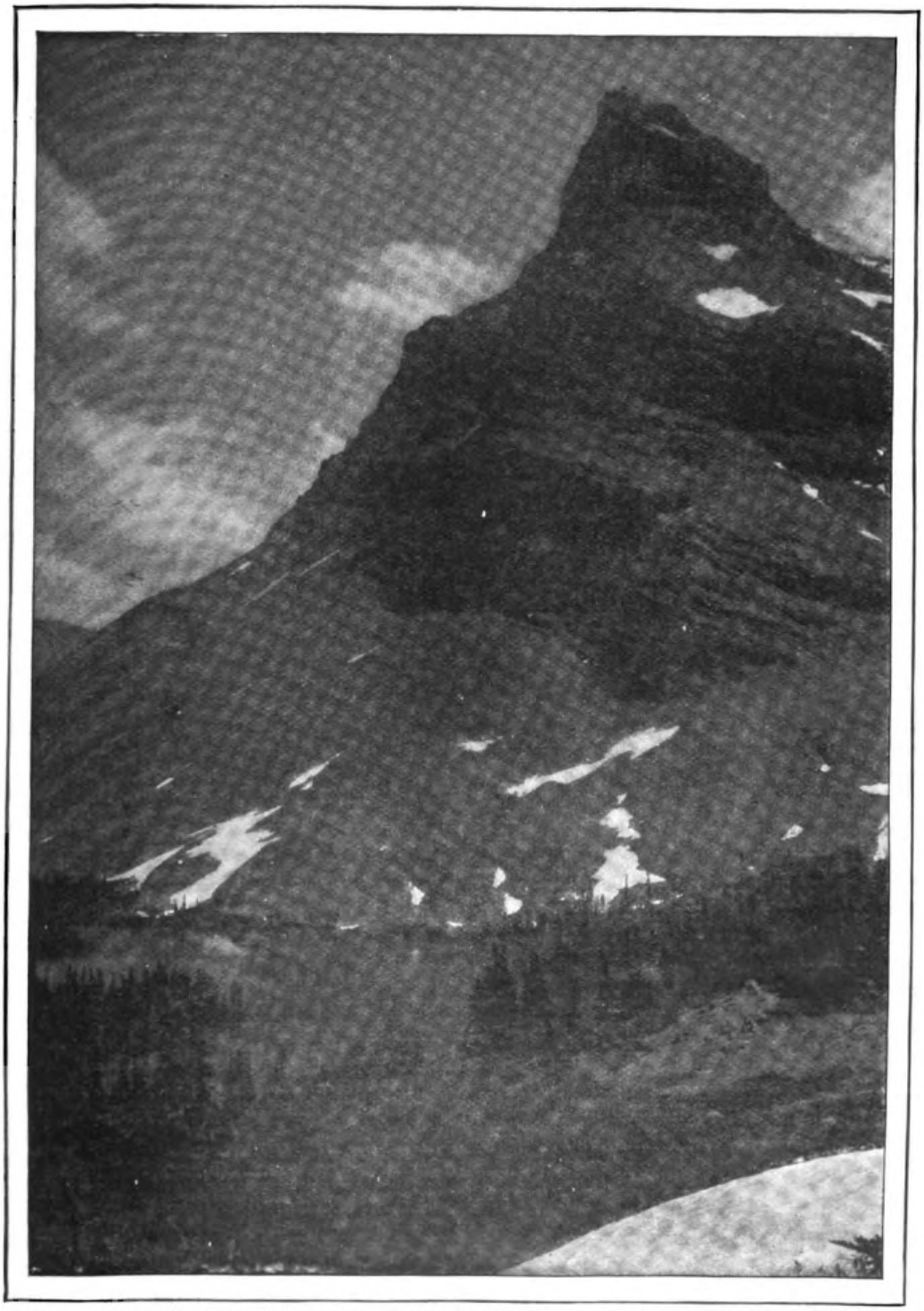
The earlier slopes were covered with loose "scree," giving way later to heather and coarse grass, where flowers blossomed in wonderful profusion, driven upwards by the advancing season, and stunted spruces reached an altitude several hundred feet higher than on the Atlantic side. Ascending steadily, we soon arrived at the little glacier that nestles in the rock-bound hollow at the mountain's base, and crossing the high bank of lateral moraine found pleasant going on the hard surface of ice and snow.* Soon we halted for breakfast, and then resumed our progress by the steep snows and rock slabs that afforded a slippery way to the crest above.

Striking this at its lowest point, we encountered the first really awkward obstacle. A snow wall about ten feet in height, and crowned by a small overhanging cornice, faced us across a yawning chasm in the hanging glacier on which we stood. The snow was soft in the extreme, and gave way at each attempt to form a step in its vertical surface, pouring like dry sand into the crevasse below. By dint of care and patience, however, two or three sufficient holes at length were excavated, and Christian, planting his ice-axe in the firmer snow above, drew himself up to solid ground once more.

We were now at the east end of a long slope of "névé," or snow-covered glacier—shown in the photograph on page 156—trending gently down to a tongue of the

* The route taken may be followed in detail by the aid of the picture of Mount Bryce at the head of this article.

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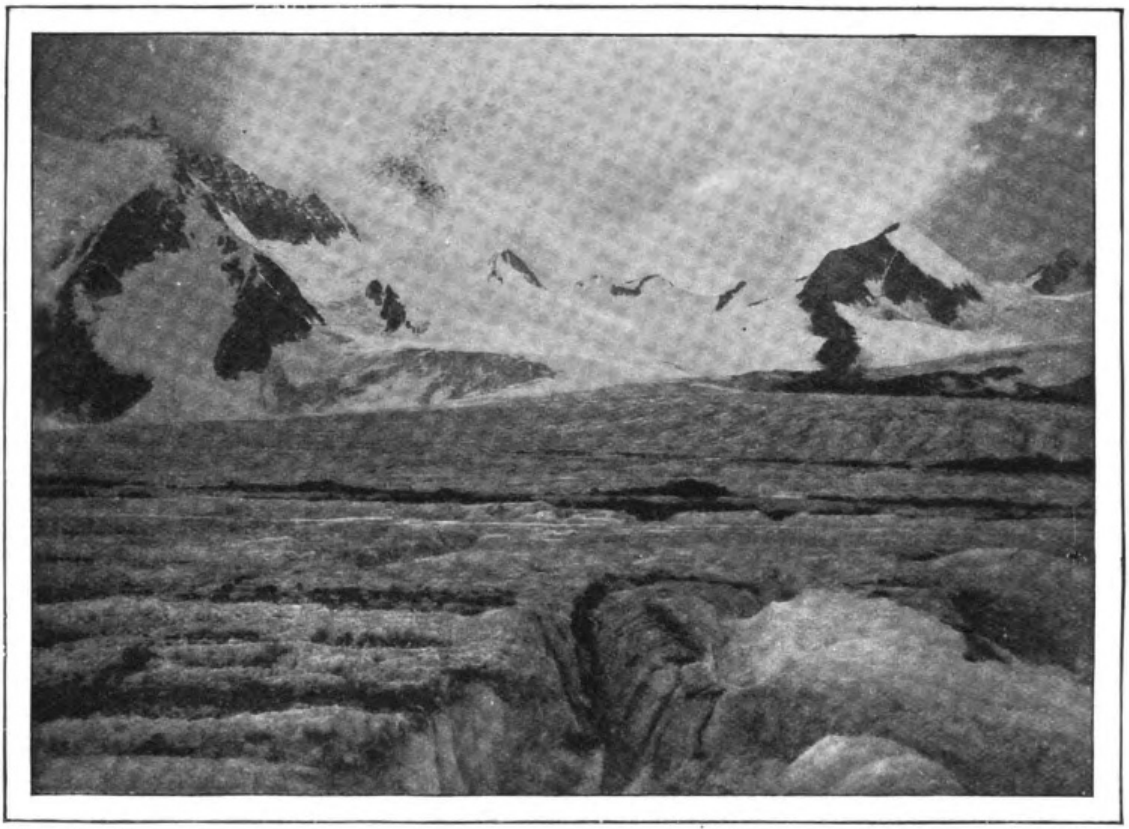


THOMPSON PASS—"A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE LAKE LAVING THE BASE OF AN IMPOSING, SENTINEL-LIKE PEAK."
From a Photo.

Columbia ice-field on our right, and ending abruptly on the side of our ascent in a large cornice surmounting a rugged precipice. Beyond it rose the steep ridge along which we had to travel, comparatively broken and easy at first, but narrowing rapidly till the southern wall grew perpendicular and the northern slopes tilted at a tremendous angle, leaving but a razor-edge of jagged rock between, or crested by a great overhanging shelf of frozen snow.

The weather, to our satisfaction, gave more hope than at the start, when clouds were clustering low on every lofty peak and augurring ill for a clear view, without which any climbing success would count for comparatively nothing. A breeze had sprung up and the clouds lifted gradually; several summits

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From a] "WE WERE NOW AT THE EAST END OF A LONG SLOPE OF 'NÊVÉ,' OR SNOW-COVERED GLACIER." *[Photo.*

already were emerging from the gloom, and Mount Columbia, the monarch of the region, with its pure snowy dome wreathed in trailing mists, appeared like an ethereal vision against the pale azure of the sky, aglow with radiant dawn. At its feet swept the broad snows of the immense Columbia ice-field, the culminating point of the Canadian Rockies. Two hundred square miles of solid ice are comprised within its mighty area, including the numerous glacier tongues that dip in all directions to the green forest valleys, and it possesses probably the two unique distinctions of being the largest snow-field known beyond the fringes of the Arctic circle, and of supplying the sources of rivers flowing to three different oceans—the Atlantic, Arctic, and Pacific.

But it is time to hasten on, for we are only nine thousand five hundred feet up (two thousand five hundred above the bivouac), it is already half-past seven, and many difficulties lie ahead. The route, of course, is quite untried, and all that is known about it is that there must be several exceedingly awkward bits of climbing, certain to test our powers to the full, and perhaps impossible.

We had roped together before tackling the last snow wall, and continued thus throughout the day. The rope is an indispensable aid to mountaineering. Even though there may never be occasion (as there seldom is with experts) for physical support, as a moral help it is invaluable, and as a precaution in case of any *contretemps* it should never be omitted. Many scores of lives undoubtedly have been saved through its instrumentality, and it is a safeguard whose merits anyone may have to test at some sudden crisis. This is particularly so amongst the hidden chasms of snow-covered glaciers, and, though of less importance in ordinary rockwork, in Canada it is imperative, for the limestone cliffs are so eroded and disintegrated as to be absolutely rotten and untrustworthy, foot-holds and hand-holds frequently giving way even after ample tests, and requiring constant care and watchfulness.

Advancing rapidly over the level surface, steps had to be cut with the ice-axe up the steeper frozen snow, and then we took to the rocks and had a long steep climb, easy and fairly rapid, in spite of loose shale and *débris* and the insecurity of holds. Ledges large and small, short scrambles up rugged buttresses, scarred rock faces, or along the jagged sky-line provided the usual programme, varied by the occasional traverse of a gully filled with ice or snow, with their alternative opportunities for you to slip on them or

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them to slide with you. The southern precipices were getting very sheer; those opposite, increasing in sharpness to rugged escarpments, scored by narrow gullies and ribbed with minor buttresses, plunged downward some six or seven thousand feet, with no halting-places on the way, to the great glacier below.

Eventually, near the apex of the rocky *arête*, or ridge, well over ten thousand feet above the sea, we came to a bit of cliff, about seventy feet in height, which appeared so difficult a problem as to threaten a summary defeat. We stood on the edge of the *arête*, and it towered above us as a narrow buttress, smooth, nearly perpendicular, with few excrescences to grip or place even the corner of a boot upon, and of a consistency so rotten that only a small percentage of the existing few would likely be reliable. We peered round the angle on our left, and discovered that we were about midway along a great bare wall, without a vestige of foothold, sheer in its rise towards the summit and in its drop of two to three thousand feet to the glacier at its base. There was no escape in that direction. Then to the right. A narrow rift here broke the directness of the rocky face, descending abruptly, with occasional wicked-looking spikes of jagged limestone protruding from the surface, and swept by showers of *débris* from the cliffs above. Beyond this, more buttresses as steep as that confronting us and quite as uninviting.



VIEW FROM A POINT HALF-WAY UP THE ASCENT.
From a Photo.

So there was nothing for it but to try to scale the escarpment straight ahead, and Christian immediately led the way. The first dozen feet were fairly broken and not particularly vertical, but then commenced a strenuous conflict with the difficulties of this natural outpost, set to bar approach to the stronghold's central tower. Hold after hold gave way as the guide tried them one by one, and fragments rattled down the gully and leapt from rock to rock in ever-growing bounds till, lost to sight and sound, they dashed to final rest upon the glacier six thousand feet beneath—a most suggestive journey to those who were engaged in an attempt to climb that self-same cliff by means of very slightly more reliable excrescences.

Fortunately Kaufmann is a magnificent rock-climber, and it was a treat to watch the skill and science he displayed in his advance slowly and cautiously towards the goal. Now he is clinging to the rough rounded surface of the buttress edge; now swinging into the narrow gully at its side; sometimes with arms and legs outstretched, like a gigantic star-fish, in a wild endeavour to grasp a possible support; or bunched together after a huge step upward, where no intervening foothold offered in an expanse of a yard or more. A tiny resting-place, perhaps an inch in width and two or three in length, on which a portion of a nailed boot-edge can maintain a grip, is hailed with delight and looked on as a luxury. The least projection, happy if not slippery, suffices for a hold, and one slow gymnastic effort succeeds another, as the climber gently draws himself upward foot by foot. As little spring or jerk as possible is the invariable rule, lest it detach one of the treacherous supports and leave him hanging precariously on a frail remnant, or hurl him in an instant on the cruel rocks that line the gully at his feet.

For the rope is of practically no advantage to the leader in such circumstances. Though his companion may be firmly planted at the cliff base, the rope clutched in an iron grasp, or anchored round a solid mass of rock, yet,

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should the first man fall, a drop of twice the length of rope paid out must follow, and the chances of escape from, at the least, considerable injuries are small. Christian, however, is equal to almost anything one can encounter on the mountains, and certainly to all that gives a possibility of overcoming it, so little by little he makes his way higher and higher till the rope is taut between us. Above him still nearly twenty feet remains of the bad bit, perhaps the nastiest section of it all. His situation is not of the most secure; the slightest slip or jerk on my part would be possibly enough to drag him from his hold, and so precipitate us both into the abyss, where the white glacier gleams apparently so close beneath our feet, yet really more than six thousand feet away. But I must come on or give up the expedition.

The question of an advance or a retreat must be decided. An upward glance at what remains might well discourage even the boldest. A downward look at what has been accomplished reassures. With eighty feet of rope the problem would be tenfold less perplexing, but now for many minutes both must be in treacherous positions at one time; the one moving on and liable at any moment to an accident almost impossible to foresee or to avoid, the other clinging precariously on the face of the upright cliff, unable to assist or stay a fall.

And the future! It is an axiom that in nine cases out of ten descent is far more trying than ascending on a difficult rock-climb. If we can only just achieve success by dint of all the skill and energy we possessed, how about coming down late in the day, most likely thoroughly tired, with all the additional dangers of a descent?

Danger is by no means an attraction to the true mountaineer. Some people may so affirm, but scarcely ever does an expert place himself in a dangerous situation, and if he does it is not from choice, and he does not like it. Sometimes he may take a risk, but seldom, unless all the chances are in favour of the climbing party and the possibility of accident is exceedingly remote. What he does love is to eliminate by experience and skill all danger from a climb, which to a novice, a clumsy worker, or a party unsupplied with, or neglectful to use, proper equipment for mountaineering would be hazardous or quite impossible.

The result of our deliberations was that, in the circumstances, there was an overwhelming preponderance of reasons in favour of success, so on we went. Soon I could halt and Christian clambered to the top, where, anchored firmly, he could have held me or even hauled me up if all my holds had gone at once and left me dangling in the air. Nothing of this sort happened, though it was a climb that taxed my powers to the full, and some of the scant projections and occasional swells, when in shifting holds one learns the wonderful properties of friction as a sole support, brought me nearly to their utmost limit.

In due time the tension was over and the victory was ours. A total change in the character of the ascent appeared before us now. The gradient of the ridge became quite easy; rocks gave place almost entirely to snow; but the southern precipices were crowned by enormous cornices, to which a wide berth had to be given, necessitating a traverse of the steep snow slopes that tilted at an alarming angle till they ended in a "jump off," beyond which only the valley bed, some seven thousand feet below, could be seen.

For a short distance the going was delightful, and we had visions of a quick and easy finish; but the snow became very hard, and then gave place to ice, so that the axe was requisitioned, and severe step-cutting followed for a while. Several strange transverse fissures had to be avoided, and another snow wall, this time frozen solid, had to be climbed across a wide crevasse, close to the edge of the projecting mass of cornice. Thence rapid progress along the broken, narrow ridge ended in our arrival at 11.50 at the sharp summit of Mount Bryce's eastern peak.

Here, seated on the pile of loose rocks that forms the tiny apex, we enjoyed a well-earned rest for half an hour and an admirable lunch, meantime taking in with much appreciation the extensive views from our advantageous elevation of eleven thousand feet.

The chief interest, however, lay ahead. To our relief, the hopes of escaping the long, tedious traverse of the central peak were confirmed. As it was, we had presentiments already of a night out upon the mountain, for the ascent of the main peak would evidently be no child's play, and, though we were rapid climbers and no time was wasted, time was speeding and the days were getting short. But nothing short of absolute impossibility was going to deter us from achieving the purpose on which we had embarked, and we were glad to find a shorter route by descending six or seven hundred feet to a wide glacier that swept along the bases of the three summits, skirting the central cliffs

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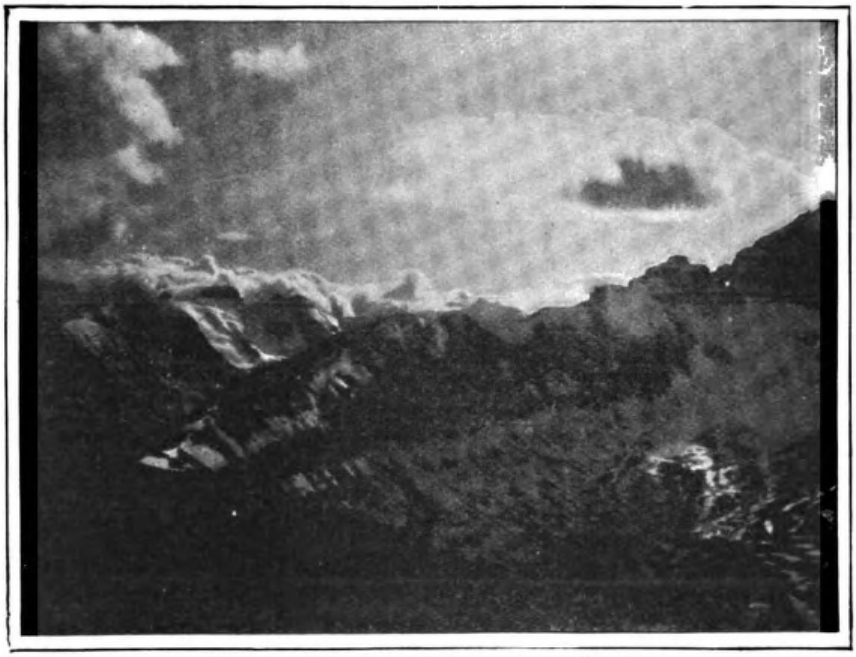
and striking the ridge again at a narrow gap between the two highest peaks.

Down rocks and snow we hurried, carefully leaving a substantial staircase in the latter for use on our return; then across the glacier, covered with snow, save where the suggestive lines of huge crevasses showed dark upon the universal whiteness of the otherwise unbroken surface. In and out we wound among these gaping fissures, probing carefully in search of others, hidden by their winter covering, but no less deep and far more dangerous. The snow was soft and we sank deeply into it at every step, but ere long we were laboriously plodding up the farther steeps, and in an hour and a quarter stood in the little dip where the descending ridges of the main and central peaks converge.

Only nine hundred feet remained for us to scale, but the prospect was not at all inviting. The lower part of the *arête* was simple enough, though so knife-edged that, as we trod the snowy crest, both toes and heels projected into space. Then came a cornice, hanging as before towards the south, with the slope frozen hard, presenting a safe and solid substance in which to cut our steps. But beyond this lay the worst of all our difficulties.

The crest of cornice was suddenly reversed and topped the northern precipice. The slope on which we were obliged to move in order to avoid the danger of the cornice giving way now faced the south, and was exposed to the full blaze of the summer sunshine. So steep was it that it was marvellous how the glistening curtain of soft and yielding snow, massed on a slippery substratum of glare ice, could cling at such an angle.

Yet at the same time the situation was not without its compensations. Had the configuration of the mountain been reversed there would be no present record of any conquest of Mount Bryce, for to dream of attempting the traverse of such a slope, when the failure of a single foothold might mean a fall of some eight thousand feet, would be sheer madness. Fortunately, when this grand abyss was yawning at our feet, the sheltered snow, congealed by an icy wind, was firm, and though the labour of continuous step-cutting was involved there was perfect safety. Now that the sunny side was forced upon us as a route, the mountain side, though steep, was never perpendicular, but



From a] MOUNT BRYCE, FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 8,500FT. *[Photo.*

covered by a pure expanse of snow, unbroken save in its earliest stages by protruding rocks, swept smoothly down to the broad surface of the southern glacier only twelve or fifteen hundred feet below. Even should we take a sudden ride in this unusual kind of automobile there would be little likelihood of any further damage than the abandonment of our attempt.

It was a period of intense strain and watchfulness. Of course, but one moved at a time. A jerk or spring would probably send us swiftly hurtling downwards in an eddying hurricane of snow. Scarcely a word was spoken and not a needless movement was allowed. Even the hole made by the leader's ice-axe had to be utilized by his companion, lest any undue shaking or splitting of the snow might start a slide.

With cat-like tread, face inward towards the slope, Christian makes a cautious sidelong step knee-deep in the soft, powdery snow, his ice-axe planted firmly and securely grasped; gently and patiently he treads a fairly solid resting-place for one foot, and quietly he draws the other leg to the same hole and carefully makes a moderately stable

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little platform there. Another planting of the ice-axe and a further step is gingerly negotiated in the long, slow advance.

It is exciting work, in spite of the funereal slowness of our progress. At almost every step a patch of crust, perhaps as large as a man's hand, breaks off, and, sliding downward with an ominous hiss, in a few yards gouges out a trench some eighteen inches wide and six or seven deep. The loosened snow, pouring like finest desert sand from the weakening sides, moves slowly with a weird, sizzling murmur, till, gathering force and volume, ton upon ton sweeps onward with impetuous rush and roar, and wave on wave of foaming avalanche thunders on the broad bosom of the glacier.

These little avalanches were somewhat disquieting. Two on a rope is not the best style of party for such an undertaking, but foot by foot we make our way in safety until the worst is over and we take a welcome rest upon an island of projecting rock. Beyond this is yet another of the vertical snow walls which are such a frequent feature of the climb. First came a nasty traverse on a narrow ledge under a canopy of dripping snow, so low that a most uncomfortably constrained position was necessitated. Keeping one's balance was not easy, and so unstable was the snow that a mere touch might readily displace the mass above, and our weight alone suffice to loosen the ledge and shoot us down the icy, snow-swept gully at our feet. Then the usual patient striving to gain a foothold in the sliding snow was resumed, and the usual ultimate success achieved, and solid ground once more rewarded us.

All the toils are now forgotten. The long-desired summit looms quite close above, and eagerly we hasten towards the goal. A splendid hanging glacier clings to the northern flank of the mountain's topmost pinnacle, a wild chaos of gaping fissures, ice-towers, and *séracs;* we thread our way through its weird Arctic jumble, climb a short, sharp *arête*, and, breaking through a little cornice, stand at last upon the mountain-top.

A platform of unblemished snow crowns the great peak, a matchless natural observatory. The mighty walls are sheer or almost sheer on every side, save where the narrow ridge of our approach connects the bastion outpost with the rest of the upland world. Except for this we seem to be severed from earth and isolated in the realm of space. In front, to right, to left, over the brink of rocky ramparts, we gaze into the heart of the green forest depths more than eight thousand feet below. Above these wooded chasms rises a bewildering world of peaks, rugged and desolate: huge fantastic piles with frowning precipices and jagged pinnacles, of vast majestic domes, whose shapely forms are clothed in snowy splendour.

Chief among them all stood forth the rival monarchs of the north and south, Mount Columbia and Mount Forbes, each indisputably supreme in his own section of this peerless Alpine region. Many, like the two giants, we have climbed and look upon as intimate friends; many others are thoroughly familiar from frequent observation; and a countless host remains, unknown, unnamed, in this vast land where mountaineering and exploration offer such exceptional opportunities to enthusiasts.

But, alas! the exigencies of the hour permitted far too brief a time for a full enjoyment of this fascinating panorama and for the necessary work of trying to utilize this fleeting glimpse for topographical purposes, by perpetuating some of its more important features through the agency of camera, sextant, and plane-table. With Christian continually hurrying me up, only a bare half-hour could be spared, and at ten minutes after four we turned our faces homewards.

The descent was fairly rapid. The sunlight had passed from the snow slope, and the cool of evening, aided by a keen wind, hardened it sufficiently to enable us to move with greater freedom than we expected. In spite of some photographic halts we reached the eastern peak by 6.20, and snatched five minutes for rest and a mouthful of chocolate before hurrying on along the upper portion of the east *arête*. Throughout, the steps made in the morning were of great assistance, and there were no delays beyond especial care at some of the most difficult points.

It was almost dark when we approached the well-remembered cliff, which had been continually on our minds, and to reach which ere nightfall had been the object of our hasty, foodless march. But we arrived too late. And now the question arose as to the wisest course to take. We were on the horns of a dilemma. To go on meant descending practically in the dark a cliff which we had deemed so difficult in daylight as almost to deter us from undertaking it. But, on the other hand, a night out ten thousand five hundred feet above the sea, without the smallest shelter, on the exposed sky-line of a ridge swept by an Arctic wind, with boots and stockings saturated and certain to freeze (and probably the feet inside as well) before

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the dawn could aid us on our way, and almost destitute of food, offered a prospect particularly uninviting, especially as the nights were more than eight hours long and very cold.

I left the decision entirely in Kaufmann's hands. The risk was his alone. For me, descending first, with the good rope in his trusty grasp, there was no danger, except for the short distance when both would be upon the cliff at the same time. For him a slip, a lost grip, or a broken hold might mean destruction. But again he voted for advance, and, at any rate, I could make a trial and report upon my personal sensations ere his turn arrived. And so I turned my face towards the rock, slipped over the edge, and entered on the fateful climb.



From a] THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT BRYCE. *[Photo.*

The eerieness of it is not likely ever to be entirely forgotten. It was a continuous series of experiences thrilling in the extreme. First, the blind groping in the depths for something to rest a foot upon; then the wild search all over the chilled rocky surface for a knob or tiny crack where my numbed fingers might get another hold. Agonizing doubts of their stability are ever present, and now and then a creepy chill runs down my spine and a sickening sensation of emptiness is felt as a long-sought support crumbles beneath my weight, and the hollow reverberation of its fall echoes through the silence as it leaps into the blackness of seven thousand feet of empty space. Several tense minutes are passed in motionless suspense whilst Christian is clambering down till there is rope enough for me to move again. At last comes the relief of solid and sufficient standing room, followed by the still more trying period of inactivity, the patient intensity of watching and hauling in the slack as the rope comes slowly down, the strained anxiety lest any accident should happen to the guide, and finally the thankfulness of seeing his figure looming close above, soon to be standing safely by my side, and we can breathe again.

Still cold and shelterless, it was essential to keep poking on, in the endeavour to reach our bivouac and to maintain circulation by movement, however slow and laboured. The moon shone very feebly through the mist of clouds, and nearly all the route, unfortunately, lay in shadow: so care was always needed and progress was intensely tedious.

At ten o'clock we emerged from the gloom and difficulties of the rocks, and halted for a few minutes' rest at the edge of the white expanse of glacier at their base. The journey thence requires no detailed description. A troublesome steep ridge of frozen snow delayed us for a time, and our limbs were very weary when we reached the lower glacier. With staggering and unsteady gait we swung along the rough, uneven surface in the deceptive light, until about midnight we left the snow behind and could unloose the rope that had bound us together during almost seventeen hours of adventurous companionship. The thickets of spruce, tangled heather, loose "scree," and boulders that succeeded were still more fatiguing, but in an hour we sighted the little clump of trees that marked our bivouac, and flung ourselves down with satisfaction that our twenty and one-half hours of toil were over. It was too cold and we were too tired to tackle dry bread and cold canned mutton, although we had eaten only a tiny bit of chocolate since noon, and the blankets were infinitely more attractive.

Off again that morning at 4.30, we arrived in camp at six o'clock, and soon were seated before a glorious fire, enjoying the luxury of a hot meal once more and doing ample justice to its varied menu. Some hours later our "outfit" commenced the return journey, and we bade a last farewell to the scenes of mingled toil and triumph, hardship and victory.

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By Tammers' Camp Fires.—III.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard.

THE BRIDGE OF A THOUSAND LIVES.

I.

THE mood of a camp is a wonderful thing. One cannot help believing that some unseen, omnipotent influence broods above the lines of tents and sways the human units therein with common waves of feeling. In what other way can certain facts be explained? How is it that a successful army sometimes wears a hang-dog air, while defeated ranks glow and burn with military ardour?

Such a period of marked and general emotion was passing over the camp where Tammers and I found ourselves on the night when this story opens. Perhaps the men were slightly sulky and disappointed that their co-operation with a column which had marched forth on a punitive expedition a short time previously was now judged to be unnecessary. The insurrection had been quelled with unexpected ease, and the column under Sykes Pasha was already returning, having had but few casualties considering the adverse conditions of climate and the toil of forced marches.

Yet for days there had been an uneasy feeling in camp. How it arose no one could say. Little was said; it was rather a dumb, intangible sense of "something wrong." No bad news had arrived. Scouts came and went, camel-corps dipped into the desert and reappeared. Yet, seemingly for no reason, men slept ill. Foreboding crept from tent to tent.

Martin Tammers had before this accompanied an army in a war lasting months, and had seldom during the whole period slept with the main body. His work always took him to the front, to outlying positions. He might visit the scene of a battlefield a week before the battle, and the General's dispositions might be based on his information, but when the battle was actually fought Tammers, in all probability, would be far away, gathering, perhaps, those details whereby the enemy's defeat might be turned into a rout.

On the occasion of which I write, however, Tammers, luckily for all concerned, was in camp. The whole of the past week we had spent in the saddle, so that it was with some pleasure that he and I sat beside our tent-door and watched the ebb and flow of military life around us. We had had a number of visitors. Officers came and discussed many topics, but the conversation always veered back to the one subject of scouting. All that Tammers could be led on to say was listened to with an eager respect. The men also came lingering round, impelled by a desire to see, and if possible to have speech with and so realize in the flesh, Tammers the scout. They would have stared harder had they known to what an errand that night was to call him.

Tammers was then, as always, quite unconscious of being in any way a centre of interest. He was habitually silent with strangers, though when he and I were alone he talked at times freely enough. But on this evening he remained silent, even when the last man had strolled away. I refilled my pipe and fell to studying Tammers afresh, probably because so many others had been engaged in doing the same for the last couple of days. He was, perhaps, five feet eight, twelve stone, bull-necked, bullet-headed—a type of all the hardiest, most enduring stuff our islands send to fight our battles. His face, with its widely-opened, steel-grey eyes and indomitable moulding, was lit by the flaring of our thorn-fed fire.

I thought how often I had seen similar faces, though far less definitely marked, less developed as to characteristic lines, yet of the same type, struggling to hold a stronger side from their goal on a wintry British football field. Yes, the description fitted Tammers; he was a high-grade sample of the pattern, a right good man on a losing side, a fighter till the whistle blew in a sterner game.

I reach back into the past for these small-beer chroniclings, because the story I have to tell illustrates the fact that qualities nourished in our athletes, when welded with experience and skill, are, spite of critics, among the most precious possessions of our Army.

I do not think I have in these narratives sufficiently emphasized the high masterly degree to which Tammers had carried his art of scouting. Even when at home, in the hotel where I first met him, he had hired a

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waiter to drop a tack on the boarded floor above his bedroom at any period during the small hours. The minute sound never failed to wake him. He was wont to keep up his shooting by firing at swallows with a revolver. He habitually went part of each day barefoot. He had made himself, or been born, ambi-dextrous. He could detect the presence of unsmoked tobacco in a room by keenness of smell. He rarely indulged in the comforts of bed, but would camp under the open window. "It has taken me twenty years to sharpen my senses," he would say; "I will not blunt them by a few weeks of easy living." But all these imageries and remembrances vanished from my mind when Tammers spoke:—

"I wouldn't smoke any more if I were you, Anson. There's work close ahead of us. I feel it."

I should have imagined Tammers the last man to be touched by presentiment, and said so.

"It may seem queer to you, Anson," he answered; "but I've known days like this before. I've a sort of premonition that people who know nothing about active service by experience would laugh at. It's the same feeling that makes a man sit up wide awake when danger in any form, savage or wild beast or any other, comes nosing round his camp." He paused again. "I haven't felt like this since the night before Isandlwana."

"And you have such a presentiment now?" I questioned, curiously.

"I think you'll find most men who have lived as wild and solitary a life as I have, with Nature for their nearest friend——" He broke off.

Which was true indeed, for I have come across many proofs of the fact. Old hunters and scouts appear to attain a sixth premonitory sense.

The camp we were with at the moment was pitched on those Soudan sands which have absorbed so much British blood. Our history holds no more vivid record than that in connection with this desolate land, over which Allah laughed when he made it. Yet it is a record from which few items of full colour are wanting. The Soudan has given us defeat and victory, has seen civilization arrayed against barbarism, has poured out from its dark heart multitudes of utterly merciless, hopelessly brave enemies, and as I sat and waited another of its mighty and blood-stained tragedies was rising as a cloud upon our horizon, from which we had hoped they were for ever swept away.

Tammers and I occupied a little tent on the edge of the encampment. Far off, at the head of the broad street between the silent lines, a light still burned in the General's tent. One or two other gleams showed in the same shrouded fashion behind canvas. Now and again one seemed to hear the camp stirring in its sleep; the silence of the hours before dawn was not yet upon us. Tammers made no move to turn in, but sat on thinking, while the vague excitement roused by his last words held me awake.

Suddenly out of the dimness of the desert came a cry. It was the challenge of a sentry far off. Soon after we heard the padding and grunting of a camel hard driven.

Something passed us in the gloom and grew into uncouth outlines as it lurched up the main street.

"Camel-corps scout," said Tammers. "Important news."

"Why important? They have been coming in every hour."



"'CAMEL-CORPS SCOUT,' SAID TAMMERS."

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"Because that scout's riding right to the General's tent instead of leaving his camel in the lines as usual."

We heard the order to the camel to kneel, and at the instant a flap in the tent was thrown back, and against the light we saw silhouetted the camel's head, the tarboosh of the scout, and the figure of an officer.

After awhile the scout led away his tired mount towards the lines of his corps, which lay in an opposite quarter of the camp.

I believe I was dozing when a low-pitched voice from the darkness said, "Tammers, are you there?"

I leaped up. Tammers was already in the tent and lighting our small lamp. Two men passed quickly in. I remained outside, staring at them amazed. For one was the General Commanding and the other the Chief Intelligence Officer in camp. General Prince I had seen frequently: grey-moustached, fiery-tempered, grumbled at on the parade-ground, absolutely adored when in the field, a keen seeker after glory, but loth to a fault to sacrifice the lives of his men. Tammers had been with him through two campaigns, and I had reason to believe a mutual liking and respect existed between them, in spite of the traditions of the Army that held them rigidly apart. But the spoken word is less necessary for human intercourse than is generally supposed.



"HE WAS PLEASED TO FEEL THE GRIP OF THE THIN, LONG HAND."

I had always found a great attraction in the fierce, shrewd, humorous eyes of the General, but the glimpse I caught of his face as he stooped to enter the tent showed me two deep lines drawn from nostril to mouth, and a look in the brave, wrinkle-circled eyes such as I pray I may never see again.

I could only hear scraps of their talk, but the departure from the hard-and-fast lines of military procedure prepared me for something unusual, though I was far from imagining the huge calamity that menaced our arms. By the light of the lamp I could see Tammers' face quietly attentive, but giving no sign of the feelings that must have been stirred in his heart. The General's back, unfamiliarly bent, was towards me, but he said little, leaving the bulk of the talk to Major Pyke, one of those keen, alert, capable fellows who build up a record of silent, steady work for years, then, on emergency, step into knowledge of all the world by some brilliant course of action.

They talked for more than a quarter of an hour, while I sat outside and tried to guess what was going forward. Then Major Pyke bent his tall head and came out. General Prince delayed for a moment to shake hands with Tammers and to say a few words. I saw the light in Tammers' eyes. He was pleased to feel the grip of the thin, long hand. And it appeared to me that the face of the General looked less drawn than when he entered the tent, and I knew that some of the dreadful responsibility which had oppressed him had been shifted to the broad and ready shoulders of the scout.

Tammers stood still gazing out into the dark night when we were again alone, then he said, with conviction:—

"It is very good of that General to trust the job to me. He said he relied on me."

I smiled in the darkness, the speech was

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so true to the man. I must have failed in my task of chronicling Tammers' achievements if I have not long ago made clear his inviolable modesty and the elemental simpleness of one side of his character.

"Then it's a desperate business!" I exclaimed.

"I'm free to own it looks ticklish," said Tammers, dispassionately. He was already busying himself with his preparations for departure.

"It must be a big thing."

"Big enough," replied Tammers, soberly. "I've had my share of responsibility more than once, Anson, but never before have I been sure that if I fail more than a thousand lives must foot up the bill."

II.

As we walked through the darkness to the historic river Tammers told me the mission he had been charged with. But in order that the reader may be able to follow the story without effort I must first describe the position of affairs at that moment in the Southern Soudan.

As has already been mentioned, an expedition had some time previously been sent down from Khartoum, under Sykes Pasha, to look into the alleged wrong-doing of a potentate whom we will call the Emir of Kuror. The suppression of the revolt was a matter of much less difficulty than had been expected, and Sykes Pasha sent advices that he would not need the support of the troops collected under General Prince. Therefore the camp had begun to be broken up, all the steamers at our disposal having started some two days earlier with a battery and half a regiment for the north. This point bore mischievously on the crisis that now threatened.

After the fall of Khartoum a number of Dervishes fled into the south and were swallowed up into the vastness of Equatoria. The military authorities had always been aware of the existence of this force of fanatics, but, though in bulk their numbers were formidable, so long as they remained dispersed among the peoples of the south there was nothing to fear from them.

Among the Dervish hosts that were blown out of the Soudan on the whirlwind of the last campaign was a certain Baggara Emir named Abderrahman en Nur. He had attained a large local fame as a leader under Abdullah Taashi, had saved himself when Abu Anga was slain, had been present at the cutting off of the head of King John of Abyssinia, and had seconded Nejumi in his final stand at Toski, from which field he escaped at the last moment on a riding camel.

This man, always a firebrand, had, it appeared, succeeded in drawing together the great bulk of those warriors who had saved themselves by flight into Equatoria, and, true to his life-long hatred of the Turk, determined, when opportunity served, to lead a last irruption of the broken soldiers of Mahdism against Egypt. In him were collected all the qualities necessary to the leader of a Jehad, a Holy War. He was cunning, able to bide his time, relentless; and he knew but too well how to play upon the religious passion of his followers. He had swallowed a hair of the dead Mahdi, which act confers a quite peculiar sanctity, and frequently was blessed with visions in which victory to his arms and superlative pleasures in Paradise were promised to those who followed his flag.

Three days before the night I write of, Abderrahman, accompanied by five thousand Ansar, had risen as it were from the sands of the desert, and was hastening to overtake Sykes's column to destroy it.

The Soudan has given us many a thrilling and dramatic episode; few more dramatic, however, than this host marching without warning out of the south to deal a last blow at the men who had conquered them.

I cannot go into every detail of this advance, and so will say at once that there was but one obstacle in their way—a tributary of the Nile, a very wide river. Over this river the English, in marching to Kuror, had thrown a bridge at a place we will call Colehari. And upon this bridge the fate of Sykes Pasha and his column now hung.

For Sykes, believing the country to be clear, had decided to return by a shorter route, which lay through valleys with narrow passes and continually dominated by high cliffs. To be attacked in these valleys, especially by a force so superior in numbers as that which Abderrahman commanded, meant annihilation to Sykes's column. Once across the Colehari the Dervishes could strike straight at the valley-route, and by occupying the heights destroy our people to the last man.

The bridge had not been left unguarded. A non-commissioned officer of the Egyptian Army with a detachment was placed in charge. The news brought in by the camel-scout whose arrival we had witnessed was that a strong advance party of Dervishes on

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swift camels had fallen upon the guard at the bridge, and the road lay clear between Abderrahman and his goal.

Jisru, the scout, was the only survivor, and he owed his escape to the fact that he had been away from the bridge when the attack was made. He further reported that this vanguard of the Dervishes was patrolling the country between the two rivers, so as to prevent news from reaching the British force under General Prince.

All this Tammers told me in his quiet voice as we walked through the night.

There was no time to send a body of reinforcements to thrust themselves between the wild horde of the Ansar and the threatened column. The main body of Dervishes was already close upon the Colehari, and, rushing forward at incredible speed, should pass over the river within a couple of days. But though there was no time to send a large force to intercept them, it was just possible by going a certain distance up the Nile to reach a spot from where a small party of men, moving against time, might outrace the Dervish host and destroy the bridge before they could cross it.

Tammers repeated to me General Prince's words.

"You see, Tammers," the General had said, "probably, almost certainly, the lives of the entire force under Sykes Pasha depend on the bridge. If you and the four sappers I wish you to take with you can manage to get through the scattered patrols of the enemy and destroy the bridge, there will be time for me to join hands with the column and give battle to Abderrahman when and where we choose."

This was Tammers' commission. It was an affair of gigantic contrasts. While the night "immerst in darkness round the drama rolled," the savage hosts were sweeping up out of the south with waving of spears and shouting the ninety-nine names of God; against them from the north came forth a single man (with four companions it is true, but the whole conduct of the desperate little expedition, its whole success, depended on Tammers alone), a hard and solid hunter, with the physiognomy of a Rugby International forward. The five thousand fanatics had sworn with one voice, by the tombs of the Prophets and their sacred flags, to kill out the unbelievers in the valleys of Abu-Harun; against that immense coalition two men had gripped hands, and one of them had said, "I'll try, sir."

My share in the business was to be very slight. I was to accompany Tammers and his men to the place of landing and bring back the boat.

"Look here, Anson, do you hear that?" Tammers drew up and waited. "There's leather squeaking somewhere."

Four men, who turned out to be the sappers detailed to go with Tammers, came up behind us.

He bade them walk ahead, then after a few yards halted again.

"There's something about you that talks," he said, addressing one of the men, a stout young fellow, whose face wore a look of habitual surprise.

"Talking, sir?" The sapper felt himself ruminatively all over and shook his head.

"It's his noo belt, sir," put in one of the others, with a grin.

"Leave it behind, then. It'll be safer and pleasanter for you in the long run. Lucky it's not your boots, or you'd have to go barefoot."

Tammers made short shrift of difficulties when they bore on his work.

"Barefoot, sir?" the fat youth repeated, dolefully.

"Not yet, anyhow. But you've got to remember that the first rule in the game you're going to play is silence."

That matter settled we pursued our way to the river.

"I'm in doubt, Anson," said Tammers to me a few minutes after. "I'm in great doubt but that poor chap'll be the death of us yet. He's not trained for this kind of thing, and we've as ugly a path before us as ever was heel-marked."

Our boat was waiting, and we soon pushed off. Our party consisted of the four sappers, eight native rowers, Tammers, and myself. The night was more obscure than is usual in that region, and was but faintly lit with stars. We could not see the banks as we bore up against the current; we might have been upon the breast of some monstrous water.

Tammers sat silent for a time, till a rowlock creaked, and he stooped to scoop up a handful from the river to silence it. Then he urged the rowers to speed, explaining that, about a mile before reaching the place at which they had been ordered to land, we must pass through an awkward narrow gut of the river, where a vedette was almost certain to have been stationed by the Dervishes.

"We might creep past if we get there before the moon's up," he said, "but if they see us we'll have to run the gauntlet of their fire at fifty yards point-blank range."

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All went well for a time. It seemed as if we were to have an eventless voyage. Tammers' gaze was fixed ahead, and I knew that he was minutely and carefully studying out every phase of the situation.

While hour joined hour in the heart of the night we moved on, a strange passage, seeing shadowy scrub on the indrawing banks, hearing the tinkle of the river water, looking down into the mild, mirrored faces of southern stars. We were making good progress when the craft, which was unwieldy and drew a good deal of water, ran aground on a bank of silt with a soft sliding motion and stuck.

"Out, lads, and heave her off!" Tammers was already over the side. "Except you, Arson; you take an oar and pole her out if you can."

It was heartbreaking work to strive as we strove with that inanimate obstacle. Were we to be beaten by sheer inertness while the horizon grew ashen pale with the herald of moonrise?

At last she was afloat again. Ten minutes after we were between low, dim, narrowing banks. A spark of light showed on the right at some distance ahead; it glowed, disappeared now and again for an instant, then glowed again.

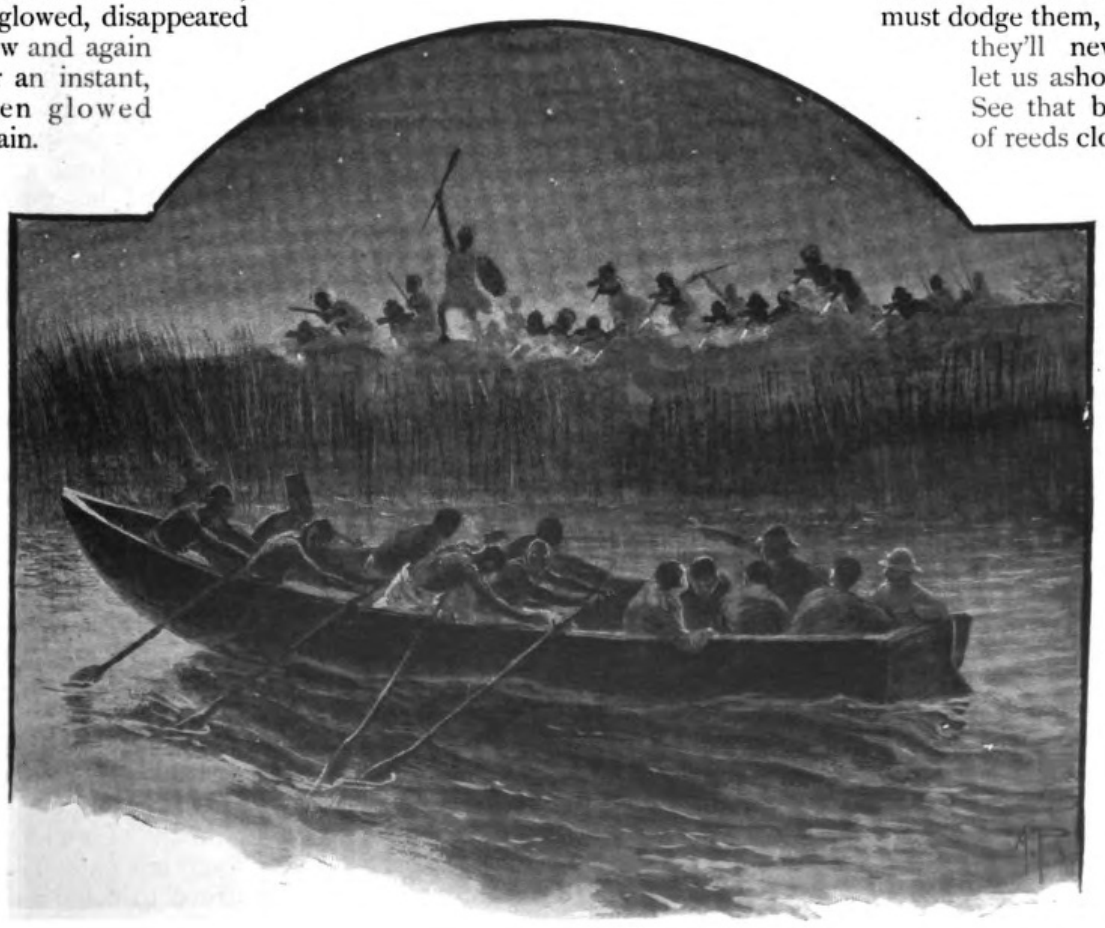
"It's a camp-fire with men moving round it." Tammers bent forward to give an urgent word to the rowers.

Nobly our crew replied. Huge black fellows, I could see the whites of their eyes gleam as they glanced at the sky, where very soon the moon would rise and bathe our river-world in cold, white splendour, and, incidentally, pick out our boat as it toiled up-stream.

Presently we could see the loose garments of the Dervishes as they crouched over their fire; we even heard their voices as we crept on into the contracting channel.

Suddenly we saw a shape spring upright on the bank waving a spear. There was a rush, and a ten-yard line of fire broke out. Bullets rained about us. One of the blacks, bending forward to his stroke, plunged headlong, coughed sickeningly, twitched—and the rest dashed their blades into the water. The Dervishes kept abreast of us, running along the bank and shouting. Tammers wrung my hand in good-bye.

"Look here, lads," he said to the sappers, "if we go on to the landing-place they'll be there before us. We must dodge them, or they'll never let us ashore. See that belt of reeds close



"BULLETS RAINED ABOUT US."

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under the bank? Anson, steer for them. They'll make fine cover. We must drop over into them, boys, and lie low until these beggars draw off. Anson, you must get out into mid-stream as soon as you're rid of us, and slip quietly down with the current. You'll be safe through the narrows before many of the Dervishes guess what you're at. They'll think we've given up the attempt as a bad job when they see the boat going back."

We shoved in cautiously. The thick belt of reeds screened us for the time from the riflemen on the shore, who were racing ahead to catch us when we should be forced to leave shelter.

It was a breathless moment while the five men slipped over the gunwale into the growth, the slight noise they made being drowned by the yelling of the Dervishes, who were consigning us to torment. Almost at the same instant the moon rose like a luminous round shot thrust upwards by some giant hand. Her light gave me a glimpse of our waiting enemies as we pushed out into the current, but I knew that once again Tammers had outwitted the foe and was a step nearer to the bridge on which were balanced the lives of a thousand men.

Tammers and his men lay safely hidden in the reeds until the shouting of the Dervishes who had remained by the fire warned the remainder that the boat was escaping them by returning on its course, which fact brought them all back to give chase. Many shots were fired and camel-men followed us for some two or three miles, but once we got clear of the narrow passage-way we floated out of range.

At this point I and the native rowers with me pass out of the story.

Meantime Tammers, after waiting till he judged the coast to be clear, made his way to firm ground over a marsh that left no trace of the passing of himself and his party, and headed straight for Colehari bridge.

By this time, he told me afterwards, his forebodings had left him, and with a light heart he led the way at the double, for he hoped a serious part of the peril was over and the way to the bridge might lie open.

But though the bridge itself was reported to be unguarded, he was obliged to take every possible precaution to avoid being seen by the Dervishes patrolling the country between the two rivers. He increased rather than abated his care, for he knew that to a scout no moment is more dangerous than that which follows the scoring of a success.

Had he been alone, I am inclined to believe he might have eluded the spray of light skirmishers which Abderrahman had thrown ahead of the mass of his army.

Up to within some three miles of the bridge the little party passed safely, though they had more than one hairbreadth escape from scattered parties of the enemy.

Then horrible disaster fell upon them.

Here and there for the last hour or so they had come upon slight tracks — old, worn tracks—made by the column in its outward march. The five were going at a good pace, keeping to such cover as the desert-like character of the country afforded, when Tammers caught sight of a figure that brought his heart to his mouth. In a patch of shade made by a thicket of tallish shrubs sat a man on a camel, motionless as a stat[illegible] and hardly to be distinguished from the drab colouring about him.

The sun was sinking and its level rays, striking horizontally across the open ground between them, might, Tammers hoped, help to baffle the keen eyes of the Dervish scout. But luck failed them. Glancing back at the sappers who were following him he saw, to his dismay, the stout youth crawling with bent head and shoulders, according to orders, but with other and no less advertising parts of his anatomy in a dreadful prominence. Tammers hurled back a whisper of caution, but at the instant the Dervish scout must have perceived a suspicious movement, for he fired his weapon and came at speed towards them. As if by magic the desert gave up a score of armed men on camels. Tammers dropped under a boulder the dynamite he was carrying, and kicked dust over it, calling on his companions to reserve their fire until the last moment.

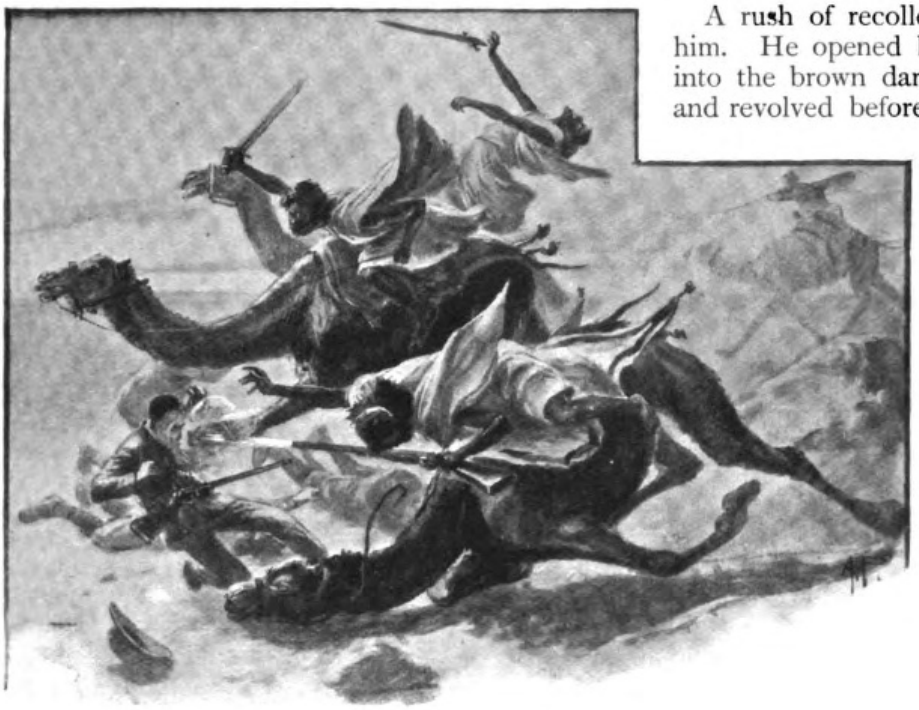
On swept the wild, jibbeh-clad figures, led by the sentinel. Then a crackle of rifles broke out. The foremost camel fell, pitching his rider far forward; another's saddle was emptied, but the rush came on.

The camel-charge swept over the little squad of Englishmen. Tammers recollects firing his rifle into the chest of a Dervish at close quarters. Then a deafening something like a black, battering sea of wind seemed to close over his head.

III.

Consciousness drifted back to Tammers with a bout of deathly sickness. He was still struggling with a dream of wandering lost in a great black, forgotten garden, and still in his dream he strove to reach a dim, gaunt arch of egress. Then the self of dreams slid back, and his spirit rose feebly

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"THE CAMEL-CHARGE SWEPT OVER THE LITTLE SQUAD."

and laboriously to the borders of the present. He had never in his life given way an inch, and the habit stood him in good stead now. He lay very still, holding on to consciousness for dear life, as it were. There was a chill in the air. Blurred recollections passed across his thoughts. He tried with pain to fix their clearer meanings. But an irresistible giddiness swung over him; he lost his grip upon the edge and slipped back into the gulf of nothingness.

When he came to himself again his mind was less confused, and a slow-footed memory of the Dervish attack visited him. Perhaps they were still within a few yards. He peered out between his eyelids. It was night, it seemed, for nothing was visible but the same brown darkness, shot with cloven fires. Again the swinging sensation of giddiness; his aching body yearned to drift away again into the blessed relief of insensibility—sleep or death, it mattered very little which.

But a vague idea that he was wanted, that something waited to be done, came to him, dwelt, and lingered. It roused him at length, gave him strength.

I had often noticed upon our journeys together Tammers' marvellous power of recuperation—that an hour's sleep renewed his veins like a draught of wine. By sheer effort of will he passed through another crisis of giddiness, and his thoughts began to settle.

A rush of recollection overwhelmed him. He opened his eyes and stared into the brown darkness, which swam and revolved before him. He put his hand to his head. Noises ran through it in a river, and stars like rockets trailing sparks sailed with a horrible deliberation across his vision.

"Still night," he reflected, thankful that so little time had been lost; "I'll keep quiet till I get my wits a little."

The back of his neck ached unbearably with the heavy agony that follows a blow of fearful force. He was shaken with gusts of sickness. He lay panting. How hot it was! Fever? He laid his hand against his cheek. It was burning hot. He laid it upon the sand, and started with the shock of an awful suspicion. For the sand was burning hot, too!

It must be day, broad day! He could feel the strong sun striking on the right side of his head and body. Therefore the sun was yet low near the horizon—it was still morning. But there could be no manner of doubt that it was daylight. He raised one hand and held it before his eyes. He saw nothing but the same brown gloom sewn with those terrible floating stars.

He then knew with the certitude of the self-reliant, who have never taught themselves to blink facts—and which is consequently the most hopeless certitude in life—that he was blind, that it was full staring day, that the bridge still stood, that he was powerless.

The knowledge brought on another bout of sickness. Tammers lay back, the agony he was enduring in body nothing to the agony that clenched his mind.

The horror, not of his position, but of his failure, broke down for once his self-command. He struggled to his knees, shrieking in his impotence. His movement was followed by a flurry of heavy wings—vultures! Possessed by Berserk rage, he staggered in the direction of the sound, and aimed piteous blows

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at them with his sun-hat to frighten them from the bodies of his comrades.

And now the years that he had spent as trader, hunter, and scout, and his simple faith came to his aid. In his first despair he had cried aloud to the desert basking in brazen sunshine all about him. But he must give way no more.

Collecting himself he set out on a dreadful tour of investigation. When the attack overwhelmed them the little party had been close together. Feeling slowly along he found the four bodies of his companions. They were dead and half-naked, but it was evident that the Dervishes, in their eagerness that no one should escape to bear away news of the disaster, scarcely paused to spoil the dead before ranging away over the desert to find any survivors.

Then, still wandering in his world of darkness, Tammers touched something covered with harsh hair—the Dervish scout's camel, which Tammers himself had shot. He lay down with his head against it and strove to quiet his sobbing breaths. He had found a water-bottle, and he sopped his face in its tepid contents and drank.

So the paroxysm passed. It had been half delirium. But beyond these awful moments Tammers stepped out on the path of duty still unbeaten.

He summed up the situation. He was blind and badly wounded. He did not know in what direction he had come. He did not know in which direction lay the bridge. The wind of last evening, that might have been some guide, had died away. He could but guess the hour to be still early from the manner in which the rays of the sun fell upon him. There was no outside help to be hoped for since his comrades lay dead. Very slowly, and with the same awful certitude, he calculated that by the time the sun was overhead the Dervishes would have crossed the bridge.

"You see, Anson," he said to me afterwards, with the absolute self-forgetfulness natural to him, "it was fearful lying there and knowing I had failed. The bridge was standing, and I thought of that column of over a thousand men—I thought how, even if others forgave me, I could never forgive myself. The men who were with me were dead; I was as bad, stone-blind. Yet there must be something to be done, if only I could lay hands on it."

What follows is, I think, an instance of resource seldom equalled in that dumb, camp-side literature of scouting annals.

Tammers began by quoting to himself the Arab proverb he had often made good use of, "*Illi umru tawil bishuf ketir*" ("He who lives longest sees most"), in the meantime feeling over his body to see what the Dervishes had left him. His coat was gone, but some torn rags of his shirt remained, and in the pocket of it his watch.

He opened it, and, feeling delicately for the hands, found that they bore out his guess as to the time. It was between eight and half-past.

Then he tried to reconstruct before the eye of his memory the picture of the attack in its various details. Some of these details might give him a hint, useful in some way, though how he could not yet foresee.

He recalled the fact that they were facing south-east when the rush came, and that the camel, pitching forward in its fall under his bullet, stretched out dead, with its splayed limbs pointing towards the direction in which he and his men were going—towards the direction of the bridge! Three hours were left before the Dervish army would reach the bridge; but, blind—what could he do?

However, he resolved, as a first step, to recover the dynamite from the spot where he had hidden it, guiding himself thither by the bodies of the sappers, and then nothing was left but to start forth vaguely, though the probabilities were he would crawl in a circle instead of making towards Colehari.

He secured the dynamite; for, though the bridge was a pontoon bridge of boats, it was necessary to destroy it as completely as possible, so that no part of it might be made use of by the enemy. By keeping the heat of the sun full on his face he regained the camel, but this time he passed the fore feet of the animal and felt for the hind feet. And as he was doing this his fingers touched something that sent a gush of new vigour through his limbs.

Owing to the proximity of the Colehari, the sands were covered to the depth of some inches with soil carried over the banks by the river in flood time. Tammers' fingers had come in contact with a little ridge, a continuous little ridge, and an inch or so beyond another running parallel to the first. What could these be? He knew! The wheel-tracks of the gun-carriages belonging to the column, made on the outward march, that had passed about the close of the wet season.

The wheel-tracks would lead him straight to the bridge if he had his sight, but of what use were they to a man who was blind?

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Quivering, almost crying, bathed in perspiration, Tammers recognised a possibility opening out before him. He now had his bearings with certainty, and the ridges were to serve him as eyes. He sat down, took off his boots and socks, and then might have been seen the extraordinary sight of his feeble, ragged figure, leaning on a spear, steadying itself upright, and stumbling away eastwards, feeling the track with his bare feet.

He was hatless, the sun poured down upon his wound. By degrees he became but half-conscious, oblivious of his surroundings, moving almost in a dream. But one fact, one endeavour he clung to throughout the long-drawn ordeal of that terrible road with the persistency of a man who never knows when he is beaten.

He followed the trail thus, feeling it with his bare feet, and so painfully—like a shape in the foreground of a battle picture—reeled forward to carry out his orders.



"HE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL, FEELING IT WITH HIS BARE FEET."

A vulture flapped above his head; the burning sun almost defeated him; but his will, set on its goal, bore him on and on. He fell several times, but each time struggled to his feet again, driven by the single idea that seemed wedged in his aching brain, to destroy the bridge.

"The ruts were rather faintly marked, but after a bit I got the feel of them with my feet," Tammers told me afterwards, "and began to travel fast. I was going well when the wheel-tracks ceased. I couldn't get the touch of them any more. I suppose a dust-storm had blown over them. I tell you, Anson, that was a blow! It nearly battered what life was left out of me. I just sat down for a while. Then I knew I must go on anyhow."

How long he had been walking and stumbling since he left the side of the dead camel he could not judge. It might have been ten hours or two. He had quite forgotten that he carried his watch in his trouser-pocket. Such sense as remained to him was entirely usurped by the vision of Colehari bridge and the black hordes pouring over it.

Instinctively he stuck his spear in the ground, tore his remnant of a shirt into strips, and, making a rope of it, tethered himself to the spear and began feeling round in circles for the trail. He marked his direction by making heaps of sandy earth. Three times he moved his spear. And then he touched the ruts once more and, gasping his thanks to Heaven, staggered on again.

He carried no great thought of plucking death from the very breast of failure. Tammers' courage was of the purest strain, for he never saw himself picturesquely a hero. His heroisms were to him his evolvement of the notion of "right" as opposed to wrong in his simple rule of life.

Presently, his strength being spent, he could only fumble on upon his knees. The ground was growing soft under his hands. He was in the midst of many hollows, that he knew to be crowding footsteps. He must be nearing the bridge. He spread forth his hands in desperate seeking, the earth gave way under them, he pitched as it were into space, a thud, and a delirious rolling down a steep bank.

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A murmur in his ears—coolness about his aching head, the brown, fire-slashed darkness still swimming before his eyes. He put his hand out. Water! At once the bridge came back to his mind. He had reached the river. But what was he doing lying there, his appointed task yet undischarged?

He was close to the edge of a pool, from which he drank feverishly and started again. He dragged himself slowly and with increasing difficulty through muddy surfaces, till his right foot plunged in a slimy puddle left in a deep wheel-rut.

He put on a spurt here, he said, and was already on the bridge when he heard far-off Arab voices. Had he failed after all? He could not judge where they came from, but he knew that the bridge meant victory for him, and he made for the place where the dynamite was to be placed with all the speed left in him.

The voices sounded nearer. Through the clear air he could even distinguish the cry, "*Ti sebil Allah!*" the fatal invocation with which the Dervish deals death to his enemy.

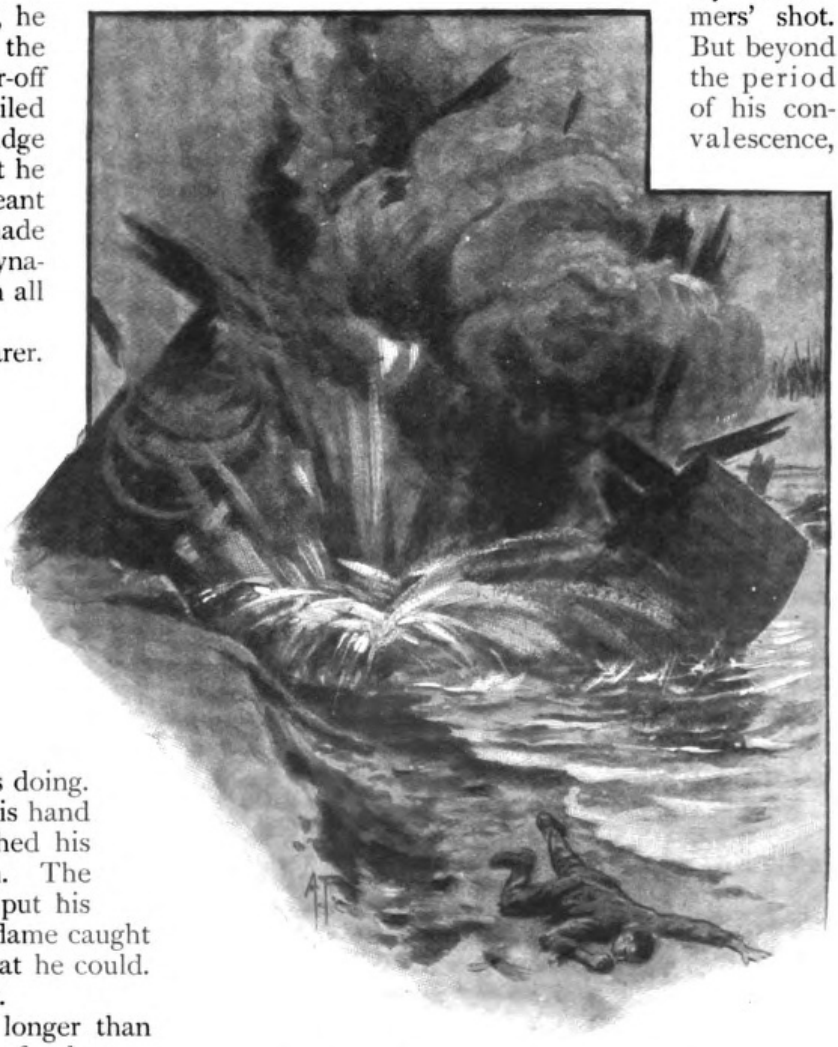
They had seen him, but he had by this time reached the spot where the dynamite was to be laid. He lit the fuse, crouching over it to hide what he was doing. Was it alight? He held his hand over the flame till it scorched his fingers and bit the flesh. The pain was joy! Again he put his hand to it and again the flame caught him. He had done all that he could.

He began to crawl away.

He told me later that longer than his whole blind journey, far longer, were the moments before the world was shaken with the roar of the explosion. *Débris* rained round him. He fancied he heard distant howls. He tried to cheer, but a fresh spasm of physical agony shook him. But he staggered on to his feet again, waved his spear at his enemies, and, not knowing whither he was going, tottered back towards the desert from which he had come.

There are only a few words to add. Tammers was discovered thirty hours later by one of the patrols sent out to the succour of the little party by General Prince. I was with that one which found Tammers.

His sight returned by degrees; but the wound at the back of his neck was a very serious injury, and, had Tammers been less hardy and firm-set, must have proved fatal. His temporary blindness was caused by the blast of powder in his face from, he thinks himself, the gun of the Dervish whom he slew at the last moment of consciousness, and whose aim must have been luckily deflected by Tammers' shot. But beyond the period of his convalescence,



"THE WORLD WAS SHAKEN WITH THE ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION."

beyond this generation, perhaps for ever in the annals of great deeds, will be recorded the story of how, blind and desperately wounded, the scout found his way across three miles of country to save the British arms from disaster.

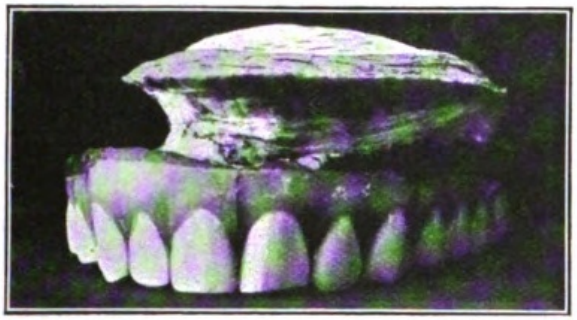
"The bravery and resource of Scout Tammers," wrote General Prince in his despatch, "is a source of legitimate pride to the army to which he is attached."

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The Oyster at Home.

By John Cleveland. Photos. by René Bache, Washington, D.C.

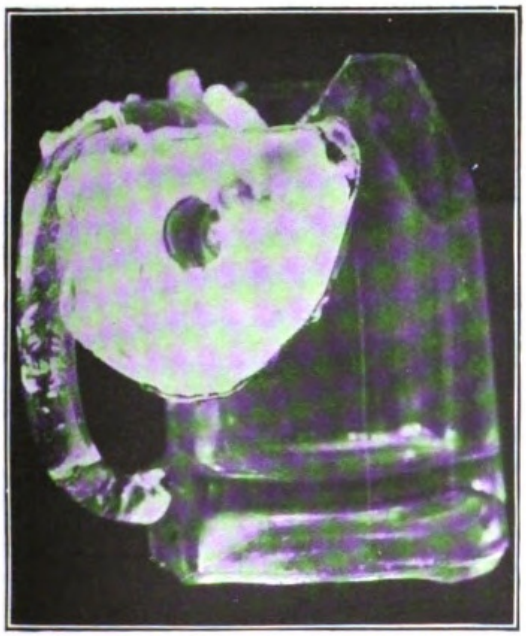
"LOOK here, sir," said Sam Weller once to Mr. Pickwick, "here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's wery poor he rushes out of his lodgings and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation." To which remarkable fact Mr. Weller, senior, added the sapient comment, "And it's just the same vith pickled salmon."



OYSTER GROWING ON A SET OF FALSE TEETH.

Whatever may have been the connection between poverty and oysters when Mr. Pickwick and his party were in Ipswich, to-day, in the world at large, that connection does not exist. We have both poverty and oysters, but the oyster is not the poor man's food. It may be that there are not enough bivalves to go round, or that the limited liability companies which control the English portion of the world's oyster product keep the price up, but the fact remains that the daily price of oysters per dozen or sack, except in times of typhoid scare, is too great for the poor man's pocket.

If the trouble be with the oyster, and not with the purveyor, it is partly the fault of Nature and the oyster's own environment. From the moment when the baby oyster—one, sometimes, out of two million little brothers and sisters—is set free to fight the battle of life he is the prey of circumstance. His enemies are countless. He may perish because he can find no neighbouring surface upon which to attach himself, or, in his early state, may easily be smothered by mud. He exists under certain conditions of depth and saltness of water. If he does manage to live for a year or two he still has to fight strenuously for further life. He may find himself in the grip of a star-fish, or have a hole bored through him by a whelk. He may be crushed to death by the well-known winkle, or, as often happens in American oyster culture, a predatory school of sting-rays, possessing the extraordinary power of turning whole acres of oyster-beds in a single night into a state of devastation, may come along and smash millions of oysters in their capacious mouths. So dangerous, indeed, is this enemy that the American oyster-breeders are forced to erect around their oyster-beds fences of stakes, which extend for long distances into the shallow water of a bay.



AN OYSTER THAT GREW ON A BEER-GLASS.

So great, in fact, is the mortality of young oysters that few individuals of each million bred manage to survive. Granted, however, that in being born they have managed to solve the first problem of existence, their succeeding career presents many phases of interest. The European oyster is a much better mother than the American. She takes good care of her young, and, until they are several days old, keeps them from danger under her maternal mantle, whereas in American waters the little oysters come to

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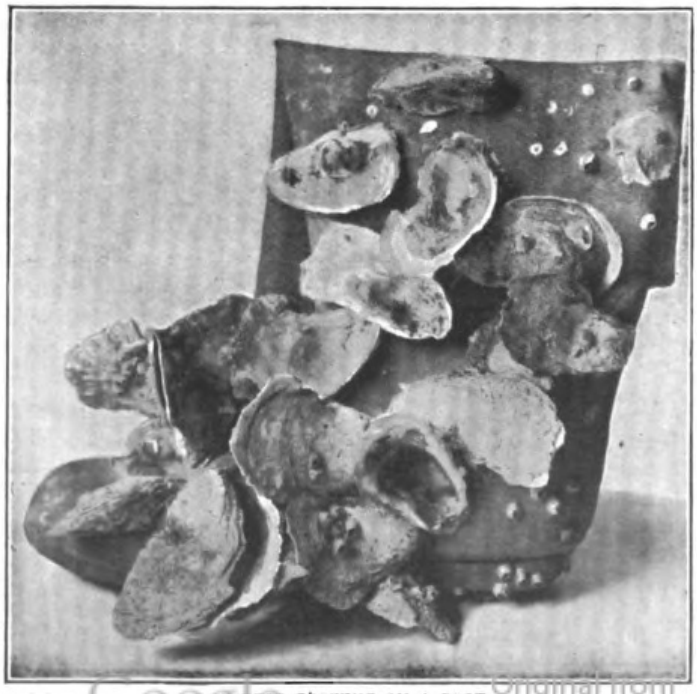


OYSTERS GROWING ON A CHILD'S SHOE.

life in the water and are at once subject to destruction by the waves. In all countries, however, where oysters are bred, the young bivalve, swimming about with the aid of so-called *cilia*, and feeding on minute ocean life, attaches himself to some neighbouring substance on the bottom, and, if not removed artificially, spends, on whatever substance this may be, his whole existence. He is now, in a sense, at home. The oyster-breeder arranges, as best he can, that the little oysters shall form such early attachment, and he throws shells and broken stones upon the mud, or stimulates the product of certain vegetable growths which the "spat" may turn to for necessary protection.

The adaptability with which the young oyster forms this attachment is interestingly shown by a collection of objects made recently by the United States Fish Commission, some photographs of which illustrate this article. Some five years ago a set of false teeth was taken by a dredger from the waters of Chesapeake Bay. Firmly attached to these teeth was an oyster—and a story. Both teeth and oyster, so this story goes, were acquired by a Virginian hotel-keeper, and were later sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The "find" drew attention from the Press, and a man from Iowa claimed the teeth, saying that he had lost them, under not wholly peculiar circumstances, from a steamer passing that way. The object was too great a curiosity to be parted with, and the difficulty of the authorities in deciding whether or not to surrender the teeth was solved by a later claim for the teeth from a Philadelphia woman, and by a third claim from someone who saw the oyster on exhibition.

Several objects in this curious collection show oysters growing on leather, such as old boots, which, as those know who have waded in shallow places, are often to be seen near the shore. A first look at a decayed old boot, covered in this way with life, gives to the observer a sort of shudder, and visions of typhoid, or other scares, might reasonably pass before the sensitive mind. There is, nevertheless, nothing to be alarmed at. There is a distinction between an oyster living on an old boot, and the same oyster living on that boot in order that he may live on something else. The leather is merely a material to which he attaches himself as a sort of support. He is there safe, away from the sort of mud which might smother him, and, in one sense, less open to the attacks of his numerous enemies.



OYSTERS GROWING ON A BOOT.

To get a secure hold above mud is the instinctive desire of the youthful oyster. Any solid object that comes within his embryonic path of travel will do for him. In Florida oysters go so far as to attach themselves to the bending branches of mangrove trees along the shore, where at low tide they can be seen in huge bunches, as if they were growing in air. Sometimes in

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their peregrinations they come across a lantern, out of a passing wreck, perhaps, or a broken beer-glass, made possibly in Germany, and on such curious objects thrive until man comes along and takes them as prizes for museums or for food.

The man in the case is sometimes a dredger, who, after letting the young oysters fight their own way for a few months—when they are possibly as small as his thumb-nail—dredges them from the bottom and sells them for "seed." They are then taken by the purchaser and planted elsewhere, to



OYSTERS GROWING ON A LANTERN.

be retailed when mature. The culture of oysters for this purpose is an immense business, and for "cultch," as it is known, huge quantities of old oyster-shells, to which the young fry can attach themselves, are used. Natural oyster-beds are thus enlarged and artificial ones are made. In these latter beds the collection of oyster "spat," as a custom, dates back to the time of the early Romans, and may be seen in Lake Fusaro to-day. Piles of rock are deposited on the muddy bottom, and around these are arranged circles of stakes, to which are often attached bundles of twigs. Breeding oysters are piled upon these rockeries, and their young become attached to the twigs, remaining there till ready for use.



OYSTERS GROWING UPON AND INSIDE OF A BROKEN BOTTLE.

In Connecticut birch trees are thrown into the water near natural beds of oysters, and when covered with "spat" are dragged from the water by oxen. In view of this old-time method, the illustration of an oyster growing on a stick shows interestingly how tightly such a twig, in time, becomes embedded in an oyster-shell.

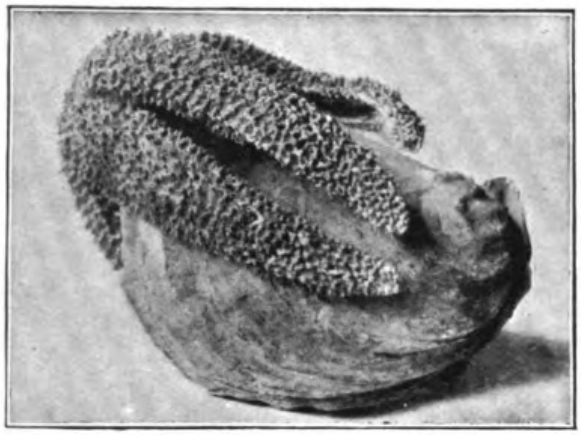


OYSTER GROWING ON A STICK.

The oyster-breeder wages continual war on the ravagers of his beds. The whelk, or "drill," which we have already mentioned, is a little spiral-shaped creature which bores a tiny hole about the size of a pin-head into the shell of an oyster and kills it. The best attempts of the breeder to fight this creature are foiled. The deadly star-fish, which, as is shown in the following photo., clutches its

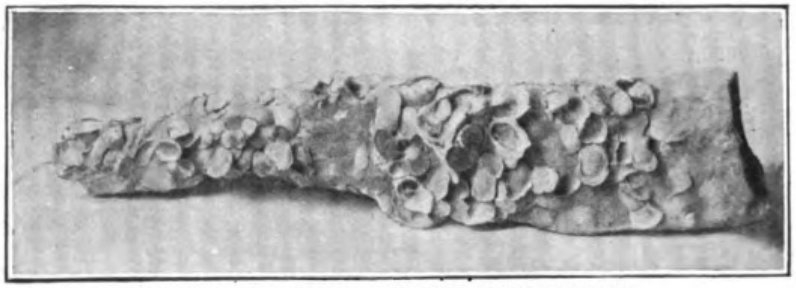
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victim, smothers it, and then absorbs it, is more effectively attended to. Oyster-beds are rid of these pests by the ingenious method of "mopping" the bottom with long poles tied with pieces of silk, thread, or string, which are trailed along the beds by means of the oyster-boats, the star-fish becoming entangled in the meshes of the mops and afterwards being drawn up for destruction.



A STARFISH ATTACKING AN OYSTER.

It is the irony of an oyster's fate that he, living on other things as he does, should be lived upon himself—should afford, in short, a good support for his poorer relations. A tender attachment of this nature is shown by



OYSTERS GROWING ON A STICK OF PETRIFIED WOOD.

another object in the collection before-named. Here an oyster-shell, with an oyster inside it, is seen with a score of small shell-fish on its surface, huddled in such profusion as seriously to interfere with their own development. When oyster "spat," in like manner, collects upon old oyster-shells, their own chance of increasing to a normal size without interfering with each other is jeopardized. Accordingly the brittle "jingle" or saddle shell is extensively used. The shells break in pieces as the young oysters grow, and the danger of overcrowding is minimized.

It is said that the European oyster produces two million young, whereas in America, where the bivalve is more prolific, from ten to sixty million "spat" have come from one oyster alone. The destruction of this enormous product—and figures can hardly suggest the immensity of it and the wealth that thus goes to waste—has resulted in serious attempts towards artificial propagation. Some extraordinary effects have been recently obtained by the United States Fish Commission with "rearing cases," or large flat boxes, six feet in length and depth and four feet in width. These are placed in shallow water on the bottom, and are held from the encroaching mud by four corner posts. The boxes are arranged side by side in rows, and a single box may contain twenty-five thousand young oysters. Protection from mud and their natural enemies assures to the oysters a steady growth, and periodically the largest bivalves are picked out and transferred to other boxes, leaving more room for those that remain. The changing operations thus continue until the oysters are ready for sale.

With scientific apparatus of this sort, and the research that is continually going on regarding the development and successful propagation of oysters with a minimum of loss, it is not improbable that the Pickwickian relation between oysters and poverty will again be evident.



SHELL-FISH CROWDING UPON AN OYSTER AND STIFLING IT.

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Solomon Safwell's Rival.

By Mary Stuart Boyd.

I.

MR. SAFWELL was a draper in Little Bunbury: *the* draper, to be strictly accurate, for Little Bunbury did not boast a second. In Meadow Lane an old woman kept a tiny haberdashery shop, but she could not be dignified by the name of rival, for her entire stock consisted of a few skeins of faded worsted, a dozen reels of cotton, and about five shillings' worth of odds and ends from which charitable folks made purchases.

Mr. Safwell's shop occupied a prominent position in the one street of Little Bunbury; and for many years his business had gone on in that steady, unfluctuating way peculiar to old-established country emporiums which have no opposition to contend with. But with the nearer approach of the railway and the lowering of parcel-post rates things were beginning to change even in Little Bunbury. The younger inhabitants had begun to realize that from town they could procure garments of the very latest fashion long before these styles had reached the village. Little Bunbury was too far from London to tempt urban business men to reside there; but with a railway within a couple of miles the more leisured young people were falling into a habit of running up to town for a day's shopping, returning, after some adventurous hours passed in a raid upon Metropolitan marts, laden with parcels and triumph.

Though the number of these daring travellers was few and the loss of their custom inconsiderable, little matters occurred to ruffle the hitherto unbroken tranquillity of the local tradesmen. With the advent of the six red-brick villas on the station road a new grocer had suddenly made his appearance in Little Bunbury, and the sight of his windows, with all the fresh stock aggressively labelled at "store" prices, had drawn away the ready-money custom from the shop wherein for over two-score years worthy Mr. Beebody, white-aproned, spectacled, and benevolent-looking, had presided at the counter. Further, a young upstart druggist in business at the market-town had impudently opened a branch dispensary, where, from three o'clock till six each afternoon, he attended to retail drugs and patent medicines at what Mr. Mawe, the Little Bunbury chemist, esteemed scandalously low prices.

For over thirty years Mr. Safwell's position as draper had been a monopoly. Did his last season's goods hang heavy on his hands he had power to keep back the hands of time, and to insist on his customers accepting a previous year's styles or going without. Indeed, so long had he reigned supreme that when Mr. Ribbs, the butcher, calling after closing time to smoke a pipe in the back parlour, confided in him how the family at Tod's Warden and the people at the Grange, after dealing with him for generations, had been enticed from their allegiance by alluring price lists issued by a certain unscrupulous meat vendor in Smithfield Market, and thence weekly received hampers by rail, never applying to him but for chops, steaks, and the like to fill up the gaps in their commissariat, Mr. Safwell's withers were yet unwrung.

The danger of the situation came home to him one day in early March, when the Misses Hodgetts, the innkeeper's buxom daughters, paid their customary visit for the purpose of purchasing their summer raiment.

"What can I do for you to-day, young ladies?" asked Mr. Safwell, blandly.

"We want khaki-coloured cloth, Mr. Safwell," said Miss Maria. "And straw hats to match," added Miss Clara.

"Khaki colour, young ladies? I never heard of it. Now, here's a thoroughly reliable line in cashmere, royal blue, or heliotrope; or I've something sweet in shot alpaca——"

"We've had that sort of thing till we're tired, and the fashion-books say khaki cloth is all the rage. Haven't you got something new?"

Fruitlessly did Mr. Safwell, aided by his apprentice, unwrap all the likely piece goods on the shelves. Nothing they showed served to appease the craving that only the warlike khaki could supply. And when, after buying a penny packet of hairpins, the maidens departed, Mr. Safwell felt so cross that his usually serene temper fled, and he almost snapped at the meek assistant as together they replaced the despised bales of cloth which had been taken down for the girls' inspection.

Mr. Safwell's unwonted irritation was further increased by his interview with his succeeding customer, a rosy-cheeked nursemaid, who left her charge placidly slumbering in his mail-cart at the door while she stepped inside to select material for a new dress.

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"HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOMETHING NEW?"

"I don't like any on 'em, Mr. Safwell," she pronounced, after a careful inspection of the stock of washing prints. "Ain't you got nothing else new? You showed me most of them patterns when I bought my pink off you in September."

Straws show the way the wind blows, and when, half an hour later, Mr. Masterton's twins walked past the shop arrayed in suits that had evidently been procured direct from an outfitter in town, Mr. Safwell felt that the beginning of the end had come. His customers were deserting him: his taste was considered old-fashioned and his stock out of date. All at once he realized that a rival draper opening a shop in Little Bunbury would have an easy success.

During his thirty years of proprietorship Mr. Safwell had prospered. Beginning with little, he had gradually acquired much. He had a devoted wife, a cosy home, perfect health, a snug sum in the bank, and a good business at his back. Yet, despite all these benefits, carking care began to consume him. In vain did Mrs. Safwell cook savoury messes whose toothsome odours pervaded the shop. Solomon, whose appetite had hitherto been unfaltering, was engrossed in gloomy prognostications, and no whiff, however temptingly suggestive of pork and greens, or of steak and onions, had power to lure him from that profitless occupation. He had witnessed the havoc wantonly wrought by unprincipled opposition on the trade of his friends. Good old Mr. Beebody had been forced to see the business that it had been his life's work to establish undermined by the hands of a stranger. Mr. Mawe had devoted his best years to dispensing for the Little Bunbury folks, whose tinkle at his night-bell had never fallen upon deaf ears, only to find them ready to fly to a rival who gave them merely a few daily hours of his time, because that rival was prepared to sell them one-and-three-halfpenny boxes of patent pills for elevenpence, and infants' foods and fancy soaps at equally reduced rates.

But Solomon Safwell was of a different calibre from his fellows. He was not the man to sit with folded hands behind a deserted counter and watch his customers passing his door without making an effort to recall them. The only unoccupied shop in the village, the one certain to be seized upon by a possible opponent, adjoined his own premises; a low wooden fence divided their strips of back garden. The very imminence of the danger put him instantly on the defensive.

For two wakeful nights Mr. Safwell tossed restlessly in bed. On the third, just as the approach of dawn began to streak the horizon with rose, he fell into a troubled sleep, and in that slumber the solution of his difficulties came to him. Dreaming, he thought that the thing he dreaded had come to pass. A rival had installed himself in the next-door shop, and when Mr. Safwell, acting in accordance with the inexplicable manner of dreamers, called to upbraid him, he discovered to his amazed gratification that it was he himself who stood beside the open till counting vast piles of gold and silver! And, with the pleasant chink of coin in his ears, Mr. Safwell awoke to dream no more.

II.

DURING the next few weeks Mr. Safwell's actions were fated to surprise his friends. To begin with, he took a holiday—a thing he had not done for many years. For nearly a week the shop was left in charge of Mrs. Safwell and the callow apprentice, who in-

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formed all inquirers that Mr. Safwell had gone to the seaside for a few days. Late on the Saturday night he returned, and on Sunday occupied his usual pew at morning service, professing himself greatly benefited by the change of air. It had, he said, removed an oppression that had been troubling him.

Early on Monday Little Bunbury was fluttered by the unheralded appearance of a strange young man. He surveyed the street judicially, and was observed to take especial interest in the vacant shop next door to Mr. Safwell's. After viewing its blank windows critically, he had the effrontery to call at Mr. Safwell's establishment and inquire where the keys were to be found. These secured, he entered the empty shop, where his scrutiny was of so exhaustive a character that the town gossips, who were interestedly watching his movements, had grown impatient



"THE TOWN GOSSIPS WERE INTERESTEDLY WATCHING HIS MOVEMENTS."

before he reappeared. When he did so, it was with a tell-tale tape measure in his hands.

Before afternoon a rumour to the effect that a fine London draper was going to start a business at Little Bunbury ran hot-foot through the place. The report even penetrated into the country lanes, where it encountered Miss Mangold, who, in company with her friend and adviser, Mrs. Wurzel, was on her way to Mr. Safwell's to buy raiment for her approaching wedding. The news caused the astute bride to pause in her project, and to defer purchasing until she would have an opportunity of inspecting the new draper's stock.

At eventide the rumours were all confirmed. The interloper, evidently determined to lose no time, had taken the shop adjoining Mr. Safwell's for a quarter, paying the rent in advance, and proposed entering upon occupancy at once. By nightfall a circle of sympathizers had gathered to condole with Mr. Safwell upon his coming woes.

"As I said last week, 'Mark my words,' I said, 'there'll be a rival come yet for Solomon.' You remember me saying that, Mawe?" said Mr. Beebody.

"Yes, Solomon, we've always been apprehensive of this catastrophe happening," concurred the chemist. "Yet it must be bitter to you to think that this intruder was probably maturing his nefarious plans while you were taking a well-deserved vacation."

"Yes, and him that never took a holiday before to my certain knowledge," added Mr. Ribbs.

But Mr. Safwell bore all, even the commiseration of his friends, philosophically. He did not flinch when a painter began redecorating the outside of the shop, tinting the woodwork a lively vermilion picked out with azure. And when a huge printed bill, which stated that at an early date Mr. Lightband, of the leading London emporiums, would re-open that establishment with a choice selection of high-class drapery goods, was posted on the windows, Mr. Safwell never moved a muscle.

The young proprietor was a man of action. He lost no time and spent little money on the ornamentation of the interior, whose state of decoration was in fairly good repair. Engaging a boy, he set him to vigorous scrubbing; and, hiring a man and horse and cart by the hour, dispatched them to the station to fetch the boxes of apparel which had already arrived by rail.

At last came the eventful morning when the

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shutters of the new warehouse were removed, revealing both windows crowded with an array of up-to-date novelties that was simply astounding. Khaki-coloured dress material arranged in artistic festoons held the place of honour in the drapery window. Cambrics and muslins of delicate colourings and the very latest designs worthily occupied the background. Streamers of red, white, and blue ribbon hung resplendent from the ceiling. In the east window, which was largely devoted to millinery, a silk petticoat, frilled and furbelowed beyond all imagination, was flung with studied carelessness on one side as though silk petticoats were an everyday matter in Little Bunbury. And a pair of slender, blue silk hose depended gracefully from a stand whereon was perched a hat in whose adorning fur, feathers, flowers, and gimcrack jewellery struggled for supremacy.

The khaki cloth and the silk stockings showed that the new establishment had aspirations towards fashion, but the cunning exhibition of a trio of tiny pocket powder-puffs proclaimed it deliciously go-ahead as well. At a quarter to ten o'clock Mr. Safwell, eagerly on the watch for customers to his rival, witnessed the Misses Hodgetts pass his premises, and a moment after heard the sharp ting of the door-bell which proclaimed that they had entered the adjoining shop.



"ALMOST EVERY ONE OF THE VILLAGERS WHO HAD A PENNY TO SPARE VISITED THE RIVAL."

That was only the beginning. Almost every one of the villagers who had a lingering remnant of vanity and a penny to spare visited the rival. Seated at his desk in the back of his deserted shop, Mr. Safwell watched the tide of custom setting steadily past his door. True, old Miss Lovell, the sister of the late doctor, on hearing from her maid of the success of the new venture, hastened to make a trifling purchase and to assure Mr. Safwell of her unfailing patronage. And Mrs. Hardiman, the rector's spouse, called in person to buy two and a half yards of charity flannel. But as kindly Miss Lovell's income was much narrower than her good-will, and as Mrs. Hardiman had already reduced his profit on charity goods down to the lowest margin, Mr. Safwell's gains on these transactions were scarcely worth mentioning.

Still Mr. Safwell's composure continued to astound everybody. Even Mrs. Safwell had ceased to lament his low spirits and indifference to food. His appetite had recovered its pristine vigour, he slept like a top, and contrived to present the same placid mien to his inquisitive little world.

"Amazing how well Safwell bears it!" whispered his fellow-tradesmen on the following Sunday as they left the edifice wherein quite a third of the worshippers displayed some article of Mr. Lightband's importation.

"Marvellous how bravely Mr. Safwell takes this sudden reverse! Why, he sees the new man making a clean sweep of the trade, and yet keeps as quiet and uncomplaining as possible. Never says a word against his rival. He must feel it terribly, though. We really must show him how we admire his courage," agreed the female residents of Little Bunbury. And, the first sensation of novelty once passed, the tide of custom began flowing back in the old direction.

Evidently Mr. Lightband was sadly lacking in that patience for which Mr. Safwell had become so justly renowned. Report hinted

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that he apostrophized Little Bunbury as a dead hole where there was no scope for a man of brains. He began to be careless about the dressing of his windows, his appearance became untidy, an odour of stale tobacco began to haunt the shop, and the sharp eyes of the village gossips noted that his boy paid frequent visits to the inn presided over by Mr. Hodgetts, entering with an empty jug and returning with a full one.

Little more than half of his third month of tenancy had expired when one morning Little Bunbury awoke to find that less than a quarter's trial had decided Mr. Lightband against tarrying longer in the village. The interloper had been a taciturn being who confided in nobody, yet before his place had been many hours vacant the air was filled with unauthorized rumours to the effect that Mr. Lightband had got his entire stock upon credit, and that after selling what he could he had fled to avoid paying the wholesale house that had supplied it. The reports were speedily discredited. Mr. Lightband had left no debts in Little Bunbury, a quarter's rent had been paid before he entered the shop, and his landlady's bills had been regularly settled.

The many sympathizers who hastened to congratulate Mr. Safwell on the removal of his enemy found that gentleman as bland and unemotional as ever. He exhibited a document whereby, in consideration of a sum of money received, Richard Lightband made over the remainder of his stock to Solomon Safwell; and further proclaimed his intention of holding a great cheap sale with the residue of his rival's goods.

Mr. Safwell lost no time in making good his words. Within three days the shop next door was again completely dismantled, and Mr. Lightband's effects, re-marked at seductively low figures, lay heaped on Mr. Safwell's counters. Then ensued a period of feminine excitement such as had never before been known in Little Bunbury.

Every woman who had fancied one of the articles so temptingly displayed in Mr. Lightband's windows hurried to Mr. Safwell's in the hope of gratifying her desire at a reduced rate, and the air was cheerful with the sound of riven fabrics and the counting out of change.

And now — though none ever suspected the truth — it must be confessed that the sagacious linen-draper had been his own and only rival. Feeling assured from the experience of his neighbours that business opposition must soon come, Mr. Safwell had taken time by the forelock and set up a rival shop to his own, visiting London — when he was supposed to be on holiday — for the purpose of selecting the goods and of engaging and instructing a man to act for a stated period as proprietor. That the imposition succeeded to a marvel must be admitted, for it not only amply repaid his outlay and gained him the sympathy of his townsfolk, but also served to inform the world at large, and intending settlers in particular, that there was no room in Little Bunbury for a second draper.

True, for a moment, when the good old rector praised him for the courageous manner in which he had borne his trial and congratulated him upon what he termed the special intervention of Providence on his behalf, Mr. Safwell did feel secretly shamefaced. But the gold chinked pleasantly as in his dream, and there are few of us who have no unrevealed actions in our lives, though but a scant number of our hidden deceptions have proved so monetarily successful as did that practised by Mr. Safwell.



"THE GOOD OLD RECTOR PRAISED HIM FOR THE COURAGEOUS MANNER IN WHICH HE HAD BORNE HIS TRIAL."

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The Strenuous Sportsman.

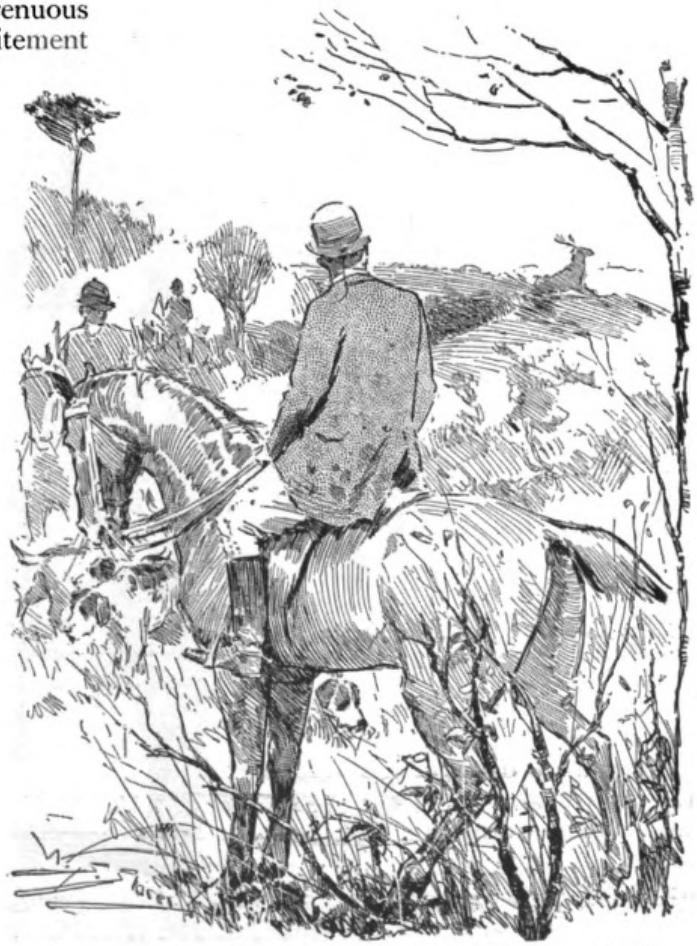
By Harold Macfarlane.

A DEFINITION of what constitutes the strenuous sportsman is unnecessary, for no branch of sport is without its notable examples, men whose enthusiasm makes the ordinary individual blush at his own lethargy. Cricketers undoubtedly exist who have played a couple of matches on the same day, and doubtless football players who have played in two fixtures in the course of a morning and afternoon have lived to tell the tale, but hunting men who have taken part in three distinct runs with different packs must be few in number. They include, however, that famous Kentish cricketer and Gentleman of England, Mr. A. Lubbock. This enthusiastic sportsman's first spin on the day in question took place almost before it was light, a pack of harriers providing the sport. A good run of an hour or so was followed by a hasty breakfast, a change of clothing, and a gallop of fourteen miles to meet the old Surrey foxhounds. On arriving at the venue of the second meet no time was cut to waste, and almost immediately the strenuous sportsman was again enjoying the excitement of the chase, which on this occasion lasted a good hour before reynard was lost in the neighbourhood of Godstone.

While the huntsmen were casting about to hit off the line of the fox, Mr. Lubbock relates that he descried a stag coming over the brow of the hill; and further recognising that the staghounds could not be far behind, he abandoned the fox for larger game and joined the Surrey staghounds, who gave him a splendid run to a point a few miles beyond Horley, which town would be between six and seven miles, as the crow flies, from the place where the hunt was struck off. A ride home of thirty-two miles brought to a conclusion a day's sport worthy of Sir Claude de Crespigny, who is credited with having ridden sixty-two miles to a meet, or of that Lord Queensberry who, after hunting all day with Lord Wemyss's hounds, rode one hundred and two miles across the Cheviots to Kinmount, on the Solway, and, reaching his own home at two o'clock in the morning, forthwith hunted his hounds the same day.

The achievement performed by Mr. Cowper Thornhill of riding from his house at Stilton to Shoreditch Church in 3hrs. 52min., back to Stilton in 4hrs. 12min., and then once more to London in 4hrs. 13min., thus accomplishing a ride of two hundred and thirteen miles in 12hrs. 17min., or at the rate of seventeen and one-third miles an hour, though the feat of a very strenuous horseman, was certainly not so diversified as that of one Bernard Calvert, of Andover, which was worthy of the hero of an historical novel. This last-mentioned gentleman, on the 17th July, 1621, set out from Shoreditch—which was apparently a favourite rendezvous for those who essayed great feats of equestrianism—at three o'clock, rode to Dover, visited Calais in a barge, returned to Dover, and rode back to Shoreditch, which he reached at eight in the evening of the same day, having accomplished, in addition to two journeys across the Channel, a ride of one hundred and forty-two miles.

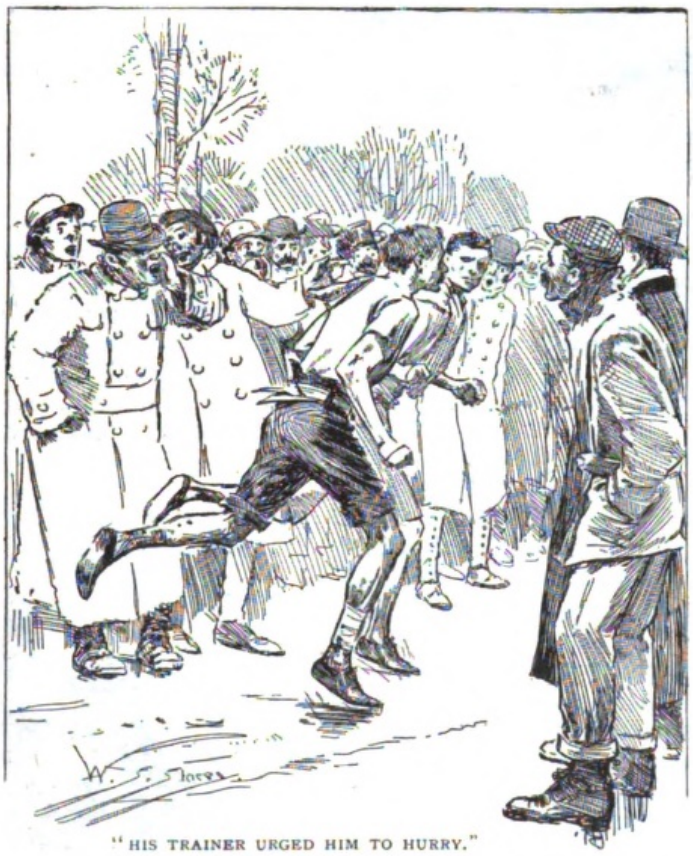
To return to modern times, one of the



"HE DESCRIED A STAG COMING OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL."

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most diversified feats accomplished in sporting circles was performed in 1887 by Mr. C. W. L. Bulpett (Rugby and Trinity College, Oxford), who, it will be recalled, ran second in the three miles in the Inter-'Varsity Sports of 1875. The feat Mr. Bulpett engaged to do in his thirty-fifth year was to walk a mile, run a mile, and ride a mile under eighteen minutes; and this he did, though handicapped by a leg strained in training, on the Fordham Road, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newmarket. In the presence of three thousand spectators the old 'Varsity athlete, on February 11th, 1887, at half-past two in the afternoon, starting at the farther end of the course to Newmarket, in order that in riding the last stage the horse's head should be turned to its stable, accomplished the first quarter of a mile of his walk in 1min. 57sec., and the mile in 8min. 25sec. He then turned round and, running gingerly, covered the half-mile in 3min. 1sec. At this point his trainer urged him to hurry, but he was precluded from doing so by his bandaged leg. When the second mile was finished in 6min. 6sec., over 14½min. had elapsed, but his smart hack mare did not fail him, and the whole task was accomplished in 2 1-5sec. under 17min., whereupon the victor, against whom the betting was three to one, serenely walked back to his hotel.



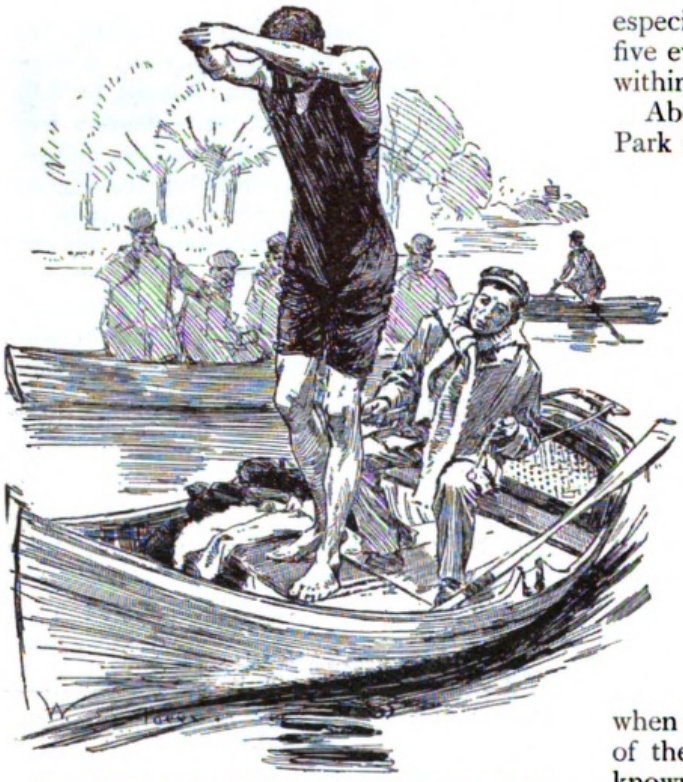
"HIS TRAINER URGED HIM TO HURRY."

A similar sort of diversified feat was the subject in 1840 of a wager of twenty pounds between Mr. Hodgkinson, a fourteenth Wrangler, second class in Classical Tripos, and eventual head master of Louth Grammar School, and Mr. Burdett, who was also a Trinity man and cousin of Lady Burdett-Coutts; but on this occasion the former gentleman essayed to leap six hurdles, ride over six hurdles, kill twelve pigeons at twenty yards rise (having four guns loaded for him), run a mile, and row a mile within thirty minutes. Having accomplished the jumping feats Mr. Hodgkinson next shot his pigeons, then, rowing down the river for a mile, ran back again, having accomplished his task with 2min. 30sec. to spare.

Seemingly to the strenuous sportsman variety has of late proved full of charm, for in addition to the match between two Scotsmen in 1901 to row half a mile against each other, swim four hundred and forty yards, run a mile, and box three rounds for points, similar matches have been carried out in the South of England, and notably in the Thames Valley, where several instances of quick-change athletics have been witnessed. In the summer of 1898, for example, a Kingston butcher bet a Kingston town councillor twenty-five pounds that he would run a quarter of a mile, row a boat, cycle, and ride a horse for the same distance, and finish up by swimming a quarter of a mile, all within the space of half an hour. In view of the length of the programme it would not be altogether surprising if the town councillor had felt that the money was as good as in his pocket; but, as events proved, the strenuous sportsman can get through a good deal in half an hour, and the athlete in this instance found that little over half the time stipulated was required for the feat.

Almost a year after the councillor had bought, at a somewhat expensive rate, his experience the sporting world learned that yet another wager had been entered into by a municipal official of Kingston, who made a bet that he would find a man who would,

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"THIS STRENUOUS SPORTSMAN STOOD UP IN THE SKIFF, UNDRESSED, AND DIVED INTO THE RIVER."

without training, run a quarter of a mile, ride a bicycle the same distance, ride a horse for a quarter of a mile, row a skiff with coxswain a quarter of a mile, and swim a quarter of a mile in the Thames in 17min. The bet having been accepted, the man produced, and a scull that broke in half when the boat was put into position replaced, a start was made with the running event, which occupied 1min. 10sec. A lady's machine, geared to 56in., awaited the performer at the far end of the course and he pedalled back in 50sec., which was scarcely within 20sec. of the record. A horse, taken from a tradesman's cart, galloped him back the same distance in the same time, but the row back in the skiff occupied him 2min. 10sec. With 12min. in hand this strenuous sportsman stood up in the skiff, undressed, and dived into the river, which may possibly have been invigorating, but was decidedly chilly, being indeed but eight degrees above freezing. The coldness of the water doubtless added to his time, but, considering the circumstances, 7min. 25sec., or within 1min. 52 4-5sec. of record, was a very satisfactory showing, especially as it enabled him to accomplish all five events in 12min. 25sec., or 4min. 35sec. within the time stipulated.

About two years after this match a Raynes Park man essayed to perform a similar feat at Hampton Wick, near Kingston, adding, however, a sixth event (a quarter-mile walk), and allowing himself half an hour in which to complete the programme, an allowance of time which, as things turned out, was almost 11½min. too much. Starting off with the walk, the all-round competitor completed the quarter in 2min. 45sec., rode the quarter in 1min. 4sec., swam the quarter in 7min. 49sec., ran the quarter in 2min. 41sec., cycled the quarter in 1min. 17sec., and finally rowed the quarter in 2min. 57 2-5sec., the six events being accomplished therefore in 18min. 33 2-5sec. With these examples before him the punter will doubtless in the future act warily when wagering against the athletic capabilities of the strenuous sportsman, who has been known to bicycle from London to Buckingham, ride a point-to-point steeplechase, hasten back to town, play in a hockey match, and finish up the day at a dance.



"A FINISH UP AT A DANCE."

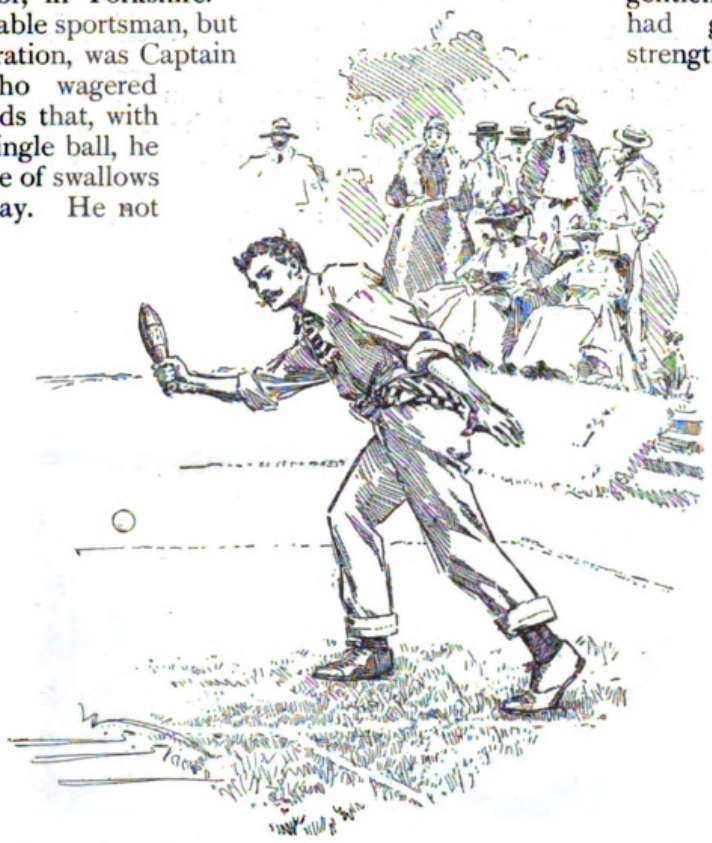
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When the subject of the strenuous sportsman crops up the name of Walsingham is naturally recalled to mind, and in particular the famous feat performed by its noble bearer, who, on August 30th, 1888, in the course of 14hrs. 18min., fired one thousand five hundred and fifty cartridges (of these forty were for signal shots) and brought down one thousand and fifty-eight birds, the scene of this remarkable achievement being the Blubberhouse Moor, in Yorkshire.

Another remarkable sportsman, but of an earlier generation, was Captain Horatio Ross, who wagered one hundred pounds that, with a pistol firing a single ball, he would kill ten brace of swallows on the wing in a day. He not only won the money, but accomplished the feat before breakfast. His most strenuous effort, however, is believed to have been accomplished in the season of 1851, when he killed one hundred and eighteen deer in the Mar Forest, of which total thirteen (including seven stags) fell to fourteen shots in one day.

For diversified bags, however, the achievement of Mr. Allan Fowler, a younger brother of Sir John Fowler, who successfully stalked a stag in Braemar Forest and killed a salmon on the River Broom on the same day, would require some beating; while the feat of the Yorkshire sportsman who, when staying in the Island of Jura, killed a salmon, stalked and shot a stag, and shot a seal and a grouse on the same day is unlikely to be beaten for some considerable time.

There are strenuous sportsmen who are capable of doing themselves justice in any game with any instrument. The expert tennis-player, for instance, will perform wonders with a soda-water bottle instead of a racquet, the expert billiard-player will play magnificently with an umbrella for a cue; but when, some years ago, a well-known Sandwich golfer undertook to play a fellow-member over the St. George's Club links, his only weapon being a champagne bottle, while his opponent had the use of all the contents of his bag of tricks and clubs, it was generally felt that he had gone out of his way to court defeat. As events proved, however, the gentleman with the bottle had gauged his own strength or his opponent's weakness with remarkable accuracy, for, although he was far from rivalling Tom Vardon's record round of seventy-one, he won his match without any great difficulty. When those strenuous golfers the late Mr. H. T. Peter and Allan Robertson played Mr. O'Brien Peter and old Tom Morris at St. Andrews, a match ending in a draw, and extending to two days of five rounds a day, at the finish Allan, with a sigh of regret, murmured that he had "never had sic a bellyfu' o' gowf" all his days. What he would have said had he accomplished the feat performed by Messrs. J. M'Culloch, J. Carmichael, G. F. Dalziel, and G. Carmichael one day in 1895 can be left to the imagination, but it would undoubtedly have been something exceedingly Scotch and chaste. Starting at 6 a.m., this famous foursome played a round at North Berwick, a round at Muirfield, a round at Gullane, a round at Old Luffness, a round at New Luffness, and wound up with a sixth round at Archerfield at 8.30 p.m. Who, after this, will say that "gowf" is not a game for the strenuous?



"THE EXPERT TENNIS-PLAYER WILL PERFORM WONDERS WITH A SODA-WATER BOTTLE."

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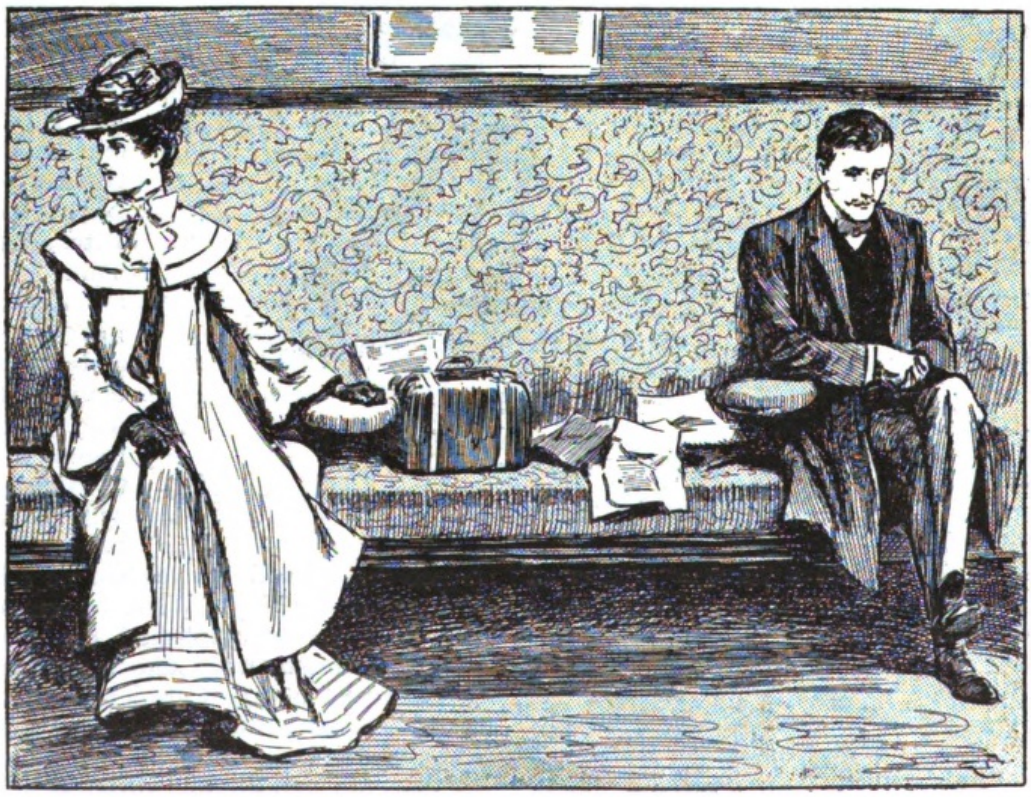
Their Marriage Day.

By Mayne Lindsay.

THE train flew past the suburbs, swaying by deserts of yellow brick, jolting over the points, rattling—faster, faster—to the open country. The afternoon sun dropped down a June sky; the shadows of the hedgerows lengthened; villas gave place to sedgy meadows and cool covert-sides. A fresh country breeze buzzed at the carriage window, scattering the scent of meadowsweet, and ripe grass, and open pastures. A bee hummed inside the pane, and escaped again to the gorse and the foxgloves of a cutting. It was, as many unoriginal people had remarked, a perfect day for a wedding.

The bridegroom, who was settled in the farthest corner to that which his three-hours' wife had chosen, a stretch of buff and gold upholstery between them, was properly grateful that the ordeal was over, even though the more prolonged one of a honeymoon (Heaven save the mark!) were whirling rapidly towards him. The bride was pale, as a bride should be; she had lost, as he guessed by the trembling fingers, over-busy at disentangling rice-grains, the self-possession which had long commanded his respect. She was still aloof, but she was agitated: she was uncertain of herself, and he had not expected this.

There had been some talk of community of interests between them; they had stood upon a common ground of well-wishing; there had been no mention of love. This was a business transaction, a union of interests in which, he assured himself drearily, he was lucky to receive courtesy and to be able to return it with esteem. He was to give her his name—it was an honourable name, and he wished that he could have more worthily upheld it—and the protection of which a rich, lonely woman found crying need. That was for happiness, since happiness could not be found in the inheritance of great fortune and in youth and independence. She gave him, in return, as much of the despised hoards as he cared to finger, prosperity in place of an incongruous poverty, a helping hand to pull him out of pecuniary deep waters. The place to which he was born—his birthright—was handed



"THE BRIDEGROOM WAS SETTLED IN THE FARTHEST CORNER TO THAT WHICH HIS THREE-HOURS' WIFE HAD CHOSEN."

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back to him for benefits received. There—it was a simple bargain.

The solemn echoes of the marriage service tingled in his ears. He had not been given to thinking upon serious things. He had taken life as it came and done his best, even under difficulties, to enjoy it; he winced as he wondered how the words he had spoken felt to men to whom they brought rapture and fulfilment; to whom women such as she gave themselves, not their chattels only; to whom marriage was a door that opened upon love and loyalty, not upon a barter of gold. She had been till that day—she was now—a thing incomprehensible, lofty, apart; it was not until their hands touched as man and wife that he understood that they were linked together, a gulf between them of their own digging, and yet they two alone, the rest of the world a world away from them. He had not thought of this. He had thought too little of the less obvious aspects of their action. Now they intruded themselves; they humiliated him, and he could not escape them. It was not all desire for the name that brought her to him; she wanted protection—a friend. Good heavens! Was this the way to stablish friendship? He had lost his confidence; he was ashamed, childishly afraid to look her in the face.

Lord Alresford coughed and fidgeted. Her agitation, the restlessness of those beautiful fingers, meant emotion, and emotions were barred. Did she feel compunction too? Had she foreboding? She was surely above these things, as she was above him. But he could do his part in smoothing the stony road they had elected to travel together. His impulse was generous; his words tumbled out awkwardly.

"I'm awfully glad it's over; ain't you?"

Lady Alresford started out of her thoughts. She looked up with eyes from which the tears were not far distant; and she found something to relieve her in the sight of the young man, with his curiously English air of sportsman, soldier, and well-groomed schoolboy.

"Yes."

"I never did see any fun in a wedding," Alresford went on, desperately gabbling nonsense because her monosyllable had been tremulous. "Just silly rot—old asses making speeches an' fellows tryin' to be funny, and always hot. Never knew a wedding that wasn't hot. And, 'gad, what a mob of women!"

"I thought it was very kind of some of them to speak as they did, considering how little they knew of me. They were your friends, you know. And your sisters were very nice."

"Isabel is a jolly good sort," Alresford said. "Kathleen is rather inclined to put on airs since she married, though what there is to brag about in buttons ——"

He stopped dead and flushed under the brown. He could have bitten out his reckless tongue, for between buttons and the cotton-spinning source of his bride's fortune there was nothing, in his mind, to choose. It was curious that he persistently lost, in conversation with her, the remembrance of the ruck of stuffy Midland respectability from which cotton—and a few other things—had lifted her. He spoke to her as to one of his kind, admitting her unconsciously to the freemasonry of the inner circle. He pulled up now and floundered dumbly.

Lady Alresford came to the rescue.

"I thought Kathleen was particularly pleasant," she said. "And who was the pretty woman in silver grey—dark, bright colour—who was so very gracious? She seemed to assume a—well, I suppose I must call it a patronizing attitude, but it was not offensive."

"Mrs. Arlington? Did she? Oh, that's very good." Alresford recovered himself and laughed. "*Very* good. You see, the point lies in the position of the man with her."

"And he?"

"He is Smith-Earlham, my colonel. Mrs. Arlington is runnin' him at present, and so—you see. Fancy her patronizing *you!* It's so sublimely impudent that one can afford to laugh at it."

"He is not married, then?"

"Oh, yes, he is; but Mrs. Earlham is taken up with good works. I believe she is going round with the hat for charity just at present. It's her fault. There isn't a bit of real vice in Earlham, and he is a splendid fellow; but, of course, if a man is left to himself . . ."

Lady Alresford looked thoughtful. As usual, the young man spoke without premeditation, and, as frequently happened, his careless words struck home. She was thinking of the wife who had pushed her husband into temptation, and reflecting upon the unreasoning pang that another woman's possession of Alresford would give her. . . . Yet why should it matter to her?

"What will happen when he goes to India?"

"His wife won't go, I know that. Dare say Mrs. Arlington will run out to see what Anglo-Indian life is like. . . . And that

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reminds me, it's the *Campaspe*, not the *Panjabi*, we're goin' in. The chief told me so this afternoon."

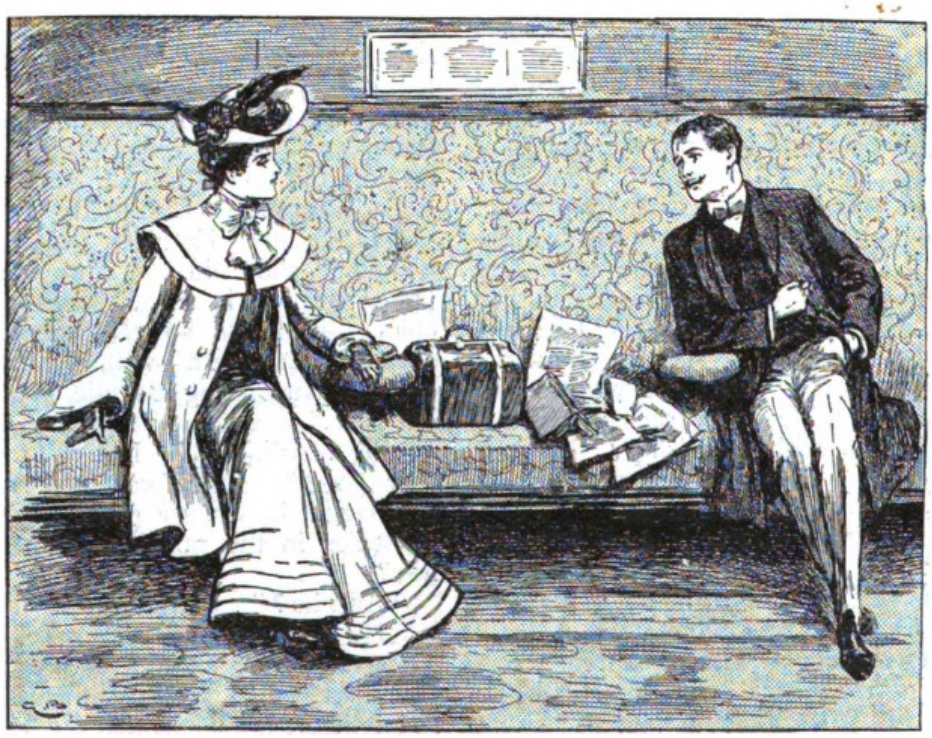
"A fortnight earlier! In a month!"

"Yes. So you see"—he looked at her with deprecation—"we sha'n't have to keep it up for long. Only a month, and then you can work out all your own plans without having to consider this dual arrangement. I—I wanted to tell you. I feel a brute about it. But I won't bother you. I'll keep out of your way as much as I can."

because of that I suggested to you what followed."

The bridegroom looked at her in astonishment. Had there been no contempt, then, in her mind when he agreed—call it, rather, fell into temptation?

"I take all the responsibility," the bride went on. "You were too——"—she was going to say "simple-minded," but checked herself—"honest to suggest the thing. I wanted a haven away from the difficulties that beset me, handicapped by a woman's



"I'LL KEEP OUT OF YOUR WAY AS MUCH AS I CAN."

It was the bride's turn to flush. She did so delicately.

"You hurt me when you speak like that."

Alresford stared.

"I—hurt you! Why?"

"You seem to think you are—obnoxious. We were to be friends, weren't we? Is it good fellowship to say that I dislike you?"

"No; but—it was your—plan, you know, as well as mine. We agreed——"

"That you should go to India and I stop at home. Of course. But why should I be so anxious for you to go? You know, it seems absurd to say it to—to one's husband, but then we are not an ordinary married pair—I like your friendship and your company. You are one of the very few men I have known who gave me that friendship in all honesty, without afterthought. It was weakness and this—money, and beset on all sides by people who might have made me doubt all the world. But I found you, the only single-minded one among them all. And so I came to you to shelter me. Do you think you do not stand out in my mind as my best friend? And is one so anxious to lose one's only friend?"

An odd thing befell Lord Alresford. His imagination began to work, and to see visions far beyond the level plains to which he had limited himself. There was a sensation of straining to a discovery, a commotion of rising and falling hopes. What was it that threw open the door of his inner heart and cried? The echo of her last word pushed it back again. Thoughts tumbled through his mind. He was anxious to tell her that he was glad to be a friend to her, and yet a second thought shouted that he was not glad. He

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felt a sudden mad desire to get up and trample upon her graciousness, to cast back her money at her and tell her he would go his way alone, to——

A tunnel blotted out the light. It made him sit back, breathing heavily, and remember that ten minutes was all that remained beyond it of the journey, seeing that it cut under his own property. Then he jumped to his feet, and the blow of concussion threw him back again. The roar of the tunnel swelled with crashes and thunder sounds and the hiss of steam, and with a frantic, dislocating jar the train came to a standstill.

He exclaimed that it was an accident; but his voice was lost in the rattle of falling stones and the hubbub of voices and wounded machinery. He shouted:—

"Doris! are you there?"

"I am not in the least hurt," said the bride's voice out of the blackness. "Something dreadful has happened outside; I can hear groans. Let me—let us go and help. . . . I cannot find the door-handle."



"HE SNATCHED AT THE ARM OF A MAN WHO RACED PAST."

"Stay where you are," he commanded. "You are not hurt?"

"I am absolutely uninjured. But—listen—let me go."

Lord Alresford groped his way to her end of the carriage, and for answer clicked the spring lock, swung himself into the unseen, and snapped the door upon her.

"You must not move. Promise me you will not move!"

"Someone is wounded—needs help. Will you let me——"

"No! I am going myself now to see. There's a lantern. Hey, guard!"

He snatched at the arm of a man who raced past. The man, who had a lamp in his hand, swore at him.

"Let me pass. There's the deuce to pay up yonder. Jim! Thank Heaven, is that you?"

"Aye, it's me." The lantern shone on a grimy fireman. "She's off the rails, and the two thirds are head over heels. Don't know how or why, but there's awful trouble—the carriages swung off the line and were battered agin the stone-work. Come on."

"I'm coming to give a hand," said Alresford.

"'Who's that?" snapped the fireman. "The place is alive with steam and splinters. Don't want no amateurs. Second carriage is atop of the other, and it's not a good balance either."

"All right," Alresford said, cheerfully. "That'll just suit me. I suppose this lady is safe here?"

"Yes. Well, if you will, come on!"

The glimmer of the lantern swung forward into the blackness and was swallowed up. The two men vanished. Alresford hung back a moment to throw a few words of encouragement into the carriage window; and then he, too, was gone.

The time that followed seemed ages long to the bride. She strained her ears to catch the strange, muffled sounds with which the tunnel was filled; the gruff shouts of the rescuers; the cries and sobs of wounded and startled people; the noise of shifting rubbish and the hiss of steam. She wanted to be beside Alresford and help him; it was sickening work to sit there in the idle darkness.

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He was a man. The discovery had been made long before in the worst place in the world for such revelation—a London drawing-room; here, in the groaning night of the tunnel, the fact flashed out with amazing vividness. He was her man, too, by right of hand-fasting and their compact; she was proud of the thought, even in the shame of her other recollections. . . . The simple soul! He went to danger as other men tripped in to dinner.

Waiting became intolerable. Something fresh was happening in front; the jarring noises were louder; voices spun back on the thick air. She laid her hand upon the door and then drew back again, mindful of her husband's words.

If he went to India! What would happen then? The future became suddenly dark to Lady Alresford; her thoughts were wordless, but their tenor was towards a numbness of depression and a jealousy towards potential Mrs. Arlingtons, who should, perhaps—sometime, and because he had a wife who was no wife—ensnare an honest man and make him no better than the rest. It had been a vague possibility twenty minutes ago, in the daylight; in the tunnel it became a menace and a threat.

That was the future. The present contained the fact that the tangled noises ahead were swelling, and that they were drumming danger into listening ears. She opened the carriage door, catching her breath at the audacity; then gathered boldness with anxiety, and, seeing a pin-point of light before, stumbled across the sleepers till it grew again into the guard's lantern.

A knot of men were busy upon a dark mass of wreckage. The steam was blowing off still, with a piercing hiss that made other sounds difficult to hear; but the chorus could be distinguished, and there were groans in it. The lantern, as Lady Alresford saw when she came to it, shone upon a rear-guard of outstretched figures, banked by the wreck of the derailed carriages and ministered to by a doctor, who was labouring among them as if he were in an hospital ward. He was heedless of everything but his patients, and when the woman appeared at his elbow he jumped.

"No place for you," he shouted.



"LET--ME—HELP!"

"Let—me—help!" The bride raised her voice.

"Nurse, eh? Don't look like it. Well, come on. First woman I've seen not in hysterics. Tear up this shirt for bandages."

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She obeyed, and she knelt on the ground beside him while he bandaged a bloody knee and held the limb for him. She longed to go on where Alresford was, but this duty had intruded to bar the way, and its call was imperious.

"There; that's the last, they say," the doctor said presently, as he stood up from a figure that two of the rescuers had laid down shortly after Lady Alresford's appearance. "Now to get 'em into fresh air. . . . I say, you're a brick."

How like——! This was another man. After all, the world must have no lack of them; else how had these poor, bruised, broken passengers been dragged out of jeopardy? The steam was turned off at last, and she could hear.

The volunteers clustered round the wounded; many of them were injured themselves by their burrowings among the *débris*. One of them was stark amongst the grave cases, whose removal the doctor superintended vigilantly.

"Give me that one, doctor," said Alresford's voice. "I can let him have an arm, and his understandings seem all right."

The bride shrank back into the shadow. The bridegroom was within three feet of her, and—and—was that blood upon his forehead? She stifled a cry.

"You've injured yourself," the surgeon said.

"Only a splinter. The last carriage bristled with 'em. Come on, my son."

The doctor stopped to look after the pair as they hobbled off.

"That's a fine fellow," he said to Lady Alresford. "He climbed on the second carriage where it trembled on the roof of the first one, and he handed the people out to the men down below. And if the lower structure had given—mark you! Oh, a fine fellow! I doubt he's got a nasty cut, though. Here, your work's done now. Run after them with this flask, and give them both a nip when you get outside, please."

There was an abiding joy in the bride's heart as she sped past the train upon her mission. The bridegroom was safe; he was also, as her heart had cried to her could not be otherwise, the bravest of these brave men. She heard some others talking of the incident as she hovered, waiting to dart by a bandy chair that they made for an injured ankle; they spoke gravely of the danger that had been incurred. A first volunteer, it seemed, had climbed up and had been injured by a fall. Alresford had been the second. She went out into the daylight exultant, more thankful for his escape than she dared to think.

Local help had arrived; the patients were being stacked into a trolley, and Alresford was piloting his charge across the rails towards it. Someone else stepped up, anticipating the doctor's orders, and offered brandy. Alresford administered it to his man, saw him into the truck, took a drop himself, returned the flask, and in so doing found his wife behind him.

"It's only a scratch," he said, reading her eyes, and pulling down his shirt-cuffs in some embarrassment. Then his tone changed, and he sprang forward.

"Good Heaven! Your sleeve is soaked with blood; the laces are crimson on your dress. . . . And I stayed up there with them! . . . Tell me where you are hurt."

"I have not been touched. It was only—I disobeyed your orders, and went up to help after all, and so, I suppose, the stains came about. Oh, Dick, I am so glad you are safe!"

Lord Alresford looked at her with varying emotions plain to see in his eager face. He glanced round, and saw that the tunnel-folk were emerging and that he was about to become the centre of interest to those that knew of his enterprise, and those that were even now hearing of it.

"It scared me," he said, "but I thank Heaven you're all right. Lucky escape for the back of the train, wasn't it? I looked up the servants, and left 'em digging for our baggage in the van. They have instructions to get it taken on somehow. Do you know we are near home? Confound—here come those asses. Let's scramble up the cutting and get away."

They climbed the chalk, to the obvious astonishment of the growing crowd. At the top Lord Alresford helped his wife over the railing, and the pause was filled by a ringing cheer from below, which the doctor led boisterously. As an explanatory bellow left no doubt as to its meaning, Alresford lifted his hat and bowed gravely above the rail, and then they moved away and were swallowed up in corn and poppies, and the railway accident became, suddenly, a matter of history.

The field shimmered golden. Far away beyond it, behind the sparkling parkland, a mansion turned a solemn grey eye upon the landscape. The cirrus clouds floated in the summer sky, and a lark soared from under their feet with its song of thanksgiving.

"There's the old place," Alresford said.

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"Queer we should be shot here, isn't it? It is—home."

"Our home," said the bride.

The bridegroom stopped, and the red swept into his face again. He tried for words, but there were none; and the bride, pitying his confusion, put a hand into his as she faced him.

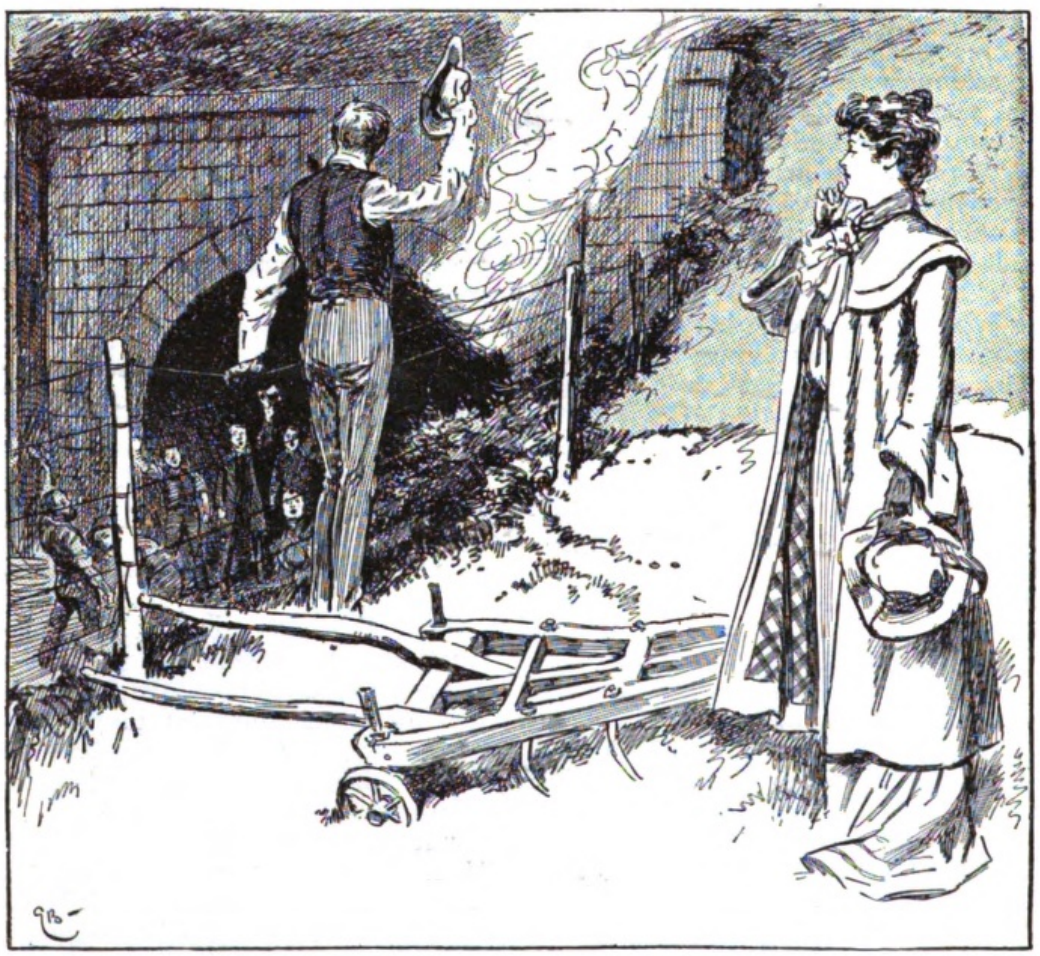
"Choose, Dick," she said. "If you stay—ah, my dear, will you care if I tell you? I would not keep you . . . Only——"

"You—you—*you!*" stammered Alresford. "Miles—oh, miles above me! I never dared to think—how could I? Why, to stay with you would be heaven, if only I could hope."

"Hope!" she said. "You dear, brave, manly thing, do you want to be told in so many words when a woman—loves you?"

There was a long silence, and the discreet lark sang itself away out of sight. Then as they turned again homewards, hand in hand, the bride gave a little wondering laugh, that yet had a note of awed amazement in it.

"Dick!" she said. "Do you know, I had quite forgotten we are married?"



"ALRESFORD LIFTED HIS HAT AND BOWED GRAVELY."

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Picture Forgers and Their Methods.

By Ronald Graham.

[A great deal has been heard of late of forgeries of the Old Masters. Mr. MacWhirter, R.A., declares that spurious works are carried out wholesale in Brussels, Florence, and Siena. The following article describes the peculiar methods of the forgers, as revealed by one who formerly practised the art of "blending" the works of the Old Masters, together with several examples of blended pictures.]

WITH the increased wealth of the world and the new artistic appreciations of the Anglo-Saxon race there has arisen a powerful demand for the productions of the Old Masters. The picture dealers, men of commerce, but also men of probity for the most part, are at their wits' end to satisfy the clamour of their customers.

"There are," says Mr. MacWhirter, R.A., "not enough Old Masters to go round. There are more of their reputed works than could possibly have been painted. Hundreds of imitations are sold as genuine, many of them in well-known collections."

It is well known that the National Gallery is not exempt from forgeries any more than the Louvre or the galleries at Munich, Dresden, or Florence. The Academician just quoted stated his belief that a workshop exists in Belgium which turns out Romneys, Reynoldses, and Gainsboroughs by the score. Others thrive at Florence and Siena, where a lucrative business was done in early Italians, "so cleverly forged on old, worm-eaten panels as to deceive the best antiquarians and connoisseurs."

Quite by accident the present writer, on a recent visit to a well-known London art dealer, became introduced to a gentleman who, although now engaged in a less questionable calling, was for several years in the employ of a prolific manufacturer of Old Masters for the trade. While admitting that fact, M. Adolphe (we will suppress his surname) was not at first inclined to be communicative on the subject; but, in view of the revelations which have recently been made on the Continent by others, at length consented to explain some of the broader and more popular methods of what has been humorously described as the "Renaissance" school of Brussels, Amsterdam, Bruges, Florence, and Siena.

M. Adolphe's career is typical. He began as a poor art student in Brussels; in 1879 he saved up enough money to take him to Paris. Here he frequented a well-known studio and toiled early and late, only to discover by the time he had reached twenty-one that he would never make a painter.

"I sent no pictures to the Salon because I could not, for the life of me, do a decent original thing. I understood my materials—I could copy as well as any man, but my attempts at composition used to send my fellow-students into roars of laughter. I seemed to have absolutely no invention, although I was fonder of painting than anything else. I set up as a copyist in the Louvre, and for two or three years made an indifferent livelihood in that way. I copied Raphaels, Rubenses, Titians, Giorgiones, and Van Dycks for the dealers and for chance customers, many of them English and Americans. Often I received only fifteen francs for a copy, exclusive of paint and canvas; the most I ever got was a hundred francs.

"One day a stranger, whom I had often observed as interested in my work, struck up a conversation with me. He finally offered fifty francs for a copy of a Holy Family by Tintoretto. We grew very friendly; and he came to the Louvre two or three mornings to see how I was getting on. On the fourth day he said he had changed his mind about the Tintoretto, and would rather have a Murillo. But, as I had painted in the figures and costumes, he paid me the fifty francs and said he would take away the canvas. I was surprised, as you may imagine, but a good deal more so when he half-jestingly suggested that I should copy the faces of the Murillo Holy Family into the unfinished picture. I informed him that I had heard this, for some reason or other, was not permitted by the authorities; but that if he wished to carry out such an expensive practical joke I could copy the Murillo faces on another canvas and fit them into the Tintoretto picture at home. He agreed, and in this manner I earned another fifty francs.

"Thus," continued M. Adolphe, "began my career as a worker in 'mosaics' of the Old Masters. When I had finished the figures from Tintoretto and the faces of Murillo, I copied a landscape background of Correggio, a foreground from Leonardo, and some accessories from Titian, and my pictorial joke, as I thought it, was done. But that my patron by no means regarded it as a joke I discovered long afterwards, when I came across a photograph in a German art journal of that very same picture, labelled 'By Giovanni Bellini.' Subsequently doubts were cast

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upon its authenticity, and I am told it was exposed by Dr. Von Engerth, of Vienna, and others. All the same, I have little doubt that that very same picture is to-day in some private collection and highly valued by its possessor."

When M. Adolphe came to receive his second and third order for a similar composition his suspicions were aroused, but, as he says, he "could not afford to quarrel with his bread and butter." He continued to copy industriously the less-known early painters and to blend them into a single canvas, at greatly increased remuneration. Finally, there came an offer to go to Amsterdam to copy, in the orthodox way, some pictures there; and afterwards to London, where he spent eight months copying at the National Gallery. He now ceased to produce any more composite "Old Masters," merely copying the pictures in legitimate fashion, the blending being all done by another hand in the same employ.

"This 'blending' was a most artistic thing—quite an art in itself. It formed, and still forms, only a portion of the process of Old Master manufacture, but, of course, the principal portion. I have heard of its being done by a man who could hardly paint at all, but possessed a great eye for grouping and effect. He used, I believe, to cut out the canvases, fit the different pieces together, and pass them on to his wife, who copied the whole composition faithfully, not once, but several times. Afterwards each was submitted to the usual ageing process, mounted on worm-eaten wood, and conveyed by the proper channels to the auction-rooms of Paris, London, and New York."



A FORGED TITIAN.
Composed mainly from the paintings by Reynolds, Andrea del Sarto, and Titian, reproduced on the opposite page.

There are examples of these blends in many of the leading collections of Europe, but, according to M. Adolphe, this requires a dexterity not within the range of the picture factories of Brussels, Amsterdam, and Florence to-day.

"It is by no means necessary to go to much trouble to escape detection," he declares. "A composite of four or five of the most familiar Old Masters will readily find a purchaser and no questions asked. The fact is, many of the owners of spurious pictures are quite aware that they are spurious, but they are hardly the less satisfied with them on that account. Nine out of ten persons seeing these bogus Old Masters, while detecting a certain air of familiarity about the faces or figures, would put it down to the master's style and be perfectly deceived. I have seen even capable critics taken in when off their guard. Here is an example."

As he spoke M. Adolphe pointed to an imposing-looking canvas resting against the piano in his sitting-room; this picture—a "popular Old Master," he termed it—he had taken down from the wall of another room on purpose to explain its "beauties."

The picture was, roughly, four by six feet in dimensions, and was replete with the beautiful draperies and gorgeous colouring of Titian. On the bottom of the frame was a ticketed inscription: "The Childhood of St. John. Tiziano Vecellio (1514)." The whole external appearance of the picture would seem to warrant such great age being assigned to it. The varnish is cracked and spotted and there are signs of decay in places. As to the composition, anyone would instantly recognise it as a Titian. But it is a Titian with a difference. The central figure is the sweet and gentle Virgin, clad in strange flowing robes, a portion of which she has caught up with her left hand. She is watching an infant at play. The faces of this pair are plainly Titian's, for one has a vague notion of having seen them before. In the background are three other figures, and the landscape is soft and beautiful, perfectly suiting the composition.

But the charm is gone in a moment when M. Adolphe observes, with a quiet laugh:—

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"MRS. CARNAC." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
From which come the figure and drapery in the forged Titian.

"That Titian was painted nine years ago by an Italian locksmith who abandoned his proper calling to take up the fine arts. He is now dead—but he had considerable gifts. The drapery of the central figure was taken from Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Mrs. Carnac'—at second-hand; the landscape is from Fragonard, and the background figures were borrowed from Andrea del Sarto, with accessories by Botticelli. The face of the Virgin and the figure of the Child only were taken from a celebrated Titian at Florence, to which the painter had access. I believe this was his first and last attempt at a forgery — if so very obvious an imposition can be called a forgery — and the 'ageing' was not done by him; but in the hands of certain unscrupulous dealers he might have made his mark." This picture and the chief paintings from which it is composed are reproduced for comparison in these pages.



"THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE VIRGIN." BY ANDREA DEL SARTO.
Photo. by [*Hanfstaengl.*
From which comes the right-hand group of figures in the forged Titian. This picture also provides the foreground figures in the "Virgin Under the Canopy," reproduced on page 198.



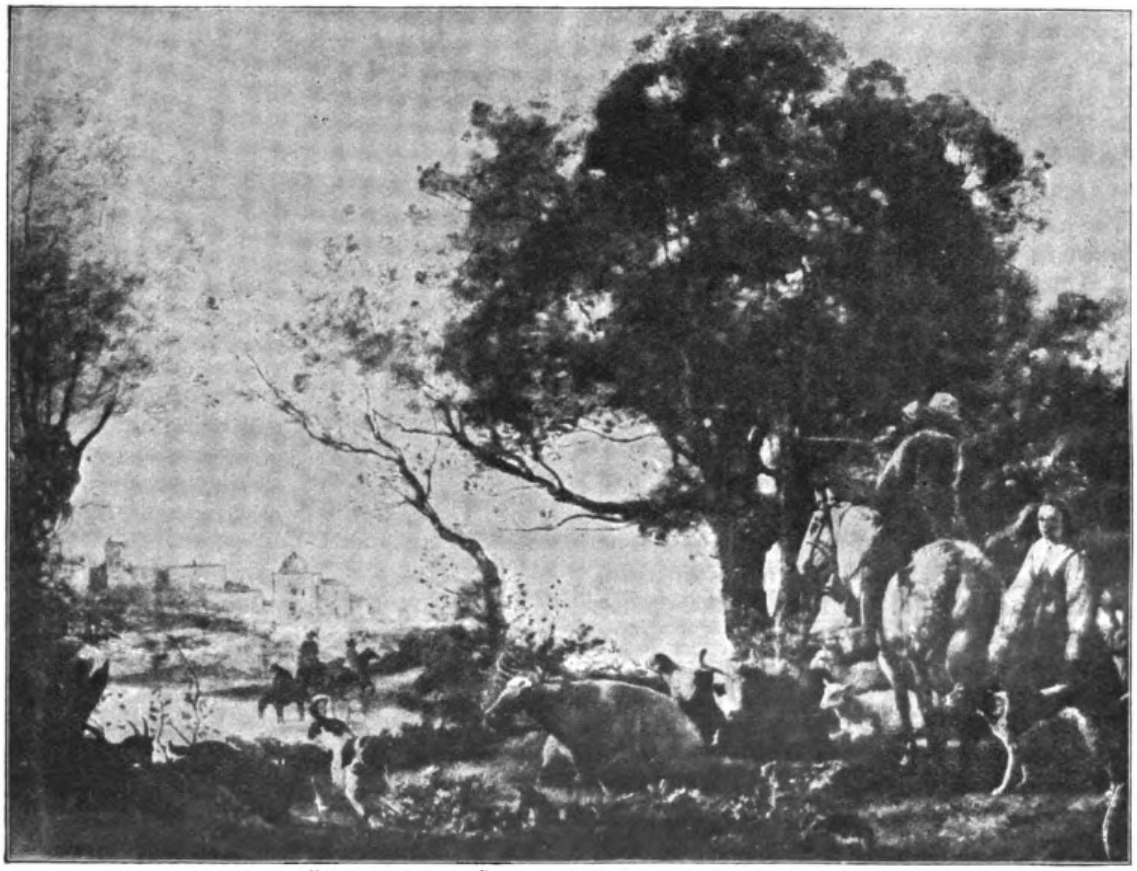
Photo. by "ST. CATHERINE EMBRACING THE DIVINE INFANT." BY TITIAN. [*Hanfstaengl.*
From which the forger of the Titian has taken the face of the Virgin and the figure of the Child.

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M. Adolphe has been present at the birth of some "masterpieces" even more startling. In 1888 there was sold for a few pounds in Munich a picture in which the work of no fewer than twenty-seven famous painters was represented — and detected by an expert. After the figures and the landscape had been worked in, a peculiar sky effect was borrowed from Turner, some trees from Claude, cattle from Cuyp, a distant lake from Poussin, a foreground with details from Hobbema, and —the picture was done? Not at all. The

One learns that there are, then, three kinds of spurious Old Masters. First, the simple copies, such as that of Raphael's "Giovanni d'Aragona," in the Louvre; second, the "blends," or eclectics, of which we are treating chiefly in this article; third, the fraudulent or ignorant substitution of one old painter for another of greater fame.

There is still another sort, but its production is on a scale so small as to be almost negligible—a sort that requires real genius. Many have doubted if it exists to-day, whether



"THE TRAVELLER." A FORGED PAUL POTTER OR COROT.
Compounded of Cuyp's "Man on Horseback," Potter's "Landscape," and Corot's 'Souvenir d'Italie."

costumes of the three figures were entirely repainted, partly from Millais, with details and accessories from Meissonier; the faces of the two women were taken from the Dutch master Steen, and the man's face from Hackaert. A hound was inserted from Jacob Duck, and finally the signature to this astonishing composite was added, in the lower left-hand corner, not less faithfully copied, you may be sure, than the rest.

But in this case the too ingenious artist had overreached himself. His production was a blend of too many diverse styles to pass for a Paul Potter, even in Kansas City, and it was purchased after its exposure merely as a curiosity.

any artist of great talent would copy the methods of the old Flemish imitators of Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Luini, and Solario, whose imitations are so plentiful at Munich and Florence.

"It means the gift of invention," says our authority, "for all the imitator borrows is the style. If he is clever enough to paint original pictures in the style of the Old Masters he is also clever enough to imitate Sargent, Abbey, and the rest of the Royal Academicians, and so win fame and wealth legitimately, as many of these present-day 'imitators' do. I don't believe myself that there are any great original pictures deliberately painted to deceive the public into thinking them Old

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"HOLY FAMILY." A FORGED MURILLO.
Compounded from Titian's "St. Catherine Embracing the Divine Infant," Andrea del Sarto's "Abraham and Isaac," Correggio's "Holy Family," and Van Dyck's "Vierge aux Donateurs."

Masters. Fancy what a forger Millais would have made if he had studiously set out to imitate Leonardo da Vinci or even Raphael! His canvas would have carried conviction — only a great painter could have painted it— and it would have sold for thousands of pounds — nay, tens of thousands. The whole of Europe and America would have rung with the romantic story of the 'lost Raphael.' But do you think the picture forgers of Brussels, Antwerp, and Florence are capable of painting in that way? No; their productions are quite without artistic merit, except when they are copies, either from one or from many pictures."

Nevertheless, it should be added that this view is not one held by all the art dealers, many of whom believe in the almost diabolical genius of the picture forgers.

"It makes one so suspicious," remarked a leading dealer to the writer, "that one is tempted to take no stock in Old Masters at all, English or foreign, unless they come from the best-known collections. I may tell you that I had an opportunity to purchase for a few pounds the Gainsborough that has just been sold at Christie's for nine thousand guineas. So had many others. Its dirtiness and shabbiness ought to have been in its favour, but, considering recent experiences, it was



"A LOWLAND SCENE." A FORGED MAC WHIRTER.
Trees and background from Claude's "Mill"; cattle from Rubens's "Farm" and Peter Graham's "Highland Cattle."

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"VIRGIN UNDER THE CANOPY." A FORGED RAPHAEL.
A "blend" chiefly of the pictures reproduced on this and the next page: Francesco Francia's "The Dead Christ," Botticelli's "Virgin and Child," Van Dyck's "Vierge aux Donateurs," and Andrea del Sarto's "Enthronement of the Virgin" (see page 195).

able find. It was a Holy Family, in the style of one of the early Italian masters — perhaps Palma Vecchio. The man's story appeared truthful: the picture had been stolen from a church by a Greek shipmate of his, long ago in his youth, and, well—to cut the story short—I paid him forty pounds down and the 'Old Master' became mine. Of course, it turned out to be a 'blend' of seven Old Masters, done a few years back, perhaps in this very Siena factory, by a hack painter who knocked them off by the dozen. Such pictures are constantly arriving at Christie's and elsewhere, where they fetch a few shillings."

Mr. MacWhirter, who has just been vehemently complaining of forged examples of his work, may be interested in the foregoing reproduction of one of his pictures which has lately been hawked about London. As a picture for the dining-room it possesses undeniable merits, which is not just the reverse. A few years ago I purchased a disreputable old canvas which reached me by the hands of an Italian sailor, who had a most circumstantial story as to how he became possessed of it. I showed it to a friend who happened to be on the spot, and he suggested that it might be a valu-



"THE DEAD CHRIST." BY FRANCESCO FRANCIA.
Which supplies the heads of the Virgin and the attendant Saint to the above picture.

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Photo. by] "VIRGIN AND CHILD." BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI. [*Hanfstaengl.*
Which supplies the left-hand figure of the forged Raphael.

surprising, since it is a *mélange* of Claude, Rubens, and Peter Graham, R.A. But why MacWhirter—why should his signature appear in the lower left-hand corner? The answer is that the cattle in the foreground are Scotch, and there is little doubt that duplicates of this masterpiece are treasured by many a simple buyer on the Continent as a good specimen of modern Scotch art.

A few years ago—in 1893, to be precise—the Italian papers made a great outcry about a Raphael which had been smuggled out of the country to America. American experts who saw it declared that there was little doubt that it was really a Raphael—there could be no mistaking Raphael's faces. The wood upon which it was painted was old and worm-eaten; it bore Raphael's unmistakable signature. It was not until an Italian critic saw it that it was pronounced an impudent forgery—an eclectic compounded of Andrea del Sarto, Rubens, Botticelli, and Titian, with faces from Francesco Francia. Amidst the universal laughter in art circles Italy found her consolation. There seems little doubt that many "art treasures" that cross the Atlantic are of equal value with this priceless Raphael, which is here given with some of its component paintings.

It is said of a Chicago gentleman who purchased one spurious Raphael, in which the central figure was slavishly copied from a genuine Raphael at Munich, that he defended the resemblance by saying:—

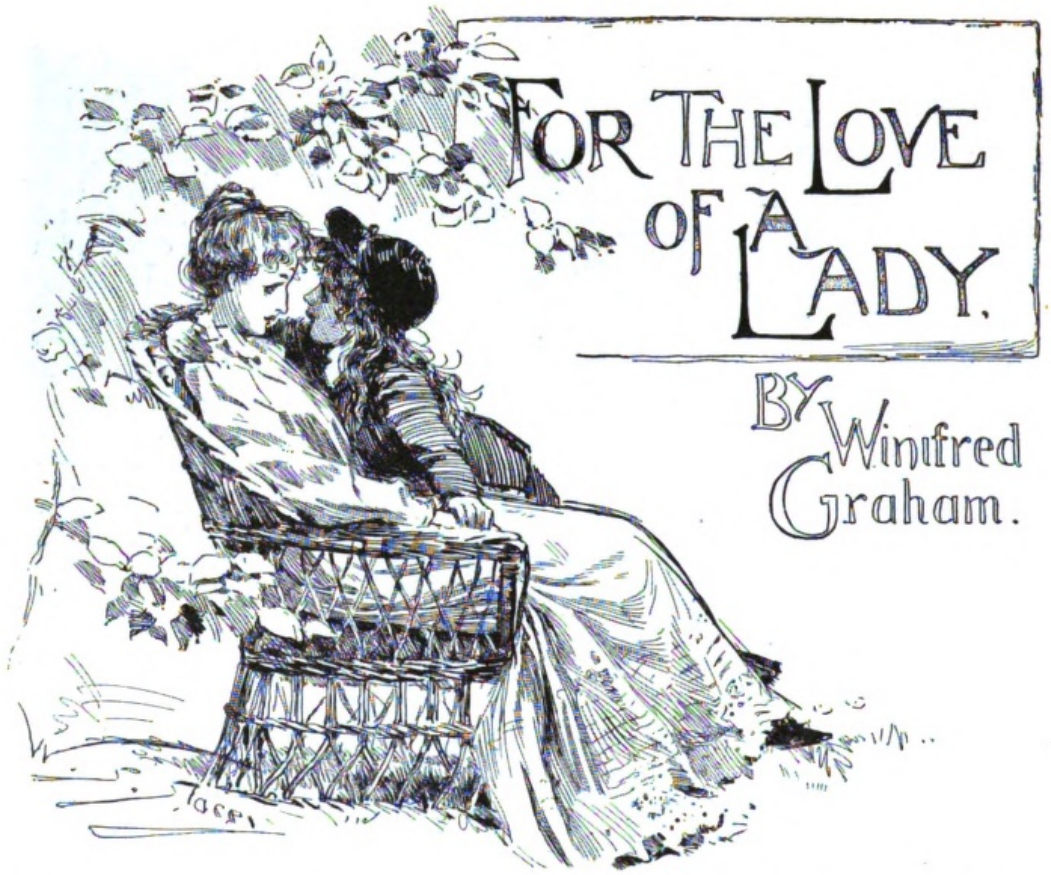
"Of course, of course, my dear sir—Raphael painted her *from the same model* as in the picture you mention. That accounts for the great likeness. But" — triumphantly—"if you will just look in the corner there, I guess you will see *he painted mine first!*"

It only remains to be added that for this priceless Raphael the Chicagoan had paid the sum of five hundred dollars, or one hundred guineas. At first hand such a picture might be turned out of the Brussels or Siena ateliers for two hundred francs, signature, cracked varnish, worm-holes and all.



"VIERGE AUX DONATEURS." BY VAN DYCK.
Which supplies the flying cherubs and the canopy of the forged Raphael.

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FOR THE LOVE OF A LADY.

BY Winifred Graham.

SHE was a strangely small, delicate woman, given to that gentle helplessness which instinctively appeals to man's chivalry. Certainly her husband, Captain Kiveton, had never quite got over thinking that a breath might blow her away! She seemed to him like some wonderful flower whose fragile petals the rough hand of man hardly dare touch, and so he brought up their only child with the same nervous care for her, the same unselfish devotion.

Enid took after her father. She inherited his bright, laughing eyes and curly brown hair, his straight, easy, athletic figure and indomitable courage. At nine years old she was a distinct personality in her own county, hunting untiringly with her father throughout the winter, and entering into every summer sport it was possible for a small girl to enjoy.

Mrs. Kiveton looked on mildly at her husband's energy, and her child's enthusiasm, with those wide blue eyes of hers that demanded spontaneous sympathy, despite the fact that luxury, care, and unfailing thoughtfulness made existence a bed of roses.

She certainly sought no sympathy, for life absolutely contented her; sorrow had sailed lightly over her head, she blossomed in sweet serenity, warmed by the sunshine of love. Summer was on the earth, kissing the careless clover and turning country gardens into paradises of perfume. The blackbird's note had a joyful sound, and the "brown, bright nightingale" hid in the trees.

Enid's cup of happiness brimmed over, for holidays were marking time—holiday months of a thousand joys. She wondered grown-up people could ever look sad, escaped from the bondage of lesson books, free in a world filled with endless delights.

"Father is playing polo this afternoon at Nassington," she told her mother, with that breathless eagerness characteristic of her. "He says I may ride over on Billy and see the match. You'll drive there, won't you, Mumsy, dear?"

Mrs. Kiveton looked down at the merry, sunburnt face. Enid's *joie de vivre* matched the dancing sunbeams playing round the veranda, glistening upon purple clematis and opening shy rosebuds. Enid's eyes had borrowed something of their sparkle—possibly they were sunbeams in disguise.

"It is my 'at-home' day, so I must stay in," answered Mrs. Kiveton. "It is too hot to do anything now, but I shall go for a stroll in the cool of the evening."

Enid considered a moment. Little Mumsy seldom walked alone.

"Then I will come back early," said the

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child, quickly; "we will walk through the wood to the lake, for the white water-lilies are just out, and you must see them."

Enid would not have owned, even to herself, that the promise to return early demanded any sacrifice. It came naturally to her, the habit of watching over Mrs. Kiveton. Her father's early teaching bore fruit every hour of the day. Upon his example the small girl unconsciously moulded her character, quite unaware there was something unusual in the child studiously guarding the mother's welfare.

"Yes, it will be nice to have a little exercise when the sun is down," said Mumsy, with her fascinating smile. She was looking more than ever like a china Arcadian shepherdess, in her soft gown of flowered muslin.

Enid linked her arm round the white neck. She was glad Mumsy always sat under a parasol when there were no trees to shade her, because the pretty blue veins showed so sweetly under her skin, and it would not have seemed right for Mumsy to be freckled.

"I don't think anyone will come to see you to-day," said the wise childish voice. "Everybody is going to Nassington."

Captain Kiveton caught the remark. He came from the direction of the stables, and paused to admire the pretty picture Mumsy and Enid made—an idyll of restful summer-time, their two young faces close together, little brown fingers clasping a slim artistic hand, hazel eyes gazing into calm blue depths.

"Enid is right," he said; "it's to be a great afternoon. You had better come, Sylvia."

Mrs. Kiveton shook her head.

Polo really bored her, though she never acknowledged this, and indulged the pleasant fallacy of martyred resignation to social duty. She watched the man and child ride away, with eyes that were full of a soft, excusable pride. It was good to have the whole devotion of those two happy open natures, to see their faces turning back, time after time, till they were out of sight, to catch a last glimpse of her waving handkerchief.

Enid had ridden since she was old enough to hold the reins, and her chestnut curls flopped merrily up and down to Billy's trot.

The long, dusty road seemed short in such congenial company, for Enid and her father were fast friends, and the little girl found much to say, chatting with breezy, irresponsible humour.

"I am not going to stay all the time," she told him simply, as the smooth green ground came in sight, where already a number of riders were gathered. "Mumsy is alone, you see."

The words carried their own explanation, and brought a grateful smile to Captain Kiveton's lips.

"Good girlie," he said. "Go back as soon as you like; she will be glad of your company."

He had no fear of the child riding alone. He believed in independence for everyone but mumsy.

As Enid arrived at the tent she recognised a number of friends, all of whom welcomed her in a manner which showed the child's popularity. It was quite amusing to watch her face when the game commenced, and to hear her eager exclamations as the bright eyes followed every move.

"Isn't Bertie playing well?" she said to an elderly gentleman who had drawn her into conversation.

"Who is Bertie?"

The question appeared natural enough, but evidently filled Enid with surprise. She had thought everyone at Nassington knew Bertie.

"He is a cousin of father's," she replied, "and I'm very fond of him. Of course, he and father are both playing for Nassington."

"The ground is in very bad condition," declared the stranger. "I suppose the weather last week is accountable for that."

Enid listened with interest, for he had a way of speaking which riveted the attention, though his remarks proved quite ordinary.

He had snow-white hair, but an agility of movement which contradicted age. His eyes were sharp and hawk-like. He held himself erect.

Enid felt flattered at his notice, for, though she did not know his name, there was an air of distinction about him. He spoke as one accustomed to attention, and his smile was particularly pleasing.

"Do you live at Nassington?" asked Enid.

"No, indeed! Your pleasant pastures are not for me. I am only a busy London toiler, taking a few days' rest in the country."

His keen eyes followed the players as he spoke; the ponies seemed making a dash for the tent, but Enid knew well enough they would not overstep the boundary.

"Isn't it exciting?" she gasped, and pressed forward.

To her surprise the unknown gentleman snatched her suddenly back, placing his hand over her eyes. She heard a little scream

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from a woman next her, and then a general buzz of breathless conversation.

"How did it happen? What a dreadful accident! They say he is killed!"

Enid knew at once who it was that lay so still on the cruel green playground as she wriggled free from the detaining grasp of the white-haired stranger. Her heart stood suddenly still, all the surrounding scenery grew misty, and she turned cold from head to foot.

"It's father!" she cried, clutching her new-found friend by the arm, "and they are carrying him away."

She spoke frantically, her small lips white and quivering, while the rosy face grew haggard with an awful agony of fear. The whole world had become instantaneously a blank; even the face of the sun was darkened; she felt petrified—numb!

The elderly gentleman dropped her hand and hurried towards the group gathered round the injured man; but Enid, a swift runner, reached him first, pushing through the people.

A moment later the little form bent over the white figure, a pitiful object of childish despair.

"Father!" she whispered. "Oh, father!"

No one drew her aside. Perhaps they knew too well all this child was to him. Faintly he opened his eyes and whispered in her ear.

The words, so characteristic of the man, brought sudden self-control to the distracted little girl.

"Go home quickly and don't let Mumsy know I'm hurt. Get her away. She must not see me brought back."

In his pain and weakness his first thought was for the shock to his wife. She mustn't see; she must be saved anxiety. Enid would understand.

A sudden, odd change came over the trembling figure in the small riding-habit. The air of passionate abandon with which she flung herself down beside her father gave place now to an unexpected reliance and self-command.

Enid rose quickly to her feet. Choking back a sob and dashing the blinding tears from her eyes she turned resolutely away.

Her great love for her father cried inwardly, for just a few minutes more, to kneel at his side, to kiss his damp forehead. But then there was little Mumsy—poor little Mumsy at home.

Stifling her own feelings, keeping them under with a strength of purpose that is often strongest in the young, she mounted Billy and galloped away at breakneck speed down the dusty road.

Desperately she urged him on—whispering in his ear.

"We mustn't let her be frightened. Go quickly, Billy, dear, go quickly! He said she must not see him brought back—he thought of her when I had forgotten!"



"THE LITTLE FORM BENT OVER THE WHITE FIGURE, A PITIFUL OBJECT OF CHILDISH DESPAIR."

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Deep reproach for the momentary lapse made Enid eager to atone, and as she rode homewards the image went with her of a white, pain-stricken face.

Sharp contrasts haunted her mind: the joy of the morning, the horror of the afternoon, the pleasant ride to Nassington, the frantic journey back, with terror and dread at her heels. Being an only child, she was old for her years, not in pursuits or manners, but in thought and soul. She was ready to carry the burden of her secret, the weight of sorrow, alone because he wished it, because Mumsy must be spared. There seemed no choice in the matter; her path lay clearly before her, the difficult path of self-forgetfulness, the human Calvary of sacrifice.

Steadfastly she set herself to do his bidding, crushing the wild desire to sob out what had happened in little Mumsy's arms.

At last she reached the quaint, creeper-covered house in its bright grounds. The very flowers seemed mocking Enid's misery, as they flaunted their bright colours in the sun.

Without a word she left Billy in the stables and ran to the drawing-room, which led from the veranda. There she found her mother, with one elderly lady, who never failed to call on Mrs. Kiveton's "day."

The sight of Miss Bates made Enid's heart sink even lower.

"How dreadfully hot and dusty you look!" remarked "little Mumsy," as the dishevelled figure appeared through the long French window.

"Billy and I came very quickly," said Enid, in breathless response.

"Aren't you going to say 'How do you do?' to me?" asked Miss Bates, reprovingly, holding out a large, lean hand, encased in black kid.

Enid grasped it with agitated fingers.

"Come outside," she urged; "come into the veranda and look at the roses."

She pulled violently at Miss Bates's arm, and something compelling in her manner made the visitor consent.

Mrs. Kiveton did not follow; she was leisurely sipping her tea and nibbling a minute slice of chocolate cake.

Enid's small face worked with emotion as she looked up at Miss Bates.

"Please, please go away," she whispered; "there has been an accident and Mumsy isn't to know. Father sent me back—oh, please go!"

For a moment Miss Bates felt inclined to take offence, but the sudden glimpse of hidden misery that leapt to the child's eyes made her change her opinion.

Hastily she bade Mrs. Kiveton good-bye, declaring it was later than she had supposed, and casting a last curious glance at the apparently calm little girl, standing in a protecting attitude by her pretty, fragile mother.

"You came home much sooner than I expected; you could hardly have seen anything of the match," said Mrs. Kiveton, smoothing Enid's tumbled curls. "How was it going when you left?"

The child turned quickly away, afraid to meet the inquiring blue eyes which looked so innocently towards the dim hazel ones.

"I promised to come back early; I—I don't think I like polo!"

By a supreme effort the words were spoken without a tremor; but fear and weakness made bitter foes, to be conquered only through strength of love—and power of resolution.

"Oh, Enid, what heresy!" laughed Mrs. Kiveton; and the faintest suspicion of a baby dimple showed itself on her delicate cheek.

Enid snatched up a garden hat from the sofa and placed it unsteadily on "little Mumsy's" head.

"Come and see the water-lilies," said the child, in her old eager way, but now the eagerness was fraught with dread.

"You are no good as a lady's maid," Mrs. Kiveton declared, adjusting the hat to its proper angle and glancing at her dainty form in a mirror. "It is rather early to go out."

"Everyone but Miss Bates was—was at the match," stammered Enid, feverishly impatient to lure the unsuspecting feet away to the wood. At any moment it might be too late to fulfil the mission with which she had been entrusted, and her anxiety at last prevailed.

"You *are* in a fuss to be off!" said Mrs. Kiveton; "I wonder you never get tired, rushing about as you do! It's lucky you take after your father. I am afraid I was born tired."

With sauntering steps the fragile little woman, with her wealth of pale hair and languid movements, passed through the garden to a shaded woodland walk, all unaware that her small companion carried an unseen load of suffering and suspense.

Seldom had Enid remembered her mother in better spirits, and she looked so ethereally beautiful as she wandered under the old trees that the child's heart tightened at the thought that sooner or later she must learn the news.

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What if father were taken from them—snatched away in the prime of life? What if little Mumsy found herself alone?

Enid ran on ahead to hide her tears—she pretended to listen to a fairy story which Mrs. Kiveton had promised to tell her in the wood—she picked white water-lilies with quivering fingers. All the time those picturesque surroundings took the form of some horrible nightmare; the poetry of the lingering day wedded to twilight shadows became grim and sinister, while Enid learnt the deep secret of smiles that cover sorrow, of laughter veiling tears.

The strain grew almost unbearable, but the little woman in flowered muslin saw nothing amiss in the busy childish figure gathering ferns for her from mossy banks, and laughed at Enid's efforts not to stumble over the riding-habit, hampering swift movement.

"You should have changed," Mrs. Kiveton said; "there was plenty of time."

"Oh, yes—plenty of time."

Enid repeated the words mechanically, and some of the damp lilies slipped from her hands. Their clammy leaves made her think of the forehead she had so lately kissed—sobs were battling in her throat.

"Oh, my poor lilies! You are not treating them very well," said Mumsy's voice in distress.

Enid stopped to gather up the flowers; every delay was surely of advantage. If they lingered—father must soon be home, and someone older and wiser than herself would be waiting to break the tidings gently. She persuaded Mumsy to rest on a rustic seat, and there the fairy tale was concluded.

"The knight," said Mrs. Kiveton, taking up the thread of a rambling story, "never came home from the wars. His horse fell in one of the big charges and killed him."

Enid clasped a pair of protesting hands, and, springing to her feet, looked down upon Mumsy with horror on her face.

"No, no; the horse fell—but it didn't kill him! It didn't kill him!"

She spoke distractedly; the hazel eyes wore a wild expression.

"My dear child, it's only a story," murmured Mrs. Kiveton, rising and laying a tender hand on Enid's shoulder. "We can have any ending you like."

"A good fairy came and mended his bones and made him well," said Enid, vaguely realizing she had almost betrayed herself.

"Yes, the good fairy would be sure to do something of the kind," Mumsy willingly admitted.

They were retracing their steps leisurely to the little gate leading to the garden, and Enid fancied her heart-beats must resound through the still air. She felt sick and dizzy with suspense, for the mental torture of that quiet country walk had strained her nerves to their fullest tension.

As they passed to the garden somebody waved cheerily from the veranda.

"It's Bertie!" gasped Enid, running towards a tall man, who advanced with a reassuring smile. His eyes passed over Enid to Sylvia, who also hurried forward.



"SHE PERSUADED MUMSY TO REST ON A RUSTIC SEAT, AND THERE THE FAIRY TALE WAS CONCLUDED."

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"Dick has had a little spill—don't be frightened," he said. "We should all have been in a bit of a fuss if that local alarmist, Dr. Headley, had not been assisted by a very able stranger, who happened, fortunately, to be at the match—the great Dr. Wood, the bone-specialist, from Harley Street. He laughed away Headley's fears, and is with Dick now upstairs, talking horses, I believe! There's a precious amount of chat and chaff going on for a sick room—Wood is a thoroughly good fellow!"

Sylvia did not wait to hear more; in a moment all her languor slipped from her like a mantle. She passed Bertie in a flash and sped upstairs with light feet, swifter if possible than Enid's.

Bertie and the child watched her from the hall, then the little figure in the riding-habit turned to the tall young man.

"Is it true?" she asked.

"Yes. He will be all right; Dr. Wood said so."

Enid caught at the high carved back of an old oak settee. For a moment she stood there steadying herself, with throbbing pulses and aching head, as if to recover strength from the long, painful strain. But the tension had been too great, and since little Mumsy was safely away Enid sank on the hard oak seat, and curling herself up in a corner burst into a flood of tears.

Bertie looked uncomfortable. He pulled at a very big moustache and walked to the open door, standing a few moments on the step, as if engrossed by the sunset. Then he strode back and bent over the weeping child.

"Dick said when we got in and found the place empty you'd been a little brick," he told her. "You kept up while the worst might have happened. Isn't it rather foolish to cry now?"

He stroked her curls with kindly fingers, and the sympathetic touch of his hand soothed Enid's sobbing. She rolled a damp tiny handkerchief into a ball and mopped her long lashes.

"What was the doctor like?" she asked, still keeping her head turned away.

"He had white hair, keen eyes, and a most infectious smile. He asked after you. His presence was certainly providential!"

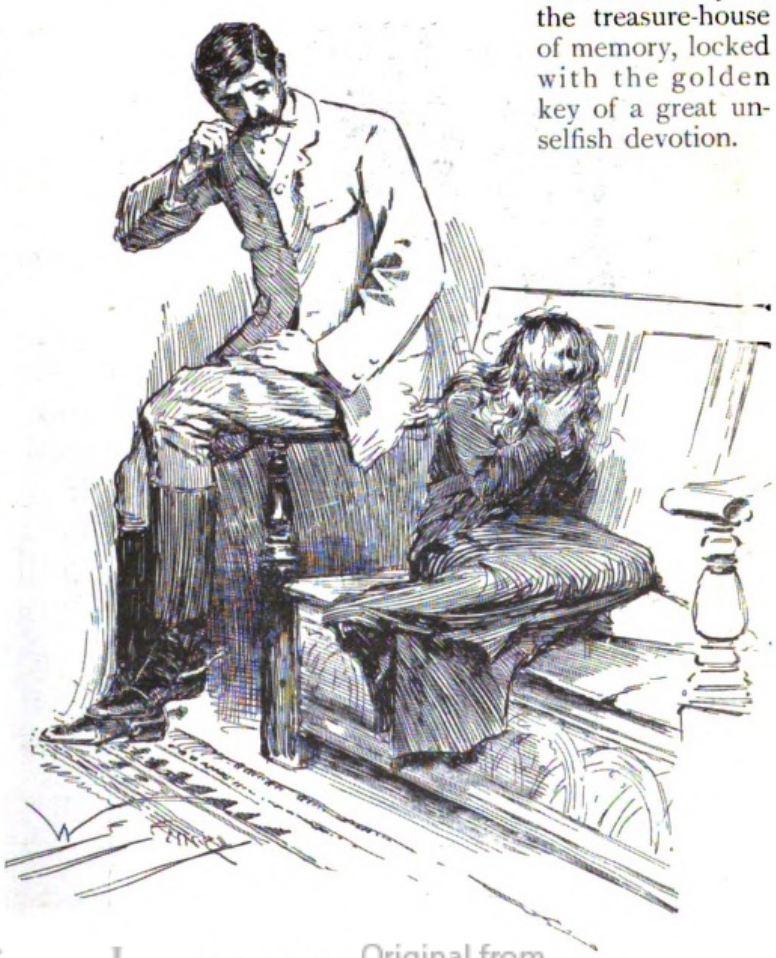
Enid thought of the good fairy, and her heart gave a great bound.

"You must show him a cheerful face and thank him when he comes down," continued Bertie, whose horse had been brought to the door. "Good-bye for the present, old lady. I shall come back after dinner to see how Dick gets on. He is lucky to be in Wood's hands; I feel quite happy about him now."

Enid stood up on a settee, which brought her face on a level with Bertie's. With an effort she winked back her tears and smiled.

"Good-bye," she said, putting her arms round his neck and kissing him. "Please don't ever tell poor little Mumsy I knew!"

Bertie promised, and to this day little Mumsy declares it was really a merciful thing for Enid that she left just before Dick's accident occurred. Dick retains discreet silence, but he has said that to Enid which her grateful child's heart can never forget—words to be stored for always in the treasure-house of memory, locked with the golden key of a great unselfish devotion.



"BERTIE LOOKED UNCOMFORTABLE."

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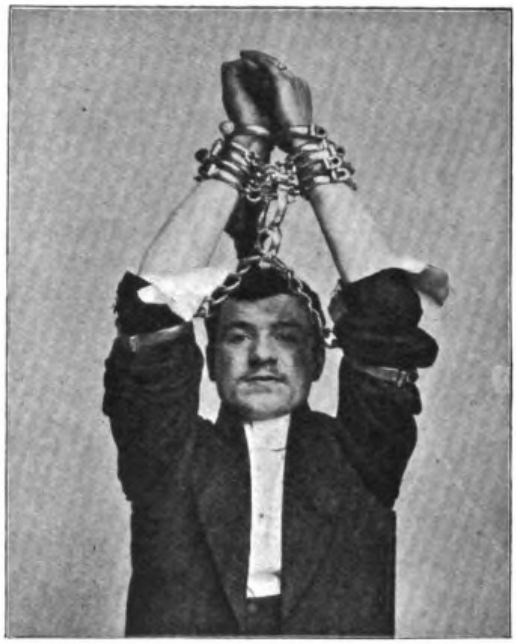
The Secret of the Great Handcuff Trick.

HERE REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Photographs by George Newnes, Ltd.

FOR a man fettered with handcuffs, leg-irons, and chains to free himself in less time than it has taken to fasten him has long been so mystifying a performance that many people have acquired the impression that it bordered on the supernatural. The secret is, however, like many of the best tricks ever invented, in reality a surprisingly simple one.

In the first place, it must be remembered that handcuffs such as are used by Scotland



1.—THE PERFORMER FASTENED WITH SIX PAIRS OF HANDCUFFS.

Yard are constructed with spring-locks, which are fastened or released by means of a key, or some article which answers the same purpose, which pulls back the spring. Without the aid of such a key it is impossible for any human being to free himself from the regulation handcuffs employed by the police. And herein lies the whole secret—the performer *has* a key, or rather several keys. All his ingenuity is exercised in concealing these about his person, or inside the cabinet to which he retires to release himself after being, to all appearance, helplessly secured.

Some of these keys are concealed in the framework of the cabinet, which is generally constructed of piping, having additional pieces which appear to be essential portions of the framework, but which in reality are



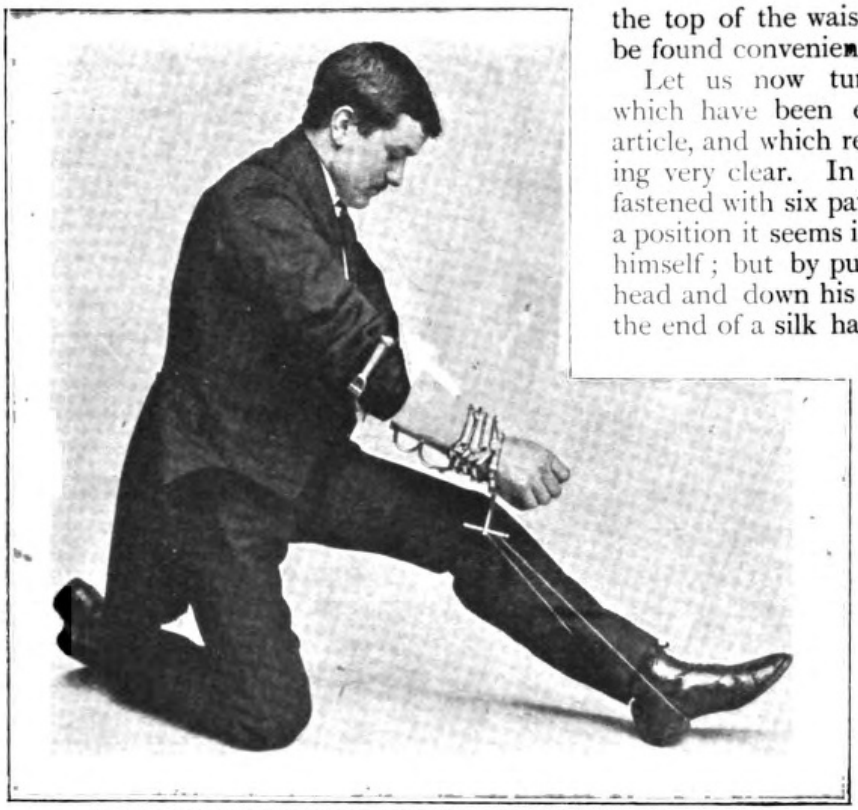
2.—THE HANDKERCHIEF AND KEY DRAWN FROM THE WAISTCOAT.

only intended to hold the keys. Other keys the performer keeps disposed about his person in sundry small pockets especially made for the purpose, and so arranged that he is able to place his hand upon some one or other of them in whatever position he may be. The best places for concealment are—first, a pocket between the knees, to permit the key to be reached



3.—UNLOCKING THE HANDCUFFS WITH THE KEY.

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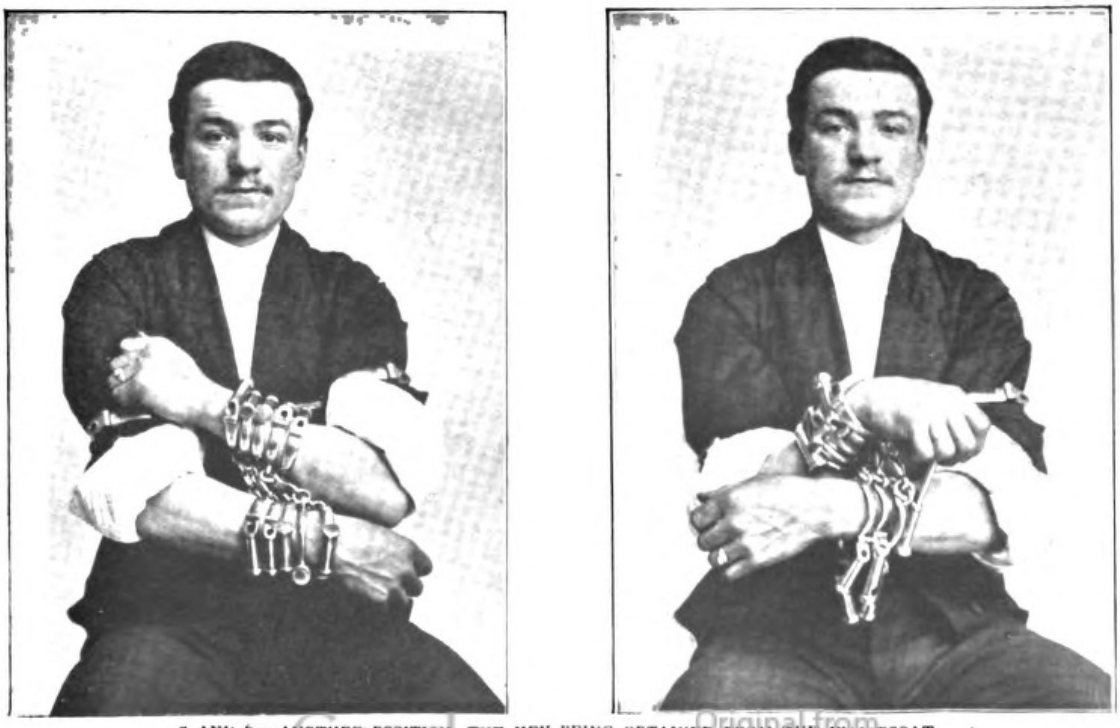


4.—METHOD OF USING THE KEY WHEN OUT OF REACH OF THE FINGERS.

when the performer is fastened in a crouched position; secondly, a pocket about six inches up inside the leg of the trousers; thirdly, a key carried in the hip-pocket of the trousers, for use when pinioned with the arms behind the back; and, finally, a small pocket inside the top of the waistcoat, or wherever it may be found convenient.

Let us now turn to the photographs, which have been especially taken for this article, and which render the whole proceeding very clear. In Fig. 1 the performer is fastened with six pairs of handcuffs. In such a position it seems impossible that he can free himself; but by putting his hands over his head and down his coat-collar he has caught the end of a silk handkerchief thrust into the breast of his waistcoat, to which a key is attached. Fig. 2 shows the handkerchief and key drawn to the front; while Fig. 3 shows the key inserted in the lock.

Fig. 4 shows the method employed when the position is such that it is impossible, owing to the awkwardness of the attitude, to pull the lock back. A piece of violin string is made into a loop and kept inside the cabinet. When it is impossible to draw the key, and with it the lock-spring, with the fingers, the loop is put over the key, the heel of the boot placed in the other end of the loop, and the lock is then easily drawn back. After one pair has been opened the others follow as a matter of course.



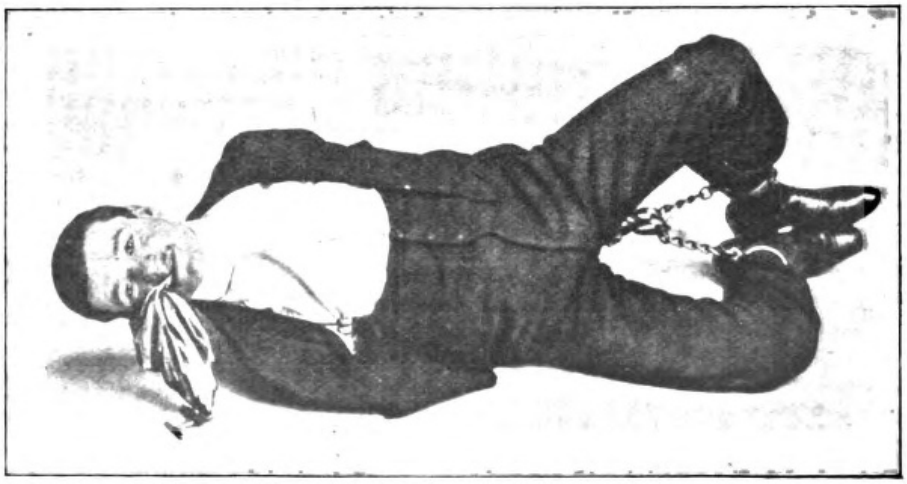
5 AND 6.—ANOTHER POSITION, THE KEY BEING OBTAINED FROM THE WAISTCOAT.

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Figs. 5 and 6 show another position, the key this time being obtained from the waistcoat. Fig. 7 shows one of the most difficult positions in which it is possible to be placed. The silk handkerchief shown is just peeping from the waistcoat, and is brought out by the aid of the tongue, it being possible to draw out a good silk by licking it.



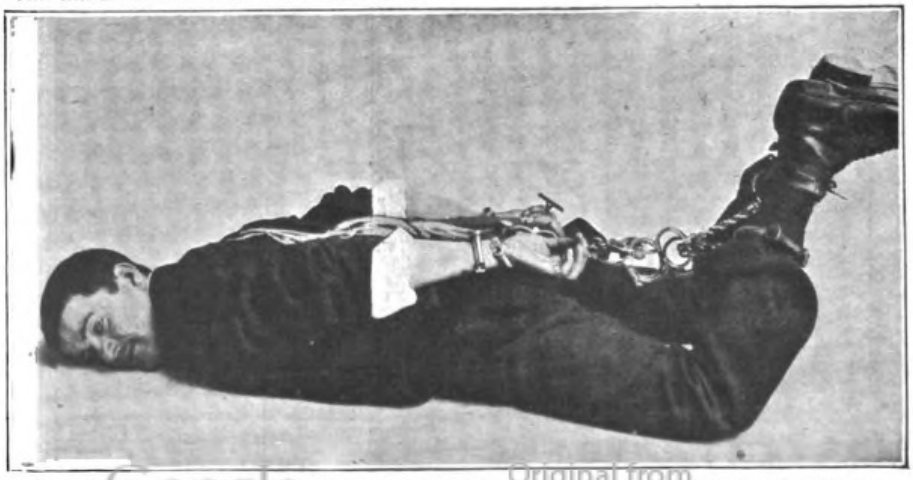
7.—ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT POSITIONS—THE PERFORMER IS DRAWING OUT THE HANDKERCHIEF WITH HIS TONGUE.



8.—THE HANDKERCHIEF AND KEY DRAWN OUT.

In Fig. 8 the performer has rolled over and obtained a good hold of the handkerchief, which, by a quick jerk of the head, he throws over his back, and eventually gets hold of it with his hands, as shown in Fig. 9. If the key falls to the floor he rolls over and picks it up, the rattle of the handcuffs hiding the sound of the falling key. His next movement is to free his hands from his feet, which he does in the manner already described. The key for this position can also be obtained from the leg of the trousers.

Fig. 10 shows the implements of torture and the condition of the performer's wrists after an exhibition. The special keys are split with a saw about half an inch down, to allow for variation in the sizes of various locks (Fig. 11). It should be understood that an expert, when about to give a performance, inquires what position it is intended to place him in. He then



9.—THE HANDKERCHIEF THROWN OVER THE BACK AND THE KEY CAUGHT BY THE HAND.

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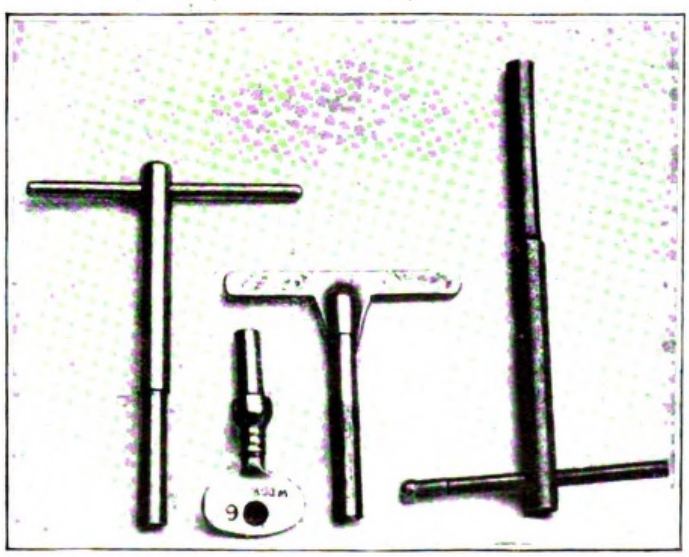
10.—THE PERFORMER AND HIS IMPLEMENTS—SHOWING THE CONDITION OF THE WRISTS AFTER AN EXHIBITION.

causes, as an introduction, a few pairs of his own handcuffs to be placed on his wrists, and while freeing himself from these in his cabinet he arranges his keys to suit the position in which he will next be placed. Other implements besides keys are also used: a piece of bent wire is often quite sufficient. Most experts are also conjurers, and "palm" the key, especially in the case of a nude test, when they are stripped and locked up in a cell; or they make use of a concealing key, which is made telescopic, the handle being constructed to close down the side of the key, and the whole being fixed under the toes by a piece of shoemaker's wax and detached when inside the cell.

Although, when the secret is explained, it seems very easy to accomplish, it must be understood that it is necessary for a successful performer to possess very hard, strong wrists and abundance of finger strength, and to be a man of some resource. It is almost impossible for any person to fasten an expert securely unless he himself understands the secret of the method of escape, and even then he may not be successful. On one occasion a performer underwent a severe test by a person who understood the secret, and therefore did not use any keys whatever, but by a very ingenious method overcame the efforts of the gentleman in question to fasten him. He obtained some very small gold-filled wire and made it into the form of a wire ring, which was partly covered by a broad gold one, to which the wire ring was attached. Thus prepared he underwent the test, unwrapping the wire ring when in the cabinet. Needless to state, in a very short time he was free.

Handcuffs are sometimes brought to fetter the performer with the locks plugged or otherwise tampered with. But it is the performer's own fault if he is trapped. It is a very easy matter to tamper with the locks—a few lead pellets dropped down the barrel will effectually prevent the lock from being drawn. This method has often been attempted, but not successfully.

Now that the methods have been explained and illustrated, it will be very easily perceived that there is nothing supernatural about the secret of handcuff manipulation.

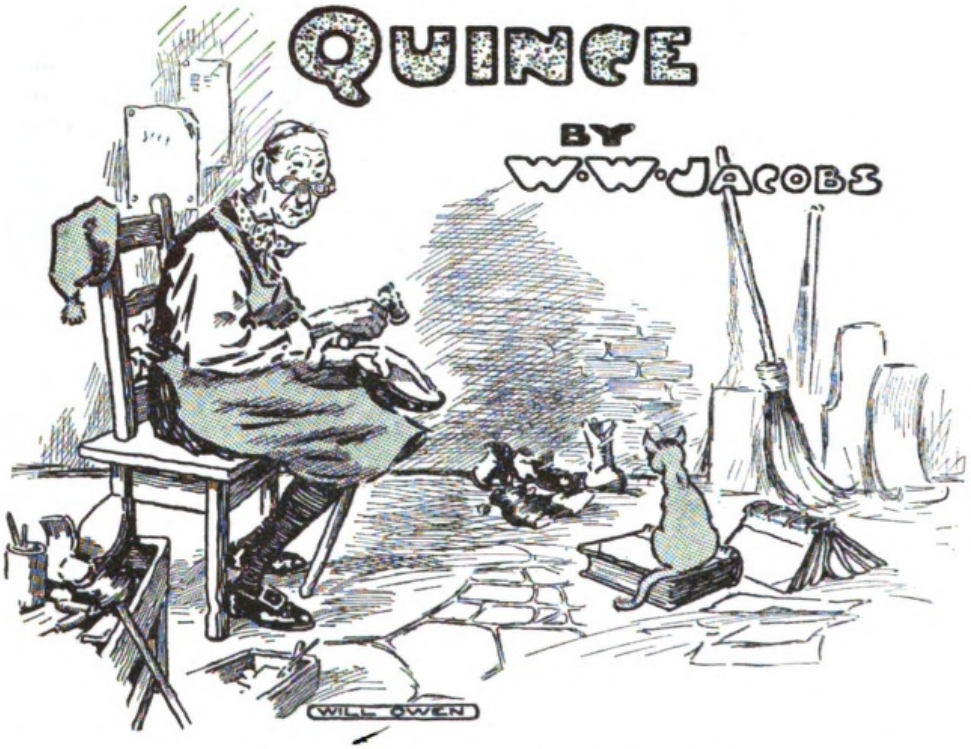


11.—VARIOUS KINDS OF KEYS.

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LAWYER QUINCE

BY W. W. JACOBS



LAWYER QUINCE, so called by his neighbours in Little Haven from his readiness at all times to place at their disposal the legal lore he had acquired from a few old books while following his useful occupation of making boots, sat in a kind of wooden hutch at the side of his cottage plying his trade. The London coach had gone by in a cloud of dust some three hours before, and since then the wide village street had slumbered almost undisturbed in the sunshine.

Heavy footsteps and the sound of voices raised in dispute caused him to look up from his work. Mr. Rose, of Holly Farm, Hogg, the miller, and one or two neighbours of lesser degree appeared to be in earnest debate over some point of unusual difficulty.

Lawyer Quince took a pinch of snuff and bent to his work again. Mr. Rose was one of the very few who openly questioned his legal knowledge, and his gibes concerning it were only too frequent. Moreover, he had a taste for practical joking, which to a grave man was sometimes offensive.

"Well, here he be," said Mr. Hogg to the farmer, as the group halted in front of the hutch. "Now ask Lawyer Quince and see whether I ain't told you true. I'm willing to bide by what he says."

Mr. Quince put down his hammer and, brushing a little snuff from his coat, leaned back in his chair and eyed them with grave confidence.

"It's like this," said the farmer. "Young Pascoe has been hanging round after my girl Celia, though I told her she wasn't to have nothing to do with him. Half an hour ago I was going to put my pony in its stable when I see a young man sitting there waiting."

"Well?" said Mr. Quince, after a pause.

"He's there yet," said the farmer. "I locked him in, and Hogg here says that I've got the right to keep him locked up there as long as I like. I say it's agin the law, but Hogg he says no. I say his folks would come and try to break open my stable, but Hogg says if they do I can have the law of 'em for damaging my property."

"So you can," interposed Mr. Hogg, firmly. "You see whether Lawyer Quince don't say I'm right."

Mr. Quince frowned, and in order to think more deeply closed his eyes. Taking advantage of this three of his auditors, with remarkable unanimity, each closed one.

"It's your stable," said Mr. Quince, opening his eyes and speaking with great deliberation, "and you have a right to lock it up when you like."

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"There you are," said Mr Hogg; "what did I tell you?"

"If anybody's there that's got no business there, that's his look-out," continued Mr. Quince. "You didn't induce him to go in?"

"Certainly not," replied the farmer.

"I told him he can keep him there as long as he likes," said the jubilant Mr. Hogg, "and pass him in bread and water through the winder; it's got bars to it."

"Yes," said Mr. Quince, nodding, "he can do that. As for his folks knocking the place about, if you like to tie up one or two of them nasty, savage dogs of yours to the stable, well, it's your stable, and you can fasten your dogs to it if you like. And you've generally got a man about the yard."

Mr. Hogg smacked his thigh in ecstasy.

"But——" began the farmer.

"That's the law," said the autocratic Mr. Quince, sharply. "O' course, if you think you know more about it than I do, I've nothing more to say."

"I don't want to do nothing I could get into trouble for," murmured Mr. Rose.

"You can't get into trouble by doing as I tell you," said the shoemaker, impatiently. "However, to be quite on the safe side, if I was in your place I should lose the key."

"Lose the key?" said the farmer, blankly.

"Lose the key," repeated the shoemaker, his eyes watering with intense appreciation of his own resourcefulness. "You can find it any time you want to, you know. Keep him there till he promises to give up your daughter, and tell him that as soon as he does you'll have a hunt for the key."

Mr. Rose regarded him with what the shoemaker easily understood to be speechless admiration.

"I—I'm glad I came to you," said the farmer, at last.

"You're welcome," said the shoemaker, loftily. "I'm always ready to give advice to them as require it."

"And good advice it is," said the smiling Mr. Hogg. "Why don't you behave yourself, Joe Garnham?" he demanded, turning fiercely on a listener.

Mr. Garnham, whose eyes were watering with emotion, attempted to explain, but, becoming hysterical, thrust a huge red handkerchief to his mouth and was led away by a friend. Mr. Quince regarded his departure with mild disdain.

"Little things please little minds," he remarked.

"So they do," said Mr. Hogg. "I never thought—— What's the matter with *you*, George Askew?"

Mr. Askew, turning his back on him, threw up his hands with a helpless gesture and followed in the wake of Mr. Garnham. Mr. Hogg appeared to be about to apologize, and then suddenly altering his mind made a hasty and unceremonious exit, accompanied by the farmer.

Mr. Quince raised his eyebrows and then, after a long and meditative pinch of snuff, resumed his work. The sun went down and the light faded slowly; distant voices sounded close on the still evening air, snatches of hoarse laughter jarred upon his ears. It was clear that the story of the imprisoned swain was giving pleasure to Little Haven.

He rose at last from his chair and, stretching his long, gaunt frame, removed his leather apron, and after a wash at the pump went into the house. Supper was laid, and he gazed with approval on the home-made sausage-rolls, the piece of cold pork, and the cheese which awaited his onslaught.

"We won't wait for Ned," said Mrs. Quince, as she brought in a jug of ale and placed it by her husband's elbow.

Mr. Quince nodded and filled his glass.

"You've been giving more advice, I hear," said Mrs. Quince.

Her husband, who was very busy, nodded again.

"It wouldn't make no difference to young Pascoe's chance, anyway," said Mrs. Quince, thoughtfully.

Mr. Quince continued his labours. "Why?" he inquired, at last.

His wife smiled and tossed her head.

"Young Pascoe's no chance against our Ned," she said, swelling with maternal pride.

"*Eh?*" said the shoemaker, laying down his knife and fork. "Our Ned?"

"They are as fond of each other as they can be," said Mrs. Quince, "though I don't suppose Farmer Rose'll care for it; not but what our Ned's as good as he is."

"Is Ned up there now?" demanded the shoemaker, turning pale, as the mirthful face of Mr. Garnham suddenly occurred to him.

"Sure to be," tittered his wife. "And to think o' poor young Pascoe shut up in that there stable while he's courting Celia!"

Mr. Quince took up his knife and fork again, but his appetite had gone. Whoever might be paying attention to Miss Rose at that moment he felt quite certain that it was not Mr. Ned Quince, and he trembled with anger as he saw the absurd situation into which the humorous Mr. Rose had led him.

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For years Little Haven had accepted his decisions as final and boasted of his sharpness to neighbouring hamlets, and many a cottager had brought his boots to be mended a whole week before their time for the sake of an interview.

He moved his chair from the table and smoked a pipe. Then he rose and, putting a couple of formidable law-books under his arm, walked slowly down the road in the direction of Holly Farm.

The road was very quiet and the White Swan, usually full at this hour, was almost deserted, but if any doubts as to the identity of the prisoner lingered in his mind they were speedily dissipated by the behaviour of the few customers who crowded to the door to see him pass.

A hum of voices fell on his ear as he approached the farm; half the male and a goodly proportion of the female population of Little Haven were leaning on the fence or standing in little knots in the road, while a few of higher social status stood in the farm-yard itself.

"Come down to have a look at the prisoner?" inquired the farmer, who was standing surrounded by a little group of admirers.

"I came down to see you about that advice I gave you this afternoon," said Mr. Quince.

"Ah!" said the other.

"I was busy when you came," continued Mr. Quince, in a voice of easy unconcern, "and I gave you advice from memory. Looking up the subject after you'd gone I found that I was wrong."

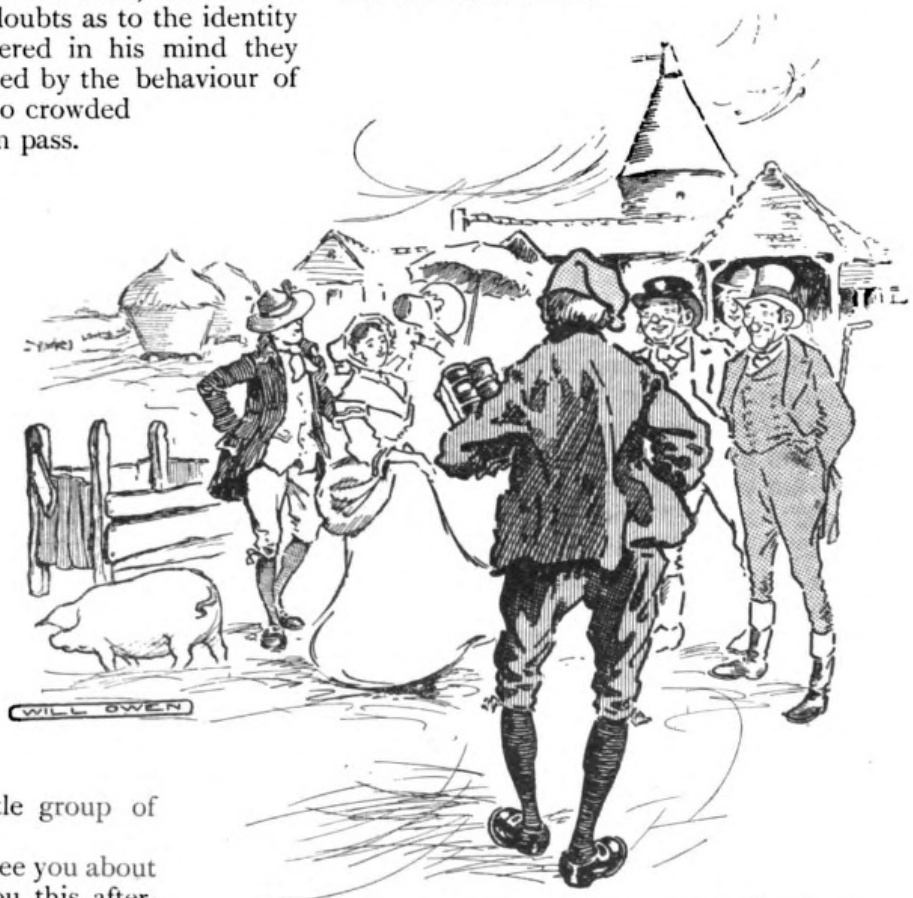
"You don't say so?" said the farmer, uneasily. "If I've done wrong I'm only doing what you told me I could do."

"Mistakes will happen with the best of us," said the shoemaker, loudly, for the benefit of one or two murmurers. "I've known a man to marry a woman for her money before now and find out afterwards that she hadn't got any."

One unit of the group detached itself and wandered listlessly towards the gate.

"Well, I hope I ain't done nothing wrong," said Mr. Rose, anxiously. "You gave me the advice; there's men here as can prove it. I don't want to do nothing agin the law. What had I better do?"

"Well, if I was you," said Mr. Quince, concealing his satisfaction with difficulty, "I should let him out at once and beg his pardon, and say you hope he'll do nothing about it. I'll put in a word for you if you like with old Pascoe."



"'COME DOWN TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE PRISONER?' INQUIRED THE FARMER."

Mr. Rose coughed and eyed him queerly.

"You're a Briton," he said, warmly. "I'll go and let him out at once."

He strode off to the stable, despite the protests of Mr. Hogg, and, standing by the door, appeared to be deep in thought; then he came back slowly, feeling in his pockets as he walked.

"William," he said, turning towards Mr. Hogg, "I s'pose you didn't happen to notice where I put that there key?"

"That I didn't," said Mr. Hogg, his face clearing suddenly.

"I had it in my hand not half an hour

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ago," said the agitated Mr. Rose, thrusting one hand into his pocket and groping. "It can't be far."

Mr. Quince attempted to speak, and, failing, blew his nose violently.

"My memory ain't what it used to be," said the farmer. "Howsomever, I dare say as it'll turn up in a day or two."

"You—you'd better force the door," suggested Mr. Quince, struggling to preserve an air of judicial calm.

"No, no," said Mr. Rose; "I ain't going to damage my property like that. I can lock my stable-door and unlock it when I like; if people get in there as have no business there, that's their look-out."

"That's law," said Mr. Hogg; "I'll eat my hat if it ain't."

"Do you mean to tell me you've really lost the key?" demanded Mr. Quince, eyeing the farmer sternly.

"Seems like it," said Mr. Rose. "However, he won't come to no hurt. I'll put in some bread and water for him, same as you advised me to."

Mr. Quince mastered his wrath by an effort, and with no sign of discomposure moved away without making any reference to the identity of the unfortunate in the stable.

"Good-night," said the farmer, "and thank you for coming and giving me the fresh advice. It ain't everybody that 'ud ha' taken the trouble. If I hadn't lost that there key——"

The shoemaker scowled, and with the two fat books under his arm passed the listening neighbours with the air of a thoughtful man out for an evening stroll. Once inside his house, however, his manner changed, the attitude of Mrs. Quince demanding, at any rate, a show of concern.

"It's no good talking," he said at last. "Ned shouldn't have gone there, and as for going to law about it, I sha'n't do any such thing; I should never hear the end of it. I shall just go on as usual, as if nothing had happened, and when Rose is tired of keeping him there he must let him out. I'll bide my time."

Mrs. Quince subsided into vague mutterings as to what she would do if she were a man, coupled with sundry aspersions upon the character, looks, and family connections of Farmer Rose, which somewhat consoled her for being what she was.

"He has always made jokes about your advice," she said at length, "and now everybody'll think he's right. I sha'n't be able to look anybody in the face. I should have seen through it at once if it had been me. I'm going down to give him a bit o' my mind."

"You stay where you are," said Mr. Quince, sharply, "and, mind, you are not to talk about it to anybody. Farmer Rose 'ud like nothing better than to see us upset about it. I ain't done with him yet. You wait."

Mrs. Quince, having no option, waited, but nothing happened. The following day found Ned Quince still a prisoner, and, considering the circumstances, remarkably cheerful. He declined point-blank to renounce his preposterous attentions, and said that, living on the premises, he felt half like a son-in-law already. He also complimented the farmer upon the quality of his bread.

The next morning found him still unsubdued, and, under interrogation from the farmer, he admitted that he liked it, and said that the feeling of being at home was growing upon him.

"If you're satisfied, I am," said Mr. Rose, grimly. "I'll keep you here till you promise; mind that."

"It's a nobleman's life," said Ned, peeping through the window, "and I'm beginning to like you as much as my real father."

"I don't want none o' your impudence," said the farmer, reddening.

"You'll like me better when you've had me here a little longer," said Ned; "I shall grow on you. Why not be reasonable and make up your mind to it? Celia and I have."

"I'm going to send Celia away on Saturday," said Mr. Rose; "make yourself happy and comfortable in there till then. If you'd like another crust o' bread or an extra half pint o' water you've only got to mention it. When she's gone I'll have a hunt for that key, so as you can go back to your father and help him to understand his law-books better."

He strode off with the air of a conqueror, and having occasion to go to the village looked in at the shoemaker's window as he passed and smiled broadly. For years Little Haven had regarded Mr. Quince with awe, as being far too dangerous a man for the lay mind to tamper with, and at one stroke the farmer had revealed the hollowness of his pretensions. Only that morning the wife of a labourer had called and asked him to hurry the mending of a pair of boots. She was a voluble woman, and having overcome her preliminary nervousness more than hinted that if he gave less time to the law and more

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"'NONE O' YOUR IMPUDENCE,' SAID THE FARMER."

to his trade it would be better for himself and everybody else.

Miss Rose accepted her lot in a spirit of dutiful resignation, and on Saturday morning, after her father's admonition not to forget that the coach left the White Swan at two sharp, set off to pay a few farewell visits. By half-past twelve she had finished, and Lawyer Quince becoming conscious of a shadow on his work looked up to see her standing before the window. He replied to a bewitching smile with a short nod and became intent upon his work again.

For a short time Celia lingered, then to his astonishment she opened the gate and walked past the side of the house into the garden. With growing astonishment he observed her enter his tool-shed and close the door behind her.

For ten minutes he worked on and then, curiosity getting the better of him, he walked slowly to the tool-shed and, opening the door a little way, peeped in. It was a small shed, crowded with agricultural implements. The floor was occupied by an upturned wheelbarrow, and sitting on the barrow, with her soft cheek leaning against the wall, was Miss Rose fast asleep. Mr. Quince coughed several times, each cough being louder than the last, and then, treading softly, was about to return to the workshop when the girl stirred and muttered in her sleep. At first she was unintelligible, then he distinctly caught the words "idiot" and "blockhead."

"She's dreaming of somebody," said Mr. Quince to himself with conviction. "Wonder who it is?"

"Can't see—a thing—under—his—nose," murmured the fair sleeper.

"Celia!" said Mr. Quince, sharply. "*Celia!*"

He took a hoe from the wall and prodded her gently with the handle. A singularly vicious expression marred the soft features, but that was all.

"*Ce-lia!*" said the shoemaker, who feared sunstroke. "CE-LIA!!"

"Fancy if he — had — a moment's common sense," murmured Celia, drowsily, "and locked — the door."

Lawyer Quince dropped the hoe with a clatter and stood regarding her open-mouthed. He was a careful man with his property, and the stout door boasted a good lock. He sped to the house on tip-toe, and taking the key from its nail on the kitchen-dresser returned to the shed, and after another puzzled glance at the sleeping girl locked her in.

For half an hour he sat in silent enjoyment of the situation — enjoyment which would have been increased if he could have seen Mr. Rose standing at the gate of Holly Farm, casting anxious glances up and down the road. Celia's luggage had gone down to the White Swan, and an excellent cold luncheon was awaiting her attention in the living-room.

Half-past one came and no Celia, and five minutes later two farm labourers and a boy lumbered off in different directions in search of the missing girl, with instructions that she was to go straight to the White Swan to meet the coach. The farmer himself walked down to the inn, turning over in his mind a heated lecture composed for the occasion, but the coach came and, after a cheerful bustle and the consumption of sundry mugs of beer, sped on its way again.

He returned home in silent consternation, seeking in vain for a satisfactory explanation

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of the mystery. For a robust young woman to disappear in broad daylight and leave no trace behind her was extraordinary. Then a sudden sinking sensation in the region of the waistcoat and an idea occurred simultaneously.

He walked down to the village again, the idea growing steadily all the way. Lawyer Quince was hard at work, as usual, as he passed. He went by the window three times and gazed wistfully at the cottage. Coming to the conclusion at last that two heads were better than one in such a business, he walked on to the mill and sought Mr. Hogg.

"That's what it is," said the miller, as he breathed his suspicions. "I thought all along as how Lawyer Quince would have the



"I THOUGHT ALL ALONG AS HOW LAWYER QUINCE WOULD HAVE THE LAUGH OF YOU."

laugh of you. He's wonderful deep. Now, let's go to work cautious like. Try and look as if nothing had happened."

Mr. Rose tried.

"Try agin," said the miller, with some severity. "Get the red out o' your face and let your eyes go back and don't look as though you're going to bite somebody."

Mr. Rose swallowed an angry retort, and with an attempt at careless ease sauntered up the road with the miller to the shoemaker's. Lawyer Quince was still busy, and looked up inquiringly as they passed before him.

"I s'pose," said the diplomatic Mr. Hogg, who was well acquainted with his neighbour's tidy and methodical habits—"I s'pose you couldn't lend me your barrow for half an hour? The wheel's off mine."

Mr. Quince hesitated, and then favoured him with a glance intended to remind him of his scurvy behaviour three days before.

"You can have it," he said at last, rising.

Mr. Hogg pinched his friend in his excitement, and both watched Mr. Quince with bated breath as he took long, slow strides towards the tool-shed. He tried the door and then went into the house, and even before his reappearance both gentlemen knew only too well what was about to happen. Red was all too poor a word to apply to Mr. Rose's countenance as the shoemaker came towards them, feeling in his waistcoat-pocket with hooked finger and thumb, while Mr. Hogg's expressive features were twisted into an appearance of rosy appreciation.

"Did you want the barrow very particular?" inquired the shoemaker, in a regretful voice.

"Very partikler," said Mr. Hogg.

Mr. Quince went through the performance of feeling in all his pockets, and then stood meditatively rubbing his chin.

"The door's locked," he said, slowly, "and what I've done with that there key——"

"You open that door," vociferated Mr. Rose, "else I'll break it in. You've got my daughter in that shed and I'm going to have her out."

"Your daughter?" said Mr. Quince, with an air of faint surprise. "What should she be doing in my shed?"

"You let her out," stormed Mr. Rose, trying to push past him.

"Don't trespass on my premises," said Lawyer Quince, interposing his long, gaunt frame. "If you want that door opened you'll have to wait till my boy Ned comes home. I expect he knows where to find the key."

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Mr. Rose's hands fell limply by his side and his tongue, turning prudish, refused its office. He turned and stared at Mr. Hogg in silent consternation.

"Never knew him to be beaten yet," said that admiring weather-cock.

"Ned's been away three days," said the shoemaker, "but I expect him home soon."

Mr. Rose made a strange noise in his throat and then, accepting his defeat, set off at a rapid pace in the direction of home. In a marvellously short space of time, considering his age and figure, he was seen returning with Ned Quince, flushed and dishevelled, walking by his side.

"Here he is," said the farmer. "Now where's that key?"

Lawyer Quince took his son by the arm and led him into the house, from whence they almost immediately emerged with Ned waving the key.

"I thought it wasn't far," said the sapient Mr. Hogg.

Ned put the key in the lock and flinging the door open revealed Celia Rose, blinking and confused in the sudden sunshine. She drew back as she saw her father and began to cry with considerable fervour.

"How did you get in that shed, miss?" demanded her parent, stamping.

Miss Rose trembled.

"I—I went there," she sobbed. "I didn't want to go away."

"Well, you'd better stay there," shouted the overwrought Mr. Rose. "I've done with you. A girl that 'ud turn against her own father I—I——"

He drove his right fist into his left palm and stamped out into the road. Lawyer Quince and Mr. Hogg, after a moment's hesitation, followed.

"The laugh's agin you, farmer," said the latter gentleman, taking his arm.

Mr. Rose shook him off.

"Better make the best of it," continued the peacemaker.

"She's a girl to be proud of," said Lawyer Quince, keeping pace with the farmer on the other side. "She's got a head that's worth yours and mine put together, with Hogg's thrown in as a little make-weight like."

"And here's the White Swan," said Mr. Hogg, who had a hazy idea of a compliment, "and all of us as dry as a bone. Why not all go in and have a glass to shut folks' mouths?"

"And cry quits," said the shoemaker.

"And let bygones be bygones," said Mr. Hogg, taking the farmer's arm again.

Mr. Rose stopped and shook his head obstinately, and then, under the skilful pilotage of Mr. Hogg, was steered in the direction of the hospitable doors of the White Swan. He made a last bid for liberty on the step and then disappeared inside.

Lawyer Quince brought up the rear.



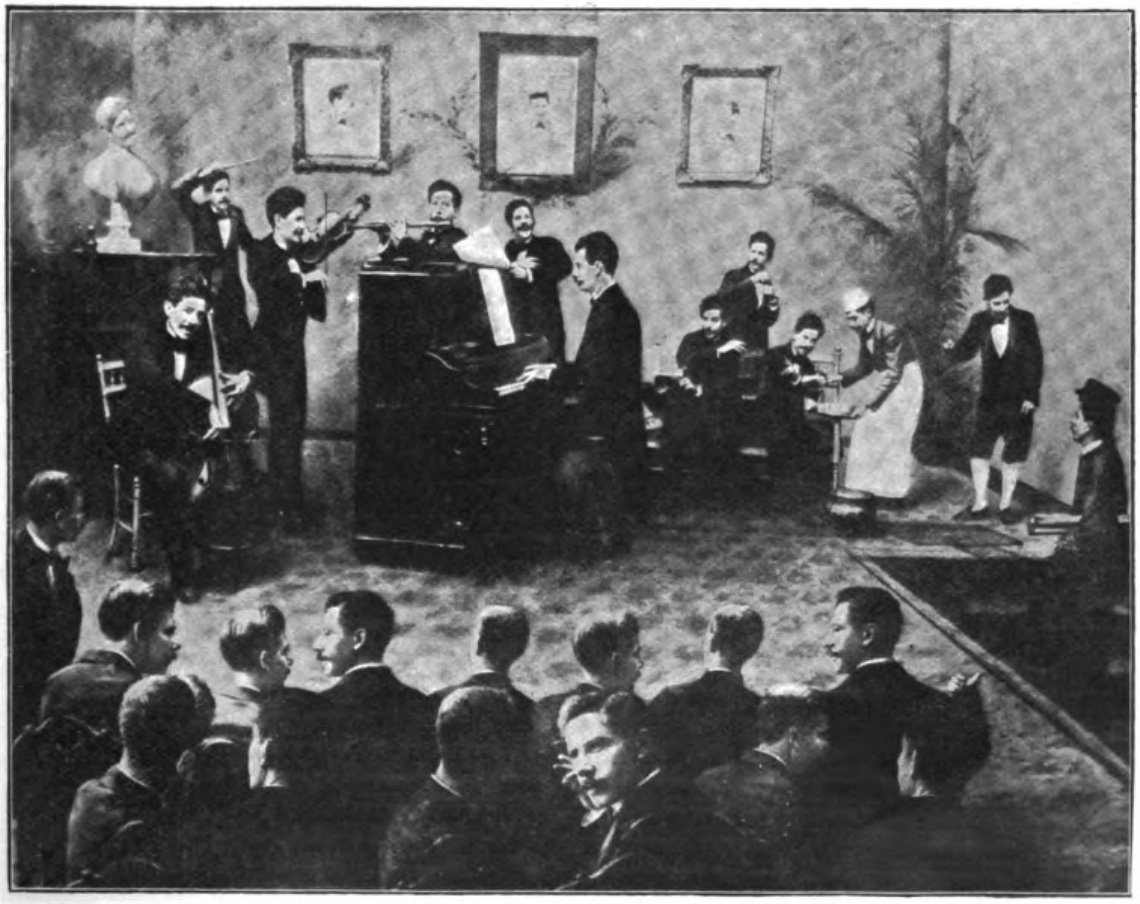
"'HOW DID YOU GET IN THAT SHED?' DEMANDED HER PARENT."

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Some Wonders from the West.

LVIII.—TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY.

ONE of the favourite tricks of the clever photographer is a multiplication of a person's portrait in a single photograph. Frequently a sitter has been shown in four or five poses in the same print. It remained, however, for a South American photographer—Señor Valerio Vieira, of San Paulo, Brazil—to carry this illusion to the most remarkable extent.



IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH THE SAME FIGURE IS REPEATED THIRTY TIMES.

So cleverly are the various poses arranged that in one case he is talking to a large audience composed of himself, and in another enjoying music made by himself upon various instruments.

In the musical picture reproduced above Señor Vieira is shown entering the room with his camera and tripod by a stairway, at the head of which he is received by himself in the garb of a lackey. Beside the lackey he stands again in apron and cap, serving himself with refreshments as he sits on a settee. He also appears at the piano, fingering the keys; while around it, playing the flute, the violin, the 'cello, and wielding the conductor's bâton, he is a whole concert troupe rolled into one. Nor is this all. He forms his own auditors, in various attitudes, each distinct, apparently, though there are six duplications in the group. He appears in each of the portraits on the wall and in the bust upon the cabinet.

In another picture he has grouped himself into a huge bouquet, curling himself up among the hearts of the flowers with as exquisite taste as that of the Queen in the opera of "Iolanthe." The effect is truly striking, the bouquet picture being, without doubt, the oddest conceit that ever entered a photographer's brain, and containing no fewer than *forty* reproductions of his own photograph.

In still another picture he shows himself thirteen times, expressing all the emotions to which human nature can be subject. So cleverly are the various poses arranged

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that in some he is trying to gain the attention of himself, provoking himself to mirth by his own grimaces, or repelling himself by his severity of looks and manner.

These pictures are really "composites." Each of the heads and figures was taken separately and prints were made. Then the prints were neatly cut out and pasted on a sheet, which was rephotographed. Remarkably skilful retouching is displayed in all this artist's work. In no case can the eye detect the line of juncture of any of the pictures united to make the whole. This is really the secret of his wonderful success, which sounds simple enough, but which the ordinary photographer finds so difficult the moment he attempts the "composite."



A BOUQUET CONTAINING THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S PICTURE FORTY TIMES REPEATED.

Señor Vieira has successfully avoided monotony of detail, a fault so often apparent even in small groups. Apart from its individuality none of his pictures ever loses interest to the beholder. In international photographic competitions he has had great success, carrying off prize after prize, no one having the courage to enter into real competition with his duplicate photography.

When talking, not long ago, of his special pastime he said: "It is not strange that I am often successful in photography, because I have taken a great interest in it for years; in fact, ever since I was a boy. As soon as I was old enough to have any idea of real photographic art I found that it did not consist merely in pretty pictures and good portraits. So I began to experiment with my camera, and 'freak' photography soon became my pet hobby. Work of this sort, however, is mostly the result of chance, and it is by no means art, though sometimes it may happen to resemble it. What I attempt to attain is the extraordinary presented in an artistic manner.

"I was very much pleased with the success of my latest picture. The thirteen shows my best attempt at grouping, besides being the most artistic example of my work."



THIRTEEN REPRODUCTIONS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S PORTRAIT, REPRESENTING DIFFERENT EMOTIONS.

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LIX.—A PHONOGRAPH SCHOOL FOR PARROTS.

PHILADELPHIA can boast of a phonograph school for parrots. It is said to be the only institution of its kind in the world. Here parrots are taught to speak by means of the phonograph, and during the brief time that the school has been in existence over one hundred birds have been taught to pronounce all kinds of sentences and phrases for the edification of themselves and the amusement of their owners.

This is the twentieth-century method of teaching a parrot. Hitherto he has been taught by tutors, generally women, and, if the truth must be told, he has not been altogether a satisfactory or exemplary pupil. First of all his teacher has to repeat the phrase or sentence over and over again, hundreds and thousands of times, before "Pretty Polly" is able to pronounce it. This in itself is a tiresome procedure, but it is rendered more fatiguing on account of the fact that the speaker must be hidden from the parrot. She has, therefore, either to crouch behind a screen or to cover the cage of the bird with a large hood. The former is regarded as the best method, as no self-respecting parrot likes to be left alone in the dark, but to hide oneself secretly behind a screen and then repeat the words, "Pretty Polly," "Pretty Polly," a thousand times is surely not an enviable task.

By the new mode of teaching, however, no personal inconvenience of this nature is felt, for all the tutor has to do is to obtain a phonograph, secure a few records suitable for birds, and set the phonograph going in the parrot's ear. The bird, too, learns much more quickly by this method than in the old way.

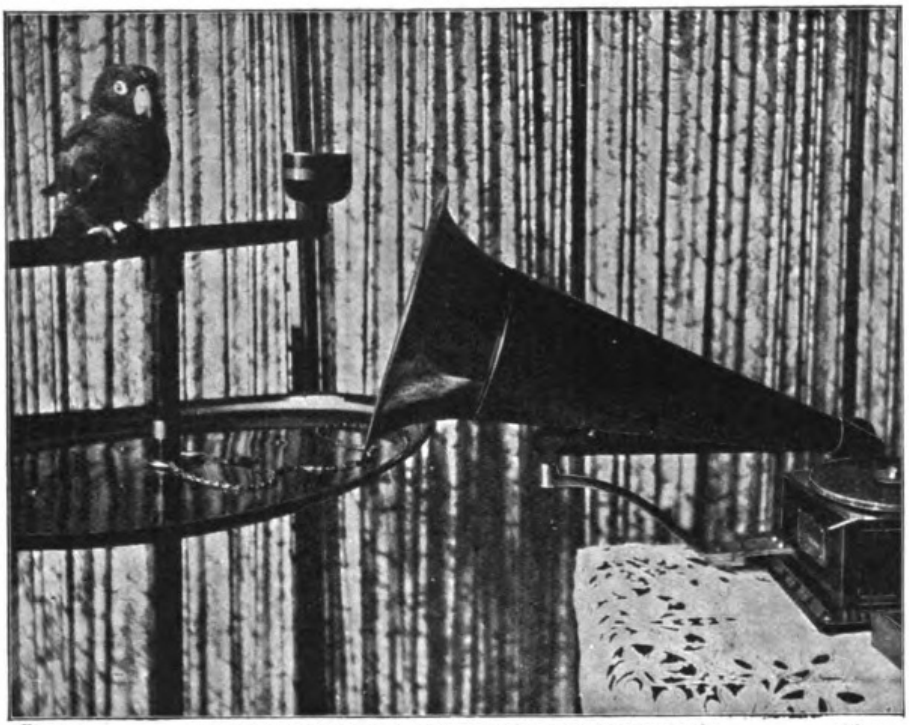
How the Philadelphia Phonograph School of Languages for Parrots, as it has been styled, came into existence is an interesting story. It is presided over by Mrs. Hope, and occupies the top floor of Mr. Jacob Hope's premises at North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. Mr. Hope is a dealer in all kinds of pets, and he is repeatedly being asked by his patrons for parrots that are good talkers. It was because the demand for good talkers was one which Mr. Hope could not always supply that Mrs. Hope, who is his wife, established her school.



THE OLD METHOD OF TEACHING A PARROT TO SPEAK, THE TEACHER BEING HIDDEN BEHIND A SCREEN.
From a Photo.

"A parrot that can't talk sells for two or three pounds," she said to me when chatting about her feathered pupils, "and one that can speak well sells for twenty or thirty, according to size, age, and proficiency. Some little time ago, when I realized this, I used to take half-a-dozen parrots from my husband's stock, valued at, perhaps, fifteen pounds, and turn them into good talkers, worth one

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From a] A PARROT RECEIVING A LESSON FROM THE PHONOGRAPH. *[Photo.*

hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty pounds. I brought them up to this room, which I now call my school, and taught them how to speak. First of all I covered their cages with great hoods. I would then take a seat and repeat some little bird-sentence for, perhaps, fifteen or twenty minutes. You would hardly believe how monotonous and tiring it is to say 'Pretty Polly' continuously for a space of a quarter of an hour.

"I would then hide behind a curtain or screen, taking care not to make any movement to denote my presence, and then repeat the phrase over and over again without cessation. I would never allow my parrots to see me, as it at once distracts their attention. Like all parrot-teachers, I found the work very tedious and terribly monotonous. One day I suddenly thought of the phonograph. We had one in the house, and it occurred to me that I might utilize the instrument upon the birds. I went to a phonograph agent, learned how to make phonographic records, and at once turned out one that said 'Pretty Polly' a thousand times. I tried this upon eight parrots and the success was beyond my expectations. And this is how I came to establish my parrot school."

Mrs. Hope has a number of phonographs and scores of records suitable for birds, and all her teaching now is done by machinery. The eight birds on which she first tried the experiment were declared to be the finest talkers in Philadelphia at the end of the term. Her husband sold them at an average price of twenty pounds apiece. The story of this new and successful way of teaching parrots to talk by phonographquickly spread, and Mrs. Hope was asked by a number of persons if she would give lessons to their birds. She said she would; and that is why her school is always so full of pupils. The fee for a full term of six months is eight pounds. Parrots are often sent, however, for a briefer period, when the rate charge is ten shillings per week, including, of course, board and lodging. Sometimes, when a pupil has to be taught unusual



MRS. HOPE AND HER PARROT, DEWEY, WHO CAN TALK IN THREE LANGUAGES. *From a]* *[Photo.*

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phrases—French or German sentences, for instance—the tuition rate is a little higher.

It is quite amusing to peep into Mrs. Hope's school and watch her feathered pupils at their lessons. When the writer looked in there were eight parrots in the room, and a phonograph buzzing out the words, "Pretty Polly," "Pretty Polly," continuously and monotonously. The birds were listening attentively, and now and then one of them would stammer, "Pree-pah," "Pree-pah."

"That," said Mrs. Hope, "is how they learn. They listen to a phrase, then they try to repeat it. It is evident that they watch themselves closely, for they are not content with a faulty repetition. They keep on, correcting themselves with assiduous care, until they are able to echo the phonograph words with perfect accuracy. You might hardly believe it," continued Mrs. Hope, "but those parrots will hear that phrase for a week. It takes the average bird a week to learn one sentence. Only one lesson is given a day, and it lasts half an hour. I could, of course, repeat the phrase all day long, but that only makes a bird nervous and irritable and takes its appetite away."

In a room by himself the star pupil of the school was learning what is believed to be the longest speech ever mastered by a parrot. This was:—

> Yankee Doodle went to town
> A-riding on a pony.

Mention here may be made of Mrs. Hope's pet parrot, Dewey. He is quite an accomplished scholar, for he can talk in three languages—English, German, and French. He was taught entirely by the phonograph. He is quite a little chap, plain, and not much to look at, but at an age when other parrots are learning to converse he already has a large vocabulary.

Many valuable birds have been received at this unique school to finish their education. Some of them have proved quite exceptional scholars, and after a course of lessons have been able to say scores of sentences. Some of these birds, too, are very valuable, one of them, belonging to a well-known actress, costing originally five hundred pounds. He can now say almost anything, and in the morning will tell the children it is time to go to school, and when they come home in the evening ask them, with a knowing look, if they have mastered their lessons, and express the hope that they have been good scholars.

LX.—WHERE GODS ARE MANUFACTURED.

PHILADELPHIA society is much perturbed at an extraordinary discovery recently made in that town. It appears that an idol factory has sprung up in the heart of the city, wherefore the inhabitants thereof are up in arms against this so-called sacrilegious business departure.

The owner of this curious factory is a German, and the factory consists of a one-story wooden building. This enterprising German came to Philadelphia two years ago to establish a toy factory; recently, however, a friend of his who had lived in India for some time told him that the demand for idols in the East far exceeded the supply. This suggestion promptly bore fruit, and toymaking has been abandoned, while idols are turned out by the gross. Most of these idols, which consist chiefly of Buddhas and Ganeshas, go to India.



A PHILADELPHIAN WORKMAN MAKING IDOLS.
From a Photo. by G. G. Bain.

The owner of the factory allowed a photographer to take some pictures of the interior of the factory, on condition that his name should not be mentioned; not that he is ashamed of his business, but on account of the threatened visits of clergymen and missionaries, and other good people, who have hitherto bombarded him with letters urging him to close his factory and stop the traffic in idols.

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Buddha stands at the head of the gods so far as a steady demand is concerned, and hand-carved ivory images of him fetch high prices. In order that accuracy of detail may be assured, the carvers are provided with a genuine idol, which stands on a shelf within their reach, whereby they are enabled to verify the fidelity of their reproductions. The little model, however, is not often called into requisition, as the workmen have carved so many Buddhas that the owner believes they could carve the image of the deity in the dark. An ivory Buddha will often fetch as much as £10.



GIRLS PAINTING IDOLS.
From a Photo. by G. G. Bain.

Another god that will always fetch a good price is the Hindu deity Ganesha; thus an image of him plain would cost about £10, whilst coloured it would run into £15. There is a staff of young women in the factory who are solely employed in the decoration of these gods. In the room where they work there are shelves crowded with gods in every stage of completion. Bands, figures, arabesques of gold, red, green, blue, and yellow, artistically yet weirdly combined, are applied in turn. Ganesha's trunk is quite a feature and most difficult to decorate properly, while his crown is painted a pure gold.

The Brahmin and Buddhist priests are most particular as regards every detail in colour and arrangement, as every little tint and curve has its significance; hence, if the slightest mistake is made, the god is worthless.

The cheaper gods do not enjoy the dignity of hand-carving. They are actually turned out by machinery! One machine of ingenious construction carves twelve separate gods at one and the same time.

In this unholy traffic, however, Philadelphia does not stand alone. A large number of idols are "made in Germany," while it is asserted that one of the great Midland cities of England turns out at least as many every year.



From a Photo. by] IDOLS READY FOR THE MARKET. *[G. G. Bain.*

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By E. Nesbit.

II.—THE TOPLESS TOWER.

"EXCUSE me," said a gentle voice, and a courteous beak opened, very kindly and delicately, the right eye of Cyril. "I hear the slaves below preparing food. Awaken! A word of explanation and arrangement. I do wish you wouldn't——"

The Phœnix stopped speaking and fluttered away crossly to the cornice-pole, for Cyril had hit out, as boys will do when they are awakened suddenly, and the Phœnix was not used to little boys, and his feelings, if not his wings, were hurt.

"Sorry," said Cyril, coming awake all in a minute. "Do come back. What was it you were saying? Something about bacon and rations?"

The Phœnix fluttered back to the brass rail at the foot of the bed.

"I say—you *are* real," said Cyril; "how ripping! And the carpet?"

"The carpet is as real as it ever was," said the Phœnix, rather contemptuously. "But, of course, a carpet's only a carpet, whereas a Phœnix is a Phœnix."

"Yes, indeed," said Cyril, "I see it is! Oh, what luck! Wake up, Bobs! There's jolly well something to wake up for to-day! And it's Saturday, too.'

"I've been reflecting," said the Phœnix, "during the silent watches of the night, and I could not avoid thinking that you were quite insufficiently astonished at my appearance yesterday. The ancients were always very much surprised. Did you by chance *expect* my egg to hatch?"

"Not us," Cyril said.

"And if we had," said Anthea, who had come in in her nightdress when she heard the silvery voice of the Phœnix, "we could never, never have expected it to hatch anything so splendid as you."

The bird smiled. Perhaps you've never seen a bird smile?

"You see," said Anthea, wrapping herself in the boys' counterpane, for the morning was chill, "we've had things happen to us before," and she told the story of the Psammead, or sand-fairy.

"Ah, yes," said the Phœnix; "Psammeads were rare, even in my time. I remember I used to be called the Psammead of the Desert. I was always having compliments paid me—I can't think why."

"Can *you* give wishes, then?" asked Jane, who had now come in too.

"Oh, dear me, no," said the Phœnix, contemptuously; "at least—but I hear footsteps approaching. I hasten to conceal myself." And it did.

I think I said that this day was Saturday.

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It was also cook's birthday, and mother had allowed her and Eliza to go to the Crystal Palace with a party of friends, so Jane and Anthea, of course, had to help to make beds and to wash up the breakfast cups and little things like that. Robert and Cyril intended to spend the morning in conversation with the Phœnix, but the bird had its own ideas about this.

"I must have an hour or two's quiet," it said; "I really must. My nerves will give way unless I can get a little rest. You must remember it's two thousand years since I had any conversation—I'm out of practice and I must take care of myself. I've often been told that mine is a valuable life." So it nestled down inside an old hat-box of father's which had been brought down from the box-room some days before when a helmet was suddenly needed for a game of tournaments, and with its crested head under its golden wing went to sleep. So then Robert and Cyril moved the table back and were going to sit on the carpet and wish themselves somewhere else. But before they could decide on the place Cyril said:—

"I don't know. Perhaps it's rather sneakish to begin without the girls."

"They'll be all the morning," said Robert, impatiently. And then a thing inside him, which tiresome books sometimes call the "inward monitor," said, "Why don't you help them, then?"

Cyril's "inward monitor" happened to say the same thing at the same moment, so the boys went and helped to wash up the tea-cups and to dust the drawing-room. Robert was so interested that he proposed to clean the front-door steps—a thing he had never been allowed to do. Nor was he allowed to do it on this occasion. One reason was that it had already been done by cook.

When all the housework was finished the girls dressed the happy, wriggling baby in his blue highwayman coat and three-cornered hat, and kept him amused while mother changed her dress and got ready to take him over to granny's. Mother always went to granny's every Saturday, and generally some of the children went with her, but to-day they were to keep house. And their hearts were full of joyous and delightful feelings every time they remembered that the house they would have to keep had a Phœnix in it *and* a Wishing Carpet.

You can always keep the Lamb good and happy for quite a long time if you play the Noah's Ark game with him. It is quite simple. He just sits on your lap and tells you what animal he is, and then you say the little poetry piece about whatever animal he chooses to be. Of course, some of the animals, like the zebra and the tiger, haven't got any poetry, because they are so difficult to rhyme to. The Lamb knows quite well which are the poetry animals.

"I'm a baby bear," said the Lamb, snuggling down, and Anthea began:—

> I love my little baby bear,
> I love his nose and toes and hair;
> I like to hold him in my arm
> And keep him *very* safe and warm.

And when she said "very," of course there was a real bear's hug.

Then came the eel, and the Lamb was tickled till he wriggled exactly like a real one.

> I love my little baby eel,
> He is so squidglety to feel;
> He'll be an eel when he is big—
> But now he's just—a—tiny *snig!*

Perhaps you didn't know that a snig was a baby eel? It is, though, and the Lamb knew it.

"Hedgehog now!" he said.

And Anthea went on:—

> My baby hedgehog, how I like ye!
> Although your back's so prickly-spiky,
> Your front is very soft, I've found,
> So I must love you front-ways-round!

And then she loved him front-ways-round, while he squealed with pleasure.

It is a very baby game, and, of course, the rhymes are only meant for very, very small people—not for people who are old enough to read THE STRAND MAGAZINE, so I won't tell you any more of them.

By the time the Lamb had been a baby lion, and a baby weasel, and a baby rabbit, and a baby rat, mother was ready; and she and the Lamb, having been hugged as thoroughly as it is possible to be when you're dressed for out of doors and kissed by everybody, were seen to the tram by the boys. When the boys came back everyone looked at everyone else, and said:—

"Now!"

They locked the front door and they locked the back door and they fastened all the windows. They moved the table and chairs off the carpet, and Anthea swept it.

"We must show it a *little* attention," she said, kindly. "We'll give it tea-leaves next time. Carpets like tea-leaves."

Then everyone put on its outdoor things because, as Cyril said, they didn't know where they might be going, and it makes people stare if you go out of doors in November in pinafores and without hats.

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"'WE MUST SHOW IT A LITTLE ATTENTION,' SHE SAID, KINDLY."

Then Robert gently awoke the Phœnix, who yawned and stretched itself and allowed Robert to lift it on to the middle of the carpet, where it instantly went to sleep again, with its crested head tucked under its golden wing as before. Then everyone sat down on the carpet.

"Where shall we go?" was, of course, the question, and it was warmly discussed. Anthea wanted to go to Japan, Robert and Cyril voted for America, and Jane wished to go to the seaside.

"Because there are donkeys there," said she.

"Not in November, silly," said Cyril, and the discussion got warmer and warmer, and still nothing was settled.

"I vote we let the Phœnix decide," said Robert at last. So they stroked it till it woke.

"We want to go somewhere abroad," they said, "and we can't make up our minds where."

"Let the carpet make up its mind," said the Phœnix—"what it has of it! Just say we wish to go abroad."

So they did, and the next moment the world seemed to spin upside down, and when it was right way up again and they were ungiddy enough to look about them they were out of doors.

Out of doors—that is a feeble way to express where they were. They were out of —out of the earth —or off it. In fact, they were floating steadily, safely, splendidly, in the crisp, clear air, with the pale, bright blue of the sky above them, and far down below the pale, bright, sun-diamonded waves of the sea. The carpet had stiffened itself somehow, so that it was square and firm like a raft, and it steered itself so beautifully and kept on its way so flat and fearless that no one was at all afraid of tumbling off. In front of them lay land.

"The coast of France," said the Phœnix, waking up and pointing with its wing. "Where do you wish to go? I should always keep *one* wish, of course, for emergencies, otherwise you may get into an emergency from which you can't emerge at all."

But the children were far too deeply interested to listen.

"I tell you what," said Cyril; "let's let the thing go on, and when we see a place we really want to stop at—why, we'll just stop. Isn't this ripping?"

"It's like trains," said Anthea, as they swept over the low-lying coast-line and held a steady course above orderly fields and straight roads bordered with poplar trees—"like express trains; only in trains you never can see anything because of grown-ups wanting the windows shut; and then they breathe on them and it's like ground glass, and nobody can see anything, and then they go to sleep."

"It's like tobogganing," said Robert, "so fast and smooth, only there's no door-mat to stop short on—it goes on and on."

"You darling Phœnix," said Jane, "it's all your doing. Oh, look at that ducky little church and the women with flappy, cappy things on their heads."

"Don't mention it," said the Phœnix, with sleepy politeness.

"Oh!" said Cyril, summing up all the rapture that was in every heart, "look at it

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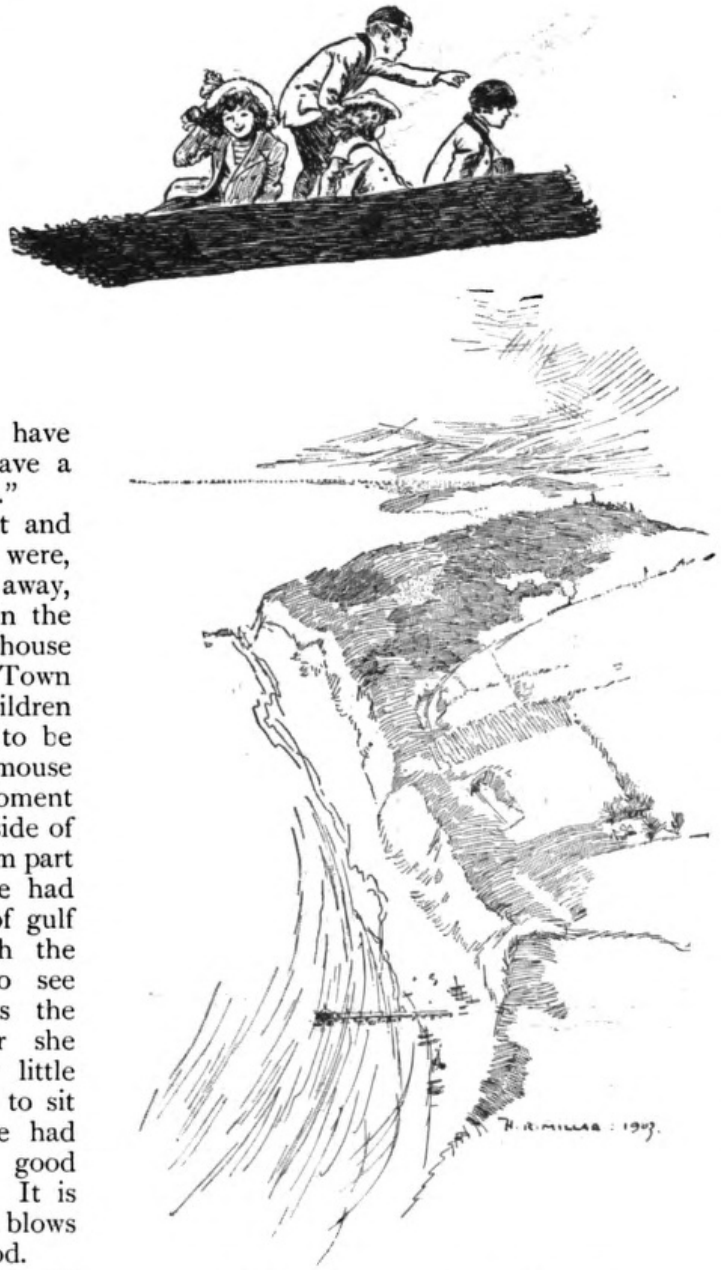
all—look at it—and think of the Kentish Town Road!"

Everyone looked and everyone thought. And the glorious, gliding, smooth, steady rush went on, and they looked down on strange and beautiful things, and held their breath and let it go in deep sighs, and said "Oh!" and "Ah!" till it was long past dinner-time.

It was Jane who suddenly said, "I wish we'd brought that jam-tart and cold mutton with us. It would have been jolly to have a picnic in the air."

The jam-tart and cold mutton were, however, far away, sitting quietly in the larder of the house in Camden Town which the children were supposed to be keeping. A mouse was at that moment tasting the outside of the raspberry jam part of the tart (she had nibbled a sort of gulf or bay through the pastry edge) to see whether it was the sort of dinner she could ask her little mouse-husband to sit down to. She had had a very good dinner herself. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

"We'll stop as soon as we see a nice place," said Anthea. "I've got threepence, and you boys have the fourpence each that your trams didn't cost the other day—and I suppose our pennies are good enough for French people, though no one except the chocolate machines will take theirs. And I expect the Phœnix can speak French."



"THE GLORIOUS, GLIDING, SMOOTH, STEADY RUSH WENT ON."

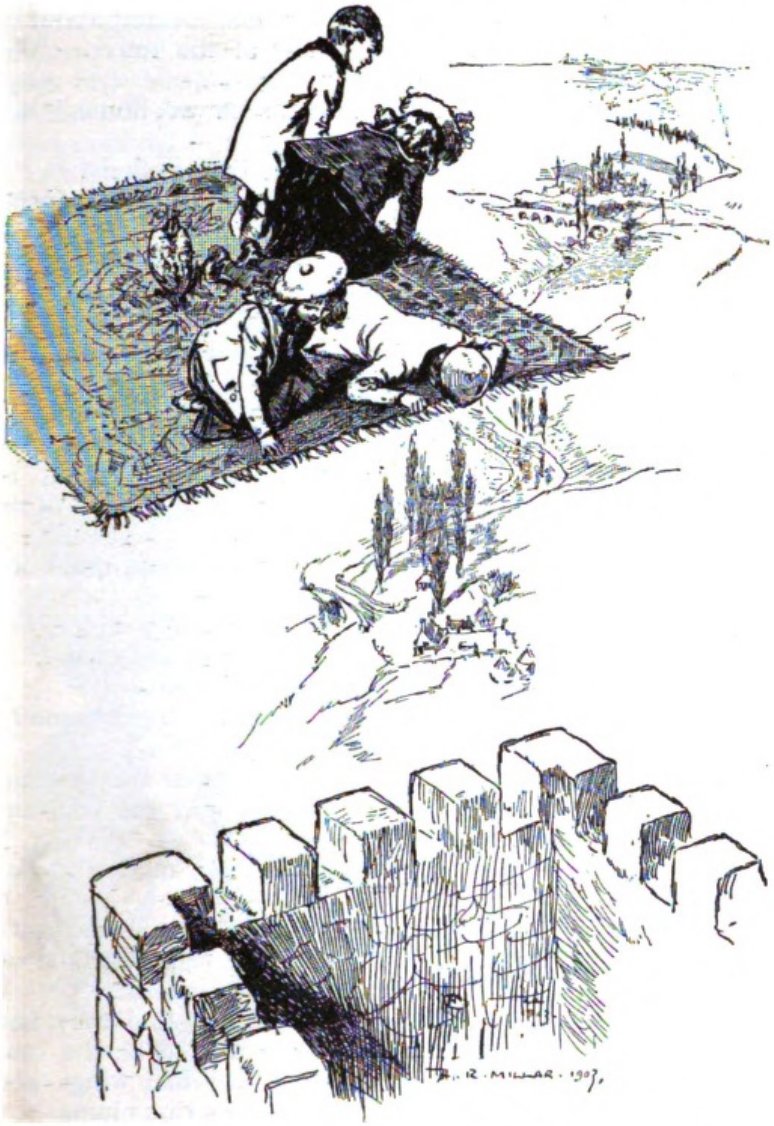
The carpet was sailing along over rocks and rivers and trees and towns and farms and fields. It reminded everybody of a certain time when all of them had had wings and had flown up to the top of a church tower, and had had a feast there of chicken and tongue and new bread and soda-water. And this again reminded them how hungry they were. And just as they were all being reminded of this very strongly indeed they saw ahead of them some ruined walls on a hill, and strong and upright—and, really, to look at, as good as new—a great square tower.

"The top of that's just exactly the same size as the carpet, I do believe," said Jane. "*I* think it would be good to go to the top of that, because then none of the Abbywhatsits-names—I mean natives — would be able to take the carpet away even if they wanted to. And some of us could go out and get things to eat—buy them honestly, I mean, not take them out of larder windows."

"I think it would be better if we went on——," Anthea was beginning, but Jane suddenly clenched her hands.

"I don't see why I should never do anything I want just because I'm the youngest. I wish the carpet would fit itself in at the top of that tower—so there!"

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"IT WAS HOVERING ABOVE THE SQUARE TOP OF THE TOWER."

The carpet made a disconcerting bound, and next moment it was hovering above the square top of the tower. Then slowly and carefully it began to sink under them. It was like a lift going down with you at the Army and Navy Stores.

"I don't think we ought to wish things without all agreeing to them first," said Robert, huffishly. "Halloa! What on earth——"

For unexpectedly and greyly something was coming up all round the four sides of the carpet. It was as if a wall were being built by magic quickness. It was a foot high; it was two feet high—three, four, five. It was shutting out the light more and more.

Anthea looked up at the sky and the walls, that now rose six feet above them.

"We're dropping *into* the tower," she screamed. "*There wasn't any top to it.* So the carpet's going to fit itself in at the bottom."

Robert sprang to his feet. The carpet was going very slowly.

"We ought to have—— Halloa! an owl's nest." He put his knee on a jutting, smooth piece of grey stone, and reached his hand into a deep window-slit—broad to the inside of the tower, and narrowing like a funnel to the outside.

"Look sharp!" cried everyone, but Robert did not look sharp enough. By the time he had drawn his hand out of the owl's nest—there were no eggs there—the carpet had sunk eight feet below him.

"Jump, you silly cuckoo!" cried Cyril, with brotherly anxiety. But Robert couldn't turn round all in a minute into a jumping position. He wriggled and twisted and got on to the broad ledge, and by the time he was ready to jump the walls of the tower had risen up thirty feet above the others, who were still sinking with the carpet, and Robert found himself in the embrasure of a window, quite alone, for even the owls were not at home that day. The wall was smoothish, there was no climbing up; and as for climbing down—Robert hid his face in his hands and squirmed back and back from the giddy verge, until the back part of him was wedged quite tight in the narrowest part of the window-slit.

He was safe now, of course, but the outside part of his window was like a frame to a picture of part of the other side of the tower. It was very pretty with yellowy ferns and moss, but between him and it there was the width of the tower, and nothing in it but empty air. The situation was terrible. Robert saw in a flash that the carpet was likely to bring them into just the same sort of tight places that they used to get into with the wishes the Psammead granted them.

And the others—imagine their feelings as

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the carpet sank slowly and steadily to the very bottom of the tower, leaving Robert clinging to the wall. Robert did not imagine their feelings, he had quite enough to do with his own; but you can.

As soon as the carpet came to a stop on the ground at the bottom of the inside of the tower, it suddenly lost that raft-like stiffness which had been such a comfort during the journey from Camden Town to the Topless Tower, and spread itself limply over the loose stones and little earthy mounds at the bottom of the tower, just exactly like an ordinary carpet. Also it shrank suddenly, so that it seemed to draw away from under their feet, and they stepped quickly off the edges and stood on the firm ground, while the carpet drew itself in till it was its proper size, and no longer fitted exactly into the inside of the tower, but left quite a big space all round itself.

Then across the carpet they looked at each other, and then every chin was tilted up and every eye sought vainly to see where poor Robert had got to. Of course, they couldn't see him.

"I wish we hadn't come," said Jane.

"You always do," said Cyril, briefly. "Look here, we can't leave Robert up there. I wish the carpet would fetch him down."

The carpet seemed to awake from a dream and pull itself together. It stiffened itself briskly and floated up between the four walls of the tower. The children below craned their heads back and nearly broke their necks in doing it. The carpet rose and rose. It hung poised above them for an anxious moment or two, then it dropped down again, threw itself empty on the ground, and, as it did so, it tumbled Robert out on the uneven floor of the tower.

"Oh, glory!" said Robert, "that was a squeak. You don't know how I felt. I say, I've had about enough for a bit. Let's wish ourselves at home again and have a go at that jam-tart and mutton. We can go out again afterwards."

"Righto!" said everyone, for the adventure had shaken the nerves of all. So they all got on to the carpet again and said:—

"I wish we were all at home."

And lo and behold! they were no more at home than before. The carpet never moved. The Phœnix had taken the opportunity to go to sleep. Anthea woke it up gently.

"Look here," she said.

"I'm looking," said the Phœnix.

"We wished to be at home and we *aren't*," complained Jane.

"No," said the Phœnix, looking about it, at the high, dark walls of the tower. "No—I quite see that."

"But we wished to be at home," said Cyril.

"No doubt," said the bird, politely.

"And the carpet hasn't moved an inch," said Robert.

"No," said the Phœnix; "I see it hasn't."

"But I thought it was a Wishing Carpet?"

"So it is," said the Phœnix.

"Then why——?" asked the children all together.

"I did tell you, you know," said the Phœnix; "only you are so fond of listening to the music of your own voices. It is, indeed, the most lovely music to each of us, and therefore——"

"You did tell us *what?*" interrupted the exasperated quartette.

"Why, that the carpet only gives you three wishes a day, and *you've had them!*"

There was a heartfelt silence.

"Then how are we going to get home?" said Cyril, at last.

"I haven't any idea," replied the Phœnix, kindly. "Can I fly out and get you any little thing?"

"How could you carry the money to pay for it?"

"It isn't necessary. Birds always take what they want. It is not regarded as stealing, except in the case of magpies."

The children were glad to find they had been right in supposing this to be the case on the day when they had had wings and had enjoyed somebody else's ripe plums.

"Yes, let the Phœnix get us something to eat, anyway," Robert urged. ("If it will be so kind, you mean," corrected Anthea, in a whisper.) "If it will be so kind—of course, I was just going to say that—and we can be thinking while it's gone."

So the Phœnix fluttered up through the grey space of the tower and vanished at the top, and it was not till it had quite gone that Jane said:—

"Suppose it never comes back."

It was not a pleasant thought, and though Anthea at once said, "Of course it will come back; I'm certain it's a bird of its word," a further gloom was cast by the idea. For, curiously enough, there was no door to the tower, and all the windows were far too high to be reached by the most adventurous climber. It was cold too, and Anthea shivered.

"Yes," said Cyril, "it's like being at the bottom of a well."

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The children waited in a sad and hungry silence, and got stiff necks with holding their little heads back to look up the inside of the tall grey tower, to see if the Phœnix were coming.

At last it came. It looked very big as it fluttered down between the walls, and as it neared them the children saw that its bigness was caused by a basket of boiled chestnuts which it carried in one claw. In the other it held a piece of bread. And in its beak was a very large pear. The pear was juicy, and as good as a very small drink. When the meal was over everyone felt better, and the question of how to get home was discussed without anyone's telling Jane whose fault it was, or any other kind of disagreeableness. But no one could think of any way out of the difficulty, or even out of the tower, for the Phœnix, though its beak and claws had fortunately been strong enough to carry food for them, was plainly not equal to flying through the air with four well-nourished children.



"IT LOOKED VERY BIG AS IT FLUTTERED DOWN BETWEEN THE WALLS."

"We must stay here, I suppose," said Robert at last, "and shout out every now and then, and someone will hear us and bring ropes and ladders, and rescue us like out of mines—and they'll get up a subscription to send us home, like castaways."

"Yes; but we sha'n't be home before mother is, and then father'll take away the carpet and say it's dangerous or something," said Cyril.

"I *do* wish we hadn't come," said Jane.

And everyone else said "Shut up!" except Anthea, who suddenly awoke the Phœnix and said:—

"Look here, I believe *you* can help us. Oh, I do wish you would!"

"I will help you as far as lies in my power," said the Phœnix, at once. "What is it you want now?"

"Why, we want to get home," said everyone.

"Oh!" said the Phœnix. "Ah!—hum—yes. Home, you said? Meaning——"

"Where we live; where we slept last night; where the altar is that your egg was hatched on."

"Oh, there!" said the Phœnix. "Well, I'll do my best." It fluttered on to the carpet and walked up and down for a few minutes, in deep thought. Then it drew itself up proudly.

"I *can* help you," it said; "I am almost sure I can help you. Unless I am grossly deceived I can help you. You won't mind my leaving you for an hour or two?" And without waiting for a reply it soared up through the dimness of the tower into the brightness above.

"Now," said Cyril, firmly, "it said an

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hour or two. But I've read about captives and people shut up in dungeons and catacombs and things awaiting release, and I know each moment is an eternity. Those people always do something to pass the weary hours. It's no use our trying to tame spiders, because we sha'n't have time."

"I *hope* not," said Jane, dismally.

"But we ought to scratch our names on the stones or something."

"I say, talking of stones," said Robert, "you see that heap of stones against the wall over in that corner; well, I'm certain there's a hole in the wall there, and I believe it's a door. Yes, look here; the stones are round like an arch in the wall—and here's the hole—it's all black inside."

He had walked over to the heap as he spoke and climbed up it, dislodged the top stone of the heap, and uncovered a little dark space.

Next moment everyone was helping to pull down the heap of stones, and very soon everyone threw off its jacket, for it was warm work.

"It *is* a door," said Cyril, wiping his face, "and not a bad thing either, if——"

He was going to add "if anything happens to the Phœnix," but he didn't, for fear of frightening Jane. He was not an unkind boy when he had leisure to think of such things.

The arched hole in the wall grew larger and larger. It was very, very black, even compared with the sort of twilight at the bottom of the tower. It grew larger because the children kept pulling away the stones and throwing them down into another heap. The stones must have been there a very long time, for they were covered with moss, and some of them were stuck together with it. So it was fairly hard work—as Robert pointed out.

When the hole reached to about half-way between the top of the arch and the tower Robert and Cyril let themselves down cautiously on the inside and lit matches. How thankful they felt then that they had a sensible father who did not forbid them to carry matches, as some boys' fathers do. The father of Robert and Cyril only insisted on the matches being of the kind that strike only on the box.

"It's not a door, it's a sort of tunnel," Robert cried to the girls, after the first match had flamed up, flickered, and gone out. "Stand off—we'll push some more stones down."

They did, amid deep excitement. And now the stone heap was almost gone—and before them the girls saw the dark archway leading to unknown things. All doubts and fears as to getting home were forgotten in this thrilling moment. It was like Monte Cristo—it was like——



"STAND OFF—WE'LL PUSH SOME MORE STONES DOWN."

"I say," cried Anthea, suddenly, "come out! There's always bad air in places that have been shut up. It makes your torches go out and then you die. It's called firedamp, I believe. Come out, I tell you."

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The urgency of her tone actually brought the boys out, and then everyone took up its jacket and fanned the dark arch with it so as to make the air fresh inside. When Anthea thought the air inside "must be freshened by now" Cyril led the way into the arch. The girls followed, and Robert came last, because Jane refused to tail the procession lest something should come in after her and catch at her from behind. Cyril advanced cautiously, lighting match after match and peering before him.

"It's a vaulted roof," he said, "and it's all stone. All right, Panther, don't keep pulling at my jacket! The air must be all right because of the matches, silly, and there are, look out—there are steps down. How jolly draughty it is!"

"Oh, don't let's go any farther," said Jane, in an agony of reluctance (a very painful thing, by the way, to be in). "I'm sure there are snakes, or dens of lions, or something. Do let's go back and come some other time with candles and bellows for the fire-damp."

"Let me get in front of you, then," said the stern voice of Robert from behind. "This is exactly the place for buried treasure, and I'm going on, anyway; you can stay behind if you like." And then, of course, Jane consented to go on.

So, very slowly and carefully, the children went down the steps—there were seventeen of them—and at the bottom of the steps were more passages branching four ways, and then a sort of low arch on the right-hand side made Cyril wonder what it could be. For it was too low to be the beginning of another passage.

So he knelt down and lit a match, and stooping very low he peeped in.

"There's *something*," he said, and reached out his hand. It touched something that felt more like a damp bag of marbles than anything else that Cyril had ever touched.

"I believe it *is* a buried treasure," he cried.

And it was. For even as Anthea cried, "Oh! hurry up, Squirrel; fetch it out," Cyril pulled out a rotting canvas bag—about as big as the paper ones the greengrocer gives you with Barcelona nuts in for sixpence.

As he pulled the rotten bag gave way, and the gold coins ran and span and jumped and



"AS HE PULLED THE ROTTEN BAG GAVE WAY."

bumped and chinked and rattled on the floor of the dark passage.

I wonder what you would say if you suddenly came upon a buried treasure? What Cyril said was, "Oh, bother; I've burnt my fingers!" and as he spoke he dropped the match. "*And it was the last!*" he added.

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There was a moment of desperate silence. Then Jane began to cry.

"Don't," said Anthea, "don't, Pussy; you'll exhaust the air if you cry. We can get out all right."

"Yes," said Jane, through her sobs, "and find the Phœnix has come back and gone away again, because it thought we'd gone home some other way, and—— Oh, I *wish* we hadn't come."

Everyone stood quite still—only Anthea cuddled Jane up to her and tried to wipe her eyes in the dark.

"*D—don't*," said Jane; "that's my *ear*. I'm not crying with my ears."

"Come, let's get on out," said Robert, but that was not so easy, for no one could remember exactly which way they had come. It is very difficult to remember things in the dark unless you have matches with you, and then, of course, it is quite different, even if you don't strike one.

Everyone had come to agree with Jane's constant wish, and despair was making the darkness blacker than ever when quite suddenly the floor seemed to tip up, and a strong sensation of being in a whirling lift came upon everyone. All eyes were closed—one's eyes always are in the dark, don't you think? When the whirling feeling stopped Cyril said "Earthquakes!" and they all opened their eyes.

They were in their own dingy breakfast-room at home; and, oh! how light and bright and safe and pleasant and altogether delightful it seemed after that dark underground tunnel! The carpet lay on the floor, looking as calm as though it had never been for an excursion in its life. On the mantelpiece stood the Phœnix, waiting with an air of modest yet sterling worth for the thanks of the children.

"But how *did* you do it?" they asked, when everyone had thanked the Phœnix again and again.

"Oh, I just went and got a wish from your friend the Psammead."

"But how *did* you know where to find it?"

"I found that out from the carpet; these wishing creatures always know all about each other, they're so clannish; like the Scots, you know—all related."

"But the carpet can't talk, can it?"

"No."

"Then how——"

"How did I get the Psammead's address? I tell you I got it from the carpet."

"*Did* it speak, then?"

"No," said the Phœnix, thoughtfully, "it didn't *speak*; but I gathered my information from something in its manner. I was always a singularly observant bird."

It was not till after the cold mutton and the jam-tart, as well as the tea and bread and butter, that anyone found time to regret the golden treasure which had been left scattered on the floor of the underground passage, and which, indeed, no one had thought of till now since the moment when Cyril burnt his fingers at the flame of the last match.

"What owls and goats we were!" said Robert. "Look how we've always wanted treasure, and now——"

"Never mind," said Anthea, trying as usual to make the best of it. "We'll go back again and get it all, and then we'll give everybody presents."

More than a quarter of an hour passed most agreeably in arranging what presents should be given to whom, and when the claims of generosity had been satisfied the talk ran for fifty minutes on what they would buy for themselves.

It was Cyril who broke in on Robert's almost too technical account of the motor-car, on which he meant to go to and from school.

"There!" he said. "Dry up. It's no good. We can't ever go back. We don't know where it is."

"Don't *you* know?" Jane asked the Phœnix, wistfully.

"Not in the least," the Phœnix replied, in a tone of amiable regret.

"Then we've lost the treasure," said Cyril.

And they had.

"But we've got the carpet and the Phœnix," said Anthea.

"Excuse me," said the bird, with an air of wounded dignity, "I do so *hate* to seem to interfere, but surely you *must* mean the Phœnix and the carpet?"

(To be continued.)

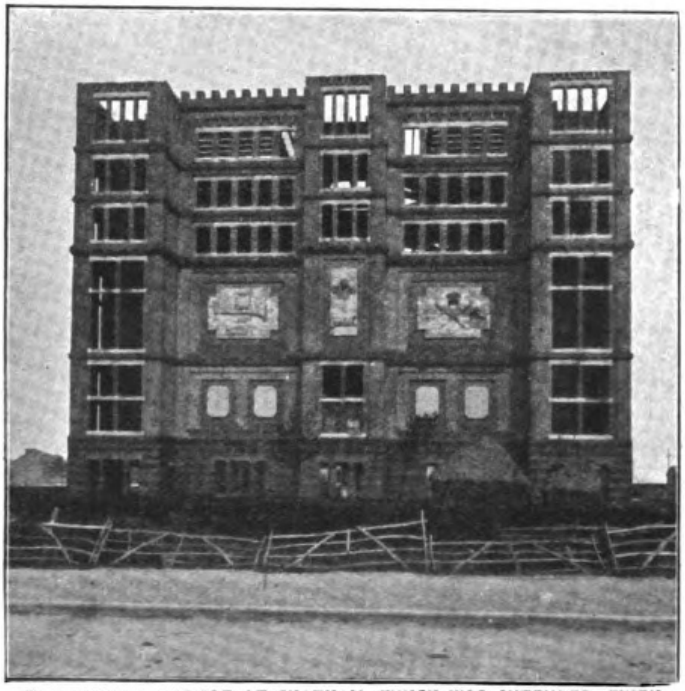
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A Modern Tower of Babel.

THE JEZREEL TEMPLE, CHATHAM.

By E. J. Dark.

ONE of the most remarkable buildings erected since the confusion of tongues stopped the progress of the Tower of Babel exists to-day on the tableland surmounting Chatham Hill. Huge and gaunt, and dwarfing into insignificance the very few buildings near, it stands in a lonely position in the centre of a most unpicturesque landscape, a colossal monument to human credulity. It is an enormous pile of bricks and steel, and was once the scene of remarkable activity, workpeople swarming over it like ants when it was in course of erection; but now it is desolate and empty, and stands an idle framework, given over to the birds of the air, and useful only as a guide to religious enthusiasts, pointing the way not to go.



THE JEZREEL TEMPLE AT CHATHAM, WHICH WAS INTENDED, WHEN FINISHED, FOR THE SAME PURPOSE AS THE TOWER OF BABEL.
From a Photo.

Its history in certain particulars strangely resembles that of the Biblical Tower of Babel. It was built as a refuge for a certain number of chosen spirits, who within its walls, safeguarded by certain signs and symbols, were to await the last trump without fear, believing that they would be safe while all the nations of the world would perish. For a time its erection proceeded with remarkable activity. Thousands of workmen, urged on by religious zeal, made the huge fabric grow like a summer plant, but long ere it reached anything like completion the hand of death seized the moving spirit and paralyzed the work, and, in the words of Milton referring to its prototype, "Thus was the building left ridiculous." For over twenty years it has remained unroofed and unfinished, a mighty building, a landmark for miles around, but a disfigurement and a blot even on Chatham's unattractive scenery.

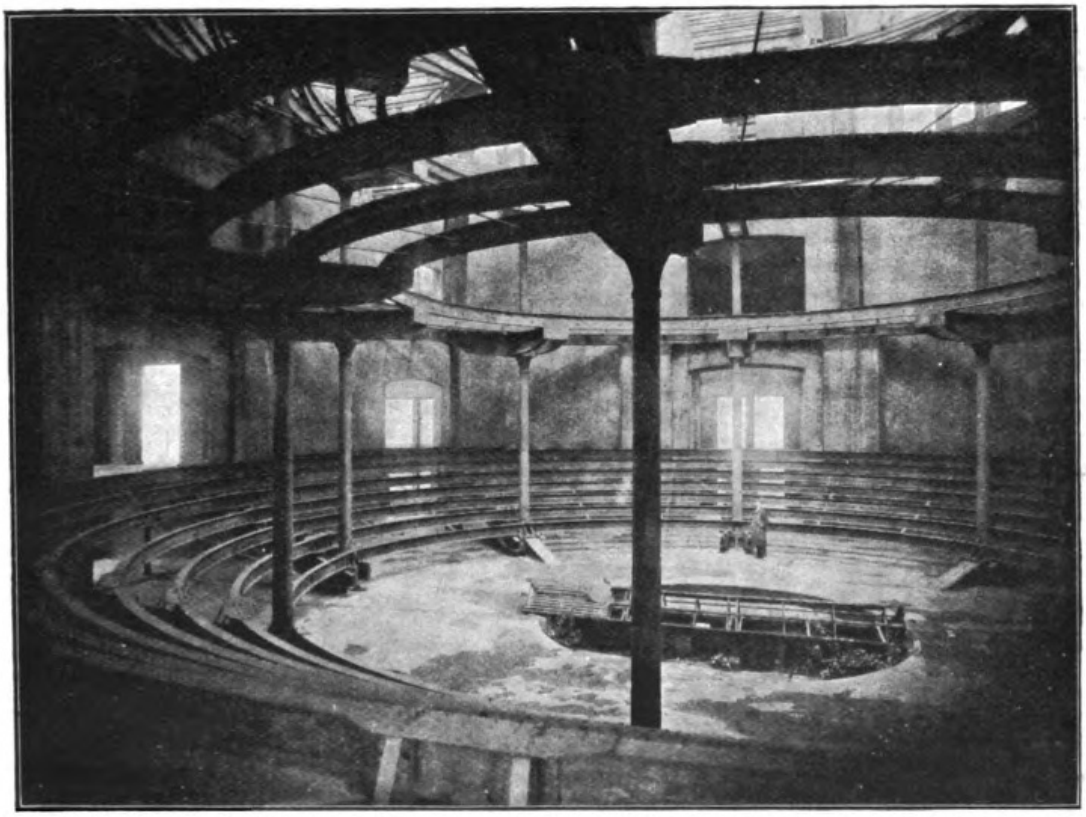
It is known locally as Jezreel's Tower, or the Jezreel Temple, and has given its name to the district to which it is an eyesore. It is about one hundred and forty feet square and is over one hundred feet high, with a square tower at each corner. It is bigger than it looks, but stands so lonely that it is difficult to judge of its vast bulk by objects near at hand. It was originally intended to carry it to an enormous height, making the gigantic sky-scrapers of America look puny by comparison; but the War Office, which controls things around Chatham—to the general disfigurement of the place, by the way—stepped in and put a limit to its height, as it would, if carried much higher, have come into the line of fire of one of the forts. As it was, it never reached anything like this limit, but, even as it is, is a huge structure.

Something like forty thousand pounds has been spent in its erection, partly the contributions of thousands of believers, and partly the out-of-pocket payments of the builder. The founder of the Jezreelites, whose head-quarters it was to be, was one John White. This man, said to have been an ignorant soldier, was one of the numerous claimants to Divinity—false Messiahs who throughout all ages, and particularly in the present age of enlightenment, have reaped rich harvests from credulous multitudes by setting up some theory of the Second Advent. White seems to have been as successful as the rest in extracting money from his followers; for although the building was seized for the debt to the builder vast sums had been subscribed

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towards it. He had been in the Army—in the Royal Marines, it is said—and leaving Chatham went to America and there founded a new sect called "The New and Latter House of Israel." He assumed the name of James Jershom Jezreel, and claimed that the creed he preached guaranteed absolute immunity from death and also delivered the followers of the faith from all their afflictions, whilst their enemies perished. This religion, with its promise of freedom from death, attracted numerous followers for him in this country and on the Continent. The community migrated to Chatham Hill, where they established a colony. They acquired some land, and before building their present substantial residences erected some temporary buildings. It is a tradition at Chatham that immediately the new residences were ready the whole of the temporary erections disappeared in a night, leaving no sign behind them.

In its present condition the tower is more interesting than beautiful. It is a castle-like, crenulated structure, of which our first photo. gives a very good idea. All four sides are exactly alike, excepting that one has the main entrance in the basement, reached by a descending way cut in the earth. This is the only entrance excepting one on the ground floor, which is really a window-frame turned into a doorway. Half-way up the building on the outside are three huge panels on each of the four sides filled with emblematical devices. The centre one shows the Prince of Wales's feathers, with the motto, "I serve," in English, carved beneath. The right-hand one has two crossed swords surmounted with a crown; and the left-hand one shows a huge trumpet, from which depends a scroll bearing the words, "The Flying Scroll." These devices are found on each side of the structure without variation. The interior is of wonderful construction. The foundations are of marvellous strength and solidity, and above the ground-floor is a ceiling of solid concrete of immense thickness, which was to form the floor of the temple or hall.

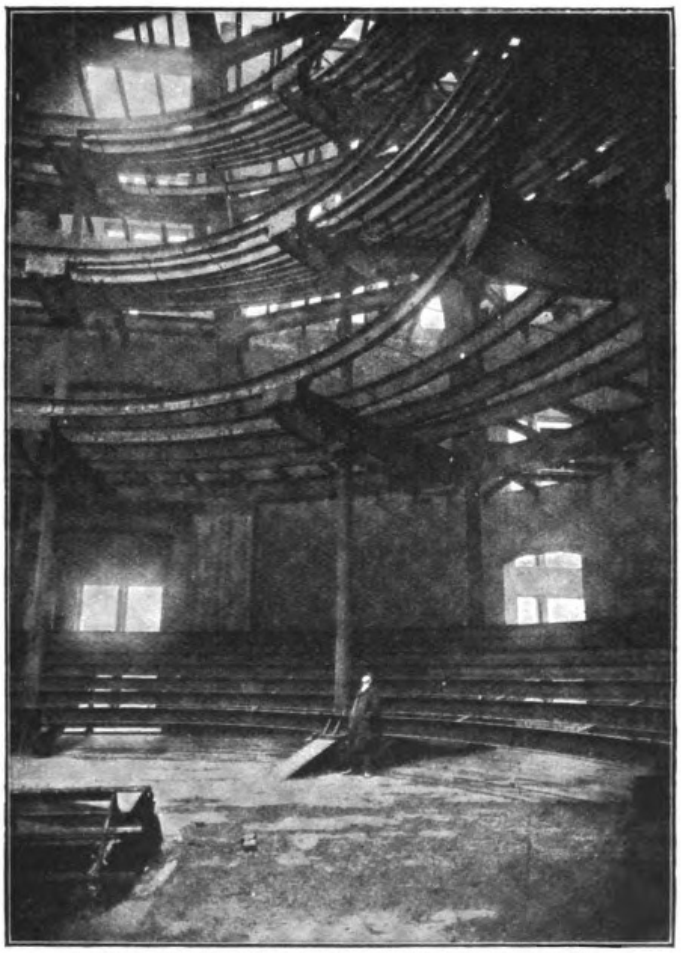


THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE REVOLVING PLATFORM FROM WHICH SIX PREACHERS WERE TO SPEAK AT THE SAME TIME.
From a] *[Photo.*

This temple is the most remarkable feature of the whole building. It is circular in shape, and built up of mighty steel columns and girders. Circular galleries of steel girders rise tier above tier, the whole being surmounted by a dome-shaped roof, of which only the framework exists. What strikes one most forcibly is the enormous strength of this structure. Batteries of the heaviest artillery could drill on the floor with perfect safety, and the galleries could support with ease a crowded congregation of elephants, much less

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human beings. Stronger than all these, however, are the twelve immense girders made up of a combination of several large ones which rise from brick and steel columns, and arch over to form the dome. Looking upwards from any part of the hall one sees above, reaching to an enormous height, a bewildering mass of girders crossing and recrossing in a manner of which no photograph can give an adequate idea, for, in addition to the circular ones which form the galleries, others branch out in all directions from the dome to the walls, the space between the temple and the square walls having been destined for numberless offices and rooms. In the centre of the floor is a circular depression about twenty-five feet in diameter. This was to have held a revolving platform, from which, it is said, several preachers were to have addressed the audience as the platform went round. Whether the preachers were to have addressed the people in different languages according to the countries from which they came, or whether they were to have spoken together, it would be difficult to say, but in either case the result would have increased the resemblance to the Tower of Babel as of old. It may be that, as no one man's voice could possibly reach all parts of the hall, several were to repeat in chorus, an effect which would have been more striking than solemn. At present the pit in a way forms a sort of air-shaft to the ground-floor and basement, where a bakery business is carried on by the fraternity, and blackberry bushes and other vegetation have taken root and are flourishing in it in the midst of this wilderness of metal.



A VIEW SHOWING THE MASSIVE GIRDERS OF THE TEMPLE.
From a Photo.

As we have said, before the building could be completed Jezreel, who claimed to be immortal and who said that if ever he died he would come again in three days, departed this life, and, needless to say, did not come back at the end of three days. His followers, confident at first, have long since given up expecting him. "Jezreel" was succeeded by a woman he had married, who called herself "Queen Esther." Three years later she also died, and since then the community has dwindled away, although there are a sufficient number left to engage in profitable bakery and milk businesses. The present Jezreelites live in some substantial terrace houses near the tower, the houses being remarkable, like the tower, for the large size of the windows. They are inoffensive, law-abiding people, and though, when they first established themselves there, there was some rioting, they are now an essential part of Chatham's population, as their tower is one of its sights.

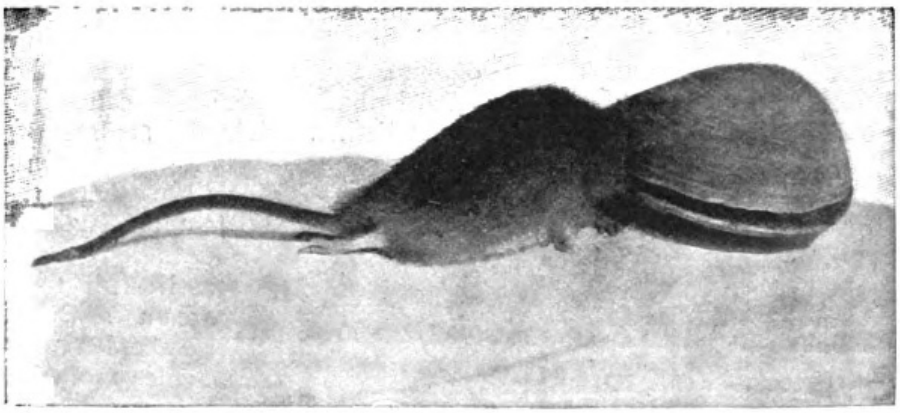
According to the account given by the existing followers of the prophet of the object for which the temple was erected, the building was merely intended to serve the purpose of offices and assembly-rooms for the use of the sect. A study of the illustrations, however, will hardly bear out this contention. A structure of enormous iron girders, intended to be carried to a colossal height, is so strange a design for a set of offices that we are forced to the conclusion that the purpose of the original projectors has become somewhat obscured in the memory of their successors —a circumstance, after all, not altogether unnatural nor difficult to understand.

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Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



THE CLAM AND THE RAT.

"A fisherman at Seabright, N.J., brought ashore in his boat from the ocean a large sea clam, which he left in his hut. The clam opened its shell and a large rat, foraging around for something to eat, put its head into the open shell and commenced to eat the meat, when the shell was quickly closed, catching the rat as shown in the photo. The photo. was taken by Mr. George Minton, druggist, at Seabright, N.J. The clam and the rat were both very large."—Mr. Samuel S. Blood, 83—85, Duane Street, New York.

DOULTON-WARE TWINS.

"My photograph gives a faithful representation of a mishap which occurred at Messrs. Doulton's celebrated pottery at Lambeth some short time since. It consists, first, of a small jug attached to a portion of a firebrick; secondly, of two jugs joined together, which may be described as the 'Doulton Twins.' These were produced by a fall of the supports upon which the jugs were standing while being baked or fired, the glaze which covers the jugs being in a molten state. Whatever comes in contact with the glaze on the pots adheres to it and becomes fast when cool. This shows what great care is required in placing the ware in the oven; also the necessity for good saggers and shelves to support the ware while it is being baked. Photo. by E. H. Deakin, Shrewsbury."—Mr. G. W. Rhead, Clayton, Newcastle, Staffordshire.





A CARD CONUNDRUM.

"Thousands of people who indulge constantly in a quiet little rubber of whist, or the more speculative game of nap, would be surprised at the number of curious facts concerning playing cards of which they are totally ignorant. For instance, how many regular card-players could tell at a moment's notice the number of aces depicted on an ordinary ace of spades? There are, as can be seen by the accompanying photograph, taken by Clarke and Hyde, no fewer than *seventeen* aces on this particular card; in some cards, of course, the two aces in the corners are deleted. This is only one of many peculiar puzzles associated with an ordinary pack of cards."—Mr. T. S. Johnston, Park Hall, Hayfield, Derbyshire.

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HUMOUR IN THE STUDIO.

"Two Chinese masks, made of wood and covered with a composition, were in a studio. Two friends sat looking at them and were simultaneously struck with an idea. Without saying a word each rose, and gathering up what was at hand, dressed the masks, forming two figures which seemed to suggest a consumptive, feverish little gentleman travelling with his fat, jolly wife!"—Mr. M. L. Stowell, 768, Power's Building, Rochester, N.Y.



A POST-OFFICE WEATHER FORECAST.

"This piece of paper is cut from an envelope addressed to a friend in Mexico. The flag post-mark is a weather forecast, which holds good for the next twenty-four hours. In a country where the weather is of such great importance it seems an excellent idea to give the inhabitants this information through the post, and it would not be surprising if other countries followed the Mexican Government's example. This post-mark means 'Fine weather, windy later.'"—Mr. Vernon K. Woodhouse, "Ederline," Roehampton.

A GAME-COCK WITH HEN'S FEATHERS.

"Dame Nature must have been in a tricky mood when she designed the game-cock here illustrated, for she has given him the plumage of a hen. The bird was bred by Mr. Turner, stationmaster at Olton, on the G.W.R. On being brought from its run to the platform to be photographed and placed on the bar of the truck, the bird showed true game pluck



by repeatedly crowing defiance to all cocks within hearing."—Mr. B. Johnstone, 6, Richmond Park, Olton, near Birmingham.

A CHARMING CUSTOM.

"Your readers will be as much amused as the girl in the photograph appears to be at this picture from India. It is the custom at native functions to garland the chief guests with wreaths of strong-scented jasmine and other flowers. This is the English Principal of Rajkot College leaving the station on his taking up another appointment elsewhere. The photograph was taken by Miss Frances Wilton."—Miss Hilda Duncan, Gittisham Rectory, Honiton.



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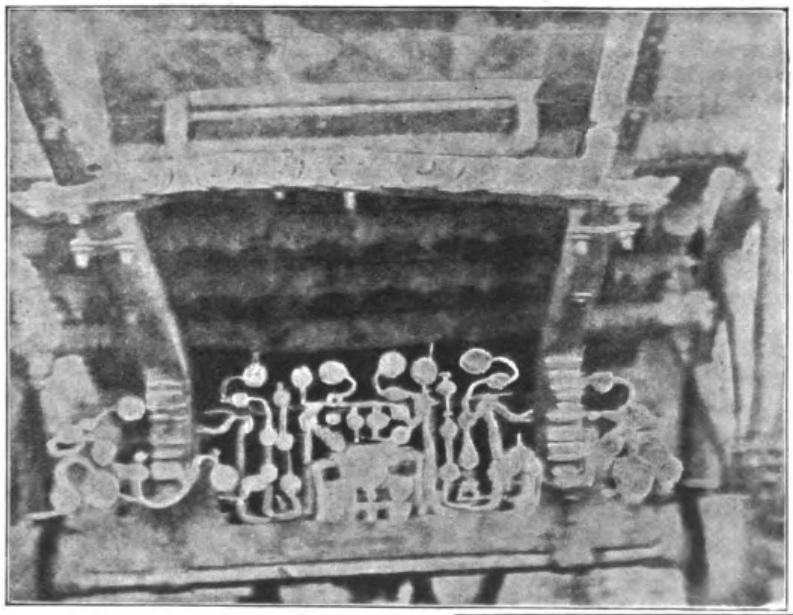
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"YE WITTE AND WISDOME OF YE LANDLORDE."

"I was at Worfield, Salop, some time ago and copied this curious inscription. The solution of the puzzle is as follows :—

'Here stop and spend a social hour
In harmless mirth and fun ;
Let friendship reign, be just and kind,
And evil speak of none.'"

—Mr. C. Henry, 10, Allison Road, Harringay, N.



"TO AVERT THE EVIL EYE."

"I send you a photograph taken underneath a Sicilian cart. The object of the device, which is worked out in metal, painted white, is to avert the evil eye. How it attains this object it is difficult to say, but the custom dates back to very early times. Not only is there this arrangement underneath, but the whole cart is brilliantly painted, the panels of the sides containing scenes in lurid colours from extraordinary stories. They even include Homer and other Greek poets, but the majority are from romances of the Middle Ages. The design on parts of the cart can just be distinguished in the photo. ; but, unfortunately, owing to the difficulty of position necessary and the bad light, the camera moved and certain parts of the negative had to be accentuated by hand." — Mr. W. L. Watson, Jesus College, Cambridge.

A "STRAND"-ED SWELL.

"Here is a photo. of a disguised friend of mine appearing at a fancy dress ball as the 'Strand'-ed Swell. The costume is made from covers of your excellent monthly, including the necktie and stick, the latter of which is covered with the same material. Needless to add, my friend caused quite a sensation." — Mr. G. Peace, c/o Weeks and Co., Ltd., Nanking Road, Shanghai.



"THE AMERICAN EAGLE!"

"This photograph, taken by C. C. Pierce, Los Angeles, Cal., illustrates some of the curious forms so frequently assumed by vegetables. It is a gigantic beet which was raised by Mr. T. H. Cressey, of Compton, California. As the picture shows, the beet bears a striking resemblance to a bird, having a tail, beak, and head, the tail being covered with rough scales like feathers. The owner decided to carry out the similarity by putting two beads in the head for eyes, then he tied a ribbon around its neck, and the bird has been called the American eagle for this reason."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.



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AN ENORMOUS LOCK.

"This photograph is of an enormous iron chest, preserved in the museum of the Royal Literary and Scientific Institution at Bath. The remarkable feature of it is the lock, the works of which occupy the whole area of the lid (the latter measuring 3ft. 4in. in length by 1ft. 6in. in width). One key is used, inserted in the top of the lid, and this, through the fearful arrangement of levers and springs, operates on no fewer than nine catches or bolts, which shoot out and engage under the rim of the chest. These catches can be seen round the cover, near its edge—four at the top, two at each end, and one on the bottom edge, centrally. The small rose-like fittings are brass ornaments. I think the key-hole in the front is a dummy, to deceive. The origin of the chest is uncertain. It has been in Bath for many years. Some think it to be a Spanish treasure chest, possibly from the Armada; others think it a piece of old English work."—Mr. Fred Horner, 10, Bellott's Road, Twerton-on-Avon, Bath.

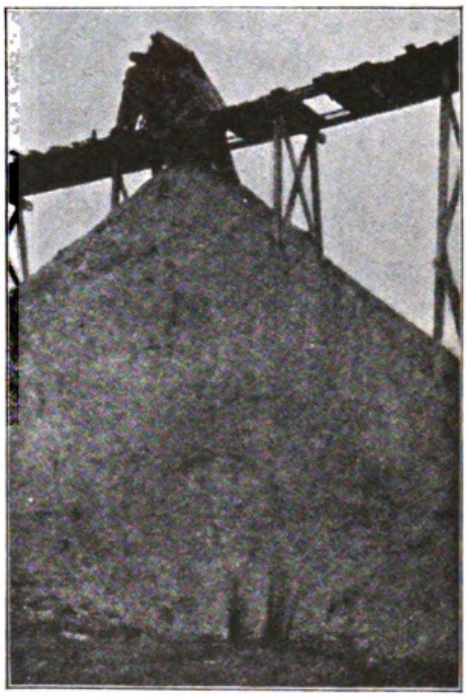
HIS HEAD ABOVE THE CLOUDS!

"The gentleman in the picture was climbing the Sangre di Christo range of mountains in Colorado. He had just reached the top of Sierra Blanca, which is 14,400ft. above the level of the sea, when he became enveloped in the clouds, and as they passed below him his companion, a short distance away upon another peak, observed the man's head above the clouds and turned the camera on him, with this result. The snapshot also shows the barren rocks on the top of Sierra Blanca, partly covered with snow."—Mr. T. D. Baird, M.D., Walsenburg, Colorado.



A HILL OF SAWDUST.

"How to dispose of the sawdust from the great New Zealand timber mills is a difficult problem. Burning takes too long, and the vast volume of smoke is a nuisance. At present the sawdust is



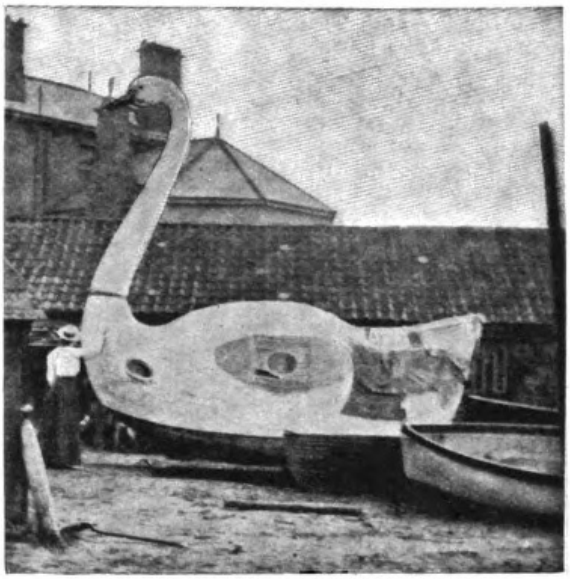
run away by rail and tipped into hollows, which are soon converted into hills, as shown in the photograph." — From the *New Zealand Weekly Times*. Mr. J. L. Hornibrook, 39, St. James's Square, Notting Hill, W.

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A CURIOSITY OF NATURE.

"I send you the photograph of a gun which was placed in 1880 in the crutch of the oak tree seen in the picture. In the course of time the wood has grown closely around it until the gun has been so firmly wedged into the trunk that it is impossible to withdraw it, though a half-ounce Jager ball can still be shot through its barrel."—Mr. Fritz Kaestner, Box 254, Centralia, Wash.



AN INGENIOUS "SHOOTING-BOAT."

"This is a photo. of a boat built in the form of an enormous swan, which a gentleman used to fish and shoot from years ago, and now during the summer it is anchored at the mouth of the River Exe, where it is a very conspicuous object. A few yards from it there is also anchored a cygnet, which was built for the same purpose."—Miss Maud G. Sholfield, 17, Coleherne Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

£1,000 IN PRIZES!

THE Proprietors of *Tit-Bits* offer ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the following conditions: **Competitors are to send in a list of what they consider the best Twelve Advertisements which have appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE during the six months—March to August inclusive.**

FIRST PRIZE, £500. | SECOND PRIZE, £250. | THIRD PRIZE, £100.

FIFTEEN PRIZES OF £10 EACH.

The order of merit will be decided by the votes of the competitors themselves.

That is to say, the Advertisement which receives the most votes will be placed at the top of the list, that which receives the second greatest number of votes will be second, and so on, till the complete list of twelve is made according to the public vote. The competitor whose list most nearly corresponds with the list as shown by the public vote will win the First Prize of £500. The other prizes will be awarded on the same principle.

Each list must be accompanied by 26 numbered coupons, one from each copy of *Tit-Bits* which appears during the six months. The first coupon appeared in *Tit-Bits* dated March 7. Back numbers of *Tit-Bits* and of THE STRAND MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office.

The actual advertisements selected from THE STRAND MAGAZINE must be cut out and sent in with each competing list, and numbered in accordance with the position on the list.

Lists may be sent on sheets of paper *written on one side only*.

It will be asked: How are competitors to make their selections? Is it from an artistic or commercial, or some other point of view, that the Advertisements are to be judged?

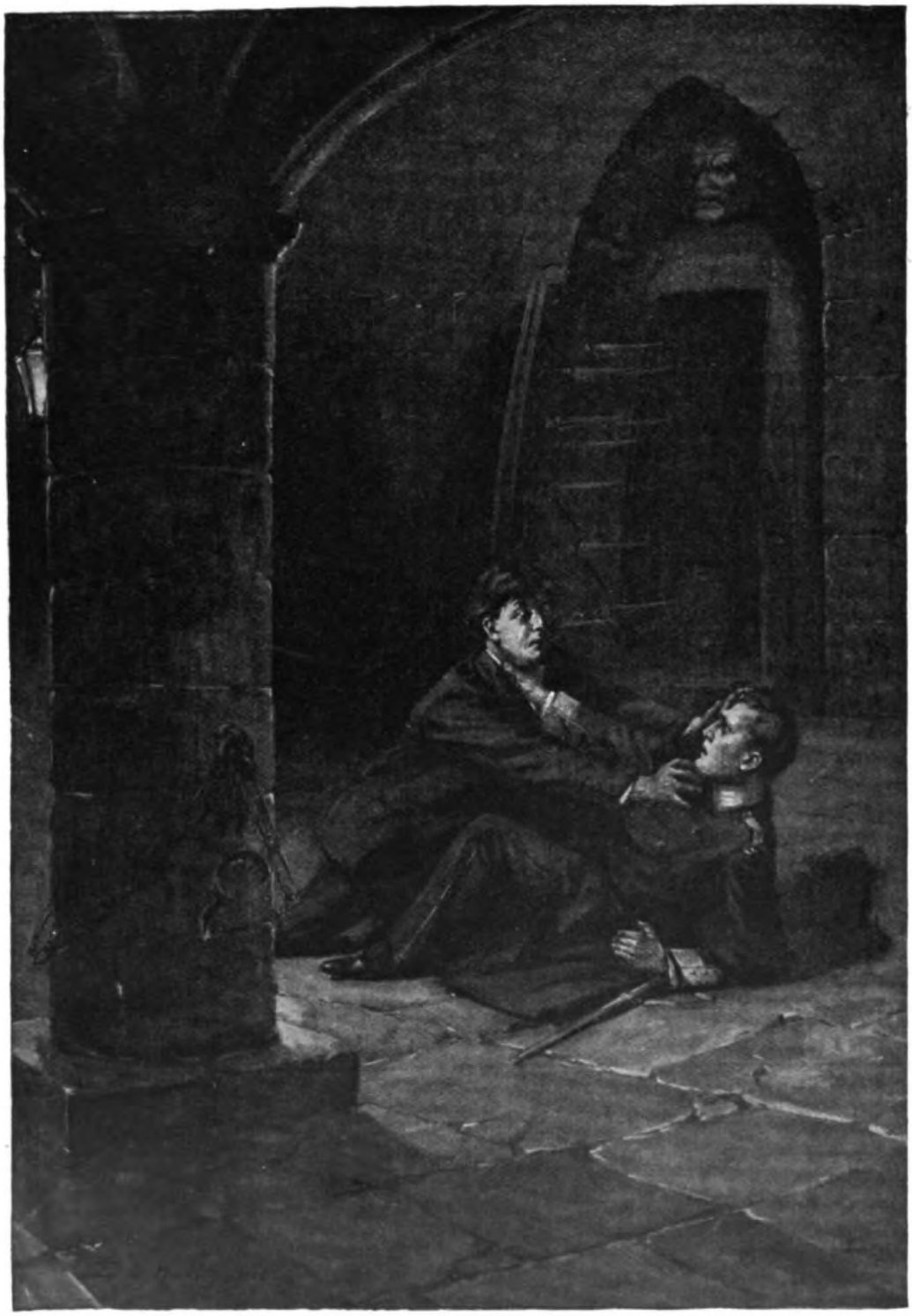
In reply, we say that the competitor should choose what he thinks are the most attractive Advertisements, likely to make the reader purchase the article which is advertised.

We need hardly point out to our readers that this competition does not require any high order of intellectual ability, such as is demanded for the solution of puzzles, but is open to anyone possessing judgment and common sense.

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"THE TWO ROLLED TOGETHER OVER AND OVER UPON THE FLAGS OF THE DUNGEON."

(*See page* 247.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvi. SEPTEMBER, 1903. No. 153.

The Iron Maiden.

By Max Pemberton.

I.

WE had supped on horrors in that grim stronghold of the Rothberg, but my ancient guide declined to spare me, and when we had breathed for a moment upon the ramparts (from which a famous view of the valley is to be had) he opened an iron-bound door in the massive wall behind us, and so conducted me to the Hall of the Iron Maiden. His infamous machine he seemed to regard with loving affection, and, although I could speak of similar implements viewed at Nuremberg and at Munich, he would hear of no comparisons.

"Yes, yes, mein Herr," he said. "There is also a maiden at Nuremberg—they kept it for those who denied the Church and for sons who had killed their fathers. But here at the Rothberg we were more cruel. Seventeen hundred people have perished in one year in this very hall. Think of it! Seventeen hundred in that dreadful embrace dying after long days of agony. Yes, a man has been known to live for sixty hours in that machine, and to be still alive when they pulled the trap and his body fell, five hundred feet, into the river below. There is nothing like it in Nuremberg, mein Herr, nothing at Munich."

I said, "Thank God," and disappointed the old man greatly. A person of imagination and of nerves, I confess that I had approached this famous curiosity with reluctance and would have left it with pleasure. Horrible as were the many relics of mediæval barbarism in that magnificent fortress—the hall and its accursed witness to man's cruelty surpassed them all in its suggestion of human agony. For here there was no evidence of pity—no bed of torture from which a victim might arise maimed but pardoned. The sweat of death stood on the prisoner's brow—the saturnalia of his doom began when the great door of iron closed upon him and the masked disciples of brutality caught him by the arms. So much the scene suggested to me; but others might have viewed it more calmly. After all, were not these things of the dead and forgotten ages? Why revive them even in imagination?

These were my reflections as I stood before the Iron Maiden and marvelled at its inhuman ingenuity. Shaped as it was crudely in the fashion of a woman's figure, the apparatus seemed more like a rough-hewn pillar of wood rather than a model of anything living. Five feet, perhaps, in diameter—it was fully ten feet in height—and capped by a mask ugly enough for any gargoyle. Yet all this gave no suggestion of its concealed infamies; and when my guide touched a spring in its side and showed me that it opened in the centre, and that one half of it swung back upon hinges, I did not even then wholly understand its purpose.

"Look carefully, mein Herr," the old man said, and then with a joyous exclamation at my cry of horror; "ah, yes, see them now, yes, they are sharp still, and they have pierced many a human heart. Try this door, it weighs nearly a ton, and you need this lever to close it. Do you understand the Maiden now? Observe that they thrust the victim inside and bound him there, then they closed the door by a spring, so slowly that no human eye could follow its movement. Inside the door are many spikes—full twelve inches long. There are spikes for the eyes, for the brain, for the heart, for the breast—they pierced the flesh so slowly that a man, I say, has lived in this machine for sixty hours. And when he was dead they pulled the trap beneath his feet, and his body fell, five hundred feet, into the river below. Ah! crime was crime in those days, mein Herr, and punishment was punishment. Please to stand here and I will show you the spikes more clearly."

I stopped him with a gesture and turned

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from the scene, sick and faint at the pictures he had conjured up. Everything about me seemed to speak of that which had happened in this dreadful vault, five hundred, three hundred, even as he told me, one hundred years ago. The low brick ceiling from which water dripped in numbered drops, rusted iron masks upon the walls, an aureole of light dancing upon the iron flags, the satyr-like figure of the old guide gloating upon his words—how well they were in keeping with the Hall of the Iron Maiden!

"Enough," I said, "you are speaking of the dead centuries, my friend. Let them settle their own reckoning. We, at least, have grown a little merciful——"

"Mein Herr," he rejoined, "all that is true; and yet a youth has suffered in the Iron Maiden since the Kaiser came to his own. You are incredulous, but there are many who will bear me out—Paul Uhland, the merchant's nephew, I speak of him. He is at Munich with his regiment now, but he would tell the story for himself if he were here. Six hours he lived and suffered in that embrace. Yes, it is true, and the whole town can bear witness."

My incredulity must have been ill-concealed, for the old man broke off with a shrug of his bent shoulders, and taking up his lantern he left the hall sullenly. When we were outside in God's fresh air and had made our way down to the little restaurant at the Castle's gate, I ordered in the pretty serving-maid to bring us beer; and then for the first time resumed the subject. One could dwell upon it more lightly out there in the sunshine of that sleepy Bavarian town—though the mediæval age spoke from every eave and gable, it was with a kindly voice telling of the days of love and chivalry, not the story of man's inhumanity to man.

"Come," I said, when the third flagon stood empty before him, and I could see that he wished to talk, "you were not serious just now, my friend? What is this nonsense about the merchant's nephew?"

"It is true, before Heaven," he protested, emphatically. "Paul Uhland lived for six hours through the torture of the Maiden, and is yet alive to tell the story. Ask any townsman—go to the priest and hear what he has to say."

"And will he tell me," I put it to him, "that men suffer torture in Bavaria in this twentieth century?"

"He will tell you that one has done so, mein Herr."

"By the judgment of the Court?"

"Ah, no, mein Herr—not that."

"Then why do you not tell me the story?"

The old man drained his flagon at a draught; he had been waiting for the invitation with fond expectation, and now, like a runner when the pistol is fired, he set off headlong for the goal. And this is the story which he told me—a story to which the whole town of Rothberg is ready to bear witness.

II.

UPON the twenty-fourth day of September, 1901, Martin Uhland, the keeper of the Torture Chamber in the Castle of Rothberg, showed the last of the daily visitors to the door at the hour of sunset and then began, as was his duty, to make everything secure for the night. One by one he visited the various dungeons and cellars, rearranging the rusted irons and the thumb-screws, the pincers and the braziers, which a confident municipality had entrusted to his keeping. A lover of his employment, he lingered over it with strange affection, and while many an older man would not have been ashamed to hurry away to the cafés and pleasure-grounds in the bright town below, Martin remained in the dungeons until the sun had set and the evening bells were ringing the Angelus.

He was a slim youth, with a grave face and a very bright pair of black eyes, which had the habit of perpetually shifting their gaze while the pupils were never at rest, and indicated, some said, a very unusual order of intellect. Be this as it may, Martin's studious habits were admitted by all, and had been before this time the subject of a warning from old Doctor Hofmeyer, the town physician, who had said, "Take care of Martin Uhland . . . he is a dreamer, and his dreams are doing him no good." Such good advice, unfortunately, helped no one, for Uhland's father was not rich, and the nephew, Paul, to whom he stood guardian, was in the army; so that the two hundred pounds a year paid by the municipality to the Custodian of the Torture Chamber were a considerable asset, and the doctor's warning went the way of all gratuitous advice and was speedily forgotten. From that time Martin applied himself assiduously to his study of mediæval documents, but particularly to the study of torture and punishment. They said that he contemplated a volume upon it, and the sheets of such a work were found in his study after his death.

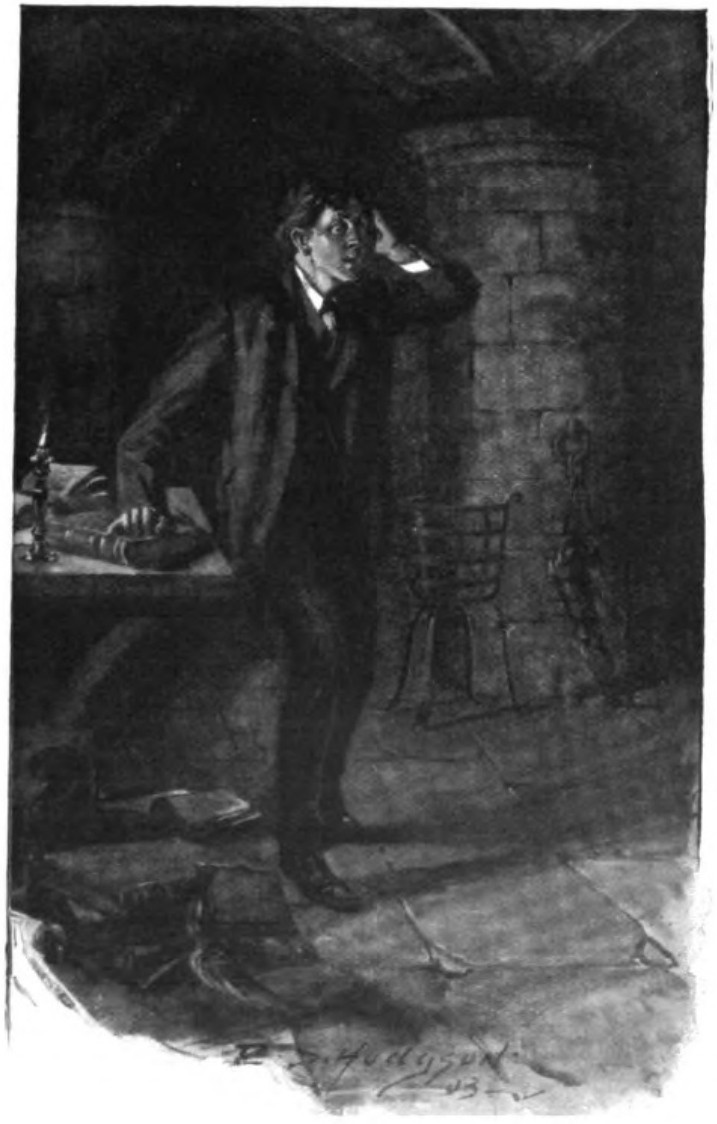
I have said that old Doctor Hofmeyer's advice was soon forgotten, but there was one

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in the Uhland family who never forgot it, and he was Martin, the dreamer. Almost from his boyhood up he had been conscious of a certain morbid intellect which played strange tricks with him, and one day, he thought, would bring his life to a tragic close. His love for any recital which told of human suffering was incurable; and while people said that his interest in the Torture Chamber was that of the historian and the scholar he knew it to be otherwise. Alone in the dungeons of the Castle, his weird imagination could torture him with the most terrible pictures, and he had but to take up some instrument of human vengeance to be, as it were, the unwilling agent of its application. All this, indeed, justified Doctor Hofmeyer a hundredfold; but Martin's family knew nothing of their son's case, and were too much occupied by their own interests to observe it. The youth was brave enough before them, but oftentimes at night when none could see him he would kneel by his bedside and pray God to spare his reason.

There had been such a night some three weeks before the eve of that twenty-fourth day of September in the year 1901.

A strange paroxysm of terror had seized Martin as he worked alone in the dungeons, and every sight and sound of the outer world was shut from his eyes and ears. Some aberration of his reason suddenly peopled that dismal place for him. Strive against it as he would, the hallucination fascinated and held him spellbound. He beheld dreadful faces distorted under the torture of rack and



"THE HALLUCINATION FASCINATED AND HELD HIM SPELLBOUND."

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pincers; he heard the groans of agony and dying screams of prisoners. And then as suddenly his horror changed to a devilish gloating. He thought that he himself was the torturer, that his were the hands that bound the wretched victims and tore their flesh. Pity, fear, love—the elemental human instincts gave place to the spirit of the brute. He, who in his sane moments was the most gentle of creatures, became in a moment a savage and a homicide—the imagined task fired his brain and made a madman of him. And then he awoke with fearful suddenness to find himself alone with his books, and the candle burning low in its socket, and the water dripping from the vaulted roof with a sound as of phantom feet fleeing from him into the darkness.

Martin told no one of this dreadful experience, but he closed his books and went to his bed and determined that whether it were for good or ill he would give up his post and seek new employment in some distant city. Never for one moment did he misunderstand the danger or try to minimize it. Just as the physicians in a mad-house may lose their reason by too close association with madmen, so was he, Martin Uhland, in danger of losing his by this long connection with the dungeons of the Rothberg. There was but one course to follow, and he would take it, he said. Alas! the morning found him laughing at these wise resolutions. He returned to the Castle and his books and declared that the folly of a dream should not trouble him; and for days together he scarcely left the dungeon. He had been working for eight consecutive hours when, upon the evening I have named, he shut the prisons and began to think of going home. The poor youth—he was never to see that house again!

Martin's sufferings prior to this, his dreadful fears and distorted visions, have all been set down in the note-book that was found among his papers. What precisely brought the blow upon him the evening of his death Heaven alone can tell. It may be that as in the first case the paroxysm smote him instantly—from sanity he may have passed to raving madness. We do not know . . . but what we are sure of is this, that his cousin, Paul Uhland, at home on furlough, alarmed at a late hour because Martin had not returned home, went up to the Castle and, being admitted by a porter at the outer gate, went straight to Martin's room and knocked many times before he could obtain admittance. And this was the odd thing about it—that while the door was not opened to him, he could distinctly hear the key turned in its lock, and once he thought that he heard his cousin's voice. Upon this he knocked again and again, and was just about to go back and ask the porter what it all meant when the great door opened unexpectedly and Martin himself beckoned him to enter.

"Martin, Martin," Paul cried, reproachfully—no dungeons could affright him—"what on earth keeps you? We supped two hours ago and everyone's a-bed. For Heaven's sake, come home, man—do you know it is eleven o'clock?"

This was his boyish greeting, but directly the words were spoken Paul stopped, like one who has received a blow, and drew back from his cousin in real affright.

"My dear Martin, what is it?" he asked. "What has happened, Martin—why do you look at me so? Are you ill, cousin? Wait a minute, then—I will run for a doctor."

Now, Martin's only answer to this was to close the heavy door behind his cousin and to lock it securely. Paul has said that he was not at all afraid when this was done; nor did he have any other idea than that of Martin's illness or, it might be, of trouble which had come upon him. Accustomed to the scholar's quiet manner and his habits of silence, Paul believed that something unusual must have happened, and he followed Martin quietly through the first of the halls and so into that vaulted chamber where the greatest cruelties were practised of old and the relics of them still delight the traveller. Here he repeated his question: "What is it, Martin? What do you wish to say to me?"

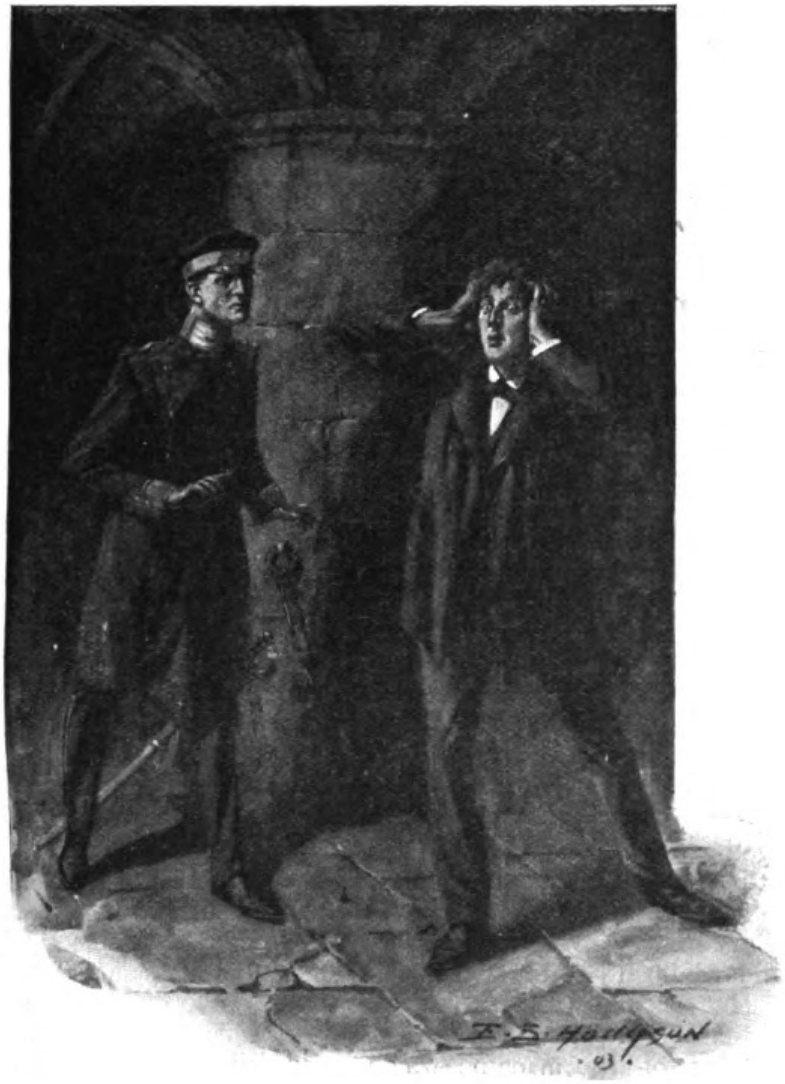
The answer was a low, grievous cry. Paul described it almost as a wild beast's howling, and in that moment he knew that his cousin was a raving madman.

Yes, it was nothing less than that. The years of study, of hallucination, of mad dreams came to their end in this—the final cataclysm, the revealed tragedy. Paul Uhland, however, was the bravest of men; he stood his ground firmly. Horrible as the scene was—the black dungeon lighted by a single lantern—a scene remote from men, whence no cry could go out to the world above, never once did the young soldier imagine himself to be in danger or believe that his cousin would do him harm.

"Martin, Martin!" he said, again and again, "come home, Martin; you are ill, overwrought—I will send a carriage to the Castle gate for you, Martin—Oh, heavens, why do you look like that—what has happened to you, Martin?"

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His cousin, he has said, answered him never a word; he did not even recognise him, but paced to and fro like a caged beast, measuring the flags and muttering the names of dead and forgotten prisoners who had perished in that place. Evidently his mind carried him back two hundred years—he believed that he was the master of the dungeon and that it was peopled by the malefactors of a dead century. Once, Paul said, he stooped over the rack and peered into its empty niche—he imagined some prisoner to be suffering there, and the horrid cry of gloating rang out in the vault like a weird voice from an unseen world. It was then that Paul, knowing nothing of such a malady, committed that error of judgment which cost him so much both of physical and mental agony. He endeavoured to compel Martin by force — would have carried him home in his own strong arms. But the madman closed upon him with all his monstrous ferocity and strength, and the two rolled together over and over upon the flags of the dungeon.



"HE KNEW THAT HIS COUSIN WAS A RAVING MADMAN."

There is no doubt that Paul fainted in this dreadful struggle. He himself has little clear idea of any blow which stunned him, but he remembers feeling the madman's hands at his throat, and he recollects being dragged across the floor by the arms until he was before that place where the Iron Maiden stood. Perhaps, although he has not told us so, he began to have some dim idea of the true purpose of the demented creature who gibbered and raved about him. Helpless and alone, he realized now that Martin had lost his reason utterly, and that nothing

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but some miracle could save him from a horrible death and his cousin from a madman's crime. This overwhelming truth paralyzed every faculty and left him dumb and motionless. He fainted where he lay, and Martin did with him what he willed.

III.

PAUL UHLAND was bound hand and foot when he recovered consciousness, and so closely were the bonds drawn that he could not even turn his head aside. Utterly unaware of that which had happened to him, he believed upon the first thought that he was tied to the table of the dungeon, but presently a feeble ray of light, striking upward through the crevice of the door, showed him his true position, and he knew that he was shut within the Iron Maiden, and that if help were not speedily forthcoming, he would die the most terrible of deaths.

Yes, this was the madman's jest—for, of course, Paul did not doubt, even then, that it was a jest. Martin in his raving, he thought, had wished to frighten his cousin, and could contrive no joke less irrational than this savage trick which might try even the nerves of the strongest. Not for one moment did Paul doubt that Martin would release him presently; and in this belief he tried to reason with his cousin, calling out:—

"Martin, Martin, enough of this—let us go home together, Martin, and I will say nothing about it"—or "Be sensible, Martin; you see I am frightened—is not that enough for you?" But not a single word of answer did he get; and if he had known it, he would have been silent indeed—for his cousin, Martin, lay insensible in an apoplectic fit before the very door of that machine which had helped him to so terrible a jest.

The world will never know what the madman meant—whether it were merely to frighten his cousin or to kill him in homicidal delusion. The doctors believe that the poor fellow was utterly bereft of reason and ignorant of all that he did, in which phase of insanity the victim is often a near relative or one who has been formerly beloved; others say that it was just a savage joke, and that Martin would have released Paul ultimately and gone home quietly with him. The fact remained that the young soldier was bound helplessly in the terrible machine, and that no human being could hear his cry or come to his assistance. Paul had visited the dungeons many times with Martin, and he understood quite well the secret of the Iron Maiden. He knew that you drew back the steel-clamped door (which was lined with spikes) by a lever with a heavy weight attached to it, and that then you set a spring which allowed the door to close inch by inch, it might be in the space of one hour or in twenty. But while he knew this, and understood how dreadful a death the figure could inflict, a long time passed before he could bring himself to believe that Martin was not playing a joke upon him and would not release the door presently and bid him come out. What brought the truth home to him suddenly was the sound of his cousin's stertorous breathing as he lay in an apoplectic fit on the floor of the dungeon. Then Paul knew the worst, and with a long, low cry he began to sob like a child—for he was young and life was dear to him, and there was one who waited for him in the town below.

From that moment Paul watched the great black door, as a criminal may watch the sword which is about to fall upon his neck. He tried to tell himself at first that the spring was not set, and that he might safely remain where he was until the morning came and the vaults were opened. His willing ears, listening for any sound, did not at first remark the "tick-tick" of the clockwork which governed the door's movement; and at this the lad's heart was glad, not only for his own life, but because his poor, mad cousin had not this crime to his charge. Unhappily, such a flood of joy flowed away quickly, and was replaced by a new and more dreadful fear when, in an instant of intense silence, Paul distinctly heard a cog-wheel move, and was sure that the awful door was one fraction of an inch nearer to him. How he listened now; with what hopes and fears he counted the precious minutes! Would they come to seek him in time? Would Martin recover and release him? Imagine these questions in such a situation.

He was there, bound hand and foot, and the spikes were closing in upon him minute by minute. If none heard, if Martin were overcome by sudden illness, as he must now believe, the hour was near when the mass of iron would hem him in utterly, and brain, heart, and eyes be pierced by the daggers which the great door carried. Such were Paul's imaginings as he watched the door with fearful eyes and listened with woful persistence for the sound of Martin's footstep. Someone, surely, must hear him. He shouted with all his strength again and again. God would not let him die mercilessly like that.

But his cries died away unheard; the

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vault shut them in. His very arguments mocked him. Why should anyone come?

"They have all gone to bed at home," he reasoned; "no one ever troubles about Martin, for he is accustomed to work late here. The porter will be quite sure that it is all right, and he won't trouble himself. No, I shall be saved by Martin, or daylight must come, and they will learn that we have not returned home. Then they will send up to the Castle and look for us, and we shall all laugh at my predicament, and poor Martin will be sorrier than anyone else."



"HE HAD TRIED, WITH TREMBLING HANDS AND ARMS, TO PUSH THE GREAT DOOR."

We cannot wonder at these hopeful thoughts of a lad so young and incapable of realizing the mysteries of death and the odd accidents by which life is so often lost. Paul was content enough for a little while to believe that all this was true and about to happen; but when, after another interval—the minutes were the longest he had ever lived through—he again heard the wheels turn and perceived that the dagger-like spikes were another inch nearer to him, hope was impossible, and with a real cry of fear and agony he swooned away and remembered nothing for long hours. When he recovered for the second time a ray of daylight shone up through the boards at his feet. He looked down through the cracked and broken trap-door and could see the river glistening in the gorge below. And there, he said, the bodies of men who suffered as he suffered had lain and rotted in the age of man's savagery. Paul shuddered at suffering so real. The great door was almost closed now. The sharp steel points were within an ace of his flesh; he had but to bend his head and he could have felt the cold steel upon his forehead and eyelids. And they were advancing relentlessly, so slowly that the eye could not follow, though the trembling body was conscious of their near approach.

There are varying moods when men are face to face with death. Sometimes it is the mood of quiet submission when one bends his head and bows to destiny and says, "This is the appointed hour." Or again, it will be the mood of impotent rebellion, of savage rage and fearful striving and defiance of that to which all must submit. Paul Uhland has said that his experience was of both kinds. Had death but come to him swiftly, had the daggers pierced his heart and brain at a thrust, he would not have lifted a hand against them—so weak he was and such the torture of delay. But the moments of waiting and the madness of them—long drawn as they were, and permitting every lingering pain of death to be anticipated by the imagination—moved him at last to a fierce outburst in which he strove against his bonds with a madman's strength, burst them at last from their rotting staples, and, standing upright with hands free, cried out his joyous thanks as though already he had won his liberty. Not until he had tried, with trembling hands and arms nerved by the danger, to push the great door back did he come to understand how little such freedom availed him. No, stand where he would, sit or crouch, the spikes which the iron thrust

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forward must still pin him to the wall behind, pierce his flesh, and put him to a dreadful death. A hundred ways he would have contrived, twenty positions within that narrow prison occurred to him; but those who first built the Iron Maiden understood their work too well. There was no place of safety in all that rough-hewn cell. The lowest of the daggers almost swept the floor, the highest would have driven into the brain of the tallest man. Paul saw this and ceased to struggle. It was the end, he said.

The day had come and none had entered the dungeon. What had he to hope for now?

So we find him in the moment of this unnameable suffering. There must have been at this time, he says, a full quarter of an hour during which he closed his eyes and shut his ears and would neither hear nor see. An intense effort of his will helped him to still the voice of imagination and to wait for the end like one already lost to life. If he must die, well, why anticipate the end? he asked, and so he lay crouching, saying, "It is coming now, it will be a little while yet," but always believing it to be inevitable. Had such a mood continued, there would have been a double tragedy in the Rothberg that night; but happily a better destiny awaited Paul Uhland—and just upon the instant when he believed that the worst had come a real exulting ray of hope came to him, and in the madness of his struggle with death the way of life was indicated to him by the finger of his God.

He was kneeling, it is said, with closed eyes and ears shut and brain on fire when the point of one of the daggers first pricked him. Paul felt it like a little scratch upon his forehead, and in an overwhelming frenzy of fear he beat with his fists upon the rotting boards at his feet—and, wonder of wonders, they broke before his blows and fell over and over into the ravine five hundred feet below the ramparts of the Castle. The rain and winds of centuries have played sad havoc with the Rothberg, but never have they done man a better service than when they opened that trap to the day, and showed the youth Paul the spreading valley and the village church and the sheer walls of the mighty cliff upon which the fortress is built. He himself has declared that it was as though some strong hand had been thrust suddenly into the cell to drag him out and say, "Look up and live." And yet, what man but he, who stood face to face with such a revolting, unnameable death, would have dared what Paul dared that morning, or entrusted his life to the hazard of that perilous flight? He was saved, you say—yes, but for what? Let us look at the Rothberg and then we shall see.

You have understood that the dungeon wherein the famous Iron Maiden stood, and stands, is built immediately under the ramparts, while the cell itself is in an alcove which juts right over the ravine. So it was built by the torturers of old, that when their victims were dead the bodies might be cast down into the river far below. Thus it happened that when the boards gave way below Paul's feet he would have fallen to the very



"HE WOULD HAVE FALLEN BUT FOR A SINGLE GREAT BEAM."

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rocks but for a single great beam, which the architects put there quite recently to strengthen the old building and render it safe. This heavy buttress, with one end resting upon the crags and the other supporting the alcove, caught Paul as he went through the broken trap; and he put both arms about it and drew himself up until he could rest within its angle. Awful as was the hazard of it, precarious his hold upon that narrow, slippery beam, he has declared that his graver peril was that of the swift reaction, the escape from darkness to light, from the awful prison to the sweet air of day. Yes, where another would have reeled and sickened over that precipitous height, Paul Uhland surveyed it with exultation. He was free; the knives above him were impotent. Let the great door close now and thrust its daggers inward; they could not harm him. He wept, shuddered, laughed with joy. Who will begrudge him those blissful moments of sweet thanksgiving and supreme gratitude? None, surely, who knows what youth is in the heyday of its strength.

Paul Uhland was nearly an hour upon the height, for the sun had but just risen when he escaped from the vault, and the town of the Rothberg, early as it was awake, had little business which carried any of its people to the ravine at such an hour of the morning. From time to time, Paul says, he observed a farmer's cart rolling along the valley road; shepherds were already upon the hills, but while he cried out to them with all his sturdy lungs, those who perceived the black speck of a figure right up there at the summit of the crag believed it to be that of a workman appointed by the Castle, and others did not hear the cry at all, and went plodding on to their daily work. As the minutes passed and the joy of escape became modified, Paul began to be afraid that his new situation was but little better than the old, and when he bethought him that one slip, one moment's faintness, would send him hurtling down to the crags below, he confesses that his great hope ebbed away as he feared that, even yet, he must pay the price of Martin's madness. Cold and cramped and thoroughly worn out, he feared to move a limb lest his hold upon the beam should be lost, and, as his voice grew more feeble, he could no longer call down to those in the valley below or hope to make his situation known to them. From such a peril a woman's quick eye saved him. Muzant, the daughter of Albert, the vintner, one of the first to hear at the Uhlands' house that the cousins were missing from their home, asked to go up with the party which discovered the body of the dead man, Martin, lying prone upon the floor of the vault; but being refused she waited in the Castle grounds, and from the ramparts there she espied Paul clinging to the beam, and she went off like a wild thing to implore them to save him. So agitated was she, and so uncontrollable her excitement that many minutes passed before the people could understand her; but one more ready than the others put her incoherent words together at last, and running to the place he swung the great door back and reeled from it to cry that Paul Uhland was there and that the maid was right after all.

And now watch the willing hands that cast the rope down to him. He is alive, he is dead, watchers tell you. Hearts seem to stand still while the voices ask, "Are you in time—will you save him?" There is a group in the valley below, but it fears to look upward lest something black and heavy should come plunging down into the laughing river. And then, at length, the loud cry of joy rings out and is followed by the smothered sobs and kisses upon the pale brow of one whom death has claimed but life has won. They have drawn Paul up, and his agony is over. Even strong men weep at such a moment.

And the living and the dead, they are carried down together, common victims of man's inhumanity to man in the ages which were thought to be forgotten.

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A Stock Exchange Transaction.

By E. S. Valentine.



From a Photo. by] THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON MAFEKING DAY. *[The London Stereoscopic Co.*

THE manner in which a Stock Exchange transaction is carried through is one as to which the ordinary man has the haziest notions. Let us, in our design of throwing light upon the matter, take an imaginary case by way of illustration.

One morning Mrs. Julia Wynter, relict of the late lamented Reverend Septimus Wynter, of Totnes, arose armed with a bold resolve. She determined to invest some of her slender savings in a mine. The day before her imagination had been fired by hearing two gentlemen in a railway carriage talk glibly of the "output" of gold and diamonds in South Africa — of Jagersfonteins, Rands, Roodeports, and De Beers; and now she sat down and wrote to a firm of London brokers, who had had business with the late Reverend Septimus, asking them to *sell* her one hundred shares in a South African mine. As the prudent widow could not afford one of the more expensive stocks, she picked out of her morning paper what seemed a nice, quiet, substantial-looking mine called Roodeport Central Deep. She posted her letter to Wickham and Co., Drapers' Gardens, E.C., and anxiously awaited developments.

Now, of course, Mrs. Julia Wynter, of Totnes, not being fully acquainted with Stock Exchange methods, did not know that Wickham and Co., being brokers and not "jobbers" (or dealers), had no shares to sell, either in Roodeport Central Deep or any other mine or investment. Business on the Stock Exchange is conducted in one respect like the law. In the one the profession is divided into solicitors and barristers, and in the other into brokers and dealers. The client reaches the dealer through a broker. Therefore, Wickham and Co. must buy these shares for their client, Mrs. Wynter. And here we may take occasion to mention a peculiarity about Wickhams—in that there is no Wickham at all, the firm being made up of four gentlemen, with only one of whom, Mr. Lionel Cholmondeley, B.A., of Cambridge, stroke in the Cambridge boat and half-back in the University football team, we need here make the acquaintance. Cholmondeley is a bright, active fellow who had originally intended to go in for the Lord Chancellorship, but had abandoned it in favour of the stage and the diplomatic service. But his financial talents were conspicuous, and he is now a successful member of the Stock Exchange, having charge of the South African business of Wickham and Co.

The Stock Exchange, which, as every

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reader knows, is situated just behind the Bank of England, occupying a great group of spacious buildings, is given up every day from ten till four to the operations and gesticulations of three thousand members, equally divided, roughly speaking, into brokers and dealers. The busy, noisy multitude on the floor of the Stock Exchange, or "the House," as it is familiarly called, is composed of innumerable groups or "markets." No matter how crowded the floor may be—all pushing and shouting like Bedlam—the eye of the experienced operator never fails to detect the precise delimitations of these markets, each of which, by the way, has a distinctive popular name. The portion of the Exchange in which Mr. Cholmondeley is engaged is the "Kaffir Circus," one group of it being known as the Deep Level Market or "Deeps."

On receiving their client's letter Wickham and Co. instruct Mr. Cholmondeley (who, on the Exchange, is, of course, known as Wickham and Co.) to purchase one hundred Roodeport Central Deep shares of a dealer. In the "Deeps" market Mr. Cholmondeley encounters Mr. Harris (otherwise Harris and Harris), a dealer or jobber. Now, let us note his procedure. He does not indulge in any polite circumlocutions; there is not time for it, nor is this the place. Nor does he ask Mr. Harris to sell him any shares. He merely asks: "What are 'Roodies'?" To which the dealer's response is, "Eighth to a quarter."

This is decidedly enigmatic, but as any member will tell you, "We never name the big figures," in other words, the price in pounds sterling of any stock is understood. We will assume that "Roodies" happen to be selling at two pounds two shillings and six pence for a one-pound share. The two pounds is understood, and an "eighth" is the eighth of a pound, *i-e.*, half a crown—a quarter is five shillings. The reason the dealer mentions two prices is that he is prepared to buy at the first and sell at the second. Harris, of course, does not know whether Cholmondeley (or Wickham and Co.) wishes to buy or sell. Forthwith a bargain is struck; the dealer agrees to sell to the broker one hundred Roodeport shares for two pounds five shillings a share, and a hasty note is made of the transaction.

Is the business finished then? By no means—it is just begun. The truth is, Harris, the dealer, would seem to be undertaking a great responsibility. He has



By permission of] THE INTERIOR OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE. *[The Leadenhall Press,*

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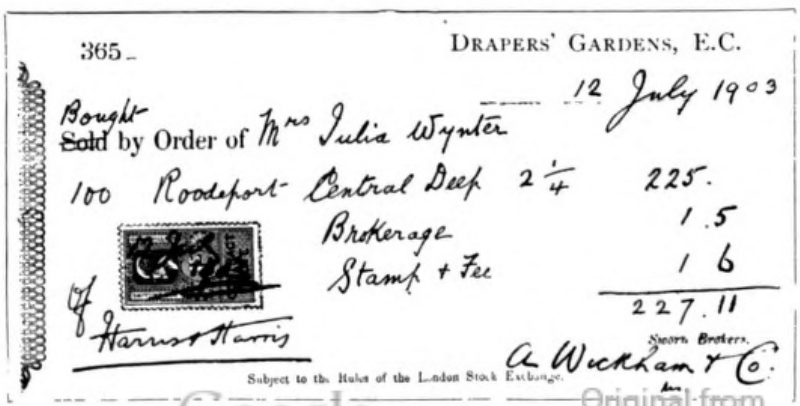
sold the shares without having them to sell. He must now procure them from somebody else, and, therefore, becomes for the time being what is known in Stock Exchange parlance as a "bear," that is to say, his interest is to lower the price of that particular stock. The owners of the stock, on the other hand, become "bulls," whose interest is to enhance the price.



From a] AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON SETTLING DAY. *[Photo.*

Our friend Cholmondeley now mentions to Wickham and Co.'s clerk that he has bought of Harris and Harris one hundred "Roodies" at a quarter. The bargain is also formally checked with Harris, together with perhaps a hundred other transactions occurring in the flurry and excitement of the day. It is wonderful how rarely there is any dispute over terms—an extraordinary memory for figures is one of the essential qualifications of both brokers and dealers. The clerk duly makes out a contract, and the same is sent through the post to the client, Mrs. Wynter.

Twice every month on the Stock Exchange there happens what is known as Account Day, when all settlements are made. Two days before this is Ticket Day, and it becomes high time Mrs. Julia Wynter's shares in the South African mine should be evoked out of chaos. At present, although they have been bought by a broker and sold by a dealer, they have taken no tangible shape. The transaction is still "in the air." But Wickham and Co., in the person of Mr. Lionel Cholmondeley, are zealously looking after the interests of their client. On Ticket Day, therefore, he goes into what is known as the Ticket Room, in the basement of the Exchange, and inserts the accompanying statement of the transaction in a box bearing the cabalistic legend, "Harris and Harris." This resembles the interchange of writs between lawyers. Harris being, as it were, served with this writ, finds himself in the predicament of having no shares to hand over to Wickham and Co. It is really no predicament at all, because, in order to satisfy Wickham's client, he has previously bought the shares from somebody else, presumably at a less price than he sold



365_ DRAPERS' GARDENS, E.C.

12 July 1903

Bought
~~Sold~~ by Order of Mrs Julia Wynter

100 Roodeport-Central Deep 2 1/4 225.

Brokerage 1.5

Stamp + Fee 1 6

227.11

Harris & Harris

Yours Brokers.
A Wickham & Co.

Subject to the Rules of the London Stock Exchange.

A REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A STOCK EXCHANGE CONTRACT.

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them, and so his book is "even." In buying and selling he was, of course, on the look-out for a "margin" of profit; and, having obtained this margin, his acute interest in the transaction ceases. The broker from whom Harris bought the one hundred Roodeport shares is now looked to to deliver them to Wickham and Co. So the ticket is passed on to him, when (to nobody's surprise) it appears that he also sold merely to "even his book," having previously bought from somebody else. And so from firm to firm, from hand to hand, our ticket passes in search of adventures, or, strictly speaking, in search of the real seller, who may be supposed to be as anxious to dispose of his one hundred shares in the Roodeport Central Deep Mine as Mrs. Julia Wynter is to acquire them.

All Dividends and other Rights on the undermentioned Stock or Shares are hereby claimed.

No. 500 { If this Ticket be divided, insert its Number and the Names of party dividing it, or the New Tickets will not be paid for } Consideration £ 225.

Stamps..... 1. 2 6

100 Roodeport Central Deep @ 2¼

To Julia Wynter

of The Homestead Totnes Widow

Given to Harris & Harris

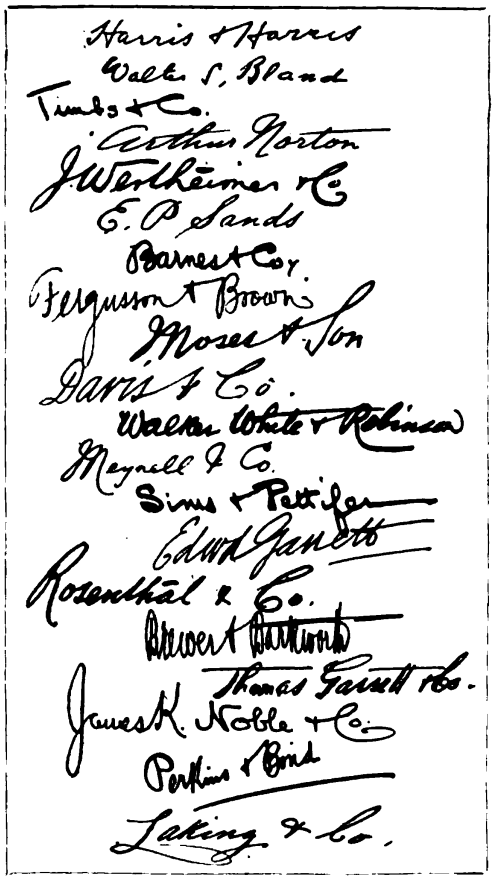
14 July 1903

ARTHUR WICKHAM & Co.

Pay.

FACSIMILE OF A TICKET FOR SHARES.

Now it so happened that, in deference to the prejudices of some of his parishioners, and also (it was maliciously rumoured) to qualify himself for a bishopric, the successor of the late Reverend Septimus Wynter, of Totnes, the Reverend Ethelbald Bunbury, had determined to draw in the horns of his financial operations. Amongst his speculative investments were one hundred shares of a South African mine known as Roodeport Central Deep. The reverend gentleman's brokers, Laking and Co., of Throgmorton Street, were instructed to dispose of these shares at the highest market price. What we have seen in the case of Wickham and Co. on the Stock Exchange was now transacted in the case of the selling brokers. A dealer is approached and asked to "name a price," and for the first-named or buying figure the shares are technically disposed of. Ultimately, then, Wickham and Co.'s ticket reaches the firm who actually hold the shares of the prospective bishop. Whereupon a transfer is made out and sent to Mrs. Wynter for her signature, and also comes to be signed by the Reverend Mr. Bunbury, both parties of Totnes. The astonishment of both may be imagined when it thus transpires that buyer and seller reside within a mere stone's throw of each other, and that all the machinery described in the foregoing has been set in motion to enable a simple transfer of financial property to be effected. We must not fail to mention that each broker gets his modest commission of threepence per share on the transaction when the respective cheques are exchanged.



A FACSIMILE OF THE BACK OF TICKET SHOWING THE VARIOUS HANDS IT HAS PASSED THROUGH.

We have, of course, been describing a rare coincidence. Buyers and sellers are not always such near neighbours. They may be at the uttermost ends of the earth. In spite of all facilities and of the number of brokers and operations it may be difficult to connect buyer and seller. There is provided by the Exchange an official known as a "buyer-in" or a "seller-out." If, then, the ticket for shares does not turn up within a given period, the

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broker who has issued it can buy in open market and charge the cost up to the dealer who has agreed to sell the shares. But he first makes an effort to trace the ticket to the firm which has accepted it, only, perhaps, to discover that the seller is in Ceylon or Pekin and cannot be got at easily for his signature. But if after a due amount of waiting the shares do not arrive, and settling day comes around, there is nothing for it but to purchase the shares in the open market, no matter what their price.

If it should happen—and it does often happen—that, instead of settling on settling day, both buyer and seller (or bull and bear) prefer to carry over their accounts, Stock Exchange custom has provided for such a contingency. The bull pays interest on the money he owes in the hope that the shares he has bought will rise. This is called "contango." When the bear, instead of handing over the shares he has sold, pays a rate in the hope that they will fall in price, this is called "backwardation." These rates fluctuate with the state of the market. It being the interest of each party to raise or lower prices, we thus have "bull campaigns" and "bear campaigns" carried out with the object each has at heart. But if, after waiting and resorting to all the devices that the system knows of, even to "cornering" or "rigging" the market, the price does not fall in the bear's case or rise in the case of the bull, there is nothing for it but to purchase or sell, and pay the difference—*i.e.*, the speculator must close his account at a loss. The rate of "contango" is, as we may here explain, fixed on making-up or contango day. If there are more "bulls" than "bears" the rate is high; if, on the other hand, there are more takers than givers of the stock the continuation or "contango" rate is low. In any case, it is the actual price ruling at a certain moment by the clock. Whatever the price is, say, at five minutes to twelve so is the price made up and printed in the "price-list." Those who wish to continue their bargains must forthwith disburse a cheque for the difference if the making-up price is lower than the price at which they bought—or, if it is higher, they consequently receive a cheque. And the converse of this, of course, in each case happens to the sellers.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE IN OLD BROAD STREET.
From a Photo.

Many readers may have wondered why it is that certain stocks fluctuate so little no matter how many are floating about in the market, which would naturally tend to lower the price. The reason for this is that they are "steadied" by the "shops." The chief mines in South Africa, for instance, are controlled by such great firms as Barnato, Wernher, Beit, Goerz, and Robinson, each having so many groups of shares. They are in constant touch with the market prices, and the moment any tendency to drop is observed such superfluous shares are bought, and thereby the market is steadied. All these houses have their recognised broker on the Exchange, whose chief occupation is to watch over the groups in which his own firm is interested.

The whole aim and motive of the members of the Stock Exchange is to buy cheap and sell dear. They are constantly on the look-out for margins of profit no matter how small. They deal in thirty-seconds and sixty-fourths of a pound sterling. It therefore becomes of immense importance to know exactly where the cheapest or dearest market is situated. Certain shares may be selling in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, or in the provinces cheaper or higher than in Capel Court. So a telephone has been introduced between Paris and London, in addition to the wires. The process of inquiring between Paris and London is known as "arbitrage"; that between London and Glasgow or Manchester as "shunting." Each member is allowed six minutes on the telephone, which he spends diligently seeking a "margin." Sometimes he may be rewarded by the discovery that a

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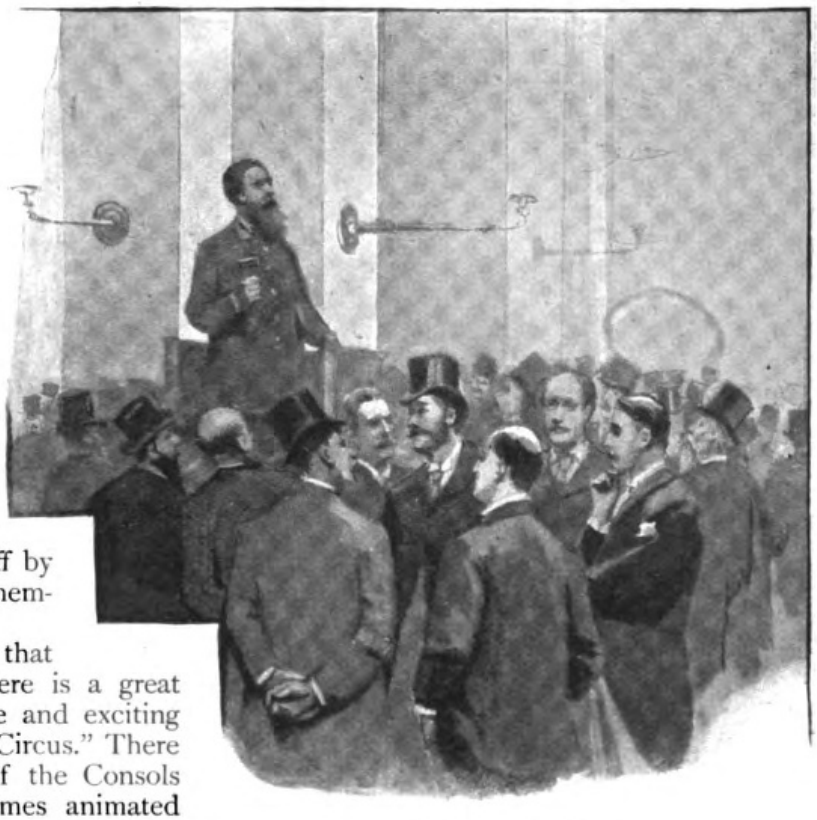
stock is selling on the Bourse for a half which he can instantly sell on the Exchange for five-eighths. So he buys five hundred in Paris and sells them in London, and the dealers in Paris are bound to supply him at that figure quoted.

Most persons have heard a good deal of "options" without knowing precisely what the phrase means. In order to deal in options you first pay for the right to buy or sell a certain stock at a fixed price within a fixed time—or even both to buy and sell. Should the stock fluctuate during this fixed time for which you have paid you may realize either a profit or a loss—accordingly as the stock rises above or falls below the price you have agreed to pay.

The moment may come when the "bears" find it necessary to "cover"—that is, in dread of heavier loss, to buy back the shares sold by them. When shares are scarce, or even not to be had at all, such a thing has been heard of in the history of "the House" as a party of frantic "bears" getting new certificates of the much-wanted stock struck off by the printer in order to save themselves from ruin.

It need hardly be said that on the Stock Exchange there is a great deal of far less speculative and exciting business than in the "Kaffir Circus." There is the comparative calm of the Consols market, which hardly becomes animated even when the Government broker is making purchases for the sinking fund. There is the Railway market, Foreign, Colonial, Bank, Miscellaneous, West Australian, West African, and American markets, most of which have appropriate nicknames as "Khaki," "Jungle," and "Yankee." When the doors are closed at 4 p.m. a great deal of business is done by members in the street, chiefly in "Yankees," because, owing to the difference in the time between London and New York, it is nearly three o'clock before the first quotations of the day in Wall Street arrive in Capel Court and Throgmorton Street, and three o'clock is the official hour of closing as eleven is for opening, although in practice business continues from ten to four. Both opening and closing are announced by an ancient watchman's rattle in the hands of a waiter.

Light-heartedness and gaiety do not always rule. There are inevitable slumps — the bottom falls out of stocks—the "bears" squeeze too hard or the "bulls" toss too high. Whatever the cause, it occasionally happens that a member fails to meet his engagements when settling day comes around. The consequence is he is "hammered." This proceeding falls to the waiter, who, standing up in his elevated box (of which many stud the floor of the House),



"HAMMERING" A MEMBER.

strikes the side of it with a large wooden mallet three times. Instantly the commotion is exchanged for one of profound stillness.

Poor Harris — he has not been able to get "even" on his sales and purchases after all! For the preternaturally solemn waiter has removed his gold-laced hat and is proclaiming in loud, clear accents, "Gentlemen, Messrs. Harris and Harris beg to inform the House that they cannot comply with their bargains." In other words, Harris is a defaulter, and there ensues a general rush on the part of members to ascertain the state of their transactions with the "hammered" member. The official liquidator takes possession of all accounts,

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A NEWSPAPER OPENED IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS LIKELY TO BE SET ON FIRE.

and the balance between debit and credit represents the amount of Harris's default. Next day the newspapers announce "A Failure on the Stock Exchange."

Thus, with infinite noise and good humour the three thousand members of the London Stock Exchange pursue their curious avocation—curious to thirty-nine millions of people in these islands, who know so little about it. No body of men is so fond of practical jokes, in which respect the Exchange often resembles a huge dormitory or playroom packed full of healthy schoolboys. As every kind of antic and prank is daily practised, it is not surprising to learn that for a member to open a newspaper on the floor of the Exchange is almost certain to invite its instant consumption by fire, some waggish broker being on hand to ignite surreptitiously a corner of the journal.

Very strict are the rules concerning the admission of strangers. No one not a member is permitted to pass the "waiter" at either of the four entrances on any pretext. In some former time the number of members was, it is said, one thousand three hundred and ninety-nine, so that the presence of the fourteen hundredth man was resented as an intrusion. Wherefore to this day the cry, "Waiter, fourteen hundred," is still the signal for the presence of a stranger. On the occasion of the present writer's visit he is bound to confess that his notes and observations were considerably disturbed by the consciousness that at any moment he might be detected and forthwith subjected to personal indignity, which, however humorous to the spectators, would possess but little humour for *him*. "Bonneting" a stranger is a favourite amusement, although dancing him in a ring to the accompaniment of a derisive chorus is now much in vogue. Not even a policeman is exempt from rough treatment, and one who entered a few years ago, with the best intentions in the world, found himself handled in a manner which will always cause the date of the celebrated rising of Owen Glendower in Wales to remain firmly fixed in his memory.



"BONNETING" A STRANGER.

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The Greatest of Sand Sculptors.

By Emory James.

IT is an old saying that the artist is born, not made. If by this the sand artist is meant, then the old saw is perfectly true. The great sand artist has to be born, for he can only approximately be made. Gifted though he may be in technical skill and imagination, he may yet find in the sand of the seashore something to test to the hardest his acknowledged powers. The effects to be gained with clay are, he may find, not to be gained with sand. The arm or leg or face when finished may not be a perfect arm or leg or face, but only a rough suggestion of either. It is the material and the method of handling it that bring about his artistic defeat, for the material is a tricky one, and the technique must be learned.

At least, so those who work in sand have told us. And by those we mean the genuine workers — men who are real artists in their line. One in particular, with whom we deal in this article — a man with no inconsiderable repute in the art world of the Continent — has assured us that he himself first laughed at the modeller in sand, then lived to admire him. The more he himself laboured in the sand, the more did he feel his own limitations and the more charitable towards the failures of others. And he, be it remembered, started on his labours with a hand trained in real sculpture. How difficult, then, must it be for one who has had no training to turn out a successful sculpture in sand! How annoying each little difficulty in the way of genuine creation, and how gratifying the result when the difficulties are overcome!

Professor Eugen Börmel, of Grunewald, Berlin, the sculptor whose creations in sand illustrate the pages of this article, is too well known in art circles to need a lengthy introduction. His sculptures have received the commendation of the critic and the praise of the public, and his statues may be seen in the streets of Berlin and other German cities. His art has been tested by



PROFESSOR BÖRMEL IN HIS STUDIO AT GRUNEWALD, BERLIN, AT WORK ON HIS "BORUSSIA," FOR THE CITY OF DANTZIC. *From a] [Photo.*

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time and found to be good, and the position of repute which he holds to-day has been won by hard work and faithful service of ideals.

How such a man, with so much important work to do, should be found, as we find him in some of our pictures, at work in ordinary sand surrounded by a crowd of admiring onlookers may, for a single moment, excite some remark. At first it really does seem funny. He should, one might be tempted to think, properly be classed with the cheap-jacks of the sands, who, for a hatful of coins and his bread and butter, deigns to display his artistic skill before the multitude. Appearances, however, are proverbially deceitful. There is no hat here into which pennies may be tossed, no struggle for existence, no collector wandering with a selfish motive through the crowd, and no models done to the order of the casual tripper. It is a display of art for art's sake, a gallery of sculpture done by a kind-hearted, philanthropic man of talent for the æsthetic pleasure of himself and his fellow pleasure-seekers at a North Sea summer resort.

To tell the whole truth, there was at one time a hat, and it was full of pennies. This was when Professor Börmel first turned his attention to active sand sculpture. The story goes that when he was staying at Norderney—which you can easily find on the map of Germany—by the North Sea, he gave his first exhibition of modelling for the benefit of the family of a drowned sailor, and collected sufficient money from the attendant spectators to put the unfortunate wife and children out of pressing want. The exhibit, short-lived though it was—for tides are insatiable and destroy in a minute the labour of hours—was so successful, artistically and charitably, that Professor Börmel, when at the seaside, now frequently gives his exhibition for charitable purposes. To put it in another way, when the onlookers desire to contribute for the privilege of seeing the sand sculptures, the money contributed is turned over to a local charity. The artist merely gets for his labour the satisfaction of doing good to others, and if the results were known it would place the genial Professor near the top of the active list of the charity-workers on the German coast.

One who has written of the Professor's work says that his first experiments were made along the shores of the Baltic some three or four years ago in order to find out if white beach sand could be used for modelling. The Professor then found that the sand figures could be worked more rapidly than in clay, and since that time many of his preliminary designs for later treatment in his Berlin *atelier* have been first worked out in sand. They might well be called "studies in sand," for they are as useful as any studies made in a note-book, and can be permanently retained for use in the form of photographs, such as those from which our illustrations have been made.



From a] "THE ELBE AND THE SACRIFICE OF PRIMUS." *[Photo.*

One particularly fine piece of work done by the Professor at Norderney—a mermaid—recently attracted the attention of the President of the Society for the Erection of Public Statues, who commissioned the sculptor to erect a statue in marble in Berlin, modelled on the sand figure. The statue now adorns the new park in the Prussian capital, which was opened to the public last year. Thus is shown how the work of Professor Börmel at the seaside has a practical and artistic result, apart from its helpfulness in the cause of charity.

It may have been one of the mermaids shown in our illustrations which thus attracted attention. We cannot be sure. What we are convinced of is the artistic merit of the various models shown herewith. Many of these, by the way, are mythological, or are

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From a Photo. by] "THE MERMAID." *[E. Raspe.*

based upon old German legends known to every son and daughter in the Fatherland. The Professor has a fondness for the legendary, and a special liking for anything that suggests the sea. His beautiful model of "The Elbe and the Sacrifice of Primus," with the fair-carved female head and its graphic yet gruesome suggestion of the poor victims of the sea, is exquisite throughout, and stands as far above the ordinary example of sand modelling as one can well conceive. One looks upon it as the visitors to Norderney looked upon it, with amazement that such a work should be a work of sand.

In the female figure the Professor is most successful. His naiads are delightful and seem, indeed, like creatures of another world — the populous world of the artist's imagination. His mermaids seem to breathe of ocean's depths. One of these in particular, done a year or two ago, was so successful in execution, so real as she lay upon her bed of sand, that one in looking at it had a momentary shock at the thought that some poor creature had been cast by the sea upon the shore. There is little need for us to say that this fine model brought to the artist a generous meed of compliment and attracted more than ordinary attention. Our illustration partly shows the crowd of onlookers that surrounded it on the well-remembered day when this fair mermaid lived her brief but beautiful life.

One of the best products of the summer of 1901 at Norderney was the "Mother and Child" shown on this page. It was the modelling rather than the subject which drew general notice. Its only flaw was an unnatural sharpness in the fingers of the mother's left hand, with which she was represented as clasping the child on the shoulder. When this flaw is mentioned—and it is



From a] "MOTHER AND CHILD." *[Photo.*

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From a] "THE SPHINX." *[Photo.*

not such a blemish after all—one can look with contentment upon the sculpture as a whole and admire, without stint, the natural pose of both figures. In this, as in a few of the others, the hair is treated with exceptional skill. What it would look like if done by an average worker in sand may not easily be imagined. Hair and lace effects are two things which the unskilled should leave alone.

Another favourite subject is the "Sphinx," who usually figures, large or small, in one way or another on the Norderney sands in summer. The Sphinx here shown was made last year, and was more finished than the one exhibited the year before. The Professor has found this to be an extremely popular design; but, in comparison with his more delicate creations, sphinxes are easy to model. They seem to require breadth and boldness of treatment only, and the larger they are in size the more effectively do they appeal to the popular mind. The public likes bulk in sculpture as in other things.

The spectators at Norderney take special delight in watching the Professor at his work. His tools of trade are a piece of wood and his own brains, and with the said piece of wood he can turn out one of his sand sculptures with surprising rapidity. The sand of Norderney possesses unusual pliancy and lends itself admirably to the sculptor's will. The preliminary stages in the labour are, however, easy to pass over. It is the final touches which take the time and test the ability of the sculptor. The spectators stand amazed at the deftness with which the "master" can turn a strip of moist sand into an expressive line of the face. If for no other reasons, to see the Professor at work should be a valuable lesson in technique and in the quickness by which effects can be obtained with simple materials.

The sand medallion of the German

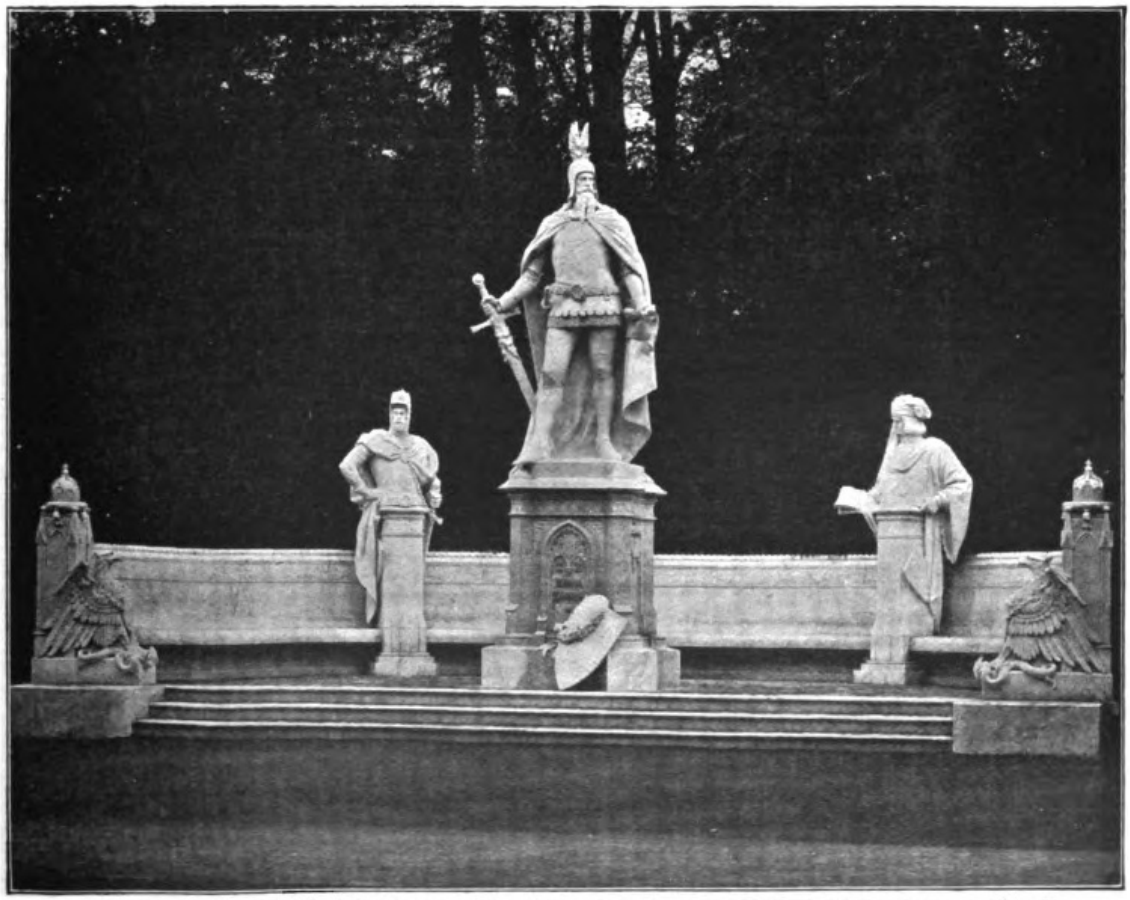


From a Photo. by] "THE GERMAN EMPEROR." *[E. Raspe.*

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Emperor made in 1901 was a considerable success. The face was in profile and so carefully modelled in every detail of feature, so finely studied, that the medallion elicited hearty tributes of admiration from all who viewed it. Whatever love the Germans may possess for their strenuous ruler there is no limit to their liking for his features when accurately and artistically moulded by the sculptor. The merit of this special work may be seen at a glance by anyone who understands the difficulties of sculpture—especially when one has to do the work with a bit of wood.

In the making of such as these does the Professor while away his summer. In winter he may be found in his Berlin studio at work on subjects even more ambitious. The *atelier* is in the attractive suburb of Grunewald, a few miles by train from the Friedrichsstrasse Station. Here Professor Börmel and his charming wife generously entertain their abundant circle of friends. The studio is filled with models, old armour, sketches, and all the appurtenances of one successful in his art. Not the least interesting memento to be seen there is a set of photographs of all the sand models made by the Professor on his summer holidays, some of which have been greatly admired by his artist friends, who have not seen the originals. When the writer visited this studio a few months ago his attention was particularly taken with the variety of subjects treated by Professor Börmel. His versatility is remarkable. Of late, however, owing to the keen interest taken by the Kaiser in art subjects and the increased provision by municipal bodies throughout Germany for the erection of patriotic and national memorials, much of the Professor's work has been of a national character. A massive "Borussia," for which Miss Cecilie Carola sat as model, was, on the occasion of the visit already mentioned, in preparation for the City of Dantzic, and has since been erected there. A photograph of this splendid memorial of Prussian spirit was taken, and this we are privileged to reproduce. Another photograph, showing the "Kaiser Siegmund," executed by the Professor, and now erected in the well-known Sieges-Allee in Berlin, closes the article. These latter illustrations show the class of work done in his more earnest hours by the philanthropic and popular sculptor who whiles away his seaside hours by modelling in sand.



THE "KAISER SIEGMUND" MEMORIAL IN THE SIEGES-ALLEE, BERLIN, EXECUTED BY PROFESSOR E. BÖRMEL.
From a Photo. by E. Raspe.

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Mrs. Amaury: At Home.



By G. M. Robins (Mrs. Baillie Reynolds).

THE immaculate sparkle, the fresh polish on everything about the diminutive breakfast-table, from the antique silver coffee-pot to the Worcester muffin-dish, from the brand-new damask table-cloth to the prettily dressed fair head of the young mistress; the spotless red wall-paper, the unflecked biscuit-coloured frieze, the unchipped ivory paint of the morning-room—twelve feet by twelve—all, all betrayed, in unmistakable accents, the very newly married.

Only one half of this particular pair of turtle-doves was as yet on the scene, betraying the truly bridal frame of mind by the innocent way in which she was tying a Gloire de Dijon rosebud with a bit of asparagus fern and laying it on a certain plate.

In fact, it was only nine weeks since Asta Brooke disobliged her entire family by marrying Owen Amaury, who resembled Naaman the Syrian in having only one drawback, but that one large enough to arouse the antagonism of the whole illustrious house of Brooke, from Lord Faskenham, the bride's uncle, down to her youngest sister, aged eleven. Owen was handsome, healthy, sensible, sweet-tempered, well-born, and six feet two in his stockings—*but* he was a curate.

The Hon. Massey Brooke Brooke, Asta's father, drew the line there. She was the eldest, she was very pretty, she had no fortune, and she was Aunt Christina's goddaughter. Everything, in the family opinion, pointed to the advisability of her making a "match," and she wanted to marry a curate! Algy, the brother who had introduced this wolf into the domestic fold in the guise of a college friend, found himself coldly looked upon by all the family but Asta, who was inconveniently affectionate. The engagement was disallowed, in hopes that Asta, who was only nineteen, might change her mind; and Owen saw very little of his love for three years. Work was plentiful in the odd, untidy, semi-suburban town of Hackworth, where his lot was cast, and he was an enthusiastic worker. Then his father died, and he came into possession of all the capital he could ever hope to own. Unfortunately, it did not make him a match by any means; it only just made a mean, insignificant marriage, a small house, and one maid-servant possible.

Asta did not hesitate. It was intimated to her father—by his wife, always charged with these pleasing tasks by her children—that Asta was now twenty-two years old, and that if he declined to grace the marriage with his presence it would probably take place without him. He accordingly relented, and Asta got her trousseau, but no more.

Poor Asta! That trousseau was, in her own and her mother's opinion, just the thing

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for the wife of a country parson. They urged upon Guillot, the tailor (Conduit Street), Madeleine, the milliner (Bond Street), and Madame Chiffelard, modiste (Wigmore Street), that simplicity and durability should be the keynote of their creations. These artists carried out their instructions in their own style. How was the poor bride to know that clothes considerably plainer than she was used to were gall and bitterness to the company of ladies who "ran" St. Helena's, Hackworth? How was she to know that silk linings, French boots, Bond Street toques, old lace, and jewels few but exquisite would be considered, in the curate's wife, an affront to the whole society?

She was generously determined to be kind to all these curious people—to know them and visit them, and make companions of them. Her nature was very simple and direct; she was by no means on the look-out for slights, never having been, as yet, called upon to endure any. It may be that public opinion would have softened had Asta's exalted genealogy been better understood: but Owen was not the man to boast about the parish of his future wife's titled relations. All that was known was that the wedding had been very quiet, that no account of it had appeared in the illustrated papers, that the Amaurys were to be poor, and that her people had more or less sent her to Coventry.

She was all unaware of the hostile, malevolent glances that followed her up the church on the first morning after her honeymoon. She had, in fact, been hated even before seen, as having carried off the remarkably handsome curate, the legitimate prey of the Misses Oldrey, Nixon, Baxter, Short, Cooper, Ellison, and a host of others. Not merely by marrying him had she sinned against this community: the crowning injury had been that he had come into the parish in the guise of a free man, while all the time he was secretly engaged to her. Nobody had had a fair innings.

"If he had owned to being engaged from the first," said Phyllis Oldrey, "one would have known where one was; but here were we asking him to dinner constantly, and he seeming only too pleased to come, when all the time—— Oh, it's too bad!"

The bride's undeniable loveliness was the finishing stroke. If she was hated as she walked into church, she was loathed as she walked out. Had she been a dowdy little thing, had they been able to assure each other that "it was an old entanglement—he was obliged to keep his word"—they could have patronized her and pitied and consoled him. But something about the very shape of Asta's profile blotted out all hopes in that direction.

Even then, had Mrs. Amaury let herself be patronized, the tide might have turned. Phyllis Oldrey was among her earliest visitors, resolved to forgive much if the bride would allow herself to be run, somewhat as the church was, by a committee of ladies with Miss Oldrey at their head.

But the universal verdict upon Asta was that she was proud and gave herself airs. In point of fact, she was merely puzzled. She had not previously encountered the type, and it bewildered her. The Oldreys were rich; their father had made money in business and was a widower, much domineered over by his four smart, handsome, would-be fashionable girls. They gave a dinner-party in honour of the bride, and Asta felt uncomfortable all the time, without knowing exactly why. The girls tried hard to be intimate—explained that they went out a great deal and knew heaps of people. Asta began to realize that there must be many more "sets" in the world than she had any idea of.

But as yet she had perceived no hostility, though already dimly conscious that she did not like the parochial lady, and sorry that this was so.

But parochial animosity could not dim the happiness of the two young things, united after three years of waiting, loving each other sincerely, understanding each other excellently. On this radiant June morning only one anxiety loomed in the immediate future: namely, that Aunt Christina was coming that day to pay her first visit.

Lady Christina Brooke was the one person in the world of whom her goddaughter stood in awe. The thought of her disapproval had been the only thing that had ever for a moment made her think of breaking off her engagement. Her ladyship was very rich, was unmarried, and now verging on fifty—very handsome, very autocratic, and extremely hostile to Owen Amaury.

Owen came down just as breakfast was ready. His sunny face was full of glad content, and he smiled as he took his seat at the charming table, saying, "Well, little woman, so this is the awful day?"

She laughed gaily. "It is going to be a triumph for us. Aunt Chris is to be converted in a day to love in a cottage. Why do you smile?"

"At the remembrance of what Aunt Chris

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said to me on the solitary occasion of our meeting. She had seen cottages where love was possible ; but a forty-pound villa—she drew the line there !

"By-the-bye," he went on, "don't let me forget to take that note back to Mrs. Raikes —that curious note, sent to us in error last night."

Asta took a note from the mantelpiece and looked at it with a puzzled glance. "How could she have made such a mistake, I wonder?" she said. "It cannot have been merely put in the wrong envelope, for our name is mentioned in it. 'Mr. and Mrs. Raikes and family have much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Amaury for Thursday, June 30th.'" The bride laughed again. "Such a curious mistake to make," she said. "Picture giving a party in this house!"

As she spoke the door opened, and there entered Marks, the treasure who had been in the Brooke family and was now heroically sharing the exile of her young mistress, and acting as factotum to the Amaury establishment. "A 'general' a-giving herself the airs of a duchess," as the laundress had told Miss Oldrey when district-visiting.

"The post, ma'am," said Marks, solemnly, and departed, having deposited at Asta's side a tray containing several dozen envelopes.

"Owen, what a quantity of letters!" cried Asta, in amazement, taking up one of the square, stiff missives. "What can they all be about?"

She hastily opened one.

"Mrs. and Miss Short accept with pleasure." She looked up in her husband's face with a vague qualm of apprehension. He hastily snatched at, and opened, another.



"'SOMEONE IS HAVING WHAT HE CONSIDERS A JOKE AT OUR EXPENSE,' SAID THE CURATE."

"The Misses Peacock accept with pleasure. . . ."

Another :—

"Dr., Mrs., and the Misses Ellison accept with pleasure. . . ."

A sickly stillness settled on the little room.

"Someone is having what he considers a joke at our expense," said the curate at last ; his face was white.

"You mean," said his wife, slowly, "that someone has been cruel enough to send out invitations in our name—to humiliate us? . . . Oh, that can't be! We haven't an enemy in the world! And anybody must simply hate us to subject us to such insult as this!"

The young man grasped the envelopes convulsively. He went on opening them, one after another. Very few contained refusals ; some were more explicit than others, and mentioned that the invitation was from 4 to 7.30.

"Does it mean," faintly said Asta, "that I must write notes to all these people and explain that it is a hoax—that someone has been hateful enough to send out cards in our name?"

"I am afraid it means just that," said Amaury in a hard voice, rising from the table. "If we could, we would give the party and disconcert the practical joker ; but, even if we could afford it, the thing is out of the question in this house."

Asta burst into tears—the first she had shed since her marriage. That fate should have dealt such a blow on that particular day! How could she receive Aunt Chris, how act the happy bride, with this awful

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thing in the background, this dust and ashes to be swallowed?

The worst of it was that they had not a moment for consultation. Owen must proceed forthwith to church, to read morning prayer, after which he visited his sick poor till one o'clock.

"Darling," he said, "we must think this thing over and face it together. I shall not see the vicar this morning and will avoid the ladies. We must agree together what to say and do before we mention this to anybody." He came round to where she sat and kissed her tenderly. "No word to the aunt, of course," said he, as he hurried from the room.

It was by no means this morning's radiant bride who paced the platform awaiting the arrival of the 12.35, but a far meeker, more chastened Asta, with a dark background to the smiling moment.

"Well, how are you?" said Aunt Chris, snappily, as she emerged from the train. "Not in good looks, that's certain. Had enough of the game already? Ah, but you see, in this game you can neither leave off playing nor change partners."

"Dear Aunt Chris, say just what you like! Hard words won't batter in our temple of love, though it does stand in a suburb!"

But the girl was astonished at the keen joy she experienced at the sight of someone from her own world. She could have hugged Aunt Chris as she sat at her side, trotting stolidly through street after street of little semi-detached houses. How well she knew the expression in her ladyship's eye as she gazed upon her surroundings!

"Auntie," said she, earnestly, "have you ever seen a place like this before? I mean, have you ever had to visit the people?"

"No, thank Heaven; I have always hitherto been considered sane," was the brisk reply. "Though once a man of that sort had the audacity to want to marry me. Imagine! I might have been planted out in a place like this! What on earth is the man stopping here for?"

"Because this is where we live," cried Asta, with a radiant smile, as she sprang out at the door of the corner house of Valkyrie Terrace.

Marks and the visitor almost embraced each other, with looks of mutual sympathy for a misguided girl. But under the big cedar on the lawn, among pinks and early roses, even her ladyship could not but own that poverty had its bearable moments, and that Owen had done well to take the corner house with the big garden, even though his address had to be Valkyrie Terrace.

The moment Owen came in to lunch she knew that the serpent's fang was gnawing him too. His eyes were bright and hard, his manner less natural than usual. The keen eyes of the visitor surmised a crumpled rose-leaf somewhere. Sundry trifling little details seemed to point to a state of tension, but she was too clever to appear to notice.

The climax came when the well-thought-out little lunch had been satisfactorily discussed, and the three were sipping Marks's excellent coffee in the tiny drawing-room.

The afternoon post was heard rapping sharply for admittance, as though his consignment were too large for the letter-box. Asta started and turned quite white; then the door slowly opened, and Marks, with expressionless face, brought in another deadly batch of acceptances, piled high upon the silver salver. Owen, who was exhibiting his rowing cups to his guest, had his back to the door; but his wretched wife, with breath held, watched the approach of the Horror, stretched a trembling hand, accidentally knocked the edge of the little tray, and the pile of letters toppled over and poured themselves on her lap, at her feet, all around her. She burst into hysterical tears.

Lady Christina turned quickly and raised her long-handled tortoiseshell lorgnettes. "My word!" cried she, "what's this? Have you been advertising for a lady companion? I don't wonder you cry, if you have before you the prospect of wading through all these."

The bride rose from her chair; the letters fell from every fold of her gown, as she made a gesture of despair. "Owen, it is too much; I can't bear it," she cried. "I did expect people to be not quite like what I am used to, but not that they would behave like this!"

"Asta, my dear one, hush! Be prudent," began Owen, in distress.

"Owen, don't try to silence her," sharply said Aunt Chris. "I knew the moment I saw her that something was wrong; and now I insist upon knowing what it is."

"We wish your visit to be a pleasant one. Why should parochial worries——" hurriedly said Owen, a little inclined to be vexed with his wife. At the sound of his hurt voice Asta made as though to rush from the room, her handkerchief to her eyes; but, with a sudden swerve, she ran to Aunt Chris instead, dropped on the ground beside her, and buried her pretty, humbled head in her lap.

"We must go, Owen," wailed she; "we must leave this odious place! And I was so

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hap—hap—happy this morning, only this morning! Oh, why are people so horrid, so disagreeable, such pigs?"

Owen looked as if he felt these epithets to be beneath the dignity of the wives of the clergy. "Seriously, Asta, I think we ought to keep this little matter to ourselves," he said, in tones of real displeasure.

"And with equal seriousness I insist that this little matter shall be at once laid before me," cried Aunt Chris, with decision. "No, Owen Amaury, don't be a fool; flesh and blood couldn't stand this; I must hear! I am a woman of the world, and you are a couple of babies, just made to be trampled upon. Let me give you the benefit of my experience."

Further resistance was impossible. Owen had to stand by while his wife sobbed forth her terrible indictment against the parish. It did not take long for Aunt Chris to grasp the situation in all its bearings. Her new nephew could not but admire the swiftness with which her mind grappled with the somewhat surprising facts. When Asta had finished there was a silence, complete and startling, but brief. Her ladyship broke it, sharply.



"OWEN HAD TO STAND BY WHILE HIS WIFE SOBBED FORTH HER TERRIBLE INDICTMENT."

"Which of all the unmarried women in this parish was most in love with you, Owen?"

He was a simple fellow, and he blushed like a girl. "I suppose you don't expect an answer to that question, aunt?" he said.

It somehow pleased the capricious lady to be called "Aunt" by this handsome Hercules. "Modesty is quite fascinating, it's so rare nowadays," quoth she. "Let me alter the form of the question. Which family showed you most attention in your bachelor days?"

"Well, I suppose the Oldreys," he hesitatingly replied. "But they would be quite incapable of——"

"Dear boy, I don't want your opinion—it's not worth a fig; I only want facts. Oldrey? Curious; I have associations with the name. Oldrey? Humph! What does the family consist of?"

"Four daughters."

"Four daughters!" Would that print could reproduce the delicate significance of Lady Christina's echo. "What kind of girls?" she asked, after a pause. "Shy, plain, parochial?"

"Handsome, vulgar, dashing," murmured Asta, wiping her wet cheeks and looking up with a dawning interest in her lovely eyes.

"And have these young ladies written an acceptance of your invitation?"

Leaping to her feet, Asta, with her husband's help, went rapidly through the heap of letters. There was none from Phyllis.

"H'm," said her ladyship, reflectively. "If that proves anything, it is that they are remarkably stupid girls, or perhaps passably honest and unaccustomed to intrigue." She studied one of the answers. "If one could but get hold of one of the cards of invitation," said she, meditatively, "we should be in a position to find

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out something. Would that be possible, do you think?"

Asta turned over the heap of notes disconsolately. "I don't see how, without giving ourselves away," she said.

Lady Christina folded her hands in her lap, drew herself up, and looked Owen full in the face. "Owen," said she, "you must give this party. I shall see the thing through. My niece is not to be insulted by a parcel of suburban outsiders. The thing will be done, of course, at my expense. A large marquee on your pretty lawn will be charming, and we will have the Red Roumanian Band, and all the refreshments from Gunter's. Asta, I will drive you to Jeannette's to-morrow, to see about a gown; and Owen must find me apartments, or an hotel, and wire for Burgess to come to me, for I am setting up in the private detective line."

Owen's eyes danced. There was a good deal of the old Adam in him after all, and he stretched out his hands, crying impulsively:—

"Aunt!"

And the heart of the worldly woman went out to her unworldly nephew-in-law.

As for Asta, she hurled herself in her impetuosity upon her fairy godmother, and the black shadow which had spread itself over all her outlook seemed to resolve itself all at once into the outlines of a huge joke.

A ring at the bell broke in upon the kissing and hugging, and the three conspirators looked at one another. Her ladyship's eyes gleamed with the light of battle. "Asta, hide these notes," she said, with rapid decision. "Owen, go to Marks and tell her we will receive visitors. Now, mark my words: the person who sent out those cards is rather stupid, and so she will call this afternoon for two reasons: first, because she will believe she is diverting suspicion by so doing, and secondly, she will see how you are taking it. Mind you both play up well."

There was a moment's breathless pause as the tiny front door opened, and then Marks showed in "The Misses Oldrey."

Phyllis and Betty, talkative, *empressées*, much beplumed and befrizzed, came in boisterously. Lady Christina studied them dispassionately through her lorgnettes.

"Introduce me to your friends, Asta," she said. The sound of "Lady Christina Brooke" brought the girls up somewhat short.

"Do tell me about your father," said she, "for I believe he is an old friend of mine. Did he not make a fortune in some kind of stuff that one puts upon park palings?"

Phyllis drew herself up. "My father is chairman of the Impermeable Varnish Company," said she, stiffly.

"And is his Christian name Aaron?"

Phyllis, with very red cheeks, had to own it.

"Then it is the same; your father once did me the honour to ask me to marry him, my dears. He was a handsome fellow, and I very nearly said 'Yes.' It is interesting to me to meet his daughters. When you go home, please convey to him my cordial remembrances."

Phyllis hardly knew whether to be a little offended or a good deal pleased at the frankness of this handsome, formidable lady with the cameo-like profile. There was a suggestion of what Asta might be at her age in Lady Christina's lineaments. Asta struck in.

"We hope," she said, in her pretty, self-possessed way—the quiet dignity that was so hateful to the Oldrey girls—"that you have come to tell us that you accept our invitation for the 30th?" Then, turning to her aunt, "My husband has many arrears of kind hospitality to make up with regard to Miss Oldrey."

The attack was too quiet and sudden; both the Oldrey girls grew scarlet. After a moment's pause Phyllis pulled herself together and answered, but not coherently. They were much obliged—hoped to come, but were not quite sure—had not answered the invitation because of the possibility of their being away on the 30th.

"That would never do," said Aunt Chris. "I want to renew my acquaintance with your father. I have come down to help my niece with her house-warming, as, of course, we must have a marquee, and it means a good deal of trouble. She is not very experienced yet, and already she has vexed me, for I am most particular about details, and I believe she has sent out her invitation cards wrong. The one she showed me is certainly wrongly worded, but she declares the others are right."

"Well, auntie, we can easily prove it, with Miss Oldrey's help," cried Asta, lightly. "Miss Oldrey, will you take the trouble to send me back your card of invitation when you get home, and then I can convince auntie that I did not make a mistake in all of them."

"Cannot you tell me what you think is wrong? I dare say I could remember without sending back the card," said Phyllis, feeling with helpless fury that her complexion was altogether beyond control.

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"Oh, that won't do at all. I can't tell you; the accusation is too awful," laughed Asta, "but it is a shame to trouble you. I will send along the terrace to Miss Peacock and ask her to lend me hers."

"Oh, don't think of such a thing; of course, we'll send you ours," cried Betty, noisily, coming to her sister's rescue by getting up in a determined way. "We must be off, but we just looked in to say we were afraid we might be away on the 30th," said she.

"I hope we may succeed in persuading you to stay," said Lady Christina. "We are having the Red Roumanian Band. I tell my niece she should have put that on the cards, or people might think she meditated entertaining them in this room, which is, of course, quite charming, but has its limits. No, indeed, you must sit down a few minutes longer; I must hear a little more about you. What year were you presented? I do not remember seeing your names."



"WHAT YEAR WERE YOU PRESENTED?"

They were obliged to do as she asked them; the rout of the two girls was complete. They had come to walk over the course; they found the position strongly held by a concealed foe, firing at long range with deadly precision. They stumbled, hesitated, corrected themselves, and became awkward and self-conscious, different beings indeed from the cool, gay young women who had walked with some insolence into the defenceless curate's tiny drawing-room. Lady Christina's tongue raked them at all points, and they escaped at last with a precipitancy akin to panic.

"Oh, good gracious! Bet, I believe *they know*," groaned Phyllis, when they found themselves safely in the carriage again.

"Nonsense; how could they?" cried Bet, sharply.

"Because we have been such surprising idiots," said Phyllis, who was white with mortification. "When I began it I had no notion what precautions one ought to take. Fancy forgetting to write our own acceptance! It was simply giving ourselves away; yet, do you know, I never thought of it until they mentioned it to-day? But, of course, the idea of their giving the party never occurred to me. I feel perfectly ill. Why should that Lady Christina have turned the talk to ladies' maids? Then, did you notice how Mrs. Amaury said that Miss Short, who is Pearson's G.F.S. Associate, had told her what a clever girl she is? I know what they will do: they will get a bit of Pearson's handwriting, which they can easily do, through Sophy Short, and one of the invitation cards, and then we are done, and the whole thing will come out, and we shall be what we intended to make them—the laughing-stock of the whole place."

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"But, of course," said stupid Bet, who, truth to tell, was the poorest of allies in a conspiracy, "we shall forget to send them the card."

"I should think Lady Christina has got hold of Miss Peacock's already," said Phyllis, morosely; which, indeed, was the case.

When the girls had retreated in disorder the three conspirators looked at each other and burst out laughing. Nobody said anything for a time, and when her ladyship spoke she did not say quite what they expected she would. "It is of no use," she pensively remarked, "to depart from one's own station in life. I must write to Faskenham and tell him to find Owen something suitable without delay, and I must make you an allowance, Asta, my darling. Oh, yes, I own you have disappointed me cruelly, but what's done is done, and you simply must not live in this style any longer." Owen interrupted her somewhat hotly, with a vehement representation of his duty and his engagements, and Asta eagerly repudiated any desire to change her lot in life; wise Lady Christina liked them both the better for it and allowed the matter to drop.

Later in the day she broke a silence with a chuckle of amusement.

"But that is not a bad girl by any means, that Phyllis," she said. "If I had the training of her now—a year abroad and a year in the right society, she would pick up things fast enough. The other one is stupid, but handsome enough for one to marry her off to a wine merchant, or somebody of that kind."

"Do you think of becoming their chaperon, auntie?" asked Asta, highly amused.

"That I can't answer, my dear, till I set eyes on their father; he was extremely handsome thirty years ago."

"He is handsome still," said her niece.

The weather on the 30th was perfect and the satisfaction of the guests complete. There was nobody with perception enough to remark that the bride's "house-warming" was entirely parochial, and that, with the exception of Lady Christina, her own friends and relations were conspicuous by their absence. Lady Christina was marvellous. She first took in hand the vicar's wife, who thought the whole thing outrageously unsuitable, and arrived in hostile and determined mood, having warned her husband that "she should speak out, if she got the chance, about curates living in such a small way and giving entertainments that were the talk of the place and what no vicar could afford." Lady Christina gave her every opportunity to say her say, but, strangely enough, she did not say it. She found herself reduced to an uneasy silence and a most unwonted desire for her husband's company, that he might back her up.

Her ladyship herself was anxious, though she would not have owned it, wondering whether the Oldreys would arrive. She had calculated to herself that they must; the comment excited by their absence would be too great; and presently, rather late, she saw two of the girls, and their decidedly handsome father, appear in the entrance of the tent. Phyllis was pale, but defiant. She was well-dressed, and looked her very best. She brought her father straight up to Lady Christina, after greeting their host and hostess.

"This is Lady Christina Brooke, who remembers you," said she.

There was a most delicate flush in her ladyship's smooth cheek.

"It is a pleasure to meet you," she said, "and I took a fancy to your eldest girl there—she is decidedly like what you were at her age. I notice the same directness, the same deplorable lack of diplomacy which was so marked in you."

"Indeed?" he said, with a swift glance at Phyllis, whose colour was slowly rising. "In what respect did Phyllis show her hereditary deficiencies?"

Lady Christina laid her hand on that of the girl. "That is not to be mentioned at present," she said, kindly. "Let us go and have ices, you and I, and a talk over old times."

He led her away to the inner tent, where champagne was flowing in a way that caused the vicar's wife to despair of humanity in general, if one curate could show such stubborn depravity.

"No, Lady Chris, I was never a diplomat," he said, smiling. "And you set a very high value on such qualities, do you not?"

"A woman who is going to be fifty before long has found out that there are other qualities," she gently replied. "I like your daughter Phyllis because she did a mean thing clumsily. If she had done it well I should have been inclined to despair of her."

He turned to her. "You speak seriously. My daughter has done a mean thing?"

"A thing her father would not have been guilty of."

"I think you ought to tell me," he said. "The girls have been spoilt, and that's the truth. Phyllis is a fine character; but, you

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see, they have lived here all their lives, and the friends they make are not always what I should choose. They have been motherless for years, and—and—their mother and I did not agree in our social views. I know they are by no means what you would approve, but I had no idea they would do anything to be ashamed of. What is it? You will tell me?"

"I will; here, and in this corner in private. Phyllis has to thank only the fact that she is your daughter that I do not publicly denounce her malicious trick before everybody here present to-day." He winced. "Forgive me," said she; "you love your girl. I, who never had child of my own, love my young niece, she who has surrendered her world for love, as her aunt had not the pluck to do before her. You may, perhaps, guess reasons why one girl should wish to wound another, and I will tell you how your pet has tried to wound mine. Through Asta she struck at me; and—you may think me fanciful—but it seems to me that there is a flavour of retribution in what your daughter has made me suffer."



"MRS. AMAURY, I FEEL THAT MUCH APOLOGY IS DUE TO YOU."

She then related the tale to him, producing the handwriting of the maid, Pearson, and the invitation cards, and telling of the girls' visit to her niece on the day after the sending-out of the invitations. Long they talked, those two old friends, and were still talking when Asta came up, with crimson cheeks.

"Oh, auntie," she said, "here is another humiliation! The vicar has just told Owen that he must dispense with his services; such a wealthy curate in a parish where the vicar has but a slender stipend will be productive of discord, he is sure. I hope those who sent out those wretched invitations will be satisfied now!"

She stopped short at seeing who was the gentleman just behind her aunt.

"I am delighted," said Aunt Chris, imperturbably, "to hear that the vicar can spare Owen. I was afraid he might not be able to get away at once, and I have here Faskenham's letter offering him the living of Faskenham Royal. It seems to me that all things turn out most fortunately."

"Most fortunately," echoed Mr. Oldrey, bravely and deliberately taking Lady Christina's hand in his. "Mrs. Amaury, I feel that much apology is due to you for the distress and inconvenience to which my thoughtless, spoilt girls have put you. I can only say that I do not think they are likely ever to behave so again, since their training will be henceforward in the hands of a true gentlewoman. I was never, as Christina has to-day reminded me, a diplomat, but I am to-day what I always have been and shall ever remain—her true lover."

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THE aim of the following article is to present a collection of strange and curious photographs which, widely diversified though they are in other respects, possess one character in common—that of appealing to the sense of humour. There is something amusing and entertaining in all of them; and as they have been supplied to us by correspondents in almost every quarter of the world they may be regarded as a representative and, we think, unique collection of those countless little comedies of real life which are continually taking place, but which are in most cases left unrecorded and become forgotten.



A JOKE ON THE PROFESSOR.

At first glance the photograph below is apparently that of two girls in swimming costume, but it is at once noticeable that not only have they hats and collars on, but gloves as well. It may also be accounted as a double exposure, but the photograph was made with a single exposure, and no cutting or substituting has been done. Mr. E. Devereux White, of 435, Madison Avenue, New York, informs us that he has never shown this picture to a person who could explain how it was taken. The fact is, it is merely two young ladies standing between the foreground and background of a San Franciscan panorama.

Mr. Gordon Stuart, of the Agricultural College, Michigan, U.S.A., sends the above photograph, which was taken by Mr. Lewis F. Bird. The picture was intended for a joke at the expense of the professor of botany, who had occasion to remind the students of the class that they picked so many flowers that their extinction was threatened — the flowers, not the students. He told them that "Flowers never look so well as when seen attached to the plants," and he also had these words painted on a sign-post, which was established in the Botanic Garden. One Sunday when the professor was at church a number of the students took the sign and placed it in front of the



STRANGE BATHING COSTUME.

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A "GHOST PARTY."

tree, in the manner shown. Then each one found a place in the tree while the picture was taken.

The weary hostess, seeking for a new sensation to amuse a house-party, will welcome the idea of a "ghost dance." The dresses, which can be slipped over any ordinary evening gown, are made of three or four widths of the thinnest calico (the length of the wearer) joined together, with a tape run in the neck. No armholes are required. A head-piece resembling a narrow pillow-slip, in which are cut two eyelet holes, is put over the head. The disguise can be made more effective by the addition, or subtraction, of high heels, and by the hair being dressed very high on the head or low in the neck, to alter the dancer's height. The party organized by "Phil," under which name our contributor prefers to be acknowledged, took place in an old manorial oak-lined hall. The lights were turned low, and in the gleam of the firelight the ghosts silently joined hands and danced in a circle, to the accompaniment of soft weird music, the hostess with a few elderly guests—not in ghost costume—enjoying the novel sight. The avenue in the grounds was afterwards illuminated with coloured fires, and, being a fine moonlight night, the uncanny-looking couples danced indoors or wandered at will in the grounds, vainly endeavouring to guess at each other's identity. At supper-time the cowls were raised, and many a good laugh was enjoyed over the mistakes of the evening.

The equestrian figure shown in our next photograph is made of wood, life-size, and is the work of a humorous blacksmith of Millington, Illinois. The horse's limbs, and those of the man who is attired as a soldier, are actuated by machinery connected with the shop below, and there is also a speaking-tube, through which the rider gives expression in a loud tone of voice to startling opinions on politics, religion, and even the passer-by, when the spirit moves the owner below to utterance. To see the horse rear and kick, and the soldier wave his sword and flag, while the air is made tremulous with denunciations of Bryanism and candid comments upon the appearance and character of persons within hearing, is something long to be remembered.



A STATUE WHICH MOVES AND TALKS.

The possibilities of the contrivance are obviously great. We are indebted to Miss Mary Agnes Griffin, 33, Hawthorne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, for this photograph.

Our next photograph shows a pillow-fight on

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A PILLOW-FIGHT ON BOARD SHIP.

board a transport ship—a popular and harmless sport, which is always enjoyed both by the combatants and spectators on long ocean voyages. Two men, each armed with a pillow, sit astride a pole four or five feet above the deck. The object of each combatant is to knock his opponent off the pole by a blow from the pillow. In the picture it will be seen that one is just falling off the pole, evidently much to the satisfaction of the victor. The pleased expression on his face will be noticed. Our thanks are due to Mr. A. W. Kendall, Oaklands, Coniston, R.S.O., for this interesting snap-shot.
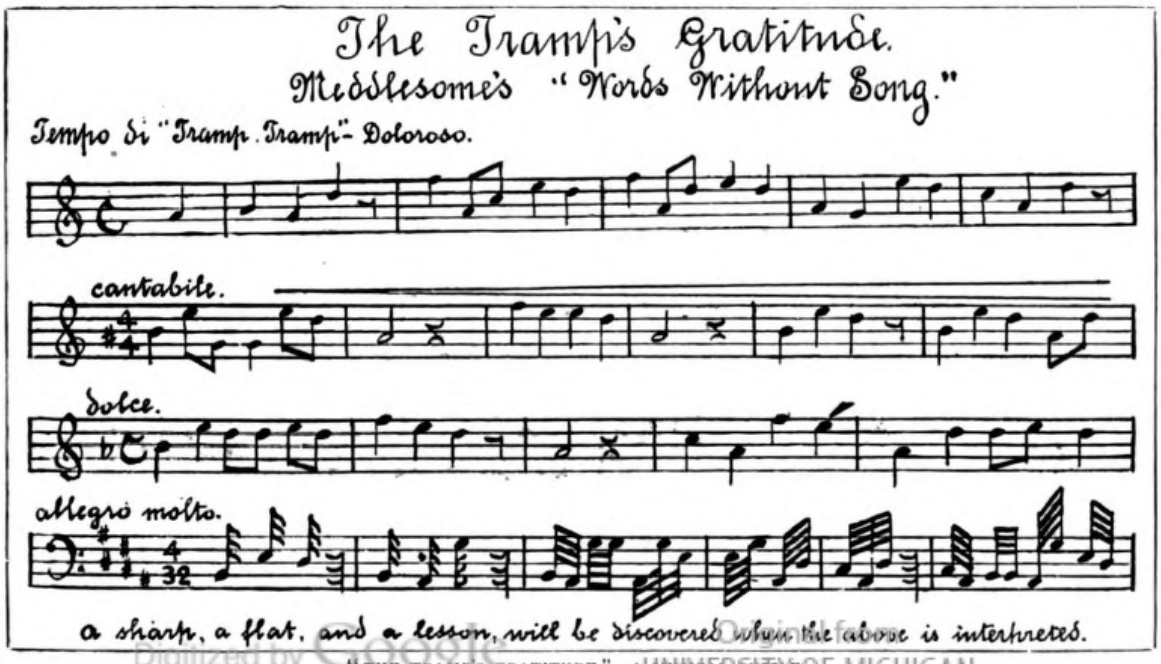
Mr. Gilbert T. Woglom, of 36 and 38, John Street, New York, writes as follows: "The musical joke in a recent number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE recalls the accompanying composition, with which I have amused many musical friends. Necessarily within the limitations of the two vowels and the five consonants of musical notation, its interpretation, jointly with the stated musical expression, is thus:—

A bad-faced, faded, aged cad
Begged a feed, a bed, bedad.
Bedded, fed, a café added,
Bed, bag, baggage, egad, cad cabbaged."



THIS IS NOT AN ARCTIC EXPLORER—AS YOU WILL SEE IF YOU TURN IT UPSIDE DOWN.

It would not be unreasonable to assume that the accompanying photograph represents an Arctic explorer warmly clad in fur hat, coat, and gloves. By turning the picture



"THE TRAMP'S GRATITUDE"—A MUSICAL PUZZLE.

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"MARLINE MONKEYS."

upside-down, however, a familiar representative of natural history may be discerned. Mr. Arthur Ferte, Box 1,197, Butte, Montana, U.S.A., is the contributor of this picture.

The subjects of the above photograph are large specimens of the barn-door skate (Raji lævis), the only thing necessary to effect the curious transformation being a piece of marline drawn tightly round the "neck." This bends the lateral portion of the whole head region backward, and, as both the upper and lower jaw are hinged in the centre, they project forward to form a snout. The nostrils do duty as eyes, and a streak of black paint serves the purpose of eyebrows, thus completing an almost fiendishly human resemblance. The command to "look pleasant" was unnecessary, as an expression of expectancy pleased is normal with this species. It is not an uncommon sight in the Gulf of St. Lawrence to see fishing-boats decorated by having skates, similarly arranged, hung all round the gunwale on thole-pins, the fishermen calling them "marline monkeys." The patriotic nature of the placard is accounted for by the fact that the Spanish-American War was at its height at this time. We are indebted to Mr. Albert Hickman of Picton, N.S., for this photograph.

Here is a remarkable aerial photograph made from a looking-up view. It shows the hand and hat of the famous William Penn statue on the City Hall tower, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A. Descending from the brim of the hat in a "boatswain's chair" can be seen the figure of a man, Dan Barry, a venturesome rigger, who is scrutinizing the surface of the great bronze statue in search of flaws or breaks. Access to the brim of the hat, which is six feet broad, is gained through a small manhole in the crown. The tackle for lowering the boatswain's chair was made fast to a steel brace just inside the opening. Barry is suspended five hundred and forty-eight feet in mid-air, and the picture was taken by Mr. Walter Scot, of 910, Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., from a narrow balcony forty feet below him. The



RESTORING WILLIAM PENN.

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rope was held by a third man, who slowly lowered Barry until he stood, first on the back of the outstretched hand shown in the picture, and then travelled down the side of the statue to the balcony below. Before the descent he adjusted the electric lights, which may be seen around the edge of the hat, afterwards stopping several times to scrape off some spots left by a display of fireworks which took place the previous New Year's Eve. Barry was formerly a ship-rigger by trade, but later became a professional steeple-jack. He had frequently predicted his own death from a fall. True to his fears, this took place recently; while painting some metal work on the inside of the big tower he slipped from a loose board and dropped a distance of over a hundred feet. By holding the photograph over your head you can readily understand the relative positions of Barry and Mr. Scot.



A YOUTHFUL ACROBAT.

Mr. Eaton Parker, of the Beacon Farm, Frodsham, Cheshire, sends the above photo. of his little daughter, aged three months, dancing on the tight-rope—or apparently doing so. As a matter of fact, the head of the baby is the only part of its body that has been photographed. The head is thrust through a screen, the body consisting of a number of sticks dressed in the baby's clothes.

Our next photograph was kindly sent by Mrs. David Devant, the wife of the well-known conjurer. It is, of course, the result of a double exposure, but it is remarkable that the head of the young lady should have appeared so precisely in the place of the dog's head.



DOG OR LADY?

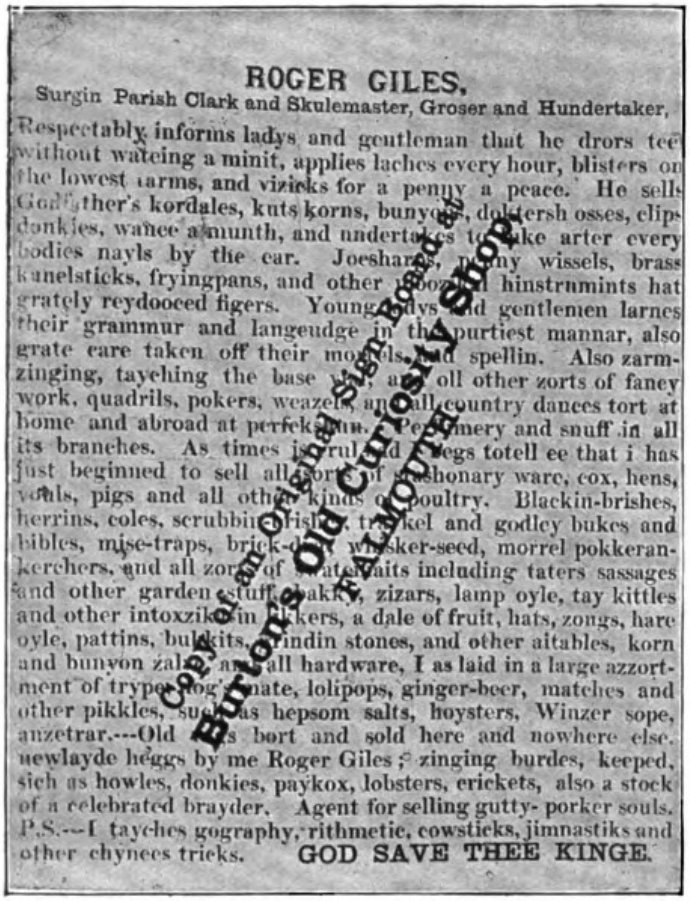
Mr. C. S. Sargisson, Moseley, Birmingham, sends the accompanying photograph of an old "ague mug," of which many were made in the days when ague was prevalent. It was believed that a sudden shock was good for a person suffering from the disease. That a sudden shock would be induced by the unexpected appearance of the fearsome creature close to one's nose when the mug had been emptied may easily be believed.

Mr. T. Milne, of New Deer, Aberdeen, sends this photograph of the



AN "AGUE MUG."

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ROGER GILES,

Surgin Parish Clark and Skulemaster, Groser and Hundertaker,

Respectably informs ladys and gentleman that he drors tee without wateing a minit, applies laches every hour, blisters on the lowest tarms, and vizicks for a penny a peace. He sells God'ther's kordales, kuts korns, bunyons, doktersh osses, clips donkies, wanee a munth, and undertakes to take arter every bodies nayls by the ear. Joesharps, penny wissels, brass kanelsticks, fryingpans, and other musooal hinstrumints hat grately reydooced figers. Young ladys and gentlemen larnes their grammur and langeudge in the purtiest mannar, also grate care taken off their morrels and spellin. Also zarmzinging, tayching the base viol, and oll other zorts of fancy work, quadrils, pokers, weazels, and all country dances tort at home and abroad at perfekshun. Perfumery and snuff in all its branches. As times is cruel dull begs totell ee that i has just beginned to sell all zorts of fashonary ware, cox, hens, veals, pigs and all other kinds of poultry. Blackin-brishes, herrins, coles, scrubbin-brishes, trunkel and godley bukes and bibles, mise-traps, brick-dust, whisker-seed, morrel pokkerankerchers, and all zorts of vittels waits including taters sassages and other garden stuff, bakky, zizars, lamp oyle, tay kittles and other intoxzikokin likkers, a dale of fruit, hats, zongs, hare oyle, pattins, bulkits, grindin stones, and other aitables, korn and bunyon zalve, and all hardware, I as laid in a large azzortment of trypes, logerithmate, lolipops, ginger-beer, matches and other pikkles, such as hepsom salts, hoysters, Winzer sope, anzetrar.---Old boots bort and sold here and nowhere else. newlayde heggs by me Roger Giles; zinging burdes, keeped, sich as howles, donkies, paykox, lobsters, erickets, also a stock of a celebrated brayder. Agent for selling gutty-porker souls. P.S.---I tayches gography, rithmetic, cowsticks, jimnastiks and other chynees tricks. GOD SAVE THEE KINGE.

Copy of an Old Sign Board at Burton's Old Curiosity Shop.

ROGER'S SIGNBOARD.

sign-board of "Roger Giles, Surgin Parish Clark and Skulemaster, Groser and Hundertaker." On reading this sign one must come to the conclusion that Mr. Giles was an extremely versatile man; but, in view of the fact that under his tuition "young ladys and gentlemen larnes their grammur and langeudge in the purtiest mannar," we wonder if it was his own handiwork.

Miss E. G. Clutterbuck, of Hinkworth Rectory, Baldock, who kindly submitted the next photograph, informs us that with the exception of the face, which has been slightly improved upon, the mermaid (a gorse root) is exactly as she was found on the sea-shore at Guernsey.



A MERMAID.

Mr. H. E. Goddard, of Earlsmead Schools, South Tottenham, some time ago took a photograph of a family group shown in the left-hand corner, and soon after hit upon the extraordinary idea of a judicious interchanging of the heads of the sitters. The curious result is shown in the second photograph, and Mr. Goddard informs us that it was highly appreciated as a Christmas card by the friends and relatives of the sitters.



THIS FAMILY GROUP——



HAVE HERE CHANGED HEADS.

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A cash store in San Francisco a short time ago became financially embarrassed, and pending a settlement held a clearance sale. The signs plastered over the building are distinctly amusing, and it will be observed that the "cute" proprietor has turned the Transvaal War to account. The lower sign, reading "List of Casualties," is particularly appropriate. Mr. E. A. Cohen, 203, California Street, San Francisco, is the sender of this contribution.



A HUMOROUS ADVERTISER.

Below is the portrait of a local character of Newcastle-on-Tyne performing the "penny trick." After begging for the loan of a penny he places it on his forehead, and by twisting his face causes it to slide down to his mouth, when he catches it between his lips. Needless to add, he claims the penny each time he is successful. Mr. John Stokoe, of 9, Suffolk Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, affirms that the contortions of his face during the operation are "enough to make a cat laugh."

Miss Florence Smith, 7, East Cliff, Preston, to whom we are indebted for the next photograph, writes as follows: "I was travelling in Italy when I took the photograph. We were visiting a church one day, to reach which it was necessary to go through a covered passage looking on to the monastery garden; there I saw two monks, one photographing the other, and as it seemed rather an unusual proceeding I crept quietly into the garden with my camera. Immediately the monk who was already being 'taken,' seeing what I was about, became convulsed with mirth, and made vigorous signs to me that I was



HOW THE PENNY TRICK IS DONE.

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THE SNAPPER SNAPPED.

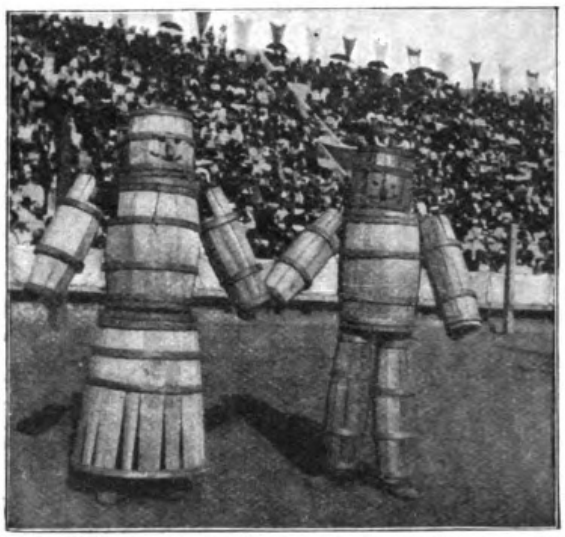
not to let the other one see. Thereupon I snapped them both, the photographer monk being all the time blissfully unconscious that he in his turn had been caught. The best part of the incident was (as I afterwards found out) that another monk, who was conducting the party into the church, had been calling out to me in voluble Italian that ladies were not allowed in the garden!"

Mr. Clifford L. Higgins, 418, West Eighth Avenue, Duluth, Minn., U.S.A., sends the above photograph of a curious sign which he discovered in West Superior, Wis. It is an open question which of the two firms would derive the most benefit from this advertisement, but it is to be presumed that the spring-water business would reap the more immediate returns, if the undertaker scored in the long run.



A DOUBLE ADVERTISEMENT.

The next photograph was taken at the general parade at a carnival held recently at Denver, U.S.A. As the pair danced in their extraordinary costumes it may well be imagined that they caused great amusement to the onlookers. We are obliged to Mr. J. A. Kieferle, Box 38, La Junta, Colorado, U.S.A., for this amusing picture.



CARNIVAL COSTUMES.

Innumerable instances of humorous epitaphs have at many times been brought to our notice, but that on the tombstone shown in this photograph is quite unique as an example



"SHE DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

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of unconscious humour in an epitaph. It was discovered in the cemetery of Watertown, Conn., U.S.A., by Miss L. E. Reggio, 333, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass., who kindly sent the photo.

This is a photograph of a French lady and gentleman who have put over their noses the comic post-cards which are made for that purpose in Paris. The effect, as will be seen, is



THE EFFECT OF PARIS POST-CARDS.

very curious and somewhat startling. We are indebted to Mrs. Witherby, 38, Rue des Perchamps, Auteuil, Paris, for this photograph.

Mr. H. J. Bratlie, the *Hamilton Herald*, Hamilton, Washington, U.S.A., in sending this contribution writes as follows: "The photograph is that of a little friend of mine as he proudly appeared in his first pair of trousers. This moment, always a proud one



IN HIS GRANDFATHER'S BREECHES.

in a little boy's life, is rendered much more interesting in that the clothing had been worn by his grandfather when a child, sixty years before."

Mr. Charles J. Higgs, of Messrs. Higginbotham and Co., Madras, sends the accompanying pictures of an amusing souvenir of a local golf tournament. The matches were amongst friends on a private course, and first, second, and third prizes were offered. It was decided also to present the customary wooden spoon to the last on the list. As two of the players tied for this "coveted" distinction, it was agreed to play off for the spoon, the winner of the match to get it. The losing competitor thereupon undertook to paint the portrait of the winner in the bowl of the spoon, and the donor presented it in the garb in which it appears in the photograph. A silver plate on the back





THE STORY OF A WOODEN SPOON.

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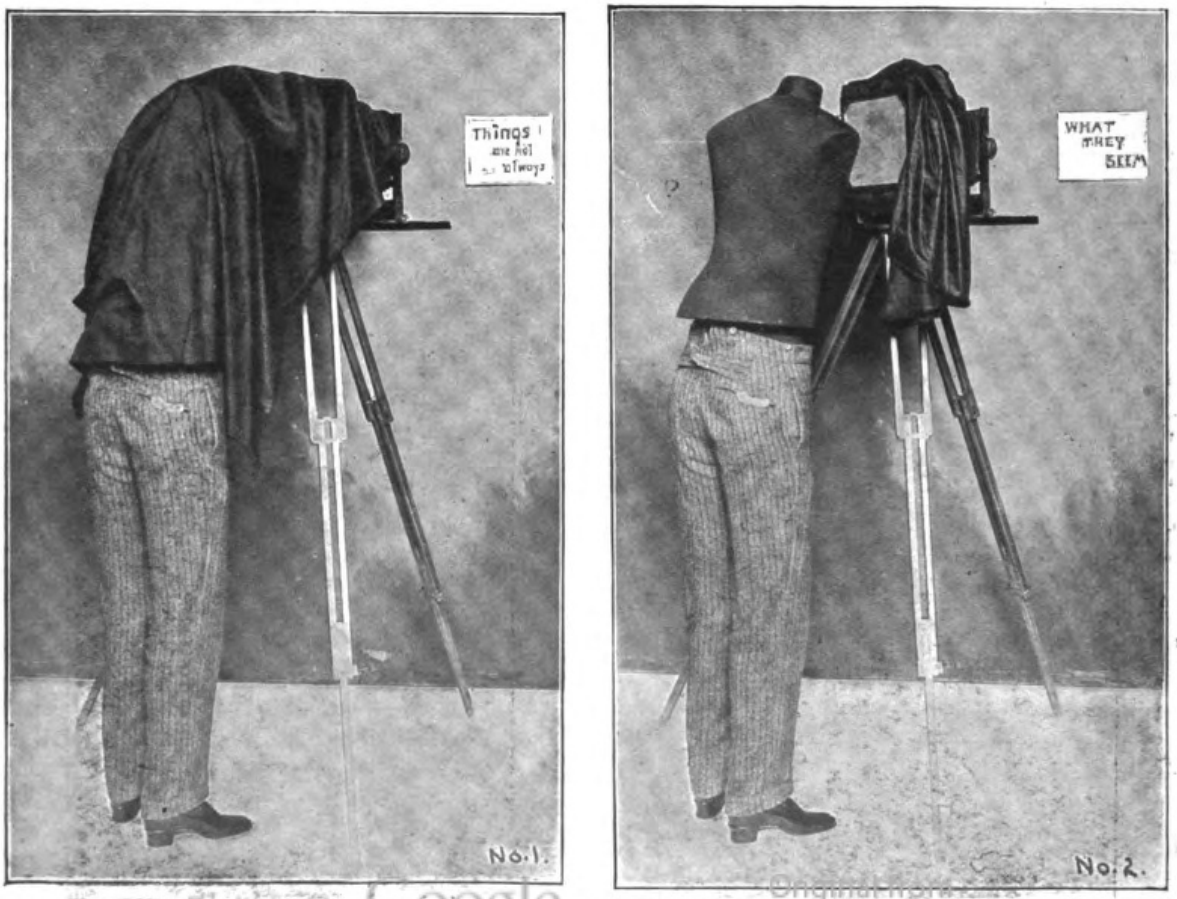
of the bowl records the fact that it is the "booby prize," but the recipient is nevertheless proud of it, and assures his opponent that if he can't play golf he can certainly paint portraits, while a latent ability for dressing dolls undoubtedly lurks in some unsuspected quarter.



A "SEA-DEVIL."

Mr. Harry J. Henbrey, of "St. Agatha's," Amersham Road, New Cross, S.E., whilst travelling through a small town in Florida, had occasion to go into a general store to purchase some crockery. His attention was immediately attracted to a glass case which contained what was described as a "sea-devil," and the accompanying photo. was given to him by the proprietor of the store.

Mr. W. N. Jennings, photographer, 1,305, Arch Street, Philadelphia, writes as follows: "I frequently have warned my photographic operator not to use my studio on Sunday. Last Sunday I had occasion to visit my office, and in passing the studio I was surprised to find my head operator making a photograph (No. 1). I was quite angry when I spoke to him to get no reply. But upon removing the focussing-cloth I discovered the reason for his silence (2). The card said 'Over' in one corner. Upon turning it the reading was changed to suit picture No. 2." It was 'one on me.'"



"THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM."

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The Ebony Box.

By A. E. W. Mason.

"NO, no," said Colonel von Altrock, abruptly. "It is not always true."

The conversation died away at once, and everyone about that dinner table in the Rue St. Florentin looked at him expectantly. He played nervously with the stem of his wineglass for a few moments, as though the complete silence distressed him. Then he resumed with a more diffident air:—

"War no doubt inspires noble actions and brings out great qualities in men from whom you expected nothing. But there is another side to it which becomes apparent, not at once, but after a few months of campaigning. Your nerves get over-strained, fatigue and danger tell their tale. You lose your manners, sometimes you degenerate into a brute. I happen to know. Thirty years have passed since the siege of Paris, yet even to-day there is no part of my life which I regret so much as the hours between eleven and twelve o'clock of Christmas night in the year 'Seventy. I will tell you about it if you like, although the story may make us late for the opera."

The opera to be played that evening was "Faust," which most had heard, and the rest could hear when they would. On the other hand Colonel von Altrock was habitually a silent man. The offer which he made now he was not likely to repeat. It was due, as his companions understood, to the accident that this night was the first which he had spent in Paris since the days of the great siege.

"It will not matter if we are a little late," said his hostess, the Baroness Hammerstein, and her guests agreed with her.

"It is permitted to smoke?" asked the Colonel. For a moment the flame of a match lit up and exaggerated the hollows and the lines upon his lean, rugged face. Then, drawing in his chair to the table, he told his story.

I was a lieutenant of the fifth company of the second battalion of the 103rd Regiment, which belonged to the 23rd Infantry Division. It is as well to be exact. That division was part of the 12th Army Corps under the Crown Prince of Saxony, and in the month of December formed the south-eastern segment of our circle about Paris. On Christmas night I happened to be on duty at a forepost in advance of Noisy-le-Grand. The centigrade thermometer was down to twelve degrees below zero, and our little wooden hut with the sloping roof, which served us at once as kitchen, mess-room, and dormitory, seemed to us all a comfortable shelter. Outside its door the country glimmered away into darkness, a great white silent plain of snow. Inside, the camp-bedsteads were neatly ranged along the wall where the roof was lowest. A long table covered with a white cloth—for we were luxurious on Christmas night—occupied the middle of the floor. A huge fire blazed up the chimney, chairs of any style, from a Louis Quatorze fauteuil borrowed from the *salon* of a château to the wooden bench of a farmhouse, were placed about the table, and in a corner stood a fine big barrel of Bavarian beer which had arrived that morning as a Christmas present from my mother at Leipzig. We were none of us anxious to turn out into the bitter cold, I can tell you. But we were not colonels in those days, and while the Hauptmann was proposing my mother's health the door was thrust open and an orderly muffled up to the eyes stood on the threshold at the salute.

"The Herr Oberst wishes to see the Herr Lieutenant von Altrock," said he, and before I had time even to grumble he turned on his heels and marched away.

I took down my great-coat, drew the cape over my head, and went out of the hut. There was no wind, nor was the snow falling, but the cold was terrible, and to me who had come straight from the noise of my companions the night seemed unnaturally still. I plodded away through the darkness. Behind me in the hut the Hauptmann struck up a song, and the words came to me quite clearly and very plaintively across the snow:—

Ich hatte einen Kamaraden
Einen besseren findest du nicht.

I wondered whether in the morning, like that comrade, I should be a man to be mentioned in the past tense. For more than once a sentinel had been found frozen dead at his post, and I foresaw a long night's work before me. My Colonel had acquired a habit of choosing me for special services, and indeed to his kindness in this respect I owed my commission. For you must understand that I was a student at Heidelberg when the newsboys came running down the streets one evening in July with the telegram that M. Benedetti



"AN ORDERLY MUFFLED UP TO THE EYES STOOD ON THE THRESHOLD AT THE SALUTE."

had left Ems. I joined the army as a volunteer, and I fought in the ranks at Gravelotte. However, I felt no gratitude to my Colonel that Christmas night as I tramped up the slope of Noisy-le-Grand to the château where he had his quarters.

I found him sitting at a little table drawn close to the fire in a bare, dimly-lighted room. A lamp stood on the table, and he was peering at a crumpled scrap of paper and smoothing out its creases. So engrossed was he, indeed, in his scrutiny that it was some minutes before he raised his head and saw me waiting for his commands.

"Lieutenant von Altrock," he said, "you must ride to Raincy."

Raincy was only five miles distant, as the crow flies. Yes, but the French had made a sortie on the 21st, they had pushed back our lines, and they now held Ville Evrart and Maison Blanche between Raincy and Noisy-le-Grand. I should have to make a circuit; my five miles became ten. I did not like the prospect at all. I liked it still less when the Colonel added:—

"You must be careful. More than one German soldier has of late been killed upon that road. There are *francs-tireurs* about. And you *must* reach Raincy."

It was a verbal message which he gave me, and I was to deliver it in person to the commandant of the battery at Raincy. It bore its fruit upon the 27th, when the cross-fire from Raincy and Noisy-le-Grand destroyed the new French fort upon Mount Avron in a snowstorm.

"There is a horse ready for you at the stables," said the Colonel, and with a nod he turned again to his scrap of paper. I saluted and walked to the door. As my hand was on the knob he called me back.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, holding the paper out to me. "It was picked out of the Marne in a sealed wine-bottle."

I took the paper, and saw that a single sentence was written upon it in a round and laborious hand with the words mis-spelt. The meaning of the sentence seemed simple enough. It was apparently a message from a M. Bonnet to his son in the Mobiles at Paris, and it stated that the big black sow had had a litter of fifteen.

"What do you make of it?" repeated the Colonel.

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"Why, that M. Bonnet's black sow has farrowed fifteen," said I.

I handed the paper back. The Colonel looked at it again, shrugged his shoulders, and laughed.

"Well, after all, perhaps it does mean no more than that," said he.

But for the Colonel's suspicions I should not have given another thought to that misspelt scrawl. M. Bonnet was probably some little farmer engrossed in his pigs and cows, who thought that no message could be more consoling to his son locked up in Paris than this great news about the black sow. The Colonel's anxiety, however, fixed it for a while in my mind.

The wildest rumours were flying about our camp at that time, as I think will always happen when you have a large body of men living under a great strain of cold and privation and peril. They perplexed the seasoned officers and they were readily swallowed by the youngsters, of whom I was one. Now, this scrap of paper happened to fit in with the rumour which most of all exercised our imaginations.

It was known that in spite of all our precautions news was continually leaking into Paris which we did not think it good for the Parisians to have. What we did think good for them—information, for instance, of the defeat of the Army of the Loire—we ourselves sent in without delay. But we ascertained from our prisoners that Paris was enlightened with extraordinary rapidity upon other matters which we wished to keep to ourselves. On that very Christmas Day they already knew that General Faidherbe, at Pont Noyelles, had repulsed a portion of our first army under General Manteuffel. How did they know? We were not satisfied that pigeons and balloons completely explained the mystery. No, we believed that the news passed somewhere through our lines on the south-east of Paris. There was supposed to exist a regular system like the underground road in the Southern States of America during the slavery days. There the escaped slave was quickly and secretly passed on from appointed house to appointed house, until he reached freedom. Here it was news in cipher which was passed on and on to a house close to our lines, whence, as occasion served, it was carried into Paris.

That was the rumour. There may have been truth in it, or it may have been entirely false. But, at all events, it had just the necessary element of fancy to appeal to the imagination of a very young man, and as I walked to the stables and mounted the horse which the Colonel had lent me, I kept wondering whether this message, so simple in appearance, had travelled along that underground road and was covering its last stage between the undiscovered château and Paris in the sealed wine-bottle. I tried to make out what the black sow stood for in the cipher, and whose identity was concealed under the pseudonym of M. Bonnet. So I rode down the slope of Noisy-le-Grand.

But at the bottom of the slope these speculations passed entirely from my mind. In front, hidden away in the darkness, lay the dangers of Ville Evrart and Maison Blanche. German soldiers had ridden along this path and had not returned; the *francs-tireurs* were abroad. Yet I must reach Raincy. Moreover, in my own mind, I was equally convinced that I must return. I saw the little beds against the wall of the hut under the sloping roof. I rode warily, determined to sleep in one of them that night, determined to keep my life if it could be kept. I believe I should have pistolled my dearest friend without a twinge of remorse had he tried to delay me for a second. Three months of campaigning, in a word, had told their tale.

I crossed the Marne and turned off the road into a forest path. Ville Evrart with its French garrison lay now upon my left behind the screen of trees. Fortunately there was no moon that night and a mist hung in the air. The snow, too, deadened the sound of my horse's hoofs. But I rode, nevertheless, very gently and with every sense alert. Each moment I expected the challenge of a sentinel in French. From any of the bushes which I passed I might suddenly see the spurt of flame from a *franc-tireur's chassepot.* If a twig snapped in the frost at my side I was very sure the foot of an enemy was treading there.

I came to the end of the wood and rode on to Chesnay. Here the country was more open, and I had passed Ville Evrart. But I did not feel any greater security. I was possessed with a sort of rage to get my business done and live—yes, at all costs *live.* A mile beyond Chesnay I came to cross-roads, and within the angle which the two roads made a little cabin stood upon a plot of grass. I was in doubt which road to take. The cabin was all dark, and riding up to the door I hammered upon it with the butt of my pistol. It was not immediately opened. There must indeed have been some delay, since the inmates were evidently in bed. But I was not in any

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mood to show consideration. I wanted to get on—to get on and live. A little window was within my reach. I dashed the butt of the pistol violently through the glass.

"Will that waken you, eh?" I cried, and almost before I had finished I heard a shuffling footstep in the passage and the door was opened. A poor old peasant-woman, crippled with rheumatism, stood in the doorway shading a lighted candle with a gnarled, trembling hand. In her haste to obey she had merely thrown a petticoat over the shoulders of her nightdress, and there she stood with bare feet, shivering in the cold, an old bent woman of eighty, and apologized.

"I am sorry, monsieur," she said, meekly. "But I cannot move as quickly as I could when I was young. How can I serve monsieur?"



"'THE ROAD UPON YOUR RIGHT LEADS TO CHELLES,' SHE ANSWERED."

Not a word of reproach about her broken window. You would think that the hardest man must have felt some remorse. I merely broke in upon her apologies with a rough demand for information.

"The road upon your right leads to Chelles, monsieur," she answered. "That upon your left to Raincy."

I rode off without another word. It is not a pretty description which I am giving to you, but it is a true one. That is my regret—it is a true one. I forgot that old peasant-woman the moment I had passed the cabin. I thought only of the long avenues of trees which stretched across that flat country, and which could hide whole companies of *francs-tireurs*. I strained my eyes forwards. I listened for the sound of voices. But the first voice which I heard spoke in my own tongue.

It was the voice of a sentry on the outposts of Raincy, and I could have climbed down from my saddle and hugged him to my heart. Instead, I sat impassively in my saddle and gave him the countersign. I was conducted to the quarters of the commandant of artillery and I delivered my message.

"You have come quickly," he said. "What road did you take?"

"That of Chesnay and Gagny."

The commandant looked queerly at me.

"Did you?" said he. "You are lucky. You will return by Montfermeil and Chelles, Lieutenant von Altrock, and I will send an escort with you. Apparently we are better informed at Raincy than you at Noisy-le-Grand."

"I knew there was danger, sir," I replied.

A regiment of dragoons was quartered at Raincy, and from it two privates and a corporal were given me for escort. In the company of these men I started back by the longer road in the rear of our lines. And it was a quarter to ten when I started. For I noticed the time of a clock in the commandant's quarters. I should think that it must have taken three-quarters of an hour to reach Montfermeil, for the snow was deep here and the mist very thick. Beyond Montfermeil, however, we came to higher ground; there were fewer drifts of snow, and the night began to clear, so that we made better going. We were now, of course, behind our lines, and the only risk

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we ran was that a few peasants armed with rifles from a battlefield or a small band of *francs-tireurs* might be lurking on the chance of picking off a straggler. But that risk was not very great now that there were four of us. I rode therefore with an easier mind, and the first thing which entered my thoughts was —what do you think? The old peasant-woman's cabin with the broken window? Not a bit of it. No, it was M. Bonnet's black sow. Had M. Bonnet's sow farrowed fifteen? Or was that litter of fifteen intended to inform the people in Paris of the exact number of recruits which had joined one of the French armies still in the field—say, General Faidherbe's, at Bapaume, and so to keep up their spirits and prolong the siege? I was still puzzling over this problem when in a most solitary place I came suddenly upon a château with lighted windows. This was the Château Villetaneuse. I reined in my horse and stopped. My escort halted behind me. It was after all an astonishing sight. There were many châteaux about Paris then, as there are now, but not one that I had ever come across was inhabited by more than a caretaker. The owners had long since fled. Breached walls, trampled gardens, gaping roofs, and silence and desertion — that is what we meant when we spoke of a château near Paris in those days. But here was one with lighted windows on the first and second stories staring out calmly on the snow as though never a Prussian soldier had crossed the Rhine. A thick clump of trees sheltered it behind, and it faced the eastern side of the long ridge of Mont Guichet, along the foot of which I rode—the side farthest from Paris. From the spot where I and my escort had halted an open park stretched level to the door. The house had, no doubt, a very homelike look on that cold night. It should have spoken to me, no doubt, of the well-ordered family life and the gentle occupations of women. But I was thinking of M. Bonnet's black sow. I was certain that none of our officers were quartered there and making the best of their Christmas night in France. Had that been the case, black paths and ruts would have been trampled in the snow up to the door, and before now I should have been challenged by a sentinel. No! The more I looked at the house and its lighted windows, the more I thought of M. Bonnet's sow. Was this solitary château the undiscovered last station on the underground road through which the news passed into Paris? If not, why was it still inhabited? Why did the lights blaze out upon the snow so late?

I commanded my escort to be silent. We rode across the park, and half-way to the door we came upon a wire fence and a gate. There we dismounted, and walked our horses. We tethered them to a tree about twenty yards from the house. I ordered one of my dragoons to go round the house, and watch any door which he might find at the back. I told the other two to stay where they were, and I advanced alone to the steps, but before I had reached them the front door was thrown open, and a girl with a lantern in her hand came out.



"SHE STOOD AND SWUNG THE LANTERN SLOWLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE."

She held the lantern high above her head and peered forward, so that the light fell full upon her hair, her face, and dress. She was a tall girl and slight of figure, with big, dark eyes, and a face pretty and made for laughter. It was very pale now, however, and the brows were drawn together in a frown. She wore a white evening frock, which glistened in the lantern light, and over her bare shoulders she had flung a heavy black military cloak. So she stood and swung the lantern slowly from side to side as she stared into the darkness, while the lights and shadows chased each other swiftly across her white

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frock, her anxious face, and the waves of her fair hair.

"Whom do you expect at this hour, mademoiselle?" I asked.

I was quite close to her, but she had not seen me, for I stood at the bottom of the steps and she was looking out over my head. Yet she did not start or utter any cry. Only the lantern rattled in her hand. Then she stood quite still for a moment or two, and afterwards lowered her arm until the light shone upon me.

"You are Prussian?" she said.

"A lieutenant of foot," I answered. "You have nothing to fear."

"I am not afraid," she replied, quietly.

"Yet you tremble, mademoiselle. Your hand shakes."

"That is the cold," said she.

"Whom do you expect?"

"No one," she replied. "I thought that I heard the rattle of iron as though a horse moved and a stirrup rang. It is lonely here since our neighbours have fled. I came out to see."

"The lantern then was not a signal, mademoiselle?" I asked.

She looked at me in perplexity, and certainly the little piece of acting, I thought, was very well done. Many a man might have been taken in by it. But it was thrown away upon me, for I had noticed that heavy military cloak. How did it come to lie so conveniently to her hand in the hall?

"A signal?" she repeated. "To whom?"

"To some man hiding in the woods of Mont Guichet, a signal to him that he may come and fetch the news for Paris which has lately — very lately, been brought to the house."

She bent forward and peered down at me, drawing the cloak closer about her neck.

"You are under some strange mistake, monsieur," she said. "No news for Paris has been brought to this house by anyone."

"Indeed?" I answered. "And is that so?" Then I stretched out my hand and said triumphantly: "You will tell me perhaps that the cloak upon your shoulders is a woman's cloak?"

And she laughed! It was humiliating; it is always humiliating to a young man not to be taken seriously, isn't it? There was I thinking that I had fairly cross-examined her into a trap, and she laughed indulgently. Of course, a girl always claims the right to be ever so much older than a man of her own age, but she stood on the top of the steps and laughed down at me as though she had the advantage of as many years as there were steps between us. And she explained indulgently, too.

"The cloak I am wearing belongs to a wounded French officer who was taken prisoner and released upon parole. He is now in our house."

"Then I think I will make his acquaintance," I said, and over my shoulder I called to the corporal. As he advanced to my side a look of alarm came into the girl's face.

"You are not alone," she said, and suddenly her face became wistful and her voice began to plead. "You have not come for him? He has done no harm. He could not, even if he would. And he would not, for he has given his parole. Oh, you are not going to take him away?"

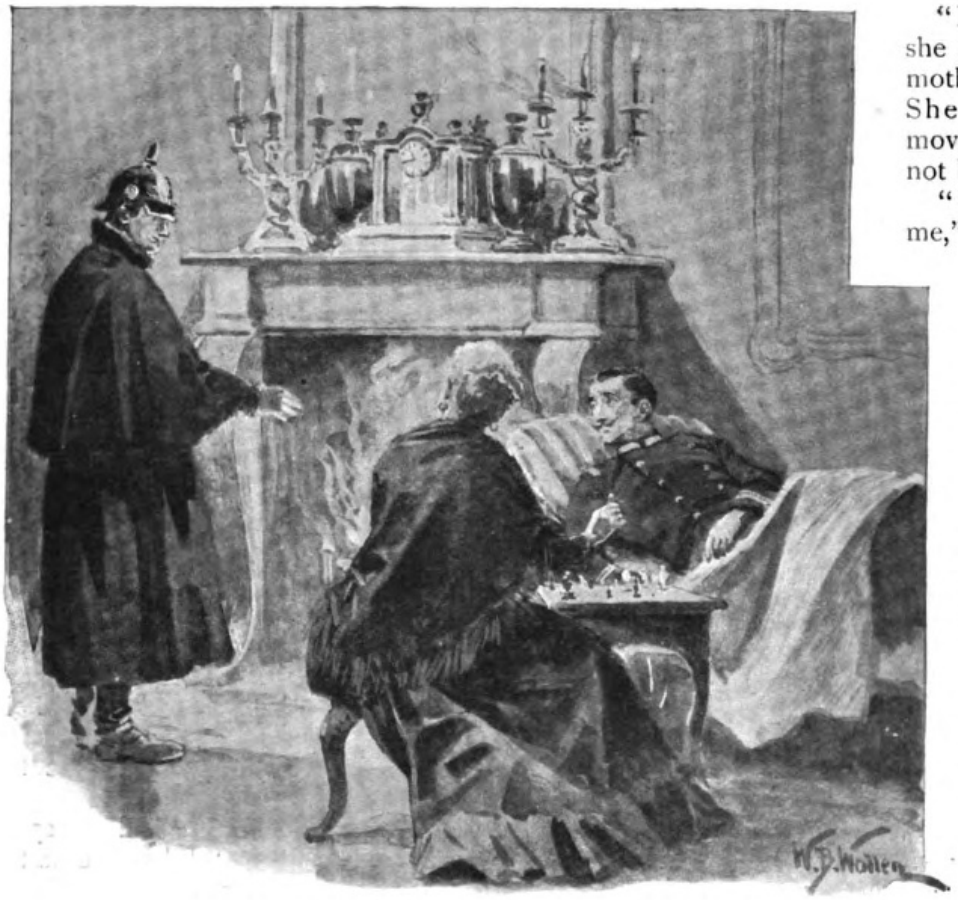
"That we shall see, mademoiselle."

I left one dragoon at the door. I ordered the corporal to wait in the hall, and I followed the girl up the stairs to the first floor. All her pride had gone; she led the way with a submission of manner which seemed to me only a fresh effort to quiet my suspicions. But they were not quieted. I distrusted her; I believed that I had under my fingers the proof of that rumour which flew about our camp. She stopped at a door, and as she turned the handle she said:—

"This is my own room, monsieur. We all use it now, for it is warmer than the others, and all our servants but one have fled."

It was a pretty room, and cheery enough to one who came into it from the darkness and the snow. A piano stood open in a corner with a rug thrown upon it to protect the strings from the cold; books lay upon the tables, heavy curtains were drawn close over the windows, there were cushioned sofas and deep arm-chairs, and a good fire of logs blazed upon the hearth. These details I took in at once. Then I looked at the occupants. A young man lay stretched upon a sofa close to the fire with a wrap covering his legs. The wrap was raised by a cradle to keep off its weight. His face must have been, I think, unusually handsome when he had his health; at the moment it was so worn and pale, and the eyes were so sunk, that all its beauty had gone. The pallor was accentuated by a small black moustache he wore and his black hair. He lay with his head supported upon a pillow, and was playing a game of chess with an old lady who sat at a little table by his side. This old lady was actually making a move as I entered the room, for as she turned and stared at me she was holding

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"I ADVANCED TO THE FIRE AND WARMED MY HANDS AT IT."

a chessman in her hand. I advanced to the fire and warmed my hands at it.

"You, sir, are the wounded officer on parole?" I said in French. The officer bowed.

"And you, madame?" I asked of the old lady. The sight of my uniform seemed to have paralyzed her with terror. She sat still holding the chessman in her hand, and staring at me with her mouth half-open.

"Come, come, madame," I exclaimed, impatiently; "it is a simple question."

"Monsieur, you frighten her," said the young lady. "It is my aunt, the Baroness Granville."

"You tell me nothing of yourself," I said to her, and she looked at me in surprise.

"Since you have come with an escort to this house I imagined you must know to whom it belonged. I am Sophie de Villetaneuse."

"Exactly," I replied, as though I had known all along, and had merely asked the question to see whether she would speak the truth. "Now, mademoiselle, will you please explain to me how it is that while your neighbours have fled you remain at your château?"

"It is quite simple," she answered. "My mother is bed-ridden. She could not be moved. She could not be left alone."

"You will pardon me," said I, "if I test that statement."

The wounded officer raised himself upon his elbow as though to protest, but Mademoiselle de Villetaneuse put out a hand and checked him. She showed me a face flushed with anger, but she spoke quite quietly.

"I will myself take you to my mother's room."

I laughed. I said: "That is just what I expected. You will take me to your mother's room and leave your friends here to make any little preparations in the way of burning awkward papers which they may think desirable. Thank you, no! I am not so easily caught."

Mademoiselle Sophie was becoming irritated.

"There are no awkward papers!" she exclaimed.

"That statement, too, I shall put to the test."

I went to the door, and standing so that I could still keep an eye upon the room, I called the corporal.

"You will search the house thoroughly," I said, "and quickly. Bring me word how many people you find in it. You, mademoiselle, will remain in the room with us."

She shrugged her shoulders as I closed the door and came back into the room.

"You were wounded, monsieur," I said to the Frenchman. "Where?"

"In the sortie on Le Bourget."

"And you came here the moment you were released on your parole?"

The wounded officer turned with a smile to Mademoiselle Sophie.

"Yes, for here live my best friends."

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He took her hand, and with a Frenchman's grace he raised it to his lips and kissed it. And I was suddenly made acquainted with the relationship in which these two, youth and maid, stood to one another. Mademoiselle Sophie had cried out on the steps against the possibility that I might have come to claim my prisoner. But though she spoke no word, she was still more explicit now. With the officer that caress was plainly no more than a pretty way of saying thanks; it had the look of a habit, it was so neatly given, and he gave it without carelessness, it is true, but without warmth. But she received it very differently. He did not see, because his head was bent above her hand, but I did.

I saw the look of pain in her face, the slight contraction of her shoulders and arms, as if to meet a blow. The kiss hurt her—no, not the kiss, but the finished grace with which it was given, the proof, in a word, that it was a way of saying "Thanks"—and nothing more. Here was a woman who loved and a man who did not love, and the woman knew. So much was evident to me who looked on, but when the officer raised his head there was nothing for him to see, and upon her lips only the conventional remark:—

"We should have been hurt if you had not come."

I resumed my questions:—

"Your doctor, monsieur, is in the house?"

"At this hour? No."

"Ah. That is a pity."

The young man lifted his head from his pillow and looked me over from head to foot with a stare of disdain.

"I do not quite understand. You doubt my word, monsieur!"

"Why not?" I asked, sharply.

It was quite possible that the cradle, this rug across his legs, the pillow, were all pretences. Many a soldier in those days was pale and worn and had sunken eyes, and yet was sound of limb and could do a day's work of twenty-four hours if there were need. I had my theory and as yet I had come upon nothing to disprove it. This young officer might very well have brought in a cipher message to the Château Villetaneuse. Mademoiselle Sophie might very well have waved her lantern at the door to summon a fresh messenger.

"No; why should I not doubt your word?" I repeated.

He turned his face to the old lady. "It is your move, Baronne," he said, and she placed the piece she held upon a square of the board. Mademoiselle Sophie took her stand by the table between the players, and the game went on just as though there were no intruder in the room. It was uncomfortable for me. I shifted my feet. I tried to appear at my ease; finally I sat down in a chair. They took no notice of me whatever. But that I felt hot upon a discovery, but that I knew if I could bring back to Noisy-le-Grand proof of where the leakage through our lines occurred, I should earn approval and perhaps promotion, I should very deeply have regretted my entrance into the Château Villetaneuse. And I was very glad when at last the corporal opened the door. He had searched the house—he had found no one but Madame de Villetaneuse and an old servant who was watching by her bed.

"Very well," said I, and the corporal returned to the hall.

Mademoiselle Sophie moved away from the chess-table. She came and stood opposite to me, and though her face was still, her eyes were hard with anger.

"And now perhaps you will tell me to what I owe your visit?" she said.

"Certainly," I returned. I fixed my eyes on her, and I said slowly, "I have come to ask for more news of M. Bonnet's black sow."

Mademoiselle Sophie stared as if she was not sure whether I was mad or drunk, but was very sure I was one or the other. The young Frenchman started upon his couch, with the veins swelling upon his forehead and a flushed face.

"This is an insult," he cried savagely, and no less savagely I answered him.

"Hold your tongue!" I cried. "You forget too often that though you are on parole you are still a prisoner."

He fell back upon the sofa with a groan of pain, and the girl hurried to his side.

"Your leg hurts you. You should not have moved," she cried.

"It is nothing," he said, faintly.

Meanwhile I had been looking about the room for a box or a case where the cipher messages might be hid. I saw nothing of the kind. Of course they might be hidden between the pages of a book. I went from table to table, taking them by the boards and shaking the leaves. Not a scrap of paper tumbled out. There was another door in the room besides that which led on to the landing.

"Mademoiselle, what room is that?" I asked.

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"My bedroom," she answered, simply, and with a gesture full of dignity she threw open the door.

I carried the mud and snow and the grime of a camp without a scruple of remorse into that neat and pretty chamber. Mademoiselle Sophie followed me as I searched wardrobe and drawer and box. At last I came to one drawer in her dressing-table which was locked. I tried the handle again to make sure. Yes, it was locked. I looked suddenly at the young lady. She was watching me out of the corners of her eyes with a peculiar intentness. I felt at once that I was hot.

"Open that drawer, mademoiselle," I said.

"It contains only some private things."

"Open that drawer or I burst it open."

"No," she cried, as I jerked the handle. "I will open it."

She fetched the key out of another drawer which was unlocked, and fitted it into the lock of the dressing-table. And all the while I saw that she was watching me. She meant to play me some trick, I was certain. So I watched, too, and I did well to watch. She turned the key, opened the drawer, and then snatched out something with extraordinary rapidity and ran as hard as she could to the door—not the door through which we had entered, but a second door which gave on to the passage. She ran very fast and she ran very lightly, and she did not stumble over a chair as I did in pursuit of her. But she had to unlatch the door and pull it open. I caught her up and closed my arms about her. It was a little carved ebony box which she held, the very thing for which I searched.



"AS I SPOKE SHE THREW IT AWAY."

"I thought so," I cried, with a laugh. "Drop the box, mademoiselle. Drop it on the floor!"

The noise of our struggle had been heard in the next room. The Baroness rushed through the doorway.

"What has happened?" she cried. "Mon Dieu! you are killing her!"

"Drop the box, mademoiselle!"

And as I spoke she threw it away. She threw it through the doorway; she tried to throw it over the banisters of the stairs, but my arms were about hers, and it fell in the passage just beyond the door. I darted from her and picked it up. When I returned with it she was taking a gold chain from her neck. At the end of the chain hung a little gold key. This she held out to me.

"Open it here," she said in a low, eager voice.

The sudden change only increased my suspicions, or rather my conviction that I had now the proof which I needed. A minute ago she was trying as hard as she could to escape with the box, now she was imploring me to open it.

"Why, if you are so eager to show me the contents, did you try to throw it away?" I asked.

"I tried to throw it down into the hall," she answered.

"My corporal would have picked it up."

"Oh, what would that matter?" she exclaimed, impatiently. "You would have opened it in the hall. That was what I wanted. Open it here! At all events open it here!"

The very urgency of her pleading made me determined to refuse the plea.

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"No, you have some other ruse, mademoiselle," said I. "Perhaps you wish to gain time for your friend in the next room. No, we will return there and open it comfortably by the fire."

I kept a tight hold upon the box. I shook it. To my delight I felt that there were papers within it. I carried it back to the fireside and sat down on a chair. Mademoiselle Sophie followed me close, and as I fixed the little gold key into the lock she laid her hand very gently upon my arm.

"I beg you not to unlock that box," she said; "if you do you will bring upon me a great humiliation and upon yourself much remorse. There is nothing there which concerns you. There are just my little secrets. A girl may have secrets, monsieur, which are sacred to her."



"'I WORE THE KEY ON A CHAIN ABOUT MY NECK, MONSIEUR,' SHE WHISPERED."

She was standing quite close to me, and her back was towards the French officer and her aunt. They could not see her face, and they could hardly have heard more than a word here and there of what she said. For always she spoke in a low voice, and at times that low voice dropped to a whisper, so that I myself had to watch her lips. I answered her only by turning the key in the lock. She took her hand from my arm and laid it on the lid to hinder me from opening it.

"I wore the key on a chain about my neck, monsieur," she whispered. "Does that teach you nothing? Even though you are young, does it teach you nothing? I said that if you unlocked that box you would cause me great humiliation, thinking that would be enough to stop you. But I see I must tell you more. Read the letters, monsieur, question me about them, and you will make my life a very lonely one. I think so. I think you will destroy my chance of happiness. You would not wish that, monsieur. It is true that we are enemies, but some day this war will end, and you would not wish to prolong its sufferings beyond the end. Yet you will be doing that, monsieur, if you open that box. You would be sorry afterwards when you were back at home to know that a girl in France was suffering from a needless act of yours. Yet you will be sorry if you open the box."

It seems now almost impossible to me that I could have doubted her sincerity: she spoke with so much simplicity, and so desperate an appeal looked out from her dark eyes. Ever since that Christmas night I can see her quite clearly at will, standing as she then stood—all the sincerity of her which I would not acknowledge, all the appeal which I would not hear; and I see her many times when for my peace I would rather not. Much remorse, she said very wisely, would be the consequence for me. She was pleading for her pride, and to do that the better she laid her pride aside; yet she never lost her dignity. She was pleading for her chance of happiness, foreseeing that it was likely to be destroyed, without any reason or any profit to a living being, by a stranger who would the next moment pass

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out of her life. Yet there was no outcry, and there were no tears. Had it been a trick—I ask the ladies—would there not have been tears?

But I thought it a trick and a cheap one. She was trying to make me believe that there were love-letters in the box—compromising love-letters. Now, *I knew* that there were no love-letters in the box. I had seen the Frenchman's pretty way of saying thanks. I had noticed how the caress hurt her just through what it lacked. He was the friend, you see, and nothing more; she was the lover and the only lover of the pair. There could be no love-letters in the box unless she had written them herself and kept them. But I did not think she was the girl to do that. There was a dignity about her which would have stopped her pen.

I opened the box accordingly. Mademoiselle Sophie turned away abruptly, and sitting down in a chair shaded her eyes with her hand. I emptied the letters out on to a table, turning the box upside down, and thus the first which I took up and read was the one which lay at the very bottom. As I read it it seemed that every suspicion I had formed was established. She had hinted at love-letters, she had spoken of secrets sacred to a girl; and the letter was not even addressed to her. It was addressed to Madame de Villetaneuse; it was a letter which, if it meant no more than what was implied upon the surface, would have long since found destruction in the waste-paper basket. For it purported to be merely the acceptance of an invitation to dinner at the town house of Madame de Villetaneuse in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was signed only by a Christian name, "Armand," and the few sentences which composed the letter explained that M. Armand was a distant kinsman of Madame de Villetaneuse who had just come to Paris to pursue his studies, and who, up till now, had no acquaintance with the family.

I looked at Mademoiselle Sophie sternly. "So all this pother was about a mere invitation to dinner! Once let it be known that M. Armand will dine with Madame de Villetaneuse in the Faubourg St. Germain, and you are humiliated, you lose your chance of happiness, and I, too, shall find myself in good time suffering the pangs of remorse," and I read the letter slowly aloud to her, word by word.

She returned no answer. She sat with her hand shading her face, and she rocked her head backwards and forwards continually and rather quickly, like a child with a racking headache. Of course, to my mind all that was part of the game. The letter was dated two years back, but the month was December, and, of course, to antedate would be the first precaution.

"Come, mademoiselle," I said, changing my tone, "I invite you very seriously to make a clean breast of it. I wish to take no harsh measures with you if I can avoid them. Tell me frankly what news this letter plainly translated gives to General Trochu in Paris."

"None," she answered.

"Very well," said I, and I took up the next letter. Ah, M. Armand writes again a week later. It was evidently a good dinner and M. Armand is properly grateful.

The gratitude, indeed, was rather excessive, rather provincial. It was just the effusion which a young man who had not yet learned self-possession might have written on his first introduction to the highest social life of Paris. Certainly the correspondence was very artfully designed. But what did it hide? I puzzled over the question; I took the words and the dates, and it seemed to me that I began to see light. So much stress was laid upon the dinner, that the word must signify some event of importance. The first letter spoke of a dinner in the future. I imagined that it had not been possible to pass this warning into Paris. The second letter mentioned with gratitude that the dinner had been successful. Well, suppose "dinner" stood for "engagement"! The letter would refer to the sortie from Paris which pushed back our lines and captured Ville Evrart and Maison Blanche. That seemed likely. Madame de Villetaneuse gave the dinner; General Trochu made the sortie. Then "Madame de Villetaneuse" stood for "General Trochu." Who would be Armand? Why, the French people outside Paris—the provincials! I had the explanation of that provincial expression of gratitude. Ah, no doubt it all seems far-fetched now that we sit quietly about this table. But put yourselves in the thick of war and take twenty years off your lives! Suppose yourselves young and green, eager for advancement, and just off your balance from want of sleep, want of food, want of rest, want of everything. There are very few things which would seem far-fetched. It seemed to me that I was deciphering these letters with absolute accuracy. I saw myself promoted to captain, seconded to the staff. M. Armand represented the French people in the provinces. No doubt they would be grateful for that sortie. The

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only point which troubled me arose from M. Armand's presence at that dinner-party. Now, the one defect from the French point of view in that sortie on Ville Evrart was that the French outside Paris did not come to General Trochu's help. They were expected, but they did not take part in that dinner-party.

I went on with the letters, hoping to find an explanation there. The third letter was addressed to Mademoiselle de Villetaneuse, who had evidently written to M. Armand on behalf of her mother, inviting him to her box at the Opera. M. Armand regretted that he had not been fortunate enough to call at a time when mademoiselle was at home, and would look forward to the pleasure of seeing her at the Opera. Was that an apology? I asked myself. An apology for absence at Ville Evrart and a pledge to be present at the next engagement!

"Mademoiselle," I cried, "what does the Opera stand for?"

Mademoiselle Sophie laughed disdainfully.

"For music, monsieur, for art, for refinement, for many things you do not understand."



"I SPRANG UP IN EXCITEMENT."

I sprang up in excitement. What did it matter what she said? M. Armand stood for the Army of the Loire. It was that army which had been expected at Ville Evrart. Here was a pledge that it would be re-formed, that it would come to the help of Paris at the next sortie. That was valuable news—it could not but bring recognition to the man who brought evidence of it into the Prussian lines. I hurriedly read through the other letters, quoting a passage here and there, trying to startle Mademoiselle de Villetaneuse into a confession. But she never changed her attitude, she did not answer a word.

Her conduct was the more aggravating, for I began to get lost among these letters. They were all in the same handwriting; they were all signed "Armand," and they seemed to give a picture of the life of a young man in Paris during the two years which preceded the war. They recorded dinner-parties, visits to the theatres, examinations passed, prizes won and lost, receptions, rides in the Bois, and Sunday excursions into the country. All these phrases, these appointments, these meetings, might have particular meanings. But if so, how stupendous a cipher! Besides, how was it that none of these messages had been passed into Paris? Very reluctantly I began to doubt my own conjecture. I read some more letters, and then I suddenly turned back to the earlier ones. I compared them with the later notes. I began to be afraid the correspondence after all was genuine, for the tone of the letters changed and changed so gradually, and yet so clearly, that the greatest literary art could hardly have deliberately composed them. I seemed to witness the actual progress of M. Armand, a hobbledehoy from the provinces losing his awkwardness, acquiring ease and polish in his contact with the refinement of Paris. Gratitude was now expressed without effusion, he was no longer gaping with admiration at the elegance of the women, a knowledge of the world began to show itself in his comments. M. Armand was growing master of himself; he had gained a facility of style and a felicity of

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phrase. The last letters had the post-mark of Paris, the first that of Auvergne.

They were genuine, then. And they were not love-letters. I looked at Mademoiselle Sophie with an increased perplexity. Why did she now sit rocking her head like a child in pain? Why had she so struggled to hinder me from opening them? They recorded a beginning of acquaintanceship and the growth of that into friendship between a young man and a young girl—nothing more. The friendship might eventually end in marriage no doubt if left to itself, but there was not a word of that in the letters. I was still wondering, when the French officer raised himself from his sofa and dragged himself across the room to Mademoiselle Sophie's chair. His left trouser leg had been slit down the side from the knee to the foot and laced lightly so as to make room for a bandage. He supported himself from chair to chair with evident pain, and I could not doubt that his wound was as genuine as the letters.

He bent down and gently took her hand away from her face.

"Sophie," he said, "I did not dare to think that you kept this place for me in your thoughts. A little more courage and I should long since have said to you what I say now. I beg your permission to ask Madame de Villetaneuse to-morrow for your hand in marriage."

My house of cards tumbled down in a second. The French officer was M. Armand. With the habit women have of treasuring tokens of the things which have happened, Mademoiselle Sophie had kept all these trifling notes and messages, and had even gathered to them the letters written to her mother, so that the story might be complete. But without M. Armand's knowledge; he was not to know; her pride must guard her secret from him. For she was the lover and he only the friend, and she knew it. Even in the little speech which he had just made, there was just too much formality, just too little sincerity of voice. I understood why she had tried to throw the ebony box down into the hall so that I might open it there—I understood that I had caused her great humiliation. But that was not all there was for me to understand.

In answer to Armand she raised her eyes quietly, and shook her head.

"You wish to spare me shame," she said, "and I thank you very much. But it is because of these letters that you spoke. I must think that. I must always think it."

"No!" he exclaimed.

"But yes," she replied, firmly. "If monsieur had not unlocked that box—I don't know—but some day perhaps—oh, not yet, no, not yet—but some day perhaps you might have come of your own accord and said what you have just said. And I should have been very happy. But now you never must. For you see I shall always think that the letters are prompting you."

And M. Armand bowed.

I had taken from her her chance of happiness. The friendship between them might have ended in marriage if left to itself. But I had not left it to itself.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I am very sorry."

She turned her dark eyes on me.

"Monsieur, I warned you. It is too late to be sorry," and as I stood shuffling awkwardly from one foot to the other, in great remorse as she had foretold, she added, gently, "Will you not go, monsieur?"

I went out of the room, called together my escort, mounted and rode off. It was past midnight now, and the night was clear. But I thought neither of the little beds under the slope of the roof nor of any danger on the road. There might have been a *franc-tireur* behind every tree. I would never have noticed it until one of them had brought me down. Remorse was heavy upon me. I had behaved without consideration, without chivalry, without any manners at all. I had not been able to distinguish truth when it stared me in the face, or to recognise honesty when it looked out from a young girl's dark eyes. I had behaved, in a word, like the brute six months of war had made of me. I wondered with a vague hope whether after all time might not set matters right between M. Armand and Mademoiselle Sophie. And I wonder now whether it has. But even if I knew that it had, I should always remember that Christmas night of 1870 with acute regret. The only incident, indeed, which I can mention with the slightest satisfaction is this: On the way back to Noisy-le-Grand I came to a point where the road from Chelles crossed the road from Montfermeil. I halted at a little cabin which stood upon a grass-plot within the angle of the roads, and tying up all the money I had on me in a pocket-handkerchief I dropped the handkerchief through a broken window-pane.

The Colonel let the end of his cigar fall upon his plate, and pushed back his chair from the table. "But I see we shall be late for the opera," he said, as he glanced at the clock.

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The Camels' Festival.



TO all outward appearances playfulness in these stolid and grave-looking "ships of the desert" would not strike the casual observer as being an inherent characteristic of their natures. They are so serious in every movement, so methodical and apparently without feeling, that they look more like a ponderous machine than an animal moved at will by the hand of man. Yet these taciturn and clumsy-looking animals, in spite of their machine-like movements, have a propensity for gambols.

Looking at their bulky size and unwieldy limbs it seems almost a joke to suppose that they should engage in wrestling bouts with each other. Yet in direct antagonism to their playful moods there is one characteristic in their sluggish natures which makes itself felt at times with a grim earnestness—a revengeful nature. They never forget an injury, and woe betide anyone against whom they have a grudge.

The camels, when travelling with loads on their backs, are tied together in tandem fashion in tens or twenties, and preceding each stringed lot goes a humble little donkey. The leading camel, strong and big as he is, will not move unless a donkey is in front of him. The donkey's part is a most important one, and he seems to have a knowledge of it when leading a string of twenty strong camels, for without his aid prints and calicoes would have a poor chance of reaching the interior of Anatolia.

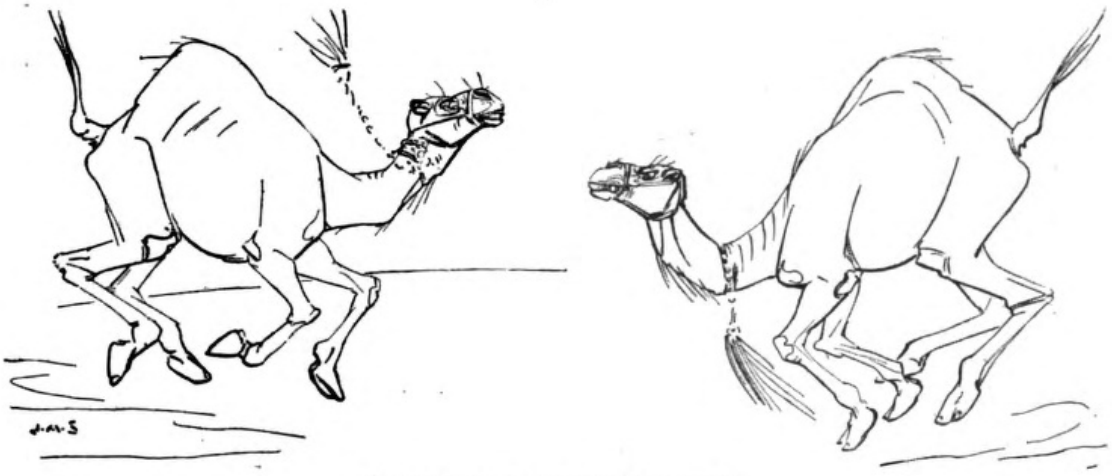
It is not, however, all work for these patient "ships of the desert." They are not always under sail. A month or so of rest is allowed to recuperate themselves, when they



J.A.S

"THEY BEGIN SNIFFING AND EMITTING A KIND OF GROWL OR GRUNTY SHRIEK."

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"MAKING FOR EACH OTHER'S NECKS."

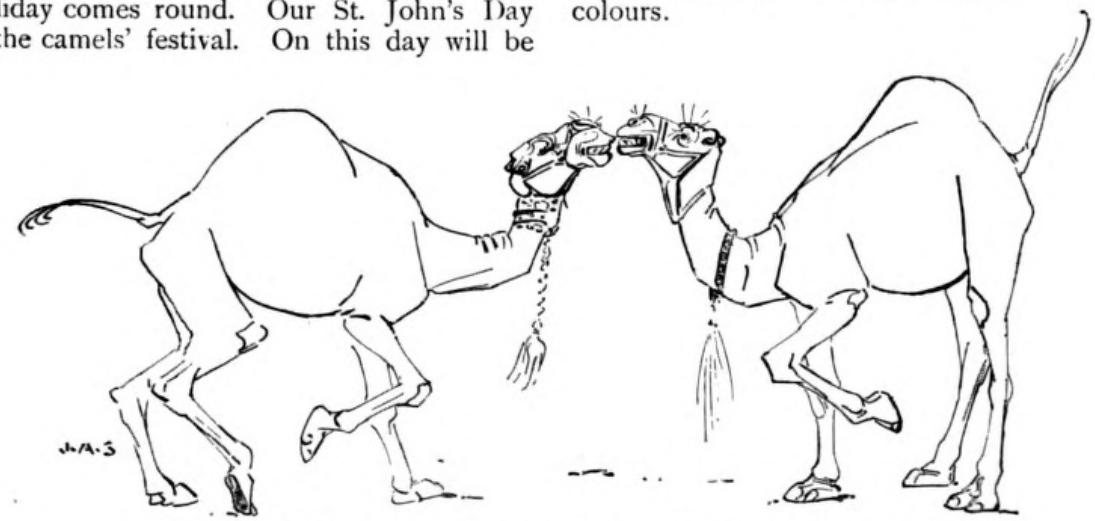
wander at their own free will grazing on the mountains; this time, however, without their donkey leader.



"NECK OVER NECK, SHOULDER AGAINST SHOULDER."

It is during this period of rest that their holiday comes round. Our St. John's Day is the camels' festival. On this day will be found gathered together in different places in Anatolia twenty, thirty, or forty couples with the object of taking part in wrestling bouts.

They are dressed, metaphorically speaking, in their best garments. Heads, necks, and shoulders are gaily decorated with bands of coloured beads and tiny shells, while in the centre of the forehead hangs a mirror set in a framework of tiny shells stitched on a piece of cloth specially woven for the purpose. Their girths and strappings are also specially made out of the wool of sheep and worked in pretty designs and pleasing colours.



"NEITHER GAINS ANY ADVANTAGE--THEY BEGIN THE SNIFFING BUSINESS AGAIN."

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"STRIKING OUT LIKE BOXERS."

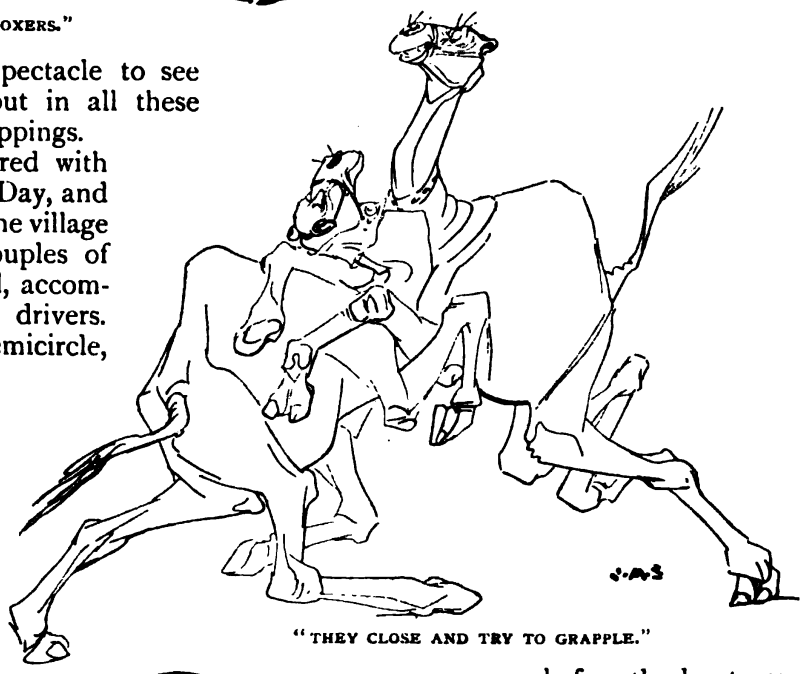
It is quite an imposing spectacle to see these fine animals decked out in all these many-coloured and gaudy trappings.

Certain villages are honoured with their presence on St. John's Day, and in the open space adjoining the village will be found some thirty couples of these fine beasts congregated, accompanied by their owners and drivers. They are arranged in a semicircle, squatting on their stomachs, with their legs doubled under them.

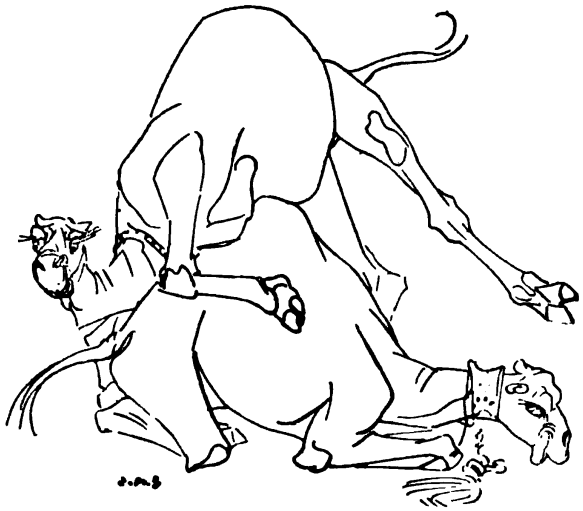
There they squat, the huge wrestlers, stolid and grave-looking seigneurs, blinking their little eyes and quietly chewing the cud. Now and again the quietness would be broken by an angry, grunty sort of growl from one of them, directed against its neighbour, as much as to say, "Wait until we get into the wrestling ring, then I'll give you what for." Some of the children were teasing one, so it just emptied the contents of its capacious mouth —about a quart of green slimy saliva— down the neck of one of the nearest. This is a favourite way they have of avenging themselves.

The spectators are "Kuzil Bashis," rather a loose sect of Mohammedans — a fine race of people; the women especially having clearly defined features, a straight aquiline nose, a firm mouth, and jet-black eyes.

The first two camels to enter the lists are splendid animals, and, to all appearances, strong in wind and limb. Each seems worthy of his foe. Some of the most elaborate trappings are taken off before the bout commences. They are then muzzled — not with Mr. Long's muzzle, but with one more suitable, made of twisted goat's hair —to prevent them from biting each other. The brutes can, and do, bite, sometimes with terrible effect.



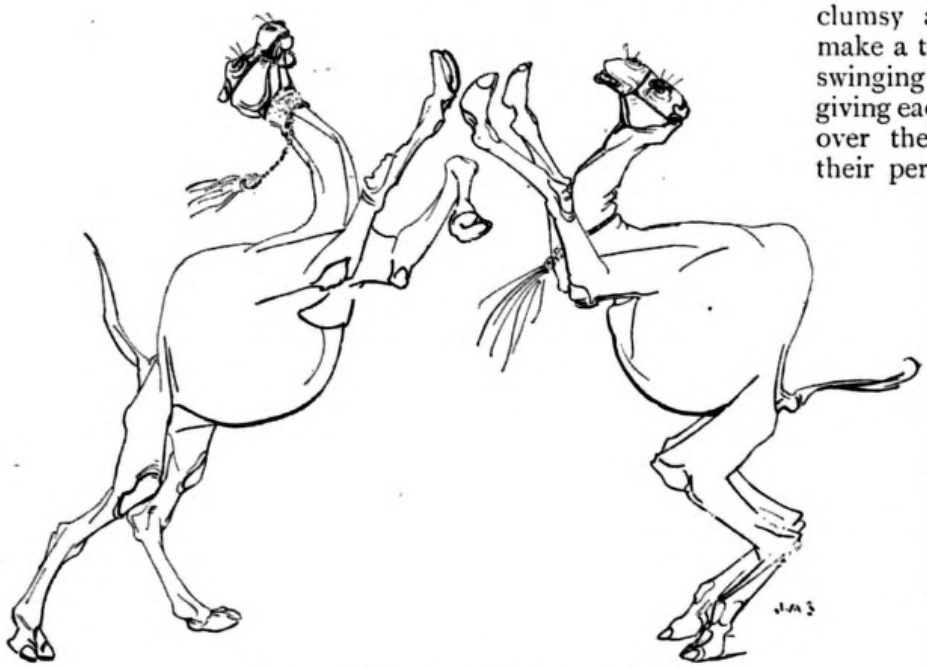
"THEY CLOSE AND TRY TO GRAPPLE."



"SLIPPING ON HIS KNEES, THE OTHER COMES A CRASH ON THE TOP OF HIM."

The drivers bring them into close proximity to each other, and they begin sniffing and emitting a

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"REARING ONCE MORE ON THEIR HIND LEGS"

kind of growl or grunty shriek (the noise a camel makes can scarcely be described) and, making for each other's necks, try to bite, but the strong goat's-hair muzzle prevents them doing each other any harm with their teeth. It is now neck over neck, shoulder against shoulder, each pushing with all their mighty strength — one is pushed back a few paces and then the other— backwards and forwards like two ponderous machines. Finding neither gains any advantage by these tactics they begin the sniffing business again and rise on their hind legs, battling in the air and striking out like boxers with their forefeet. They then close and try to grapple, as it were, with each other. One seems to be on the point of throwing the other over, but, with the clever tactics of the human wrestler, avoids a throw by slipping on his knees, and the other comes a crash on the top of him. It seems quite a mixture for a few minutes of legs and long necks. After some struggling and assisted by their drivers they manage to get on their legs again. It is most amusing to watch their clumsy antics in trying to make a throw, their long legs swinging unwieldily about, giving each other hard knocks over the head. Evidently their performances so far are preliminary to the final tussle, and they seem to know what is expected of them.

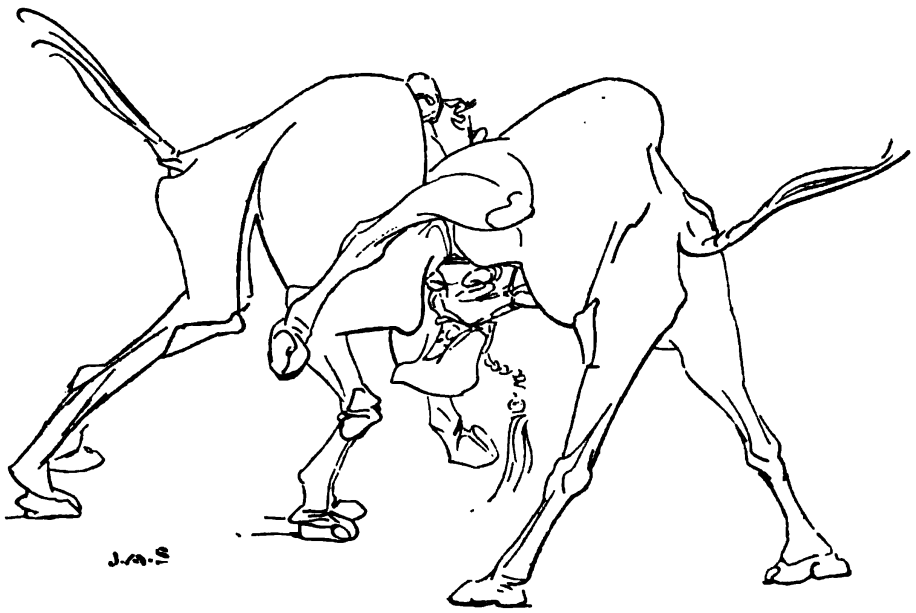
Rearing once more on their hind legs they look like two towers bobbing at each other. This, however, proves to be the final bout. One of them tries to get his leg across the other's neck, in order to bear him down; the other dexterously lowers his head and gets it between the other's fore-legs and sends him sprawling on his back with a tremendous thud.

This is looked on by the drivers as a decisive throw, but the thrown one does not view it in the same light, for, struggling up, he makes straight for his opponent to have another go. The owners, however, will not allow another tussle, and after some difficulty manage to separate them. They are led, most unwillingly on their part, away, the victor to one side of the field and the vanquished to the other. Another pair enter the ring and the same performances are gone through, and so on until all the couples have taken part in a bout.



"ONE OF THEM TRIES TO GET HIS LEG ACROSS THE OTHER'S NECK TO BEAR HIM DOWN."

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"THE OTHER DEXTEROUSLY LOWERS HIS HEAD AND GETS IT BETWEEN THE OTHER'S FORELEGS"

It is now the turn of the victors to wrestle with each other, and the two conquerors are to meet a couple of the thrown ones which have wrestled down to this number.

After a short rest the two victors of the victors and two victors of the vanquished lot meet together for a tussle, which is soon decided. One of the victors being thrown and one of the vanquished, the final bout now remains to be wrestled off to proclaim the conqueror.

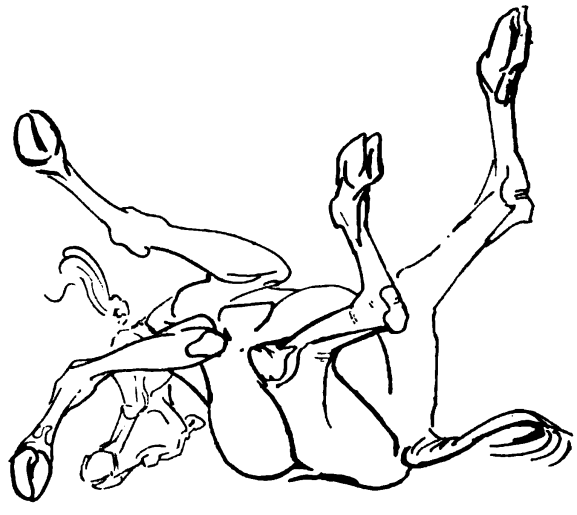
The two finalists are splendid animals, enormous brutes, evidently well fed and well cared for by their drivers.

A certain amount of excitement is shown by them in emitting their angry grunts and showing their teeth. A vicious, wicked look in their little eyes shows that both intend to wrestle in earnest. Were they without their muzzles it would be fighting instead of wrestling. There they stand, about ten yards from each other, tugging at their halters to get at one another; their tails lashing their sides angrily, foam dropping from their mouths, and shaking their huge heads in rage.

Some interest is now evinced by the spectators as the two enormous brutes are led into the ring. It was not necessary for the drivers to bring them together; when within a few yards of each other the halters are slipped and they make a terrible rush. Meeting shoulder against shoulder with an awful bump, both quiver and totter, but neither fall. It is a terrible shock, quite enough to dislocate their shoulders, but they are tough and strong and seem none the worse for the collision.

They then begin the usual tactics, rearing high in the air and letting out from the

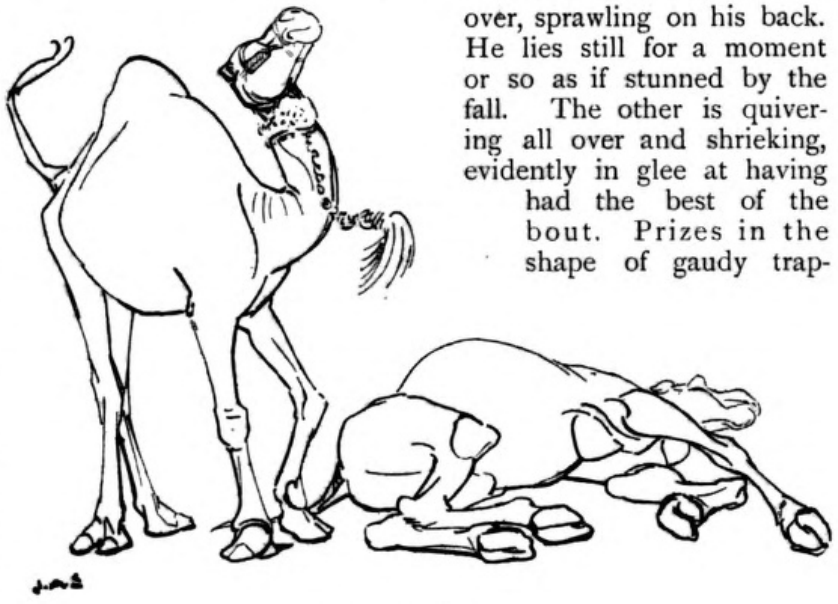




"——AND SENDS HIM SPRAWLING ON HIS BACK."

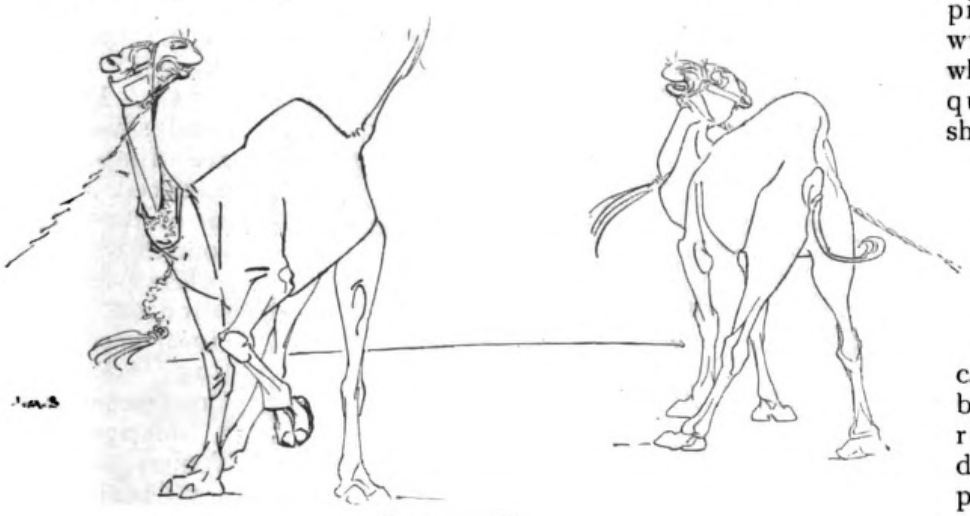
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shoulders, raining sledge-hammer blows on each other, getting closer and entwining their long necks round each other, and lurching from side to side and attempting by sheer force of weight and strength to bear each other down. In point of strength they are evenly matched, and it only requires quickness on the part of either of them to make a throw. Their shrieks and growls are horrible to hear. Their brute natures are now aroused. Their muzzles are covered with a greenish foam. The sharp snap, snap of their powerful jaws can be heard some distance away as they fling their heads at each other.



"A DECISIVE THROW."

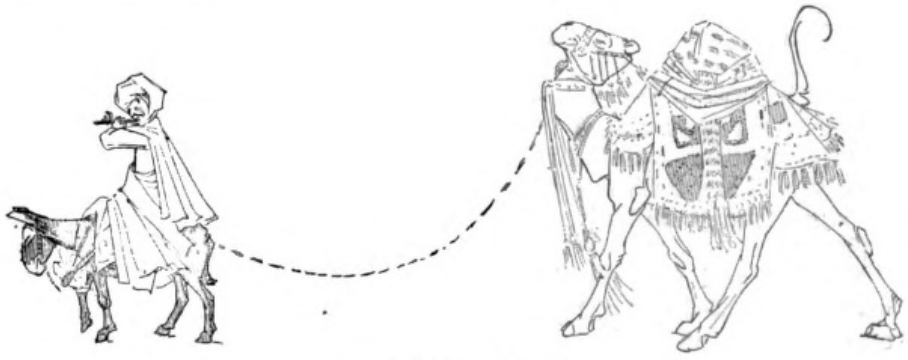
Bump, bump, go their enormous skulls one against the other. Evidently the bumping has dazed them, as both drop on their knees. They are soon up again, towering like two giants in the air. After a little more bumping one manages the usual trick of getting his head between the other's forelegs, and with a tremendous lift lurches him clean over, sprawling on his back. He lies still for a moment or so as if stunned by the fall. The other is quivering all over and shrieking, evidently in glee at having had the best of the bout. Prizes in the shape of gaudy trappings go to the winning camel, while the vanquished one's share is a little donkey, which goes to the owner.



"LED AWAY."

The gaudy trappings are placed on the winning camel, and, led by a donkey ridden by the driver playing his piccolo, heads the procession to the village near, followed by the spectators, where a substantial meal awaits both man and beast.

So ends the Camels' Festival of St. John.



"THE WINNING CAMEL."

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A Liar and an Elephant.

By Barry Pain.

THEODORA SANDYS had red hair and a gravity of manner unusual in a child of her age, and a grandfather who spoiled her, and three shillings and sixpence in cash. She had acquired the money in the simplest possible manner. When she did not see what she wanted she asked for it. And unless it was poisonously bad for her she generally got it.

"Mother," she said, "would you be offended if I didn't give you and papa any presents this Christmas?"

"Of course not, dear. Why?"

"Because grandpapa's stopping with us, and as he's a guest it would be awkward if he didn't get anything. So I thought I would spend all my money on grandpapa this year."

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Sandys.

"And, mother ——"

"Well?"

"Well, I haven't got any money."



"ABOUT HOW MUCH WOULD YOU WANT?"

"I see," said Mrs. Sandys, thoughtfully. "About how much would you want?"

"The thing I wanted to get for him is three shillings and sixpence. I went into the shop and asked."

"I'll go and see if I can get it for you. You wait here."

"Thank you," said Theodora, politely. "Thank you very much."

Mrs. Sandys went out into the garden and across to a greenhouse, where her father and her husband were having a difference of opinion. They both knew all that there was to know about gardening, but they knew it differently.

"My dear boy," grandpapa was saying, with a dignified calm, "you couldn't have expected anything else. I told you that you'd got this house in the wrong position. I said as plainly as I could speak that your heating apparatus was absolutely—— Halloa! here's Mary."

"Stop quarrelling, you two," said Mary, severely; "and, Tommy, I want three-and-six for Theo."

Tommy, in an absent-minded way, produced his sovereign-case and slipped out a coin. His thoughts were still gravely occupied with that heating apparatus.

"No," said Mrs. Sandys, decisively, "that won't do. I don't want gold, I want three-and-six—three-and-six. Do wake up and be clever and try to understand."

"I haven't got it," said her husband, helplessly. "Can't you get change?"

"Oh, I've got some silver," said grandpapa, and produced a handful of it. "Help yourself."

Mrs. Sandys selected half a crown and a shilling. "Thanks. Don't forget to get it back again from Tommy."

"That's all right," said grandpapa. "I'll remind him."

"I shall remember it, anyhow," said Tommy.

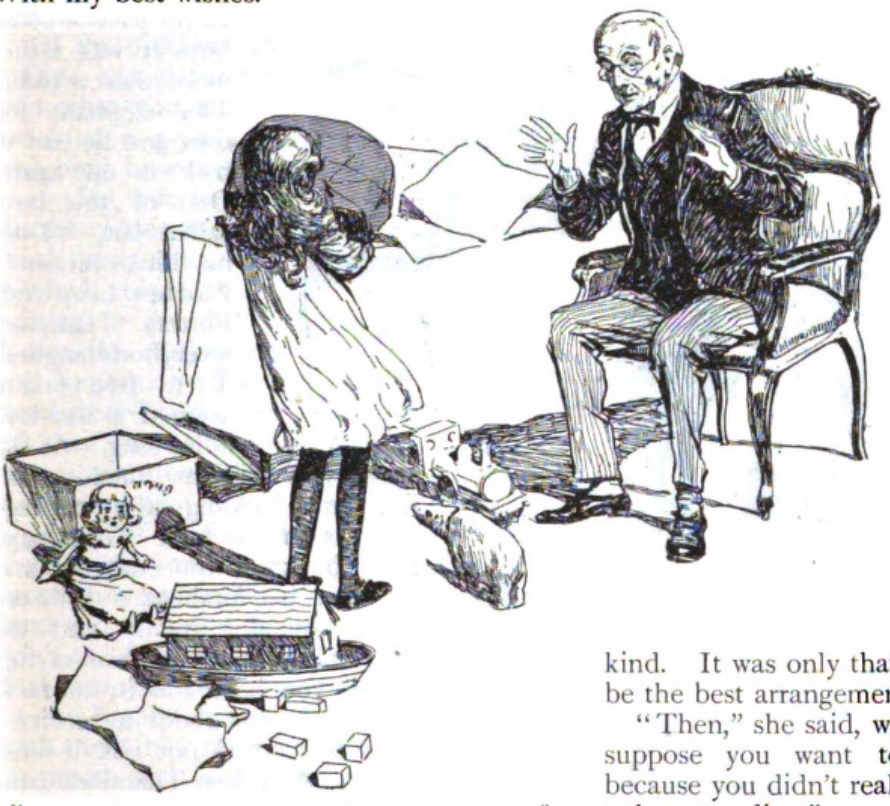
As a matter of fact, they both forgot all about it and the debt remains unpaid to this day. They were both inclined to a gentle vagueness where their gardens were not concerned. Fortunately, Mrs. Sandys was quite business-like, even if she did not attain to the full gravity of her little daughter.

Theodora, in possession of three shillings and sixpence, started off on a glorious morning walk. As a rule she regarded the morning walk as inane, and rendered wearisome by the limitations imposed by a nursemaid on one's manners and mode of progress. But this was a walk with a purpose and not a meaningless exercise. There was a shop at the end of it—a shop where a present was to be bought for grandpapa.

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After breakfast on Christmas Day Theodora was the recipient of many presents. They came from her parents, they came in great costliness and excess from her grandfather, they poured in by post, they showered in from her friends in the neighbourhood. She stood knee-deep in presents. Then she said, "I'm going to give a present, too."

She stepped out of her accumulation of offerings and went up to the day-nursery. She returned with a large brown-paper parcel. "That, grandpapa," she said, "is for you. With my best wishes."



"HE THANKED HER WITH THE GREATEST ENTHUSIASM."

He thanked her with the greatest enthusiasm. He expressed the wildest curiosity as to what the present could be. He seemed almost feverish with excitement as he cut the string.

"This," he exclaimed, "is splendid!"

It was a large toy elephant, mounted on wheels, with a string by which to pull it along, and as one pulled it along the elephant's head and tail wagged, thanks to a simple but effective mechanism.

His admiration knew no bounds. Theodora was serenely satisfied with the success of her selection.

But on the following day grandpapa thought that he understood the state of the case. He recalled the old story of the man who gave his wife two boxes of cigars for a Christmas present—she retorted by giving her husband a tea-gown for the New Year. He decided that he was meant to return that elephant to its donor. In this he was absolutely wrong. He also wished to act as tactfully as possible. He got a poor opinion of his own tact afterwards.

"Well, my dear," he said to Theodora, "I've been thinking about that elephant of mine. I'm afraid that if I took him away with me he'd be rather lonely; because, you see, I haven't got any other animals for him to play with. Now, you've got a whole Noah's Ark, and I wondered how it would be if I left him here and you took care of him for me."

Theodora fixed him with her big, grave, grey eyes and came rapidly to the point.

"Grandpapa," she said, "did you think that I meant you to give that elephant back to me?"

That was exactly what he had thought. "Not at all," he said. "Nothing of the kind. It was only that I thought that might be the best arrangement."

"Then," she said, with merciless logic, "I suppose you want to leave him behind because you didn't really like him and were only pretending."

Grandpapa was in great agony. He never wanted to wound the feelings of anybody. Still less did he want to wound the feelings of a child. And this was a pretty, good-hearted child to whom he was deeply devoted; and she looked almost as if she might run away and cry secretly.

He exhausted himself with steady and ingenious lying. He lied hard. He lied with conviction. He said that it was only a little joke of his about the elephant feeling lonely, and that, as a matter of fact, he could not bear to part with it. Then, remembering that deeds speak (and occasionally lie) louder than words, he took Theodora off to play with him and the elephant.

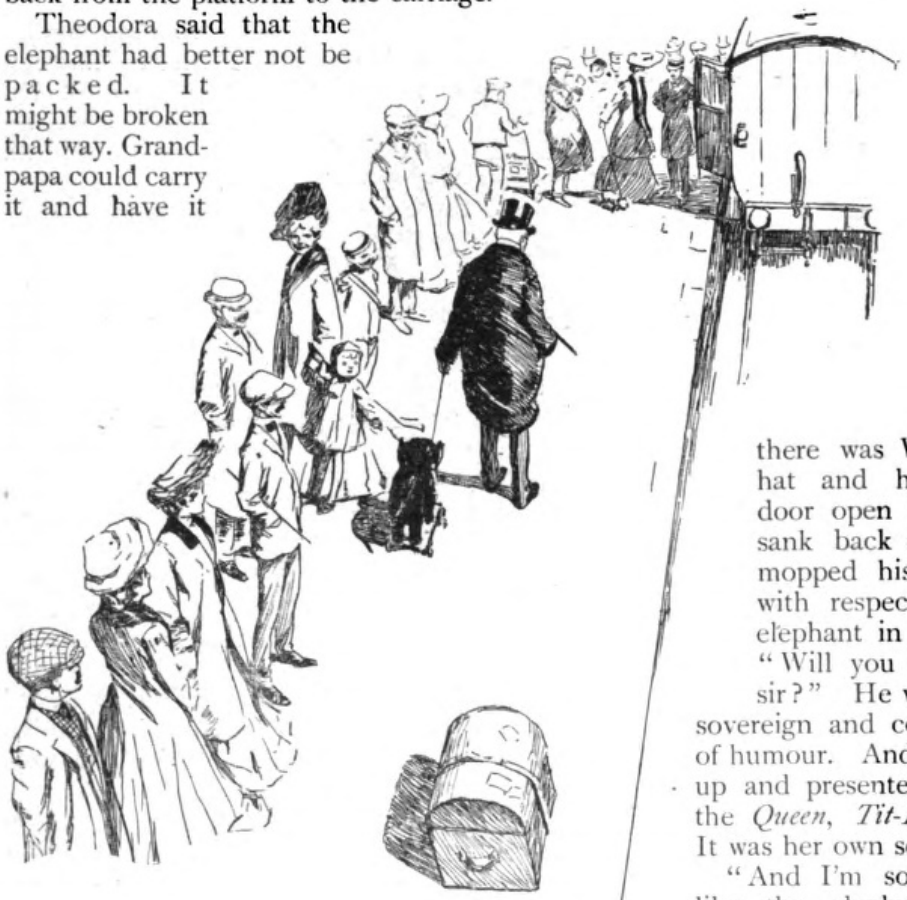
He spent a lot of time over that elephant during the next two days. If Theodora went out to play in the garden she would be sure

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to find her grandpapa dutifully trailing that elephant behind him. A garden affords a decent privacy, and grandpapa was willing to do much to efface the unfortunate impression that he had created.

He was required, on the day of his departure, to do yet a little more. Theodora had a child's passion for doing things all by herself, and she had pleaded that she might see grandpapa off at the station all by herself. This was permitted. A man would go on ahead with grandpapa's luggage, and after the departure of the train would escort Theodora back from the platform to the carriage.

Theodora said that the elephant had better not be packed. It might be broken that way. Grandpapa could carry it and have it in the train with him; it would be something for him to play with on the journey. Grandpapa agreed at once—anything to prevent the child from thinking that her offering had been unwelcome.



"EVERYBODY LAUGHED."

It was a long platform, with the bookstall at one end and grandpapa's train at the other. "Now," said Theodora, on arrival, "give me some money and I'll buy the newspapers for you all by myself."

He gave her the money.

"You go on to your train," she said, "and don't carry the elephant. Draw him after you by the string. He'll go splendidly on this smooth platform."

"Don't you think I'd better wait for you?" asked grandpapa. If he was to trail a toy elephant along a crowded platform, the presence of a child by his side would, at any rate, be some excuse.

Theodora would not hear of it. She wished to buy the papers and afterwards to walk the whole length of the platform all by herself.

He put the elephant down and started. He felt the widening smile all round him. In the case of some boys it was rather more than a smile. The elephant fell over and he had to pick it up again. One of the boys called out, "Does he bite, mister?" Ladies laughed. Porters laughed. Everybody laughed. The platform seemed a hundred miles long. At last there was William, touching his hat and holding the carriage door open for him. Grandpapa sank back on the cushions and mopped his forehead. William, with respectful gravity, and the elephant in his hand, was saying, "Will you have this in the rack, sir?" He was about to receive a sovereign and could not risk a sense of humour. And then Theodora came up and presented her grandpapa with the *Queen*, *Tit-Bits*, and the *Times*. It was her own selection.

"And I'm so glad you really do like the elephant," said Theodora. "Once I thought you didn't."

The train steamed out of the station, and grandpapa thought things over. He might, of course, have made some excuse, but Theodora had shown that she had remarkably clear sight in the matter of excuses. He had either to trail that elephant all the way up the platform or to let Theodora think that her present had been an unwelcome failure. "What does it matter what those grinning idiots thought?" said grandpapa to himself. "I'm jolly glad I did it."

The train entered a tunnel. When it emerged grandpapa was reading the *Times* and the elephant had mysteriously vanished.

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Dining Around the World.

By George Lynch.

THIS is the age of the restaurant. Never before did people dine so much out of their own homes. Dining out at restaurants is unquestionably on the increase, and most on the increase in the most progressive countries. A trip round the world provides opportunities of contrasting all varieties of restaurants.

Of the different nations it might be said, "Dine me at your restaurants and I'll tell you what you are." The various characteristics of a people can be well studied in watching how they pray, how they fight, how they play, but best of all in how they dine. In the clatter, bustle, and noise of a big New York restaurant, with its babble of high-pitched voices, the quick service, the band adding to the din, the costly dresses of the ladies, the restlessness that gives their feeding something of the suggestion of stoking machinery-boilers, we get an apt reflection of their life—just as in the Japanese tea-house, with the deft and noiseless service of flitting *mesans*, smiling, attentive in the anticipation of one's wants, and its verandas looking out on the garden with its miniature mountains and lakes, whose surface is rippled here and there by the quiet whisk of a gold-fish's tail, one feels that there is art in the air, that these are an artistic people, and civilized in the highest sense of the word. Feeding with them has no suggestion of stoking; in its repose and in the harmonious elegance of its surroundings it might be a religious rite of Buddhistic tranquillity.

I happened to dine at the Carlton the Sunday before I left England, and a dinner there is surely a microcosm of English social life of to-day and its tendencies. The average price paid for each dinner works out at one pound seventeen and sixpence per head. I have heard a syndicate defined to be "a body of men entirely surrounded by money," and there is a suggestion of that nature in the surroundings of the *habitués* of the Carlton. There you will see the City much in evidence, and the members of the dollarocracy who are visitors from the States, whose wives have an opportunity of showing their magnificent jewels and the opportunity, which is denied them in New York, of displaying their arms and shoulders, for it is not the thing in America to wear low-necked gowns when dining out at a restaurant.

During the following week I was living on the most excellent fare provided by the Cunard Company on the dear old, if venerable, *Umbria*. I wonder why it is that on no steamship line in the world you can get a decent cup of tea. I can only recollect twice getting good tea afloat: once was on a river barge coming down the Pei-ho from the late Li Hung Chang, and the other occasion was on the *Erin*, belonging to Sir Thomas Lipton. I am sure that it must have been on a liner that a man said, on tasting the contents of a cup set before him, "If this is tea, bring me coffee; if this is coffee, bring me a cup of tea."

The following Sunday found me dining at the Waldorf, New York—in many ways the most wonderful hotel in the world. It was fortunate that I had engaged a room beforehand, as I found six hundred applications had been refused during the previous three days. The palm-room is the paradise of New York diners during the week. I have seen an elaborate dinner given to seven hundred people in the great ball-room upstairs without the least noticeable delay in serving the hundreds of diners in the five other large dining-rooms.

The music of Niagara coming across the snow was the band that played for us at dinner at the Cataract House, Niagara. Dining on the cars of the Sante Fé route, or at the stations, we reached San Francisco, where my first dinner was up in the Sprekels' building, on the fifteenth floor, two hundred and ten feet above the street!—a dinner in the clouds they call it, and charge only one dollar twenty-five cents, and nothing extra for one of the most wonderful views in the world.

A fortnight afterwards I had at Honolulu what was probably the most curious dinner of my trip. Some hospitable friends gave a dinner for us after the native style. Our host and hostess were members of the late Royal Family, so that we could feel certain we should see what a genuine "loua" was like. There were about fifteen in the party. We entered the dining-room to find the table absolutely covered with foliage and flowers, amongst which the plates and numerous dishes were placed. On the back of every chair were long *leis*, or garlands

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formed by the heads of flowers strung together. These the guests hung round their necks as they sat down. It was explained to us that chairs were not quite correct, but were used partly in deference to us visitors, and partly, I privately fancy, in deference to the size of a lady and gentleman of the party, who would unquestionably be more comfortable on chairs than squatting on the floor. The windows of the room looked out on the bay, and a few feet from them the surf fell with a swishing murmur on the strand below. The *pièce de résistance* of the repast was a sucking-pig, whose appearance made the mouth water as he lay in a bed of large *ti*-leaves. They say there is half an hour in the life of a peach. There is probably three minutes during which roast pig may be said to be cooked to perfection, and in that three minutes this one had been taken from the oven, thus showing a brown crispness on the surface, bursting with the luscious succulence beneath, which, with the savoury odour, was enough to have made a Jew apostatize. I had been permitted to see the oven in which he had been placed just two hours before. First a hole was dug in the ground, then large flat stones were made red-hot in the fire. It was curious to watch how the native cook picked them up with his fingers, which he had just dipped in water, and laid them along the bottom and sides of the oven. The pig, wrapped in *ti*-leaves, was then laid within, other hot stones were placed on top, and the whole covered over with plenty of earth. By this means, I was told, all the juice and flavour were preserved. The result was a triumphant justification of the method, for nothing could have been more delicious. Then there were several kinds of fish, wrapped also in *ti*-leaves, chicken cooked like the pig, taro in soft chunks, a most excellent dish of stewed fruit, and squid (as the dry octopus tentacles are called), which tastes like the distilled and doubly condensed smell of Billingsgate Market. Before each guest was a highly-polished calabash of koa-wood containing *poi*—something like sago or arrowroot, but of a grey colour. It would have destroyed the correctness or local colour of the feast to have used knives and forks, so everything was eaten with the fingers, and each guest was provided with a finger-bowl for frequent washing. Now, eating with the fingers comes quite natural to one after a few minutes, but to watch others doing it is not appetizing. I should have been content to sacrifice a certain amount of the local colour in exchange for knives and forks, by which to have done justice to the excellent viands. *Poi* was an important part of the meal. That national dish is eaten by ladies with the first finger and by the men with the second, except when it is thin, and then it is called "two-finger *poi*." The lady on my left was an interesting talker, and while she was giving me the account, as she had heard it from her father, of the great battle fought in the mountains behind us, when Kamehameha drove his enemies right over the precipice of the Pali, she kept gesticulating with a lumpy festoon of *poi* round her forefinger. The act was unconscious and graceful on her part, but riveted my attention in speculating as to whether it was going to fall on my trousers or on her dress. It finally reached her mouth, however, without doing either.

In the garden beside the dining-room four native musicians sang and played during dinner. Their music is full of melody and quite Western. Sometimes one thinks it is a Spanish or Italian love-song, sometimes the suspicion crosses one's mind that some of our most popular composers have been out here and have borrowed a few airs for comic opera; but then there are others with a plaintive strain running through them resembling with wonderful closeness the wail of the old Irish melodies.

Probably the most artistic of this world's circle of dinners was one given to me at Tokio, in Japan, which embodied the elaborate and ancient ceremony of the Cha-no-yu with a most excellent repast. It was a delightful rickshaw drive through Shieba Park, and then through shop-lined streets until one got out amongst the villas and gardens of the bay, which stretched out on the left, glassy calm, and reflecting the reeds that grew far out from the shore. It is very bad form not to arrive punctually. Two other guests had just alighted before us. One of them was a great authority on tea ceremonies, and the other was the greatest artist in landscape gardening in Japan. An attendant guided us through the labyrinth walks of the garden to the waiting-room, a little thatched summer-house built of bamboo, where ordinary tea was ready for us. A panel was drawn back, and there was our host bowing his greeting to us. "You must be hungry," he said; "I will go and prepare something for you to eat at once"—and he retired, sliding the panel of the door after him. A few minutes afterwards he signified that he was ready. Then, led by the principal guest, we went to the

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THE MENU OF A JAPANESE HOTEL.

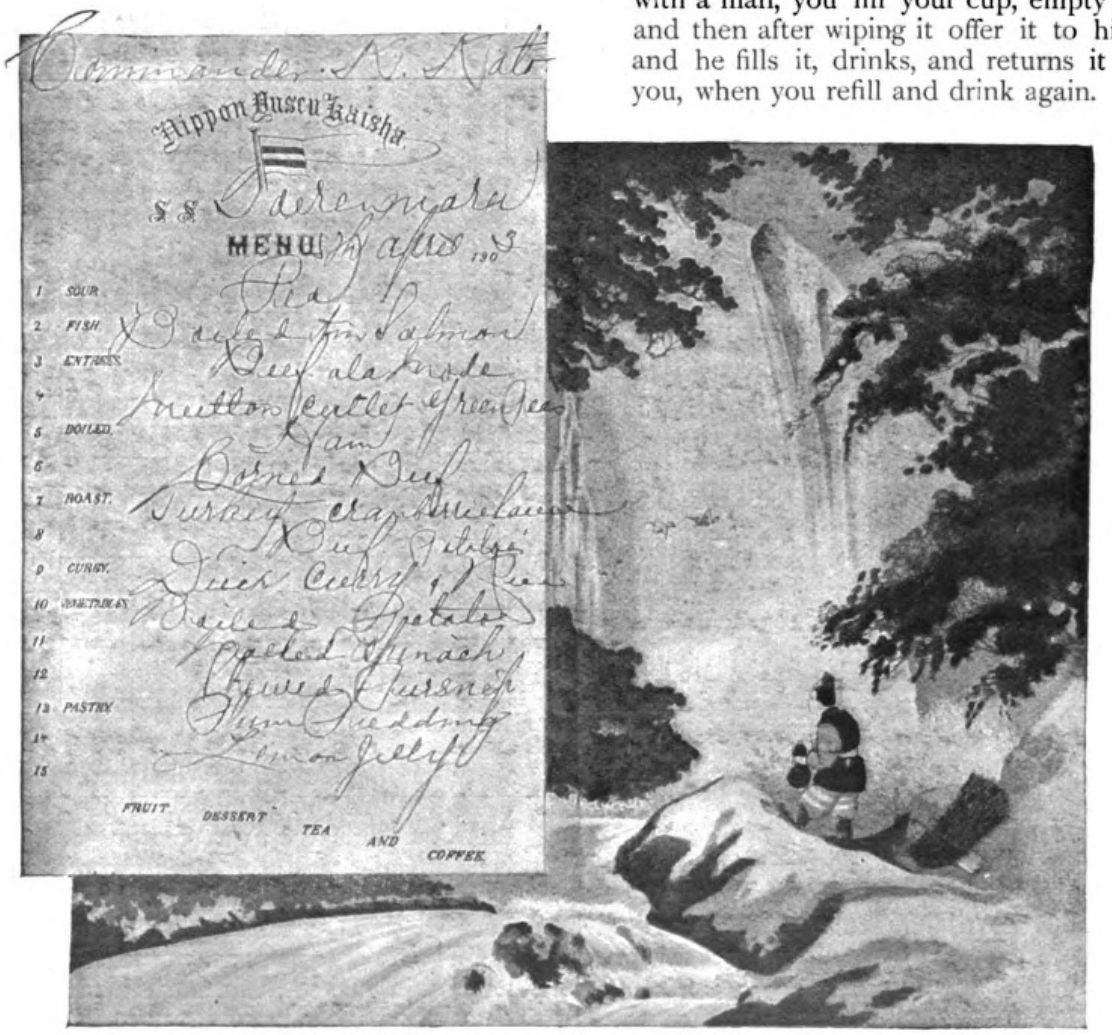
door at the other side of the house. On the way he stopped where a spring of the clearest water flowed into a rough-hewn stone basin, and poured some over his hands from a little cup fitted with a long bamboo handle. We then entered the tea-room by a low door. It was a tiny room, severely plain in style and exquisitely clean. It was lighted from the roof and from a window near the door. There was no decoration or ornament whatever except the kakemono—a beautiful picture of a cock by the celebrated Chinese artist, Mokkei. On the picture, which was four hundred and fifty years old, the Japanese priest Hogetsu, two hundred years after it was painted, had written some verses. Now, the cock was suggestive of the morning (correctly speaking, our dejeuner should have been at an earlier hour), and the ceremony of Cha-no-yu requires that all the setting of the feast and the vessels used should be in harmony with the season. The verses that this confident poet had dared to write on the margin of the picture were as follows: "In the stillness of a deep valley in the mountains the faint crowing of the cock is heard afar, and the murmur of the pine trees—perhaps it is only the pine trees I hear—anyhow, what matter? I will to sleep again." Very reverently the chief guest knelt and bowed before this work, even as he would have saluted its artist, and he and the others examined it carefully and then took their places.

A panel was drawn aside and our host entered with a box of charcoal to replenish the fire, which was sunk in a little square receptacle near the centre of the floor. The arrangement of the thick black sticks of charcoal and the thin white ones was watched attentively, as it was artistic in itself. He carefully wiped away the finest vestiges of dust with a feather, and then from a gold-lacquered box produced two little balls of incense, which he put on the glowing charcoal, and placed the round bronze pot in position

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over the fire. A fine, delicately aromatic perfume presently diffused itself through the air —not that heavy, overpowering incense used in churches, but clean, appetizing, refined.

He retired and presently returned bearing a red-lacquered tray, supported on four short legs, on which were three covered bowls and saucers for *saké*. One contained rice, the other soup, and the third crab. The recollection of that soup makes my mouth water as I write. I don't know what subtle combination of meats and delicate flavouring it was composed of—there was a vegetable in it not unlike asparagus; the crab was in its way equally good, and the rice looked like warm snowflakes. With this we had hot *saké*, and then other bowls were brought in containing fish-souchet, or fish soup with sole in it, not the fish of which the soup had been made, but just the white curling strips of small fish, from which the bones had been removed. Another helping of the original soup was served, and I believe some gourmets of the party asked for a third. After this came mushrooms and slices of tender young bamboo shoots, plucked before they had yet appeared above the ground. Lastly came sweets, the unfinished portion of which the guests wrapped in some of the paper, with a sheaf of which every Japanese is constantly provided, to take away with them. The whole meal was punctuated with little cups of *saké*. In the ceremony of drinking wine with a man, you fill your cup, empty it, and then after wiping it offer it to him and he fills it, drinks, and returns it to you, when you refill and drink again.



THE MENU ON BOARD A JAPANESE STEAMSHIP.

The red-lacquered service, ornamented with the seasonable cherry-blossom, was much admired, and the *saké* cups were passed round for appreciative inspection. It seemed hard that the host was not eating with us, and, in fact, spent most of his time away from his guests. This is in keeping with the rules of Cha-no-yu as they were simplified and reformed by Hideyoshi. The whole repast is supposed to be cooked by the host as well as served by him. The reformation referred to took place after a luxurious period when the great nobles of Japan had been

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MENU.

THE SUMMER PALACE.PEKIN.

Fish Culets Samli

Samsu or Chinese rice wine

Sharks Fins

Pomard.

York ham & Spinnach

Rosenden or Mei Kuei Lü.

Pekin duck

Veuve Cliquot

Pate de Foie gras

Hock.

Chinese Mushrooms

Claret.

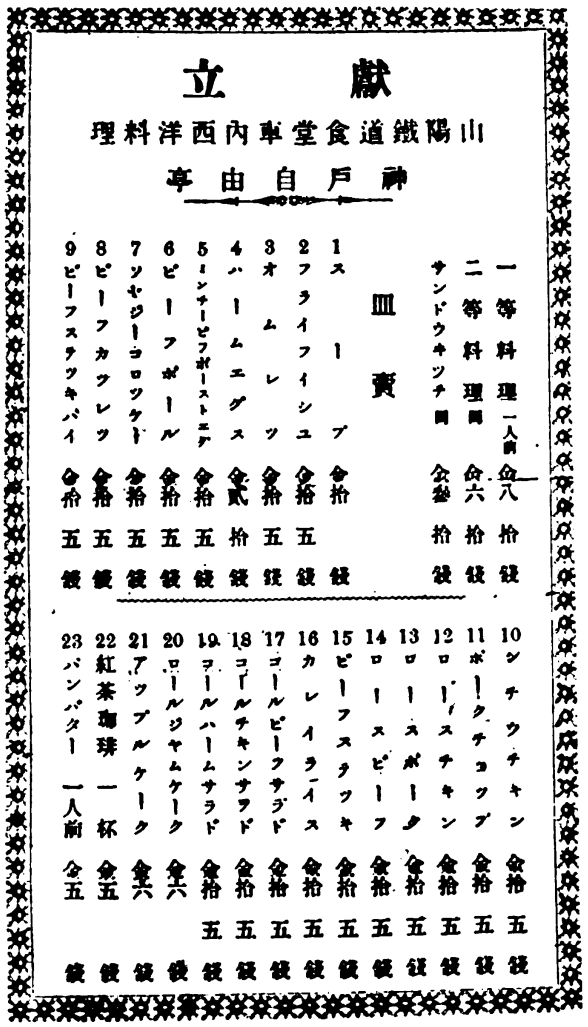
Sweets & Fruits

Coffee Liqueurs Cigars Cigarettes.

A CHINESE MENU PRINTED IN ENGLISH.

vying with each other in the elaborateness and cost of these entertainments. The artistic *motif* had been lost, and it was a competition of show and costliness until it had degenerated to the level of the entertainments given to-day by American millionaires. He recalled them to the original ideal—the plain, small, simple room, the single decoration, the small number of courses. Almost the lowest in the land might entertain the highest without the difference of their wealth becoming apparent; in fact, there is a story of a great Shogun being so entertained by a beggar. Within these rules there is scope for using ornaments and utensils of such rare and artistic workmanship as still to give opportunity for great expenditure of money as well as taste.

After the sweets the guests went out to the summer-house and smoked while the host made preparation for the tea ceremony proper. The day had become brighter; the garden from our feet stretched away in miniature hills, valleys, and mountains, clothed with small pine trees that gradually merged into the full-sized ones of the temple garden in the adjoining ground. Close by was a moss-grown stone lantern, and a pagoda crowned a little hill farther off. The smoke of our cigarettes rose in sinuous streams in the still, Sabbathlike air. Suddenly our talk stopped short and everyone stood in statue-stillness at the stroke of the gong. A wonderful sound it was—as if the air itself had heaved a sigh of music. It smote the sense more as a perfume than a sound, and faded away as if a bouquet of flowers had been carried by; then a fainter stroke, followed by a fainter one still, and the last of the five of fuller volume. Then the chief guest led the way past the fountain, at which we rinsed our mouths and washed our fingers, and re-entered the tea-room. The kakemono had been changed. There was now a bamboo vase on the wall in place of the picture, with a pink camellia and a long spray of young wistaria arranged in it. The guests in turn went to inspect and admire it, and then took their places. The water was by this time boiling in the pot. The host entered with a bowl of Corean pottery and a bag of richly embroidered silk, from which he drew a bowl containing the powdered green tea. After wiping this and the bowl carefully with a silken cloth he put the tea in the latter with a tiny



A CHINESE MENU IN THE ORIGINAL.

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bamboo spoon, pouring water on it with a wooden ladle, stirred it with a little whisk, and added more water. The mixture when ready resembled thick pea-soup. Bowing, he handed it to the principal guest, who, after drinking some with great deliberation, handed it to his neighbour, and so on to the last, who finished the contents.

The bowl and the other articles were then handed round for inspection and gave rise to much appreciative comment. An animated discussion followed as to the artists who had made them. Our host challenged the company to name the maker of the bamboo vase, and they were almost unanimous in ascribing it to one man who lived three hundred years ago. They were right about the period, but wrong as to the individual artist. The maker of the small bamboo spoon they were all correct about, though it was two hundred years old. I was astounded at the acumen of these connoisseurs. A spoon and a piece of thick bamboo! Yet they were practically able to tell the names of makers who lived one or two centuries ago. The talk was not so serious or formal as might be imagined from the setting of these formalities; there was plenty of chaff and quick-witted repartee. It ran for the most part on artistic lines, but, curiously enough, there was never a mention of the price of anything. I managed to hear indirectly afterwards that the rough-looking Corean bowl, in which possibly even the maker saw no artistic value, had cost one thousand dollars, and the spoon, which looked to me of the intrinsic value of possibly one halfpenny, had cost one hundred dollars.

Another curious dinner was one I had at the house of one of the most famous Chinese "singing girls"—one of the four who are known as the Four Pearls of China. I dined there with a Japanese friend. First we had *hors d'œuvres* of sufficient variety and quantity to dine off without anything else, then excellent fish-soup, sharks' fins, bird's-nest soup, and a succession of courses that I thought would never come to an end. Beside each of us sat a young singing girl who, very much in the same style as a Japanese Geisha, filled our cups with *samsu*, the Chinese wine, and our small-bowled pipes with tobacco, and sang a few songs at intervals. Chinese music is an acquired taste, and I have not yet acquired it. The Chinese are good cooks, and it would have been as good a dinner as I had ever tasted but for one thing—I wanted a piece of bread. One does not know how great a necessity this is until one has to do without it.

Crossing Siberia by rail, the food on the train was first-rate. In Moscow and the other big Russian towns are to be found some of the best restaurants in the world. On the whole I found the Russian dinners the most substantial, the American dinners the most expensive, the Japanese dinners the most artistic in their service and surroundings, the French still the best from a strictly culinary standpoint.


РЕСТОРАНЪ
гостиницы „МЕТРОПОЛЬ".

Мая 11 дня 1903 г.

МЕНЮ.

ОБѢДЫ

отъ 2-хъ до 6-ти час.	Руб.	К.
Изъ 2-хъ блюдъ	—	50
» 3-хъ »	—	75
» 4-хъ »	1	—
» 5-ти »	1	25

Щи зеленые
Супъ Жюльенъ
Битки рубецъ
Ленокъ американъ
Дикая баранина
Кюре по испански
Гатэ ассорте

Прошу требовать счетъ изъ конторы гостиницы.

MENU OF THE METROPOLE HOTEL, IRKUTSK, SIBERIA.

Returning to London, when I sat me down at a window-table where I could enjoy the long-lost rumbling music of the street, the same old waiter of the same old club asked me what I would have for dinner. I ordered a sole, not too big, and a grilled chop—for there are none such to be got in perfection outside of England—and a tankard of bitter. I felt rather tired of gastronomic kick-shaws in the kaleidoscopic variety of dining around the world.

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The Fascination of Miss Carlingford.

By a London Lawyer. Given to the World by Florence Warden.

AMONG my letters at the office one morning I found the following epistle, written in an old-fashioned, slanting, feminine hand :—

"Dear Sir,—Having heard of your great success in the conduct of affairs of a delicate nature, and being desirous of confiding certain difficulties of such a nature to a gentleman in whom a lady could have entire confidence, I should be glad if you would give me an appointment for one afternoon next week, not too early in the morning, as I have to come up out of Hertfordshire, and for a lady to have to rise at a very early hour is inconvenient. As I am a lady little used to lawyers' offices, or business, or anything of that kind, I should be glad if you can make it convenient to appoint an hour when you can see me immediately, as I do not care to have to wait in an outer office to be stared at by clerks, such waiting being particularly repugnant to a lady of sensitive mind.

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"Amelia Jane Carlingford."

Now, there was so much about ladies and gentlemen in this letter that I felt quite sure my correspondent did not belong to the former category, so I was careful to be particularly ceremonious in my answer, and to address Miss Carlingford as if she had been a duchess at least. She had spared me any difficulties regarding her status by enclosing an envelope for my reply, addressed as follows :—

"Miss A. J. Carlingford,

"2, Rose Villas, Farmer's Lane,

"Frensham, Herts."

I was rather curious to see my punctilious client, and when, on the day and at the exact hour I appointed, Mr. Gobbett, my senior clerk, ushered in an elderly female in a commonplace gown of rather rusty black silk, a dolman and bonnet trimmed with beads, dark cotton gloves, who carried a string-bag in one hand and an umbrella with an ivory crook handle in the other, I felt some slight sensation of disappointment.

Miss Carlingford could never have been beautiful; now she was decidedly plain. Her dark hair, which was slightly grey, was parted in the middle and plastered down flat at the sides; her complexion was rather red and rather shiny, and her eyes had the dull, fishlike expression usual in those of women living in the country who have little to do and little to think about.

She had, however, a certain air of placid and bovine satisfaction with herself more common with the well-to-do than with women of the class to which she seemed to belong, which we somewhat vaguely define as "the lower middle class."

She seated herself very deliberately in the chair I placed for her, crossed her hands in front of her, and opened her business with great gravity.

"I dare say, Mr. Ponting, you have a great many transactions of a delicate nature passing through your office?"

I inclined my head in assent, and she went on, prefacing her speech with a little sigh :—

"But I am quite sure you don't have many applications so peculiar as mine."

I glanced up at her with a grave bend, and was rather astonished to find that she was holding her head a little on one side and was smiling, with downcast eyes and an air of demure coquetry which sat very oddly upon a lady of her mature years.

"I've come to you, in short, Mr. Ponting, to ask for your protection."

"Protection against whom, madam?" asked I, much mystified by her manner.

"Well, I hardly know how to say it—it sounds so absurd—but against the persecutions of gentlemen."

I looked at her, uncertain whether she could use the words she intended. There was no doubt of it, however, for she was still looking down at her cotton gloves with that placidly arch smile.

"Indeed, madam!" was all that I could

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"I'VE COME TO YOU, MR. PONTING, TO ASK FOR YOUR PROTECTION."

ejaculate. And then I waited for further details of this extraordinary persecution. Miss Carlingford heaved a deeper sigh than before and went on with a certain sprightliness:—

"Yes, it's positively dreadful. They never leave me alone. I had an offer of marriage last Saturday, and again one, making the third from the same person, on Tuesday. Now, I don't say that it's altogether disagreeable to be sought after like this. Of course, every lady feels flattered in a sense by the attentions of gentlemen; but when it comes to offers morning, noon, and night, and gentlemen coming to tea, and gentlemen calling in the evening, and presents of game—not that I object to presents of game in the abstract! Far from it!—and when it comes to offers being refused and repeated the next week, why, Mr. Ponting, if it isn't persecution, what is it?"

And Miss Carlingford drew herself up with the triumphant air of one who propounds for the first time a conundrum to which no one can guess the answer.

For a moment I made no attempt at reply, for I was carefully considering the probabilities in favour of the only two possible solutions of the mystery. Either Miss Carlingford was rich, of which her dress gave no evidence, and was therefore courted for her money; or she was mad, and the courtship only existed in her imagination.

But she did not look mad. On the contrary, now that she had become a little animated in conversation, there was not wanting in her expression a certain intelligence with which, on her first entrance, I should not have felt inclined to credit her. Her eyes had brightened, her manner had become more alert, the heavy look of dull middle-age had disappeared. Still, the change scarcely amounted to an accession of charm such as no man could resist, and therefore the two suppositions in my mind seemed the only possible ones.

I began gently to probe for the truth.

"On the other hand, madam, it is not a little flattering to a lady to find her charms appreciated at their proper value," I said. "And perhaps, among those who value you for yourself alone, there may be some less disinterested persons who look rather to your fortune, and who thus swell the ranks of your admirers to an undesirable extent."

I flattered myself I had put this rather neatly, but the lady's manner of receiving the suggestion seemed to prove that I was at fault.

Miss Carlingford shook her head with decision.

"Oh, I know what you mean," said she.

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"That they're all after my money and nothing else." I murmured a disclaimer, but she went on: "But that's not the case, for I haven't got any."

In my mind I at once went back to the theory that she was mad. But with great precision she went on to give some details of her history.

"No, it isn't that," she said. "My father was a gentleman in business——" I interpreted this in my own mind to mean that he had been a small country tradesman; "and, though I was his only child, he was unable to leave me more than a small competence, with which I purchased an annuity. I even sold the house I live in, and sank the money in the same way; for as I have never been married, and have no near relations, I have only myself to consider."

Anything less like madness than her shrewd and methodical way of accounting for her actions it was impossible to imagine.

"And what is it you want me to do, madam?" I asked, after a pause.

"I thought that you, with your great experience, might suggest a way of my dealing with these people," said she.

And her manner had all the appearance of perfect sincerity, as well as of perfect sanity.

"Why not leave the neighbourhood and try another?" suggested I.

Again a simper took the place of Miss Carlingford's shrewd expression when discussing the details of her income.

"That would be of no use," said she. "I've tried it. I sub-let my house, and went to live at Worthing. I had an offer from the butcher over the way—a gentleman in a large way of business, too, and kept two servants and a private trap—before I'd been there six weeks."

"Very extraordinary!" I incautiously murmured, forgetting my courtesy in my surprise.

Miss Carlingford, not unnaturally, rather resented this unfortunate remark.

"Extraordinary or not, it's true," she said, sharply. "And, what's more, one of the gentlemen who asked me when I was in my old house found me out, followed me down to Worthing, and asked me again!"

And she looked me full in the face, defiantly.

I tried another tack.

"Why don't you get rid of the rest by choosing one? Has that plan never occurred to you? Surely, among so many, you might find one worthy of you! It is ungenerous to our sex to suppose the contrary."

Miss Carlingford was appeased by my gallant speech, and her face again relaxed into a coquettish smile.

"Well, you see, it's more difficult to choose among many than to make up one's mind when there are only one or two," she remarked, with another touch of the shrewdness she had already shown. "One has one thing and one has another, but it's very difficult to find good temper and moderate good looks, and money, and some social standing all in the same man. Especially when you have no hankering after marriage. You see I don't deny, Mr. Ponting, that I've been used to go my own way a good many years now. I'm not old by any means, not at all; still, I'm not a girl, as anyone can see."

Afraid of committing myself again, I hesitated to acquiesce in this opinion, which, however, was perfectly well founded.

"Wouldn't the Worthing butcher with the trap and the two servants have tempted you?" said I, insinuatingly. "In these days, when butchers buy their meat as American and sell it as English, I should have thought that calling one of the best."

But Miss Carlingford drew herself up.

"When one has had gentlemen, real gentlemen, of your profession among others, at one's feet, as one may say," she remarked, with dignity, "one has views above butchers, Mr. Ponting."

"Well," said I, "frankly, then, if you won't take my advice in the one case and you have found it useless to follow my other suggestion, I don't see what I can do for you."

She frowned slightly and looked down.

"Couldn't you," she said slowly, at last, "come down to Frensham and see for yourself the state of the case? Then, perhaps, you could tell me better what I ought to do."

I stared at her blankly.

"My dear madam," said I, "do you really think the sifting of your many admirers, or the frightening of them away, is work for a man of my profession, work for which, mind, he would have to give up a good deal of valuable time?"

"Oh, I know your time is valuable," said she, quickly, "but I am quite ready to pay any honorarium you——"

I interrupted her.

"It is out of the question, Miss Carlingford," said I, with decision. "I cannot believe that a lady of your discrimination could find any real difficulty in getting rid of any number of importunate admirers if she were really in earnest about the matter. And if their

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numbers made it impossible to deal with them yourself," I added, with an involuntary touch of sarcasm, "by application at the local police-court no doubt you could get protection against any of them whose despair made them rashly importunate."

But she was not satisfied.

"A lady can't do that sort of thing," she said, uneasily. Then she added, after a short pause, "If you can't come yourself, Mr. Ponting, couldn't you let one of your subordinates—that discreet-looking elderly gentleman who showed me in here, for instance—come down and judge for himself of my position? I see you find it difficult to believe all I've told you, but if——"

I interrupted her.

"If that will satisfy you, madam, I think it might be arranged," I said, rather tickled by the idea of sending Mr. Gobbett upon such an errand, and anxious to get rid of my amazing client. I put my hand on the cover of the speaking-tube.

But my visitor rose hastily.

"I'd rather," she said, with a downcast look as if she meant to blush, "you would explain the errand to him yourself, Mr. Ponting, when I am gone. You see, it's rather a delicate matter for a lady to listen to, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," said I; "perhaps it is."

And as I spoke and looked at her, I decided once for all that she was certainly a harmless lunatic, and that I would take no further notice of her or of her errand until I had more news either of her or from her.

Whether she guessed my thoughts I do not know; but she looked at me very steadily for a few seconds, and then fumbled for her pocket in the recesses of her gown, fished out a large fat purse, and put down upon the table a couple of five-pound notes.

"You will want some money for the gentleman's expenses, will you not?" said she.

Good woman! Whether or not she guessed the fact, she had overcome my last scruple. The sight of the fat purse softened and brightened my dim, professional eyes, and I rose with my best and most courtly manners to bow her out.

"Take back your money, my dear madam," said I. "Even a lawyer does not want payment for services he has not yet rendered."

She smiled, chuckled in fact, seeing that she had conquered; and as she passed through the outer office I noticed that she went slowly, and that she looked hard at each of my three chief clerks in turn. And when her eyes lighted on Mr. Gobbett she turned to me with an expressive nod of the head, which indicated, as I felt sure, her choice of him as an emissary as the least likely to be too susceptible to her overwhelming charms.

I shall never forget the sight of Mr. Gobbett's face when he learnt the errand on which I proposed to send him. That he should take stock of this plain elderly woman's admirers in order that I might be able to suggest to her a way of dealing with them satisfactorily seemed to him so exquisitely ludicrous that, for a moment, he appeared to doubt whether the evident craziness of my client had not infected me.

I reassured him quickly.

"Of course, she's more or less cracked," said I, and even as I spoke I felt an odd consciousness that this was not the case. "But she's undoubtedly well off, and no doubt the existence of these wooers is real enough. Some of them are fortune-hunters, and others pursue her for the fun of the thing. You will probably find that she is one of the laughing-stocks of the place where she lives."

On the following day, therefore, Mr. Gobbett, grumbling more than he had ever grumbled before, started for Frensham, and next morning I received the following letter from him at my own house before I started for the City:—

"The Blue Lion, Frensham,
"February 3rd.

"DEAR SIR,—According to your instructions I have arrived here, and hasten to acquaint you with my address, at the vilest of inns. I have already made inquiries, and find that Miss Carlingford is well known and much respected here, but is not reputed to be a person of wealth. I have passed her residence, which is an ordinary modern house in a row, at a rental which I should imagine to be about twenty to twenty-five pounds a year. She has a rather pretty girl—a farmer's daughter, who is called a lady-help—in her employment, and I should judge that the mistress may have taken to herself admiration directed to the maid. However, I propose to call at the house this evening, and I will write again to-night when I have done so. The cold here is abominable, and none of the windows fit. "Yours faithfully,

"GOBBETT."

On arrival at my office I found a second letter awaiting me, which ran thus:—

"The Blue Lion, Frensham,
"February 4th, 1 a.m.

"DEAR SIR,—I have just returned from

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Miss Carlingford's, and I hasten to keep my promise and acquaint you with the position of her affairs. Of the absolute reality of the persecution to which she is subjected by a mob of more or less worthless and interested persons I have had fullest proof. This estimable lady, who is a very pearl among women—as women go—is surrounded by a crowd of idle flatterers, who have no proper appreciation of her merits, but merely join the throng of her more honest and worthy admirers from force of example or of habit. The lady had begged me to visit her once more before my return to town, and I do not feel justified in refusing the request of a lady whose position awakens my chivalrous respect. I hope to be at the office to-morrow, the 5th, as usual.

"Yours faithfully,

"GOBBETT."

I stared at the letter in amazement. To begin with, it was the first I had ever received from Gobbett which did not contain some reference to his personal discomforts; and in the second place, the difference between the first letter, which was cold, and the second, which was enthusiastic, puzzled and well-nigh alarmed me.

What was the magic with which the plain and commonplace elderly lady had charmed my woman-hating elderly clerk? Or had he, as hinted in his first letter, fallen victim to the attractions of the pretty lady-help? He was the last person of whom I should have suspected such a weakness, but I could think of no other explanation of the marvel, and I awaited, with eager curiosity very unusual with me, his return to the City on the following morning.

But my uneasy astonishment increased when Mr. Gobbett stalked solemnly in on the following morning, and could give no better solution of the mystery than had been afforded by his letter.

He was rather silent, rather sheepish, and he left upon my mind the distinct impression that he had left the fascinating Miss Carlingford with reluctance, and that he was jealous of the crowd of luckier admirers who remained behind.

"Now come, Mr. Gobbett," said I, peremptorily, "you can't persuade me that this woman of fifty is really irresistible to a dozen sane men. Remember, I've seen her myself. Now, what is the attraction?"



"'IT IS SIMPLY THIS, SIR, THAT SHE IS A REAL WOMANLY WOMAN,' SAID MR. GOBBETT."

"It is simply this, sir, that she is a real *womanly* woman, and that in these days of

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mannish women she is a rarity, and a precious one," said Mr. Gobbett, not looking me straight in the eyes, but shifting his position uneasily under my gaze.

"And is it she who is the womanly woman or the pretty lady-help?" I asked, severely.

Mr. Gobbett's leathern face flushed quite indignantly.

"The lady-help!" he echoed, with scorn. "A little bit of a pert hussy, that——" He checked himself, conscious that this warmth was unbecoming. "I should hardly think," he added, relapsing into his usual dry tones, "that staid men of forty and fifty, a bank-manager and a solicitor among others, would lose their heads over a red-cheeked farmer's daughter who laughs in their faces if they speak to her!"

"Well," said I, after a moment's reflection, "and did Miss Carlingford broach the subject of her persecution to you?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Gobbett; "she bore it all like an angel. But anyone could see that the persistent attentions of these men—half-a-dozen of them there were, even while I was there, all glaring at each other like tigers—anyone could see, I say, that she found them very annoying."

"I dare say," said I, looking fixedly at him, "I shall hear from Miss Carlingford in a day or two; she will be anxious to know what opinion you have formed upon her difficulties, and what advice I have to give her now that I have received confirmation of her account of them."

"Yes," said Mr. Gobbett. "No doubt you will hear from her."

"If I do not," I went on, "I shall send Barbour down to Frensham——"

But Mr. Gobbett cut me short, in a most excited manner.

"Why send Barbour?" he said, sharply. "I'm quite ready to go again. I'll go to-morrow—to-day, if you like."

Then, perceiving that he was betraying eagerness unusual to his temperament, he checked himself, and said in a more deliberate manner:—

"It will scarcely be proper to send down to her until you receive further instructions, will it, sir?"

Much astonished at this unusual show of consideration on the part of my grumbling clerk, I said:—

"I shouldn't like to expose you again to so much inconvenience as you had to suffer. I have your first letter, describing the miserable accommodation at the inn you stayed at, and ——"

"I think nothing of small discomforts when your business is in question," replied Mr. Gobbett, promptly. "I repeat, I am ready to undertake the journey again whenever you please, and I emphatically advise you not to think of sending Barbour down; for he would certainly get himself into trouble with the lady, who is very particular, very particular, indeed, about the—er—the style and—er—the manners of her visitors."

Now, the manners of Luke Barbour, the second in age and experience of my clerks, were in their way quite as good as those of Mr. Gobbett; for, although he might be brusque, yet he was certainly more genial than the older man. I therefore saw at once that this objection was but a feeble one, and that it was based upon nothing but jealousy. Whether professional or personal, I could not quite make out.

However, as two days passed and I heard nothing more from Miss Carlingford, I sent Luke Barbour down to Frensham, nominally to ask whether she had found any abatement of the annoyance of her too numerous admirers; but I confess that my real motive was rather a strong and wholly unprofessional curiosity to learn whether the miraculously fascinating Miss Carlingford would be able to extend her spell over the peculiarly unromantic temperament of prosaic Luke Barbour.

His instructions were to call upon Miss Carlingford, to deliver a letter from me and to receive her answer, and to be at the office again on the following morning. This was quite easy, as Hertfordshire is within a short railway journey of the Metropolis.

To my surprise, however, Barbour did not put in an appearance at all on the day following that of his mission; but I got a brief note from him on the evening of that day, saying that he had found a difficulty in obtaining an interview with Miss Carlingford, and that he had thought it best to remain in the neighbourhood until he had succeeded in the object of his journey.

Reading between the lines of this short letter, I felt sure that this was but a subterfuge, and that Luke Barbour, like Mr. Gobbett, had found a difficulty in tearing himself away from the vicinity of my mysterious client.

On the following morning I had not been long at the office, where Mr. Gobbett was exhibiting an irritation bordering upon frenzy at his fellow-clerk's prolonged absence, when my old clerk threw open the door, announcing with great deference and with some trepidation:—

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"Miss Carlingford!"

I confess to a feeling of intense interest and curiosity to see again the marvellous woman who had proved her powers of fascination in such an extraordinary manner. I looked at her with fresh attention, and experienced a distinct feeling of disappointment at perceiving nothing but the same commonplace shiny face, the same heavy movements, and the same dowdy dress and coiffure as I had remarked in her on the occasion of our first meeting.

There was one difference, however, between her demeanour then and now, and that was that, whereas on her first visit she had been at the outset quiet and stolid, she now showed evident signs of anger and impatience.

Advancing to the table with a determined air as soon as Mr. Gobbett had shut the door, she slapped down upon it an open letter, and said in a tone of high excitement:—

"Mr. Ponting, read that!"

I obeyed her, and my amazement grew with every word.

For the letter was in the well-known clerkly hand of Luke Barbour, and it ran as follows:—

"DEAR MISS CARLINGFORD,—As the calls of business demand that I should return to town without further delay, I am forced to address myself to you with some abruptness. Hoping you will excuse same under the circumstances, I have to say that your behaviour and deportment under the trying circumstances in which you are placed command my highest admiration, and that it would give me great pleasure if you would rid yourself of the crowd of impertinent loafers who now surround you by placing yourself under the protection of a gentleman, who, though steeped in business, is still able to appreciate the admirable qualities of an admirable woman. In other words, madam, and without prejudice, I beg to offer you my hand and heart. Should you feel inclined to accept same, a line to that effect to the above address at your earliest convenience would oblige

"Your devoted and sincere friend
and admirer,
"LUCAS BARBOUR."

An exclamation escaped my lips as I neared the end, and, having read the last word of this surprising effusion, I put it down on the table and looked across at my all-conquering client, who was sitting by this time in the arm-chair in front of me, with folded arms and compressed lips, her black eyes flashing with what I supposed was anger.

"Now, Mr. Ponting, pray what do you think of that?" she asked, defiantly.

I stared for a moment at her shiny face with the speckled, red, middle-aged complexion, at a loss for words. But soon to my aid came the reflection that I had undoubtedly been misled as to the amount of her income, or else that she was misleading others on that point.

"Very extraordinary!" I murmured to fill up the time.

"Extraordinary! It's more than that! It's scandalous!" said Miss Carlingford, in



"HE SAID AT ONCE THAT HIS OWN FEELING ABOUT HER WAS PURELY ONE OF PERSONAL REGARD."

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whose volubility I perceived that there was something of feminine triumph as well as some genuine annoyance. "I come to you for help to rid me of the persecution of a lot of unwelcome admirers, and you send me down another; no, two others!"

"What!" cried I, in horror. "Did Mr. Gobbett, a married man——"

"He didn't ask me to marry him, of course," said Miss Carlingford, with dignity; "nor did he treat me with anything but the courtesy and respect which a gentleman ought to show to a lady. But he was not at all anxious to go away from Frensham," she added, with a return of the somewhat heavy coquetry I had seen glimpses of at our previous interview; "not at all anxious."

"No—no, he wasn't," I mumbled, almost faintly, remembering my own amazement at his postponed return and his reluctance to let Barbour go to Frensham in his stead. "How do you account for it yourself, madam?" I asked, suddenly recovering myself and throwing all the stern dignity of which I was capable into my face and voice as I put the question.

But far from being awed by my demeanour, the lady put her head more on one side than ever, cast down her eyes and lisped out in an odd caricature of the coyness of a very young and very lovely girl:—

"I don't know, I'm sure! Why do the men ever persecute ladies with their attentions? It's a way I have, I suppose."

I was seized by such a strong impulse of anger with the old fool (for I regret to admit that that was the name I, in my ignorance, bestowed upon her in my own mind) that I dared not for the moment trust myself to make any rejoinder.

"Perhaps," said I at last, with what I meant for withering scarcasm, "it would be better for me to come down myself to Frensham and see whether I cannot find means to put an end to your very singular difficulties."

Miss Carlingford caught at the suggestion.

"That's just what I've wanted all along," she cried. "That's what I asked you to do at first, didn't I?"

I looked at her with eyes full of suspicion. What was the net this amazing Delilah was spreading for my feet? The look in her round, commonplace eyes was one of triumph, and I could see that she already looked upon me as one of the victims she might draw at her chariot-wheels.

"In the meantime," she went on, as she rose deliberately from her seat and gathered the handles of her string-bag together, "would you please to tell Mr. Barbour that I don't wish to receive his addresses, and that I consider it a very great breach of etiquette to a lady for him to have sent me such a letter as this?"

While she spoke, however, I noticed that she picked up the letter in which Luke had declared himself, folded it, and put it with great care into a sort of housewife, which was one of the contents of the string-bag. No doubt she looked upon the unlucky epistle as one of the scalps she was entitled to hang at her girdle.

I assured her the matter should have my attention, made an appointment to be at Frensham in two days' time, and bowed her out with ever-increasing perplexity. For there could no longer be any doubt that she herself, and not the lady-help, was the object of all this superfluity of masculine adoration, and there remained nothing possible as a solution of the mystery except the supposition that she must be a person of immense wealth.

Luke Barbour put in an appearance in the course of the morning and received my reproaches with uneasy meekness, but afforded no clue to the mystery of Miss Carlingford's fascinations. When I rebuked him for the indecency with which he had proposed to a lady for her money upon an absurdly short acquaintance, he said at once that he was not aware that Miss Carlingford had money, and that his own feeling about her was purely one of personal regard.

This was too much. I waved my hand to dismiss the fellow without further comment, but my peace of mind was continually interrupted during the course of the day by outbreaks of more or less demonstrative hostility between Mr. Gobbett and himself.

On the following day an attack of gout prevented my keeping my appointment with my fair client at Frensham, and, after a little consideration, I determined to send Willaby Darke down in my place, not only with the object of making my apologies, but in order that he might give me, once for all, the clue to the mystery.

"I suppose, Darke," said I to the young man, whom I sent for to my house to take my instructions, "I can trust you not to fall a victim to the charms of our mature friend, as Mr. Gobbett and Barbour have done?"

For the office was all alive with the story of the jealousy between the two elderly men.

Darke smiled and smoothed his fair moustache gently.

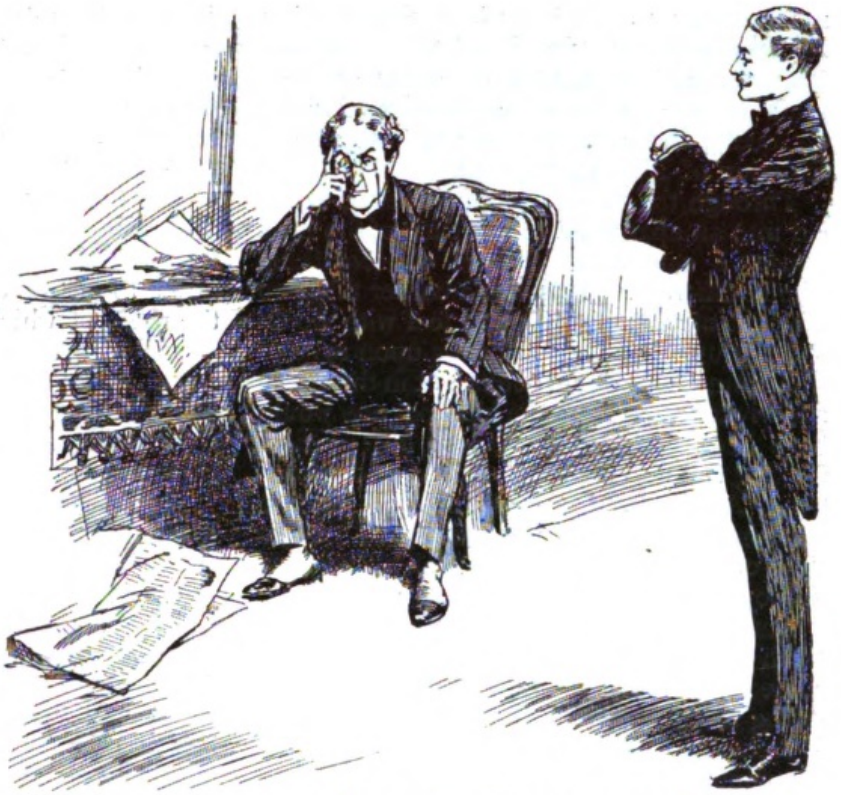
"I'll do my best to resist, sir," said he,

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drily. "But you must allow that the temptation will be very strong to cut them both out!"

"Well, don't be too confident," said I, as I bade him good-bye. "I feel quite thankful to have been spared the ordeal myself."

I confess I awaited the return of my last envoy with some curiosity, for I knew that from him I could count upon an explanation of the puzzle. He fulfilled my expectations to the extent that he did come to my house punctually on the following morning, but when I said, "Now, Darke, out with the explanation of the mystery!" he smiled and said he was afraid I should think it a poor one.



"'THE FACT IS, SIR, THERE ISN'T ANY MYSTERY AT ALL ABOUT IT,' SAID HE."

"The fact is, sir, there isn't any mystery at all about it," said he, as he smoothed his silk hat and admired the gloss on it. "Miss Carlingford lives in a pokey little house, and doesn't appear to be rich. She's a very nice woman, that's all."

"Why," cried I, stupefied, "surely you don't want to marry her, too?"

Darke smiled again, but spoke without conviction.

"No, of course not," said he; "she's considerably older than I, for one thing. But if I were the age of Barbour, or of Mr. Gobbett——"

I had patience to hear no more.

"That will do," said I, sharply. "There isn't the brain of a herring between the three of you! I'll hear no more about the woman. I'll go down and find out myself what it is that brings you all about her like flies round a honey-pot."

Willaby Darke had taken my decided hint already, and was on his way out of the room.

I fancied I heard a smothered laugh as he went downstairs, and I distinctly saw a mischievous grin upon his conceited face as he turned on the opposite side of the road to throw a glance up at my window.

I kept my word. I got a letter from Miss Carlingford, reproaching me for what she looked upon as intentional neglect, and I answered by a telegram announcing that I was on my way to Frensham.

I confess I was highly curious about the mystery surrounding my client, and that, in spite of all I had heard from my three clerks, I experienced a sense of distinct disappointment when I found that 2, Rose Villas, Farmer's Lane, was really only what they had described it to be, an ordinary house in an unpretentious row, with the usual bay window on the ground floor, overlooking a front garden some twenty feet by eight, with the conventional india-rubber plant in a fancy pot between cheap white lace curtains.

The door was opened by the lady-help, who was no great beauty after all; only a stout, red-cheeked lass with merry eyes and a turned up nose, who proclaimed her superior status in the household by wearing no cap or apron.

"This way, Mr. Ponting, please," said she, as she opened the door of the front room, and showed me into a very small drawing-room replete with early Victorian curiosities, in the way of rosewood furniture in chintz covers, round inlaid table with wool mats, wax flowers under a glass shade, and "The Pilgrim's Progress" neatly laid corner-wise across a copy of "The Keepsake."

Against one wall was an old piano with a drawn silk front, and round the room there

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were hung a few very bad copies of a drawing-master's water-colour sketches, framed after the fashion of thirty or forty years back. A most unpromising room, decidedly, and quite in keeping with what I had seen of Miss Carlingford.

Through the folding-doors, however, which led into an apartment at the back of the little house, I caught a glimpse of something wholly different. This was a corner filled to a height of some six or seven feet with book-shelves, upon which stood rows upon rows of well-bound, handsome books, not in the cheap and vivid scarlet and blue bindings one would have been prepared to expect, but in rich-looking calf and morocco, sober and attractive. And in front of these, before a modern grate in which a fire was burning, I caught sight of a large, comfortable-looking, slightly shabby morocco-covered arm-chair.

But a glimpse was all I was allowed to catch of this pleasant inner room, for my guide at once closed the folding doors, and, telling me with a smile that Miss Carlingford expected me and would be in to see me in a few minutes, she left me to the contemplation of the wax flowers and the india-rubber plant.

That little glimpse of the inner room had set me thinking. Was Miss Carlingford, homely and commonplace woman as she appeared, a siren who depended on other arts than mere physical beauty? Was she an eccentric genius who disdained the modern affectations of "pose," and who, preferring to pass to mere acquaintances as a commonplace, housewifely woman, reserved the charms of her mind for her intimate friends?

Was she, perhaps, a modest sort of George Eliot, who, choosing to carry anonymity to excess, even took a delight in studious conventionality in the outer defences of her own home, but kept a little sanctum devoted to literature and intellectual pleasures for the benefit of herself and her intimates? I had plenty of time for the consideration of this point, for I was left alone for quite half an hour, with the exception of a brief moment when the lady-help brought in a small oil-lamp, which she placed on the table before drawing the blinds.

I asked, rather sharply, if Miss Carlingford knew I was waiting, and was answered in the affirmative with a bright and somewhat mysterious smile. Then I was left alone again.

If this was a specimen of my client's hospitality I was more than ever surprised at the empire she obtained over her male acquaintances. There was something uncanny about this strange delay, and I began to wonder whether Miss Carlingford was going through some marvellous process of transformation, out of which she would emerge, not the heavy-looking and shiny-faced woman I had seen at my office, but a radiant houri whom no man could resist.

But these fancies did not suffice to keep me warm, for there was no fire in the little front room; and I had just made up my mind to be guilty of the liberty of entering the room of which I had had such a fascinating glimpse through the folding-doors, when one of them opened, and Miss Carlingford herself, unchanged from the commonplace creature of my recollection, came in.

She was grave, and appeared to be labouring under some suppressed excitement, and she held out her large but rather well-shaped firm hand with a placid word of apology which explained nothing. She had certainly not been going through any elaborate toilette, for her dress was a dark-coloured print of the simplest fashion with loose bishop sleeves, fastened at the throat by an old-fashioned gold brooch in which was a portrait. She wore a plain collar and cuffs, and looked more commonplace and dowdy than ever.

"You must be cold and hungry, Mr. Ponting, after your journey," said she. "Come into my little dining-room; dinner will be ready in two minutes."

"Oh, you need not have taken the trouble to have dinner prepared for me," said I, rather shortly, as I followed her into the cosiest of tiny dining-rooms, and saw that a small table had been carefully laid for one, with oysters by way of *hors d'œuvre;* "I shall dine at the inn where I have put up."

"Oh, no, I couldn't allow that," said Miss Carlingford, placidly, as she drew out a chair for me and insisted on my sitting down.

I remarked as I did so that, simple as her habits and style of life appeared to be, she knew how to get well served; for the table-cloth was glossy and fine, the old-fashioned glass sparkled in the light of the lamp, and the whole aspect of the table was as inviting as that of the room itself, which was a charming contrast to the hard conventionality of the front room.

The books which I had noticed already filled both sides of the fireplace, and looked even better now that I was near than they had done before. I was not near enough to read their titles, but I saw that expense and taste had been lavished over the bindings.

The furniture, too, was comfortable and handsome, though rather worn; the curtains

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were dark and thick, and the room was heated to a nicety. Miss Carlingford had highly civilized notions of comfort, that was clear.

"But surely you are not going to insist upon my dining by myself?" said I. "I have put you out, I'm afraid, by coming at an awkward hour."

She gave me a somewhat enigmatic smile.

"Oh, no," said she; "I always dine in the middle of the day myself, but you gentlemen like your dinner when you come home after the business of the day, I know. You're ready now, aren't you?"

With another smile, and without waiting for an answer, she left the room by a door behind a curtain in the corner, and a minute later the lady-help came in by the same door with a small tureen, which she placed before me with a bright smile of triumph.

I don't know that I am much of an epicure, but certainly I was struck, from the first moment, by the perfection with which I was served, and when the soup proved to be clear turtle, such as I never remembered to have tasted in my life for excellence, I forgave Miss Carlingford for my half-hour's waiting with a full heart.

But if the soup was good, the whitebait which followed held their own with it; the *entrée* was the most delicious dish I had ever tasted. I ate, I drank, I enjoyed, for the wines were as well chosen as was the dinner.

A sense of luxury and ease, of pleasant resignation to the charms of life, had already seized upon me by the time the next course had been brought in by the ever-smiling lady-help. Miss Carlingford had not reappeared. I looked at the girl, I looked at the door; at last, when I had eaten quails which were not ordinary birds, but celestial dreams of what birds ought to be, I could contain myself no longer. Turning to the smiling girl I said:—

"Miss Carlingford keeps a very excellent cook!"

Her composure gave way altogether.

"Lor' bless you! You *have* held out a long time!" she cried, in sheer delight. "Most gentlemen, when they taste Miss Carlingford's cookery, give way at the second course; never a one before has held out to the fifth!"



"'YOU HAVE HELD OUT A LONG TIME!' SHE CRIED."

"Miss Carlingford's!" echoed I, stupidly.

But before I could utter the words the lady-help had disappeared, and I could hear her shrill, giggling laugh echoing down the passage which led from the room to the back premises, but which was so well contrived

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that only the faintest and most pleasing aroma of the culinary operations penetrated to the dining-room.

"Miss Carlingford!"

I repeated the name in a maze, with respect, nay, with veneration. And when, after the final courses of pastry light as feathers, savoury which was perfection, and a sweet which was an inspiration, Miss Carlingford herself came in, slow, heavy-footed, but beaming, triumphant, conscious of the halo of glory which shone about her sleek black head and shiny face, I rose with reverence and escorted her to the arm-chair by the fire as if she had been a queen.

"Miss Carlingford," I stammered, at a loss for words as if I had been a school-boy, "you—you are a genius."

My hostess smoothed one of her hands with the other and chuckled inwardly.

"I flatter myself there's one thing I *can* do," she said, softly.

"Can do! There's nothing in the way of cookery you can't do," said I, fervently. "But why are you not known? Why are you not Grand Housekeeper in Chief and Culinary Artist Extraordinary to some crowned head?" I murmured, ecstatically.

Miss Carlingford shook her head.

"I couldn't do a thing if I had to do it," she said, gently, in a voice dreamy with conscious power. "It's just because I'm free to do it or not, to make discoveries, to fiddle about, in fact, that I delight in it so, and succeed so well. I make a study of it, I do indeed," she said, earnestly, "a life-long study!"

"Of course you do," said I, "and it seems horrible to think that such ability should be thrown away."

"It isn't thrown away, sir," she replied, with spirit, "when I can please a gentleman as I've pleased you. But now tell me, sit down and tell me: have you thought of a plan to get rid of these men who persecute me so?"

"Certainly I have," I replied promptly, as I awoke to full appreciation of the situation, with a start. "You must give up inviting them to dinner, Miss Carlingford; you must give it up at once."

She shook her head, sadly.

"I can't do that," she said. "If I prepare a dinner, I must have someone to eat it. And I tell you I can't give it up; it's my passion. Look," she went on, pointing with pride to her rows of bookshelves. "All those are works upon cookery, by different authors, in different languages. Some I can't read; but I like to have them. And then sometimes someone comes in who can translate a page or so for me, and give me a fresh pleasure. What! Give up my cookery? Never!"

"Then, Miss Carlingford," said I solemnly, "how to rid you of your admirers I don't know."

She sighed and sat back in her chair. Somehow I began to think her beautiful, to see latent genius in her black, beady eyes, grace in her large hands.

"Do you really mean," I said, earnestly, "that you want to get rid of them after all?"

She sighed again coquettishly.

"Why, yes, and yet no," she admitted at last. "On the one hand they do become a nuisance, Mr. Ponting, with their game and their sherry, and their compliments and their calls, in season and out of season, I do assure you! But then, on the other hand, perhaps I should miss them if they didn't come. And, as I said, who's to eat the dinners if they don't? And to hear the change in a man's voice, and to see the softening of his face, after such a dinner as I can cook, why, it's as good as a play to me, Mr. Ponting, I give you my word."

Conscious of the effect the feast had had upon myself, I had no doubt of this. I tried to look grave; I gave it up; and then I began to persuade her to put up with such ills as she suffered at the hands of the train, and suggested that I should come and see her now and then, once a fortnight or so, and try whether a little persuasion on my part would thin their ranks.

But Miss Carlingford smiled archly in my face.

"You'll just make one more, that's all," she said, resignedly.

I drew back, rather hurt. But it was impossible to be offended with such a pearl of a woman, and after a pleasant chat we parted good friends, though I was conscious that I had not done much in my professional capacity to help her in her difficulties.

And as I lay on my bed that night, going over that dinner in my mind course by course, in luxurious retrospection, the thought did come unbidden to my mind that if ever I should take it into my head to marry a second time. . . . I trust I conquered the weakness before I fell asleep; but, oddly enough, I found myself resolving to do as my three clerks had done, to admit my liking for this admirable woman, but not to mention in so many words in what consisted the fascination possessed for me by Miss Carlingford.

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The Finest View in London.

WHAT ARTISTS THINK.

IS London picturesque? Is it a beautiful city—intrinsically beautiful—or do the more enthusiastic pilgrims to the hub of the Empire view it through *couleur de rose* spectacles of History and Romance?

"It is so characteristic," said Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., to the writer of this article, "for us English to disparage our national beauties and advantages. We habitually look abroad for picturesqueness, while here in London it lies under our very eyes." No doubt it requires a special frame of mind to appreciate London as a whole; but, on the other hand, as to its points of real beauty—purple passages in the urban text—there can also be no doubt. We know that foreigners—and especially Americans—wax far more enthusiastic over London than even the most exuberant of its native encomiasts. There have been some to whom London offered a never-ending source of joy and wonder; its very courts and alleys fascinated them—the very dulness and dinginess of the Great Wen (as Cobbett called it) were to these a real beauty.

The question we have put is probably as old, or almost as old, as the chief monuments of the Metropolis. It was discussed by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the wits of the famous Literary Club; it gave rise at a later day to animated interchanges between Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Walter Savage Landor. Ruskin could see little beauty in London, either at large or in particular. Yet Wordsworth held that the view looking eastward from Westminster Bridge was not only the finest in London, but the finest in the whole of Europe.

Earth has not anything to show more fair,

he wrote in his lines on "Westminster Bridge."

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning, silent, bare:
Ships, towers, domes, and theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky.

Thackeray thought that the views in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens were incomparably the finest in London. When the great novelist built his own mansion at the extremity of the Gardens, it was his custom to take early-morning promenades to spots where he could command a view across the Park, eastward. Dickens told his friend Charles Kent that the view from London Bridge impressed him more than any other in London. "There is one part of London," once said Browning, "which always affects me with peculiar pleasure. It is a view from one of the bridges of the canal in Maida Vale—so singularly does it remind one of Venice."

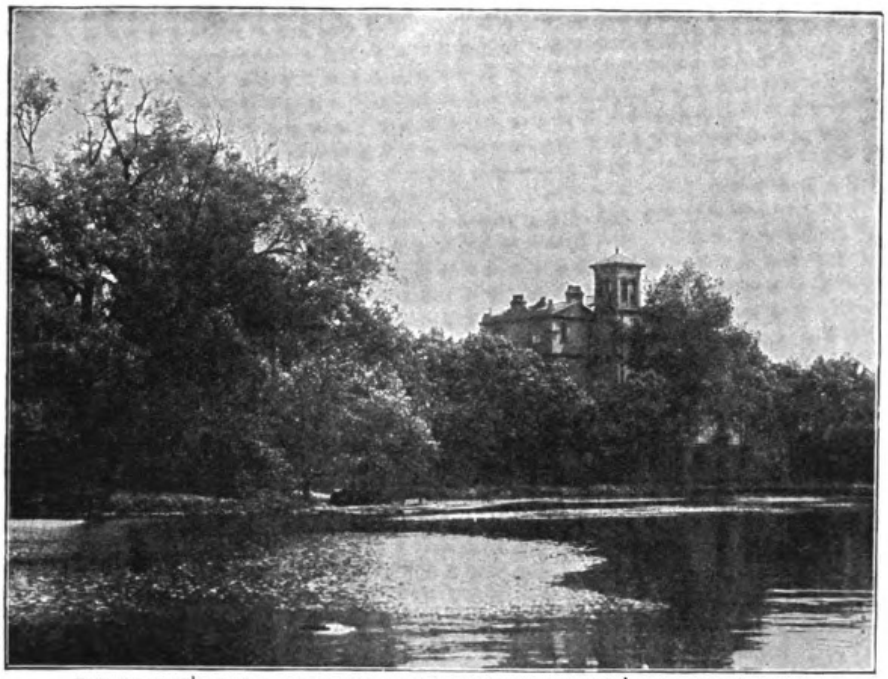
So many different prejudices, sympathies, associations underlie a great painter's or poet's preference for one particular spot in London which he deems the finest or most beautiful.

"It is really so difficult to know what one means by the 'finest' view," remarked Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema to the writer. "It may be what chiefly impresses us personally.



From a Photo. by] THE SERPENTINE FROM THE BRIDGE: THIS WAS THACKERAY'S FAVOURITE VIEW. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

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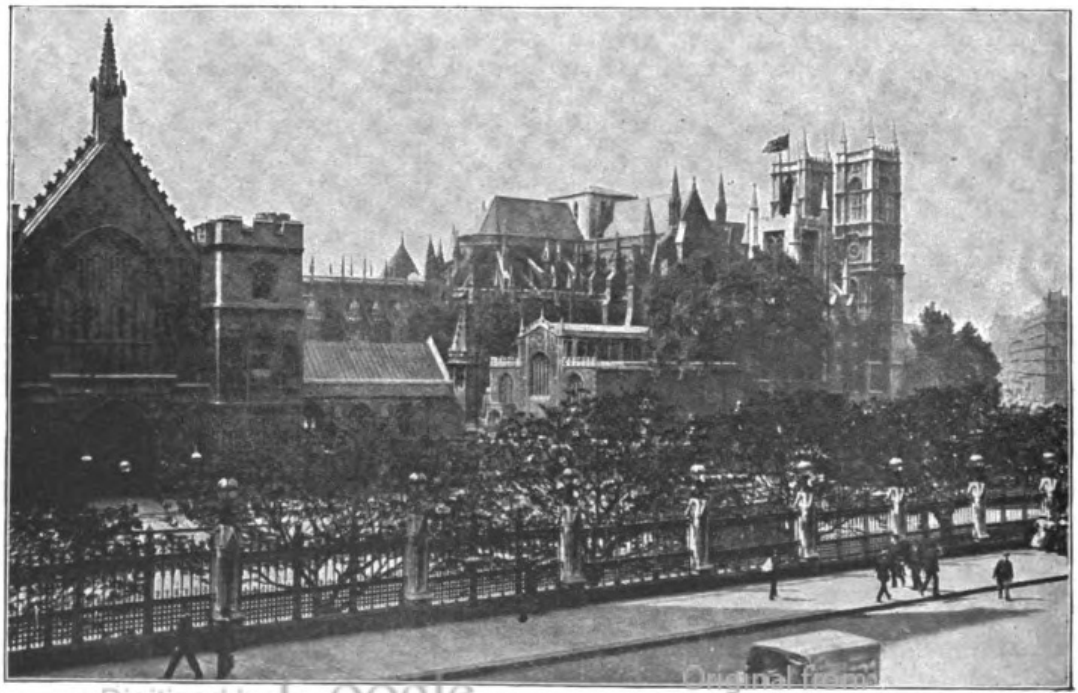


THE REGENT'S CANAL AT MAIDA VALE: ROBERT BROWNING'S FAVOURITE VIEW.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

We see a beautiful view under certain conditions, such as moonlight or sunrise, say at Westminster Bridge. But what possesses our imagination—what is it impresses us? Not London, not the river, not the houses, not the steeples, the bridges—no—the moon or the rising sun. For my own part, the most impressive view in London is Whitehall. I never see it without emotion. There King Charles I. perished—there so many historical events were enacted, so many pageants took place. But here again, you see, it is the historical associations which make Whitehall the finest view for me. The view from the St. Stephen's Club window is certainly very fine. Indeed, any view which embraces the Houses of Parliament cannot fail to be picturesque."

A propos of the St. Stephen's Club view, it may be said that it is the favourite with Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and, indeed, with all—or nearly all—the great statesmen who have been, and are daily, privileged to behold it. That eminent authority on Indian art, Sir George Birdwood, told the writer that it was worth coming from the uttermost parts of the Empire to see in one comprehensive glance so many noble and sacred monuments dear to Englishmen.

Quot homines, tot sententiæ. Wending our way from the splendid studio of the great portrayer of the people and habitations of ancient Rome, we quickly found ourselves



THE VIEW FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE ST. STEPHEN'S CLUB: SELECTED BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA AS "CERTAINLY VERY FINE."
From a Photo. by [*Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

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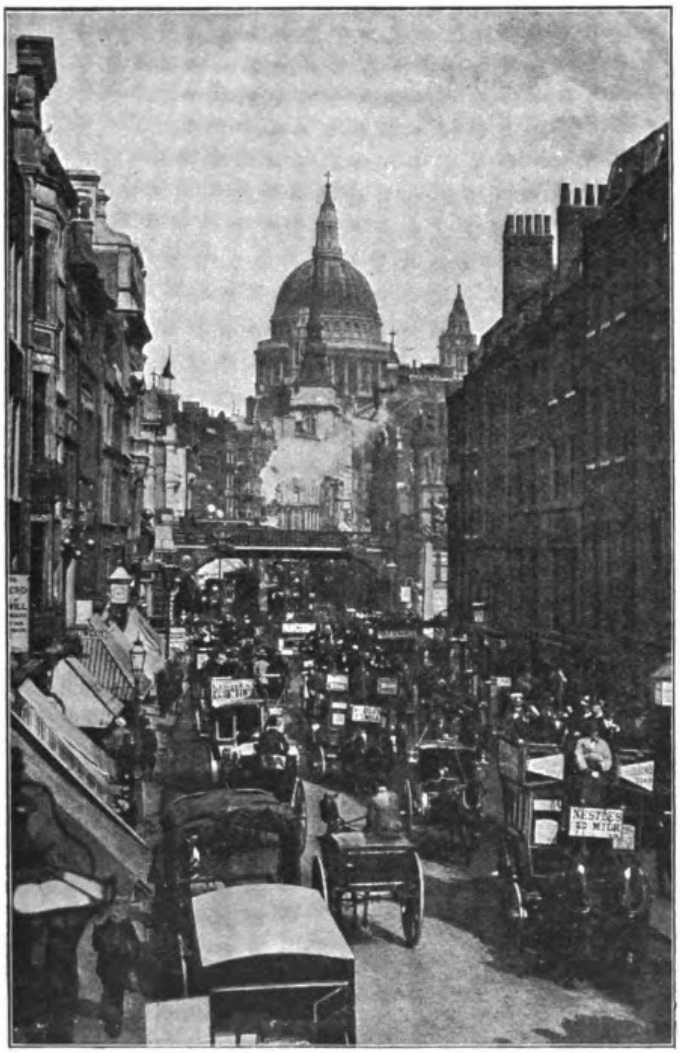
in the wide boulevard of Portland Place, chatting with Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. To this painter appeal not the narrow, sullen thoroughfares; the murky levels of East or West are not for him. As for the neo-Gothic, it is, frankly, an abomination. Let who will admire the Houses of Parliament, Mr. Orchardson can find no beauty in that view.

"A gingerbread pile"—thus Mr. Orchardson cruelly and epigrammatically characterizes the architect Barry's masterpiece. "They tell me it cost two or three millions sterling. Very well, so far from that making me admire it more, I think it is two or three millions wasted.

"London," continued the famous painter, more genially, "is picturesque enough."

There are views which rival almost any abroad, but it is not at Westminster he would look for them.

"If you would seek the finest view in London I counsel you to go and station yourself in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. Do not allow anything to subordinate or detract from this noblest of buildings itself. It is so often made an *accessory* to the picture—make it serve for the whole picture. You see from some standpoints the dome rising dimly above buildings which are quite unworthy in themselves, and disfigured, besides, by vulgar advertisements. But if you can manage to secure a perfect view of St. Paul's you have secured the finest view in London. Yet how rarely are its beauties appreciated! I remember once feasting my eyes upon it from a window at the top of Ludgate Hill, and I shall never forget the perfection of that view."



ST. PAUL'S AND LUDGATE HILL: SELECTED BY MR. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.

At the same time Mr. Orchardson is fully alive to the beauties of the City from the river below London Bridge. "I once," said he, "came up the Thames from Greenwich by boat with a cultivated Frenchman, who was quite ecstatic over the moving panoramic view, which, perhaps, few Londoners would have thought of looking at twice."

Many visitors have told us that the greyness of London lent the great city her chief charm, enshrouding her, a poet would tell you, in a garment of mystery.

"I have in mind," said Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., whose work breathes a spirit of real poetry, "a most beautiful view at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, looking towards St. Paul's. I have seen it repeatedly under conditions which emphasized its beauty. Some people object to the bridge and the railway trains passing to and fro like a weaver's shuttle, but I don't in this case. For the view was rendered more striking by the rising cloud of smoke, over which looms the mighty grey dome of St. Paul's, until it in turn seems to touch the other clouds of the sky. But although I do not think the view damaged by the bridge, yet I do object to the advertisements, there as elsewhere in London. Why cannot we tax advertisements and so put them under some sort of control, as the Paris authorities do? Omnibuses are different because, being constantly moving, they are not really integral parts of the view."

Mr. G. J. Frampton, A.R.A., would have London placed under the control of a Fine Arts Committee, so as to preserve its views

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and check architectural monstrosities and advertisements.

London's greyness finds no admirer in Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A. "Give me London bathed in sunshine," he says, "and then I find her most beautiful. You have no idea how many attractive, unfamiliar bits of London there are hidden away, as it were, and awaiting an appreciative eye to seek them out. There are so many picturesque views. For my own part, I think I should choose one of St. Paul's from the neighbourhood of Smithfield, say just behind the ancient church of St. Bartholomew the Great. There you can obtain a matchless view. But many of the river views are very fine. I remember Lord Leighton often telling me that the river had never yet been done as it might be done. There are great opportunities for the painters of London's river views."

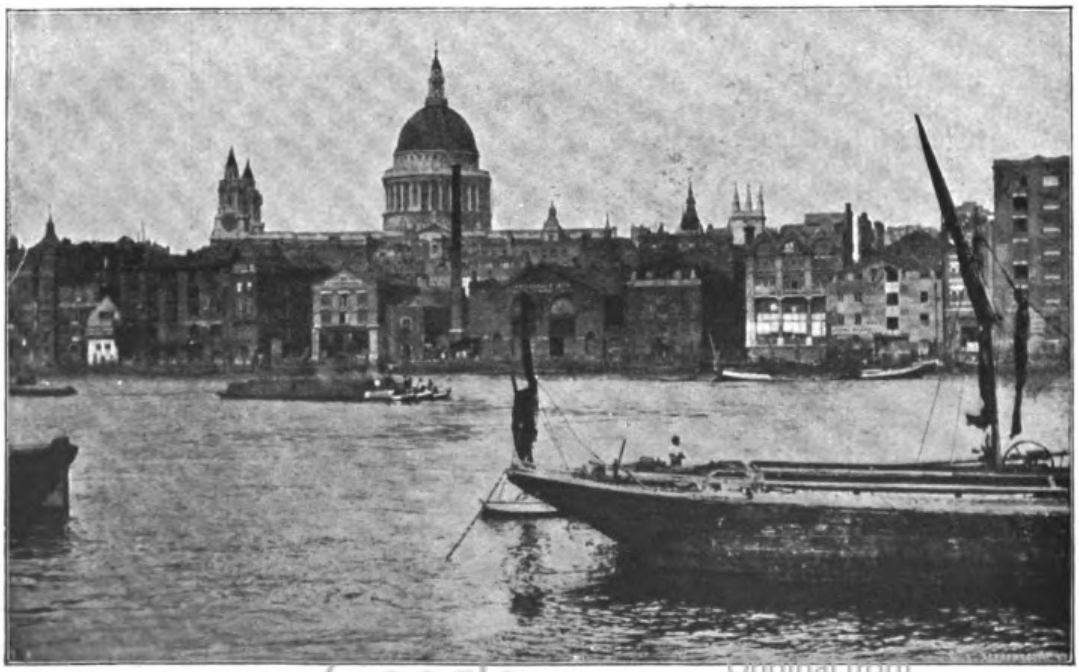
Sir Edward Poynter and others found it hard to give an opinion as to the finest view in London.

In the same way, Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., remarked that he was an ardent lover of London, and found much of it picturesque, but, said he, "I should not like to point to one view and say that I thought that the very best without giving the matter considerable thought. So much depends, you see, on the time and the mood, and a good deal, too, on what is meant by the 'finest' view. My favourite view is one charged with a personal sentiment—hallowed by some fond association. But, of course, this would not necessarily be the finest view from any general standpoint."

Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., when asked what he considered the finest view, was at the outset frankly pessimistic. "I cannot, with the best wish in the world," he remarked, "think London very picturesque, or that its tendency is towards beauty. If I were only a little more energetic I should really try to give literary expression to my views on the subject of London's architectural and æsthetic hideousness and the lack of a true sense of beauty amongst our people. There seems to be no general effort to improve. Isolated instances there are, here and there, of course, detached attempts to obtain what Paris can truly boast—a characteristic and native type of architecture. But there is here no unity, no harmony, no consistency. Queen Anne is dead, and we have advanced no farther than Queen Anne architecture, upon which admirable type most of our subsequent schools have been founded. Nothing dominates London unless," added the painter, smiling grimly, "it is the Queen Anne's Mansions. Just see how that one building has utterly spoilt all the St. James's Park views."

Whereat one did not dare mention that, if the builder of this unique London "sky-scraper" had had his way undisturbed, five more stories would have been added, rendering it more conspicuous, if doubtless also more symmetrical.

"Yet," Mr. Stone went on, "I confess I

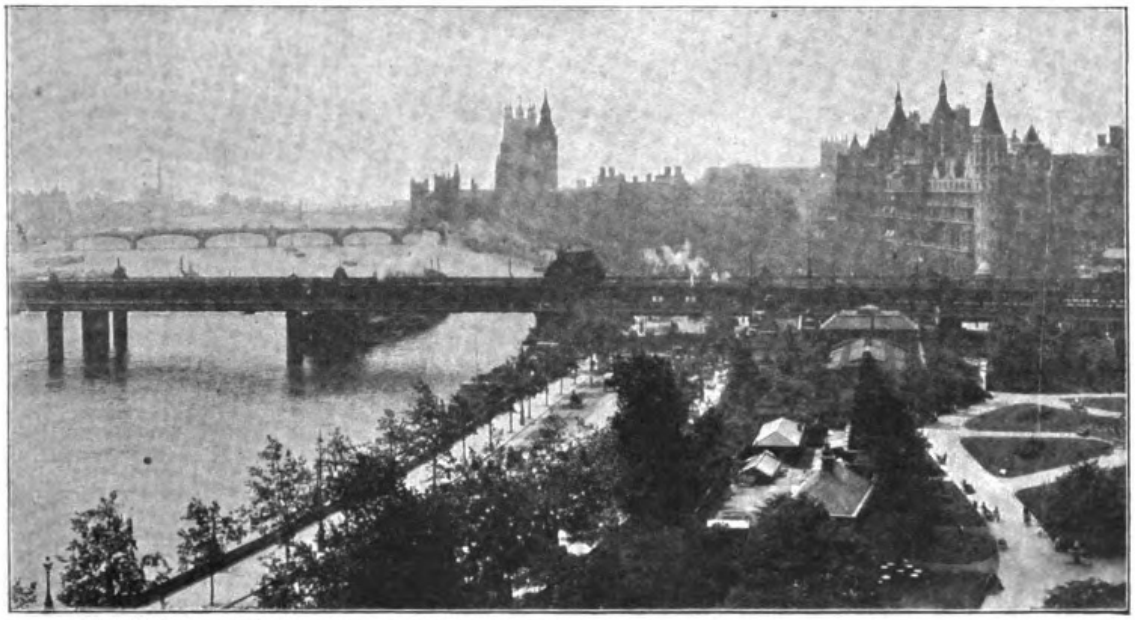


ST. PAUL'S FROM NEAR LONDON BRIDGE: THIS IS THE CHOICE OF MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A., AND WAS THE FAVOURITE OF DICKENS.
From a Photo. by] *[The London Stereoscopic Co.*

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have a favourite London view. It is one that deeply impressed me more than thirty years ago, when I was a young man, illustrating 'Our Mutual Friend' for Charles Dickens, and the impression still remains with me. It is the view across the river from a point between London Bridge and Southwark, with St. Paul's rising in the middle distance. It would be difficult to surpass that view."

To the query, "What is the finest view?" Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., the celebrated painter of landscapes, replied, instantly, and not without enthusiasm: "I can tell you just where that is to be found. It is from the second floor of the Hotel Cecil, looking westward along the Thames. You see the wondrous bend of the river, between its wide shaded banks, the Houses of Parliament and St. Thomas's Hospital in the distance. There is no view comparable to this, and I know my London well. To me London is the finest of capitals, and I have sojourned in most."



THE THAMES FROM THE HOTEL CECIL: THE FINEST VIEW IN THE OPINION OF MR. ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

As we premised at the outset, it is difficult to say what in a landscape—or rather a city-scape—pleases a painter most. It may be the curves or the colouring, the architecture or the grouping of the buildings, the extent of trees and foliage, or the sky. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, for instance, only echoes the opinion of many fellow-painters when he declares openly that Regent Street impresses him most favourably—it is the view upon which his eye dwells with most pleasure. Then there are those like the late Mr. Whistler and the late George Augustus Sala, who are lovers of London by night. Trafalgar Square or the Embankment on a summer night, lit up with great lamps, is certainly a beautiful spectacle and well deserves the praise which Whistler gave it. This great artist, it can never be forgotten, devoted much of his early career to drawing London and especially the river views. These he preferred at night, or in the dusk, but as he himself said, "It is hard to pick out one view which exhibits the architecture of the city, although Trafalgar Square and the Embankment at night are very admirable." Of both these views Mr. Paul Martin has made some effective photographic studies.

Nobody needs to be told that Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., is, like the late Vicat Cole, R.A., an intense admirer of the river views. To this he once more testifies in his recent Academy exhibit of "The Hub of the Empire," although a point farther down the river is his chief haunt of beauty. Mr. Cole's favourite view was the Pool of London, below London Bridge, where, again, there is no doubt the old question of accessories to the picture arises; just as the great Turner's favourite view was to be found in the Chelsea reaches of the river, which he never tired of observing and of painting to the very close of his life.

Yet, notwithstanding the work of these great artists, many think the river views of London are almost an unworked field of artistic endeavour. Lord Leighton thought they might be made as plentiful and cele-

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TRAFALGAR SQUARE: SAID BY LORD LEIGHTON TO BE "THE FINEST SITE IN EUROPE."
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.

brated a theme as the canals of Venice. He it was who declared that Trafalgar Square "is the finest site in Europe." Mr. Hawes Turner, the Keeper of the National Gallery, naturally believes in the picturesqueness of Trafalgar Square from the portico of that edifice. According to Mr. Walter Crane, "The view looking south to Westminster from the portico of the National Gallery is certainly one of the finest in London. But the river views are the most characteristic—from Waterloo Bridge, Westminster, or London Bridge up or down the river." He adds, however, that most, if not all, the London views are "imperfect and spoiled by some modern commercial monstrosity or vulgar advertisement."

So far, then, we have been able to guide the reader to an opinion on that much-canvassed question, "Which is the finest view in London?" But new aspects, new standpoints, are constantly disclosing themselves. So far from being what Cobbett thought it, "a smoke-sopped waste of bricks and mortar," London is more and more justifying its title to be considered the noblest and most picturesque, as it is the greatest and richest, of the world's capitals.



THE THAMES FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE: MENTIONED BY MR. WALTER CRANE AS AMONG THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC OF LONDON VIEWS.
From a Photo. by] [Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

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Sovereigns I Have Met.

By Hélène Vacaresco.

IV.—THE SOVEREIGNS OF SERVIA.

IN the awful light of the most atrocious drama (not excepting that of Meyerling) which has happened in Royal houses for more than two centuries, the hitherto insignificant features of King Alexander of Servia and his Consort Queen Draga appeal to our imagination. The lurid glow of disaster and blood now environs their memory, and with time, far from sinking into the oblivion which might have fallen upon them had they died a natural and peaceful death, they will join those victims of fatality whose stories are the most thrilling in history or romance. They will sit side by side with Macbeth at the haunted supper-table, with Hamlet on the terrace of Elsinore, with Richard III. in the supreme battlefield, with Œdipus, Jocasta, and Hecuba, on the heights of a destiny so terrible that all their faults will be obliterated by the greatness of their sufferings and the horror of their last moments upon earth.



From a] KING MILAN. [*Photo.*

Belgrade is situated in one of the most picturesque landscapes in the world. The Danube and the Save meet beneath the town, which, by people accustomed to our Occidental cities, might easily be called a village, although here and there modern houses rise from the midst of huts and modest buildings. Dwellings whose strange aspect defies every attempt at description, straggling cottages adorned with low wooden balconies, line the streets, where dust, dogs, and pigs are more abundant than passers-by, and seem more masters of the place than any human creature. Here and there a low-roofed church adorned with rough and vivid paintings, a large courtyard teeming with poultry, oxen, and domestic animals, or an upholsterer's tiny shop, cuts the lines of other buildings. Upholsterers are more numerous in Belgrade than in any other town—at any rate, they seem to play a more conspicuous part—and the striking feature in the work they achieve is the immense number of coffins exposed to public view. These by no means contribute to delight the eye, and it is with a feeling akin to relief that, as the driver hurries the jostled carriage along the rough pavement in a glory of silvery dust, one comes upon the sight of trees and grass and water.

The park of Topschideri, a beautifully wild garden, almost as rich and wild as the famous Paradon described by Zola, was also the witness of a tragedy which happened in the Obrenovitch family. It was in these woods that the predecessor of King Milan was murdered. It appears that this Prince had given great offence to the Servians by his projected marriage with Catherine Constantinovitch. This lady was his first cousin, and the Orthodox religion strictly forbids such unions. The Prince, determined to brave public opinion, took his bride for a drive among these woods and was there assassinated by a band of conspirators. They also wounded Catherine Constantinovitch, but not seriously, for she afterwards recovered and married later a wealthy Servian. She still resides in Belgrade, and the recent tragic end of King Alexander and his Queen must bring vividly to her mind the romantic circumstances and terrible end of her first betrothal.

Prince Milan, the nephew of the murdered Sovereign, succeeded to the throne left vacant by the tragic end of an idyll whose circumstances are still alive in the minds of the Servians and are sung by their poets.

King Milan's father was an officer in the Roumanian army, a tall, handsome, swaggering, kind-hearted, and good-natured soul, who was not very well off and never dreamt that his son would one day be a King, as his first

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cousin, Miloch, was always expected to have an heir. In the meanwhile Captain Miloch Obrenovitch, a cavalry officer in the Roumanian army, married one of the most beautiful women who ever existed—Mlle. Marie Catargi. Marie Catargi belonged to a good, though neither illustrious nor very ancient, Roumanian family. She presented the finest type of Moldavian beauty, and the classical purity of her features, the wondrous colour and expression of her large green eyes, the graceful poise of her small head, and the sweetness of her manner, are still alive in the conversations of such of her surviving contemporaries as knew her.

It so happens that during the earliest years of my childhood I so often heard King Milan's name that he became quite a familiar personage with me long before I met him. We had had the same governess. Our Scotch instructress, Miss Allen, had, many years before coming to us, superintended his education in the Roumanian home of his mother and maternal grandmother. Thus tales of his natural vivacity and boisterous habits, of his kind and generous heart, were daily related to us, while our schoolroom walls were covered with portraits of Prince Milan in his first boy's dress, of King Milan at the age of eight in top boots, of King Milan in Servian costume, and, finally, in the uniform of a Servian general. But Miss Allen left him at an early age, and he then passed into the hands of professors. He was quick-witted, handsome, and clever, but very much spoilt; well aware, besides, that his destiny was not like that of his cousins. One day we were walking in the streets of Bucharest—Miss Allen and myself. I was then a girl of about thirteen, in all the bashful glory of dawning teens, and thought little of the fact that my governess's pupil was then paying a visit to our country and our King, when the whirl of a long row of carriages, the patter of hoofs, the glittering array of a cavalry escort attracted our attention. We were in front of the palace, and, as is usual on such occasions, a crowd of curious gazers had assembled to see the Royal guest enter. King Milan's equipage stopped in front of the flight of steps, and he seemed about to enter the palace when all at once he turned abruptly round, pushed aside the throng of officers gathered round him, and, making his way towards us, bowed and said, "Are you not Miss Allen? I am sure you are. I could not mistake your face, even after so many years. I have never forgotten you and how you took me to Baneaza, and how I clung to you because they had told me such terrible wolf stories, and I was *so* afraid the wolf would come and spring upon me."

King Milan was tall, robust, broad-shouldered, and as he spoke his young face flushed, while between his sentences he bit his lips and scarcely waited for an answer. The white feather of his high military casque threw a soft shadow on his face—there were fun, good-humour, and happiness in his eyes. This was my first vision of him, and later on, amid rumours of his dashing career, his imprudent actions, his growing cruelty and love of money, I could but think of him as I had seen him that day, doing one of those little acts of spontaneous kindness and courtesy which cast a lustre on a monarch's life more surely than other more brilliant deeds.

The second time I met King Alexander's father was in Carlsbad, the very year before his death. So much of the glamour and joy of youth had died out of his features and bearing that I should never have recognised him had not my parents, with whom he was well acquainted, and who had often spoken to me of his charm of manner, pointed out to me the still stalwart figure as he walked towards us between the trees of the park, where we were seated, taking our afternoon *café au lait*, as is the habit in Bohemia. He approached and, in a quiet, smiling way, immediately asked to be introduced to me. He began a conversation on literature and art in which, after some remarks which showed that the King was a keen connoisseur of books, especially poetry, the talk quickly turned to more particular topics, on the politics of our respective countries, and finally on the tedium of the life of a King. With a short ironical laugh he alluded to all the shams and tricks of the position, saying: "You cannot imagine how delighted I should feel to be perfectly free. It has always been my dream to lead an independent life, and I have enough Roumanian blood in my veins to have even regretted not being able to live in gay and lively Bucharest, and to roll through its populated streets at the brisk pace of your excellent horses. I shall never be rid of the trouble and annoyance which are brought upon an individual by his connection with a throne, even now that I have succeeded in getting rid of my position. I shall always be tied to it because of Sacha—I mean my son, the King." His voice softened and the twinkle in the pleasant eye grew tender. "He is a clever boy, but as short-sighted mentally as

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he is in the material sense—and he is almost blind, you know. He has to use the strongest glasses you can think of. He is too good—he loves to trust people—he hates to distrust, which I do not; and in our Servian realm I would not trust any man when he had once crossed my threshold, even though he were my best friend. Then Sacha has been brought up in such a singular way; so spoilt on the one hand, so roughly treated on the other. It was somewhat hard on him to be deprived first of his mother, then of myself—*un orphelin artificiel* ('an artificial orphan') I sometimes call him, poor little one. But the people love him well. They have seen him grow up under their eyes, they have watched him as he became every day more like them and unlike me. Faugh! What a life would be his if he knew, as I do, how one is obliged to keep awake for nights—to plan, to unravel intrigues!"



From a] QUEEN NATHALIE. *[Photo.*

For a few seconds King Milan's good-humoured smile vanished, his eyes took on a more hawkish expression, and lines of bitterness and strong decision curled about his mouth. But the smile soon returned and the talk turned into another channel.

All that evening I could speak of nothing but the ex-King's charm and easy erudition, and again all the evil legends and all the whirl of gossip and slander which had floated in my presence whenever his name was mentioned vanished completely. The next day, as I was sitting in the hotel garden, I noticed the same tall form among the trees, not far from the bench where I was sitting. King Milan, after having sent in his card to the hotel, took a seat near mine. He did not perceive me and remained plunged in reverie—one of those sad moods which often overtake human creatures when in presence of their own souls. A creeping sense of depression had fallen upon him. His broad hand let the thick walking-stick fall unlifted upon the gravel. He had taken off his broad-brimmed hat, and there was so much sadness gathered on his forehead that an unconscious movement of pity struck my heart, and I sat as still as possible for fear of disturbing the day-dream of that care-stricken man.

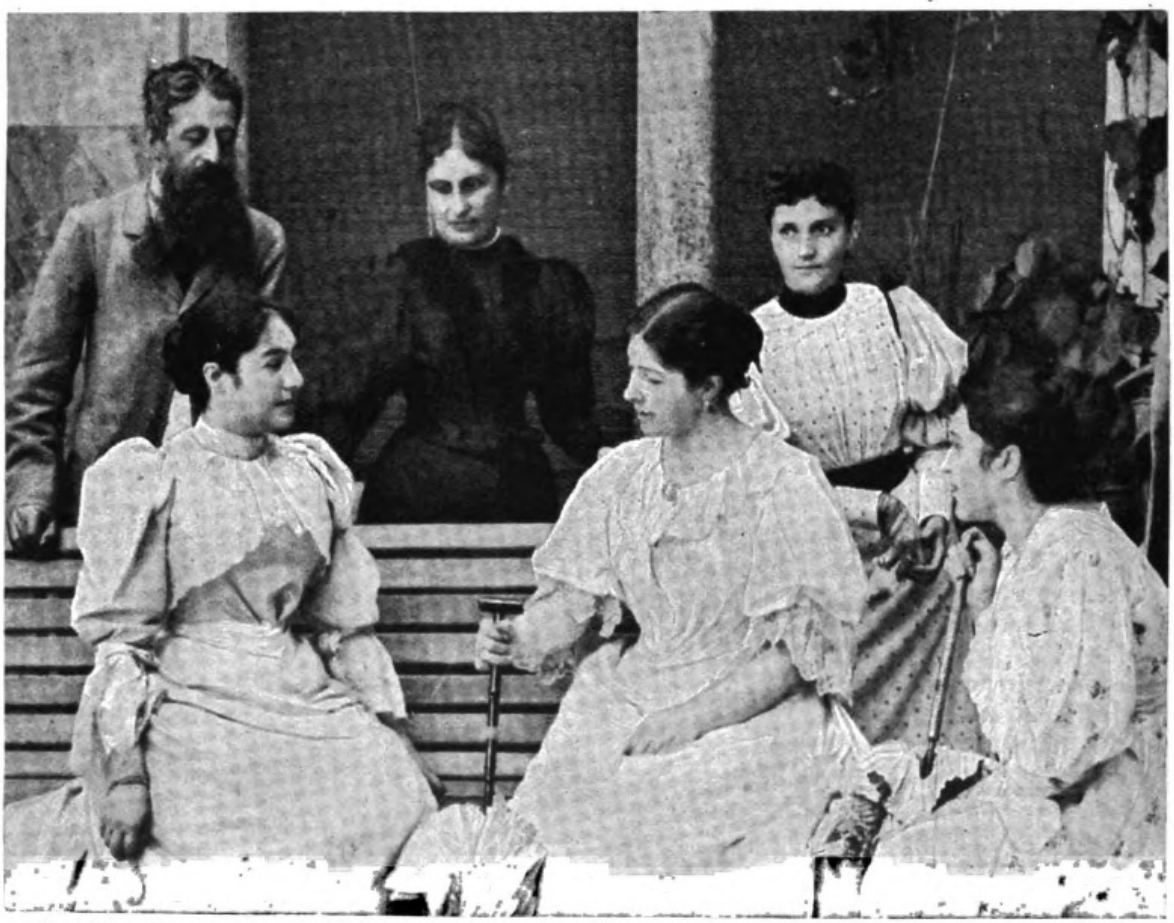
Perhaps at that hour some presentiment, some fear for the future of his beloved son Sacha, the bereaved young King, at Belgrade, far from father and mother; perhaps some shadow of his own approaching end had fallen upon that stalwart being, who had loved enjoyment, revelry, and money so well.

The servant returned to tell "the gentleman" that the persons he desired to see were not at home. With a weary gesture the ex-King rose. In the broad avenue he resumed his easy gait. When I went up to our apartment I found his simple card, "Count de Takovo," on the tray, and thought no more of that afternoon's impression till the day when I heard of his untimely end at Vienna, when he had so passionately desired the presence of his beloved Sacha, the ungrateful son who did not come.

As to my first meeting with Queen Nathalie, it took place a very little time after her divorce, when she paid a visit to our Court. We all went to the station to witness her arrival, as she was to us more especially interesting and attractive because she did not belong to a Royal family, and, through her

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mother, is related to a great number of Roumanian families. Her husband's relatives never spoke very kindly of her, and in the long run we had taken the habit of considering her as a most arrant upstart, who had always endeavoured to convince everyone that birth and not good looks and good luck had brought her to the position she enjoyed. Then rumours of her ambitious designs, her desire to make the Servians detest their King, and, finally, to take his place upon the throne, besides petty anecdotes about her pretensions, which spread like wild-fire, caused the repudiated Queen to be considered with more curiosity than commiseration. Alone our King had stood by her, and always referred to the great tact and courtesy with which she had received him at Belgrade. So he would now, in her days of woe, do his best to show her kindness and regard. When, as the train came in, the ex-Queen, who was tasting the bitter cup of misfortune, saw the Sovereign of the land waiting for her on the platform, she showed a glow of triumph and of gratitude. As he went up and offered her his arm, the beautiful velvet-black eyes of the Queen were full of tears. Though of an aspect somewhat heavy and massive, she was then an apparition of exultant beauty and health. But in every step and gesture even a casual observer could detect a singular mixture of tremor and resolution, the fear of losing an atom of her dignity, yet the anxiety to appear perfectly at her ease; a terrible difficulty in discovering the exact measure of condescension and familiarity which a Queen is called upon to distribute, and the certainty that this thought was ever in her mind, "I am a Queen; I must act and feel and speak like a Queen." She wore a dress of black satin, thickly studded with jet stars and pearls. Her admirable raven locks waved on her shoulders and even round her neck at every movement of her head. Her complexion, of a creamy hue and yet rosy, one of the loveliest I have ever seen, gave her the aspect of a sturdy mountain deity, a fairy made of less ethereal essence than fairies are usually imagined to possess, because a creature who lives in a land of clouds and tempests must needs represent



From a Photo. by] QUEEN NATHALIE (ON THE LEFT)—QUEEN DRAGA (STANDING ON THE RIGHT). *[Ferretto.*

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strength and valour. Thus Queen Nathalie gave the impression of being some wild goddess of rocks and moors. But the mystery that education and, maybe, heredity bestows — the *je ne sais quoi* which makes Queens and duchesses and those happy few who are Queens without ever approaching a throne and duchesses without wearing a coronet—was not present to render the Balkan beauty a distinct type of grandeur and misfortune. I cannot but remember what a great writer once said: "It requires much intelligence on the part of an unfortunate woman to wear her misfortunes like a diadem and her tears like a crown." And that sort of intelligence Queen Nathalie never possessed, although her virtue is perfect and her heart tender.



QUEEN DRAGA AND HER SISTERS.
From a Photo.

When, for instance, she entered the big drawing-room at the Castel Polesch at Sinaïa by the side of our own Queen "Carmen Sylva," great was the difference visible. The Royal lady, from her infancy accustomed to play the part of a public personage, could do so without the slightest effort, and always succeeded in effacing her personality in her desire to draw out the soul and thoughts of those to whom she spoke. Queen Nathalie spoke only of herself, her ideas about Servia, its inhabitants, the army, the Sovereigns whom she had met; and in those hours of conversation the one awful mistake of all her life was conspicuous to our eyes—a mistake which made us readily understand why her great qualities, her purity and good intentions, had all proved useless. Queen Nathalie, unlike every other Queen, has insisted upon treating her private affairs, her disputes with her husband, her displeasure at being forsaken for another, as affairs of State.

After the official luncheon both the Queens retired to the Oriental room of the castle, where I was summoned to join them. The chamber was fragrant with the odour of flowers, and the sound of the mountain torrent was borne in upon the sultry air. We had left the doors open, and the dazzling light kindled a fire of golden rays in its reflection from the walls, which were hung with richly-embroidered silks, while round the seats flashed gold and silver arrows.

Queen Nathalie in her black dress formed a contrast to the luxurious display of Asiatic pomp. "Carmen Sylva's" sweet countenance and soft white Roumanian garb seemed like a flake of whiteness fallen from Western skies into a room worthy of the dreams of the Arabian Nights. Queen Nathalie played nervously with her fan, at a loss at first how to engage in the conversation. Then all at once, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, she said: "I have had no letter from Sacha this morning. I am so thankful to spend this day of anxiety with your Majesty. When I am by myself I can do nothing but walk to and fro and weep."

"Does the child write to you every day?" said our Queen, gently; "that is a great consolation."

"Every day? Oh, no, only once a week; but this is the day when the letter ought to have come. I live all the days of the week in expectation of this day." Then she stopped and said: "May I shut the door? The dreadful light is *so* trying to my eyes."

I had forestalled the poor Queen's gesture, and as the door closed the walls and furniture

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sank into a haze of reddish, sleepy splendour; the glory of the summer day, the sense of joy, were shut out, and the torrent was heard no more. Our Queen took up the last words: "You expect—you wait. Oh, do not weep, so long as you have something to wait for, something to look forward to."

"Look," said Queen Nathalie, "here is my boy at the age of seven, and here he is as he looks now; a fine fellow, and *so* fond of me. I am afraid they may teach him to hate me—teach him to be hard and selfish, and a coward. Oh, what do we desire our sons to become!—what heroes and what saints!"

"As a hero he would die young," answered Queen Elizabeth. "As a saint he would go through much suffering before he became a saint. Wish him only to be a good man. All human joy comes from goodness."

"But he will be a King—a grand and striking figure."

"Alas!" said "Carmen Sylva," "is it not the grandest, the most striking thing on earth to be a good King in a quiet way? Do you hope to see him again soon?"

"Oh, yes, perhaps; but I shall never, never have him to myself again. He will never be my own Sacha again."

"A Queen's child does not belong to the Queen, but to the people, who will tend and cherish him; and to fate, and to God."

"Yes, to the people, to fate, to God," echoed Queen Nathalie. And no presentiment crossed her brow as she lifted up her head with determination.

The second time I saw the Queen of Servia was at a garden-party in Paris—one of those assemblies which are but a pretence to show off spring toilettes and listen to pleasant music. The big drawing-room windows opened on to the lawn, where in the middle of a group of ladies I recognised Queen Nathalie, and even found that she was little altered, though that air of heaviness had now settled upon her and the rosy tint of her complexion had been replaced by a more vivid hue. She looked more depressed and more dignified than in Roumania.

I took a chair out on to the terrace and watched the gay scene. I had to wait for some friends who had given me an appointment there. Two ladies drew their chairs close to the spot where I was seated. One of them, a Frenchwoman, bowed; while the other, whom I did not know, turned her back upon me. She wore a simple grey serge dress, and immediately she spoke I recognised the long, trailing accent of Russians when they speak the French language. It was Madame Draga Maschin, afterwards the ill-starred Queen; and though at the time I did not know her, yet unwittingly I became interested in her, and was even wishing for an opportunity of seeing her face when the words struck me, pronounced in the sing-song tones: "*I* marry! Oh, I could not dream of such a thing. I am an old woman"—a low laugh accompanied the words—"I have finished with Satan and his pomps. Besides, no one ever takes any notice of me."

A mute protestation came from the other lady, and then the insinuating voice went on. "I am not a coquette, nor a flirt, nor any of those horrid amusing things! My sole ambition is centred on one thought—to please *her*." And she pointed to the spot on the lawn where Queen Nathalie was standing.

"And you spend a pleasant life?"

"Yes; but a very quiet one. I have been *so* unhappy, so misunderstood, so ill-used by my husband's family since his death that I only sigh after repose. Biarritz is restful, and the Queen is so good that I have become very much attached to her. I am more than a lady-in-waiting." I heard again that low, rippling laugh which betrayed a strong personality, though the words tried to deny and veil it. "I am sometimes even lady's maid. I love to comb her beautiful black hair; and then we relate our lives to each other. She also has suffered. How horrible, oh, how horrible, it must be to be a Queen! How can any sensible woman envy a Queen?"

"Hush!" and the other lady whispered in her companion's ear and the stranger turned brusquely round in her chair and looked me full in the face. Her countenance was well calculated to charm, though not to command attention; the features, though delicate, lacked refinement, and there was about the nose a deficiency of classical lines, while the mouth twitched in a nervous way as if moved to smile without the courage to do so. The glossy black hair waved round a low forehead where furrows were already settled, traced not by age but by stern, resolute thought and action. The eyes and eyebrows alone were perfect and spoke of an Oriental houri's power. They had a vacant gaze, as if fixed upon a far-off vision, yet when they fixed themselves upon the present scene they shot a gleam of resolution and authority. The figure was frail and the manner unassuming. The gaze that rested upon my face was soon withdrawn, and the conversation began again in the same strain.

Madame Draga Maschin again described the sorrows of her life and the thousand

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details of Queen Nathalie's goodness to her, while twilight was slowly creeping over the Parisian garden, and an atmosphere of peace settled around us—the hum of lively voices and the strains of military music, servants gliding about laden with trays bearing fruit, ices, and wines, the light touch of the sleepy sun falling upon the muslin draperies and scarfs, all inclined to soothe the senses with an hour of lulled content.

"Oh, we are so happy in France," resumed Madame Draga, as she took a glass of champagne and daintily raised it to her lips. "I would never go to Servia again if I could help it."

"But who, or what, could oblige you to go to that nasty country again?"

"Oh, it is not nasty; it is my country; but I have enemies there, whereas here everyone loves me. But you understand the Queen is such a devoted mother. She will one day desire to see more of her son than she does at Biarritz, where he comes only for a short time. She will return to Belgrade, and then I shall have to accompany her, and if she settles there—oh, then, farewell flirtations; farewell all hopes of marriage. But I won't marry again; I am too old and plain, and I don't flirt. Besides, I suppose I should have even forgotten my native language. I am getting so cosmopolitan that, only think, the young King, when he came to Biarritz this summer, discovered that there were many words in Servian I did not understand, and he laughed—he teased me."



KING ALEXANDER.
From a Photo. by M. Iovanovitch, Belgrade.

"What is he like, the young King?"

"Not good-looking—a child still in thoughts and manners—very plain even, one may call him, and *so* short-sighted. We tried to teach him to dance, but he looked as awkward as a bear dancing on red coals. A young savage, too—he does not know how to bow, how to speak to a lady. But then he is young—quite a child. He asked me to waltz with him because he dared not trust himself to do it with any of the other ladies present. Now, you know, I do not dance; I have not danced for years. I said to the King, 'Sire, I am too old to waltz,' but the Queen insisted on my guiding her son through the difficulties of the dance. But the King made a false step; he almost fell, and I am sure we made everyone laugh."

"Then, if you do not like dancing, if you do not like flirting, if you do not like the idea of marrying again, what is there you do like?"

"My Queen, and a peaceful life by her side, and many other things: music, for instance—military music. There is something so unrestrained, so powerful, in military music. Just listen to the band—it is just playing—let us look at the programme. Oh! Schumann, is it? I dote upon Schumann."

Draga now had risen. She was of middle stature, and rested a small, well-gloved hand on the marble balustrade of the terrace. Night was setting in, and on the delicate features a low streak of red light lingered as the sinking sun sent a last farewell from among the distant trees. Behind the slight tulle veil a smile flitted across the curving lips, paled by the sudden chillness of the hour. Again into the eyes that look of vacant fixity had entered, and they appeared to gaze far, far into the future—far, far into the depths of the blood-red sun.

The languid Schumann melody came ebbing at our feet like the waters of a melodious sea, and the fated woman listened to the same music that on the supreme morning of her life sounded through the avenues and gardens around the palace when, after the madness of despair and useless struggle, the Royal pair lay stark and cold.

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By Tammers' Camp Fires.—IV.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard.

TAMMERS AND THE CONVOY.

I.

A SPINDLE-SHANKED, down-looking black orderly came through the dust and glare of the cooling afternoon with a note bidding us to the tent of the local Intelligence Officer. At our entry he raised his weary eyes from a jumble of notes and sketches which lay on a packing-case between his knees.

"Good afternoon; I am very glad to see you"—his nod included us both. "You came in this morning, I hear." Without waiting for an answer he went on: "More work for you, Mr. Tammers, very much in your own line. How long will it take you to get to Salmai?"

Tammers considered a moment. "Six days."

"Ah! I had calculated eight." He referred to the map hanging over his forearm. "So much the better. You'll be likely to find it devolves into a matter of minutes at the end. I am bound to tell you that it is really a desperate business, and that under your contract with the Government you are at liberty to decline to undertake it."

Tammers only nodded.

"You must know, then, that a convoy of stores and ammunition started a month ago for Mahoran, one of our outposts," Captain Porter shook out the map and laid a finger upon it: "There. The officer in command is Captain Carew. Including a few details for the companies at Mahoran, his escort is composed chiefly of Soudanese. As matters stood when he started, he should have been able to push through without much trouble. But developments have taken place that bear against his chance very seriously. There is a Loobela chief down south named Murrai. Not very long ago he declared himself our good friend. But he was always a man to reckon with for good or evil. As long as the route to the slave-market of Omdurman was open he throve. But when Omdurman fell his sources of wealth dropped. He is an able fellow for an Equatorial black, and he lost no time in looking about for some new method of raising the wind. In the nick of time Grimm got hold of him."

A rather significant nod from Tammers emphasized this fact as a serious complication.

"Grimm, I must tell you, has for some time past been egging on Murrai to raid the neighbouring tribes and create a kingdom.



"PORTER FLATTENED OUT A NEW AREA OF THE MAP."

He has also been at his old game of gun-running. This time he has got together a number of Lee-Metfords, and passed them in over the southern border to Murrai. He then tried to run ammunition to match."

Porter flattened out a new area of the map.

"You see, he could not reach Murrai's

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territory without crossing ours. They ran the rifles through all right, but we had a hint in time to enable us to seize the cartridges. So there was Murrai with his Lee-Metfords in hand, but no ammunition. He has been sore with us since we opposed his annexing Bogwe; so to pay us out and at the same time to provide himself with the cartridges he wants he has dropped across here—to cut off and raid Carew's convoy. Murrai has taken a strong force and must be well on his way by now. The solitary effort we can make, to help him, in the time at our disposal, is to send him a warning. Can you get through with it?"

Tammers went carefully over a document with dates and distances and general information. At last he raised his head.

"I can try, sir."

"Excellent." Porter lay back in his chair and looked at Tammers with a kindly eye of respect.

"We'll start within the hour, sir, Mr. Anson and I," Tammers added.

Whatever my private notions may have been, the air with which Tammers spoke would have infused pluck into the heart of a rabbit.

So the business was settled and Tammers went off to look to our equipment and to arrange for relays of horses or camels on our route as far as such were obtainable. Porter asked me to wait while he looked out some letters that had arrived for me from England.

"Have you ever met Carew?" he asked, as he glanced through a pack of letters, handling them dexterously. "He's a fine fellow. He was very keen about this trip, because he thought he'd get some shooting. Poor chap! He'd only been married about three weeks to a charming girl when he left home. There you are."

He joined me at the tent-door, and we watched the solid figure of Tammers disappear across the level sunlight.

"Wonderful man, Tammers," he said, as he offered me a cigar. "Quite a privilege to ride with him. I envy your luck, Anson. I'm glad he came into camp to-day, though the odds are heavily against his success. But if anyone could carry this thing through, it would be the man who caught Ibn Farag, and came safe out of the Colihari disaster. Of course, I understand you are practically Tammers' pupil," he added, with a courteous smile; "you cannot hope to rival him yet."

"Nor ever!" I declared promptly. "Tammers' belief in me only goes to prove one of his main characteristics. He has a genius for finding out the good points of a friend and an enemy's weak ones."

"They say, you know, that he always lies up to windward of his trail, and can smell his enemy coming down it."

I disclaimed this marvellous attainment on Tammers' part, but I related one or two of the experiences through which he had led me, and which did not fall far short of the incredible—his unaccountable ability to find his way by day or night, his instinctive power of discerning danger, and his resource in eluding it.

Porter was immensely interested.

"I'm afraid he'll need all his qualifications to reach Carew," he said. "The Loobelas are a hunting tribe and understand scouting pretty well, I'm told. Then there is Grimm, remember, behind Murrai."

I confessed my entire ignorance of Grimm.

"We have cause to know him, unfortunately. He was trained, it seems, in some European army, and he is always ready to give the benefit of his military knowledge to any native he happens to be backing at the moment. Equatoria is always spoiling for battle. And it is Grimm's business to foment discontent among the native peoples, for directly a row begins he can sell his guns and ammunition at fancy prices. That is, in fact, how he makes his pile."

"Murrai and his kind appear to take the form of a recurrent epidemic in these regions," I remarked.

"We have a good number of tribes hanging on to us down here, and every one of them is restless," Porter replied. "Then the ingredients for a disturbance are simple—a child of Africa with some power of leading his fellows, brains enough to boom himself, and a treasury easy to come by, of rewards to be gained in this world and paid in the next. So there you have the makings of an expensive little campaign thrust upon your hands."

"Grimm is the poison-bag you ought to prick," I remarked, with the facile criticism of the bystander.

"I confess that idea has struck some of us," admitted Porter, drily. "Perhaps we may manage it some day. Meanwhile your friend Tammers may for this time succeed in saving more lives than can readily be computed, and incidentally half a million of money. A war is never cheap. If Murrai gets his head over this, we shall inevitably have one. With niggers it is always the initial success that scores."

A little later Porter bade us good-bye.

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"Take care of yourselves," he said, cheerily; "and give my best compliments to Carew."

"We've some hard riding before us, Anson," said Tammers, as we set off. "After we cross the big river into the zone of hostility we must go afoot, and I'm much mistaken if we don't have a tussle with Mrs. Africa, as well as Murrai. When she puts her back into it she can knock a man out, you know. Between bad country and black-bad savages, we're likely to have our hands full. And I'd wish to say now, Anson, that there's no one in boots to-day I'd rather have with me than you."

I looked at Tammers. Yes, he meant it—meant it with his whole heart! I grew hot and eager under the implied praise. I asked whether he thought we could overtake the convoy.

"With luck, perhaps, but it's going to be a tough job—one of the toughest," he answered. "Every day we shall get deeper into danger, and the last twenty miles'll be the worst."

I suggested that we held one trump, since Murrai could have no idea of our errand.

"He'll be apt to guess at it. He'll guess that Porter'll send the hardest riders he can get hold of after Carew to warn him if possible. We aren't the first to be put on the track."

"No!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"The camelman I got our mounts from said he was sorry he couldn't give us any better than these, because the black scout, Jisru, had gone off on the swiftest riding-camel he had a couple or three days ago."

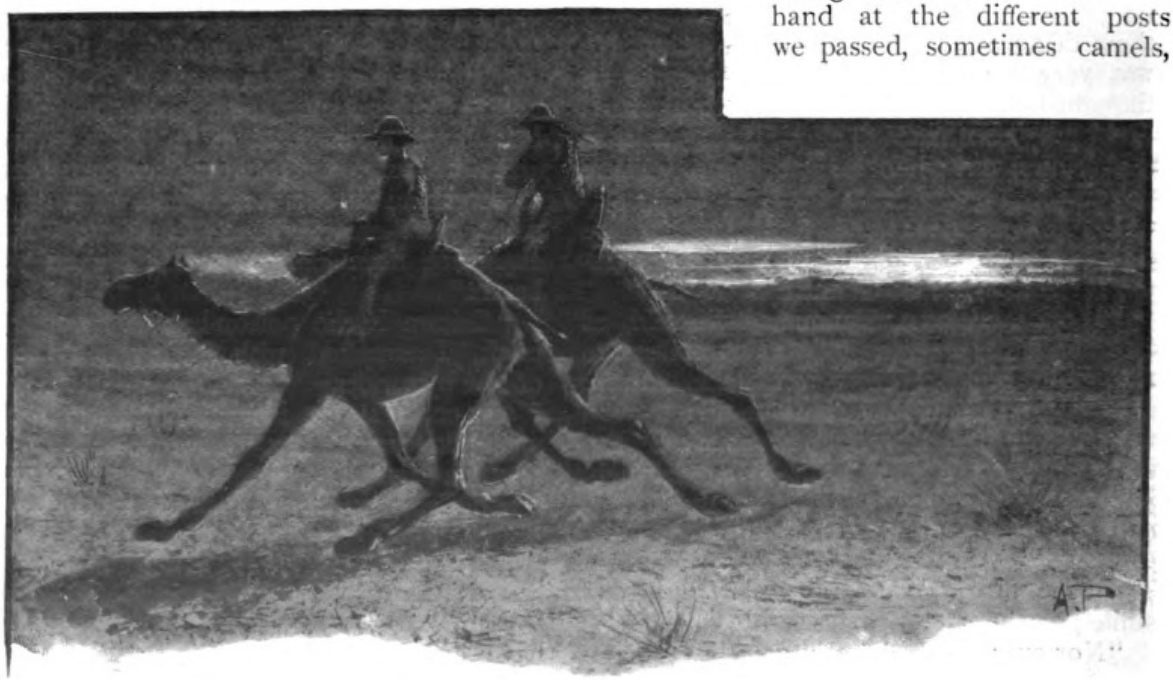
"Why in the world did not Porter tell us that?"

"Porter knows his business. He wants each of us to think we're the only hope of that convoy."

By this time the sun had gone down, and the wind of evening came sauntering across Africa. I can recall the moment, the drab sand, the patches of low camel-scrub, and the glorious feeling a man carries away with him at the outset of an adventure as worth while as was ours. Add my companionship with Tammers, the great scout, whose doings never lost for me the zest of newness and romance, and you will see that even African perils of the most violent kind carry with them some fragments of compensation.

We spoke of many things in the early part of that ride, for our hearts came together as men's hearts will who have their faces set towards the same great object. To save the convoy, and we knew not how many lives, as a further result! My spirit warmed in me as we rode on out of the wonderful short African twilight into the yet more wonderful African night. It was an hour worth living thirty years to taste, far outweighing a generation of commonplace existence.

Then I came to a knowledge of Tammers' notion of hard riding. We hurried forward, in the saddle eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Steady, remorseless, man-killing riding on whatever came to hand at the different posts we passed, sometimes camels,



"STEADY, REMORSELESS, MAN-KILLING RIDING."

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sometimes country-bred ponies. My world contracted. I scarcely seemed to be active and doing so much as enduring, with blessed breaks of midday sleeps and the first ten minutes after a change of mounts, when the difference of action gave one a brief savour of heaven.

For the rest, the journey lasted seven days, but to my apprehension it appeared more like an unbroken spread of one hundred and sixty-eight hours punctuated by commas of meals, alarms, snatches of sleep, flying game, mirages by day, and cool gusts of wind from the shadows that sunset dropped upon our path. At length in the heart of one night we came to a river, a hundred yards wide or more, winding shrunken under the stars.

Tammers pulled rein. "Here's the boundary," he said. "Across the river we must go afoot, our animals can do no more. We may come on the enemy any day. And now the real work begins."

"Real work?" I groaned, in spirit. Tammers sat there in the saddle, firm as destiny, his strange, steel-coloured eyes still retaining their alert sparkle in spite of our prolonged exertions. His hand pointed to the dim sea of bush beyond the tortuous line of the river.

"Going on?" I questioned, dolefully.

"No; we'll rest first."

I thanked Heaven audibly.

"You see, Anson, we shall need all our senses unblunted to escape Murrai's scouts."

After that we slept the glorious sleep of utter weariness.

At dawn, after bathing in the river and changing our clothes, at least to a limited extent, we sat down to a good square meal, during which Tammers further explained to me the difficulties of our undertaking. Perhaps I had never before fully realized what Tammers' life had been. The fate of the doomed convoy, as well as that of the remote post of Mahoran, depended on the unsupported exertions of the iron, subtle man at my side. He alone could save them. And this was no isolated event in his career. Uncounted times he must have risked his life for others in the same way. No band played him into action, no human eye followed his splendid feats of courage; but if there is justice in England, surely the names of such as he cannot be suffered to pass into nothingness.

"Tammers," I said, aloud, "you should have some reward, some recognition for all this."

"Five shillings a day," he replied, "nothing to grumble at—it's the Government bargain. But I dropped into a good thing once, when I led an expedition for Rhodes. That man's heavy tonnage all through, Anson. Besides, he gave me a rifle with a silver plate and what he thought of me cut on it. I'm prouder of that rifle than I could tell you, Anson."

"You're not using it?" I said.

"I shouldn't like to lose that gun. It's in safe keeping. This," he touched his Colt carbine, "is good enough for Mrs. Africa to loot, if—if anything happens. No, Anson, I wouldn't risk the other here." He finished his food meditatively; then added, "There's more difference than you'd think between 'Well done' and a clap on the back and 'Here's your wages. Good-evening.' Not that I have anything to complain of. If the military authorities want a scout they always send for me."

He stood up and plunged forthwith into careful directions for the coming march. Under his superintendence I greased my feet, and, renewed and invigorated, we went down to the river's brink and crossed it by some shallows. Tammers at once zigzagged to find the trail of the convoy, and, having discovered it, we took a parallel line about half a mile to the leeward. From the first the going was heavy. We had left the sand behind us, and by the third day matters grew worse. Heavy rain had been falling—the soaked earth clung to our feet; it breathed up steam into the languid air, and absorbed our energies like a sponge. We followed the track of the convoy to the edges of swamps, where no swamps had been at the date of its passing, and frequently before we could pick up the route again we had to skirt long miles of oozing marsh.

The many delays were heartbreaking when one knew that ahead there in the mysterious distances was the convoy of unsuspecting men, marching and sleeping, sleeping and marching, through the fever-stricken land; while behind them treacherous savages dogged their steps, creeping nearer and nearer day by day.

Sometimes we touched upon one of the convoy's deserted camps—a poor entrenchment of thorns, strewn with empty tins, a bottle or two, the vague litter left by human occupation, which has a power to distress and repel that Nature in her most slovenly moods never can inflict upon us. The dead bodies of transport animals and more than one hastily-made grave beside the path seemed to me to betoken that the harrying of the convoy had begun.

"No," said Tammers, his eyes on the

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ground, "it's not Murrai. It's only Mrs. Africa taking her usual toll."

We now advanced more cautiously than ever. Tammers, with his hundred tricks of camp-craft, knew that the enemy's scouts were close ahead, if not around us. He had spent his life matched with savages, and had well learnt his lesson of fighting them on their own ground and with their own weapons of swift sense and cunning ruse. Yet I could not but recollect that let him make a single mistake of sight and hearing, fail but once in judgment or resource, and his own life with the many others hanging upon it must be paid in penalty.

II.

At last one evening came our first brush with the enemy. Tammers and I were moving along as much under cover as possible, when a herd of large animals, some species of antelope, I think, dashed out from a line of forest a little to our left. The next second I was pulled backwards into the heart of the thicket by Tammers. I knew enough to lie still, very still, with a batch of stinging flies on the back of my neck.

The antelopes halted once, staring back into the trees from which they had emerged, then fled out of sight.

"That means the enemy's scouts," whispered Tammers.

I peered fruitlessly through the scrub.

"Working there to the west. The antelopes winded them."

Then I perceived why we had so persistently travelled to leeward of the convoy's route, at any rate one of the reasons, that animals, disturbed by people following on the trail, and heading down wind in our direction, might bring us warning of danger.

Suddenly Tammers' figure grew rigid at my side. Then I saw, to my alarm, that he was gazing at a patch of high grass through which we had lately passed.

"Wait here, Anson," Tammers said. He was crawling off, when he turned. "One thing, Anson, if you do come hand-to-hand with a tribesman, who carries a club, remember he's sure to feint at your head, and then try to bash in your kneecap before you can recover yourself. You must prevent that, you know."

I promised to do my utmost to avoid any such deplorable occurrence, and Tammers disappeared.

I turned to watch the spot from whence danger threatened. At first I could perceive nothing unusual. Then I made out a darkish patch of film that was travelling mysteriously over the grass. Had it not been moving I should not have seen it. Before long it resolved itself into a hovering column of flies edging gradually towards me. My heart jumped into my mouth. Tammers' keener vision had detected them far away, and read the story they told of foes upon our track.

I glanced nervously up at the busy legions of my own bodyguard. Surely the enemy's scouts had marked me by the same means. But I had underrated Tammers' capacity for minute precaution. A friendly bough screened my tormentors from the eyes of our trackers.

After this, swift and dramatic, an episode of war passed before my eyes. I saw a figure creeping slowly through the thinning edges of the grass. Then a second. And a third. The third was Tammers. At the instant I caught sight of him he was springing upon the back of the tribesman in front of him. The man sank as Tammers struck. The first negro turned at the sound. I saw him lunge forward with his spear. But Tammers leapt aside, catching up and flinging a handful of dust in his opponent's eyes. The negro made a savage rush, but the sand had blinded him. He passed Tammers. The next moment his companion's spear, hurled by Tammers, drove heavily into his back between the shoulders. I heard the dry grass crack and rustle under his fall.

As Tammers dragged one body after the other into cover I joined him. "War is a brutal game," he said.

The fellow with the spear-thrust was dead, but the other, a big, muscular negro, with huge, protruding lips, and a skin of polished jet, lay as if asleep with no mark of violence or blood upon him. He was the blackest human being I have ever seen.

"He can't be dead?" I exclaimed.

"Of course he isn't," said Tammers. "A blow that would fell an ox wouldn't seem more than a tap on a skull like this. He's served the Khalifa, I see."

"How can you tell that?"

Tammers turned up the man's palm. Some characters were branded across it.

"That's the mark of the Khalifa's men. I've seen it before," he remarked. "This chap's waved his spear in the market-place at Omdurman."

As soon as the tribesman began to show signs of coming to himself, Tammers, taking off his own leather waist-strap, secured his arms.

"All the troops of the Khalifa were

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"THE NEGRO MADE A SAVAGE RUSH."

branded in this way at one time," Tammers went on. "Daisy, here," he touched the big shoulder that looked as if it had been black-leaded by a painstaking hand, "must have broken away south and saved himself from half-a-dozen stricken fields."

By this time Daisy's black eyes were open and rolled on us in a stare of sullen terror.

"He's nervous. The fate of prisoners taken in quarrels amongst themselves is usually ugly. I'll see what dialect he talks."

It took a little time to hit upon the tongue our prisoner knew, but soon Tammers was asking questions and he was gabbling voluble answers confidentially. Finally, to my surprise, Tammers released him from the strap, and he took his seat upon the ground opposite to us.

"Daisy, there, is a born fighter," observed Tammers, with an air of approval. "I asked him why he'd taken service with Murrai. He says he doesn't know, but that life without fighting is like an ostrich egg laid out of season—has no possibilities, he means."

I asked what we were going to do with him.

"He's our man now. I asked him if he minded whose side he was on. He said not, and seemed to think he'd rather like to fight against Murrai's people, because there's a man among them with a loincloth of spotted cotton he covets. He likes the notion of a little change."

I objected on the ground that he would betray us if he had the chance.

"I think that's all right," answered Tammers, mildly. His statement was never superlative, but always worth more than the actual wording implied. "I think not. I offered to enlist him in the Egyptian army at the usual pay — twopence halfpenny a day. He's growing elated over the prospect of wealth like that. He says he can get fat and keep three wives on it. That'll keep him faithful, not to mention the loincloth he counts on wearing to-morrow or next day."

"Why," I exclaimed, "are we so close on the convoy?"

"Not so far off—as I said yesterday, when I went across to examine the trail. You remember there were flies still buzzing about that empty Swiss milk-tin. And the trail was pretty fresh, though the crossing tracks of the big-toed, flat feet of Murrai's people were fresher. Near as the convoy is, though, we shall find it next to impossible to reach. The desperate part of the business is that, so far as the enemy's scouts can judge, Carew is still unsuspicious of being followed."

We were eating by this time, the black, squatted a few feet away, contentedly enjoying his share.

"Daisy tells me," continued Tammers, "that Murrai has been letting Mrs. Africa play his game for him, waiting till fever and nerves knock the heart out of Carew's fellows. The heavy rains have told on the

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convoy, too. Now, Carew himself is down with malaria, and to-night Murrai has arranged to rush the camp."

"Can't we be in time?"

"We're going to try, anyway. You see, it's like this," he made a little circle in the sand with his finger, "Carew's got his entrenchment in the open here, and on two sides of him—so—there's cover in which Murrai's ambushed some hundreds of his warriors. What with Carew being ill and the men disheartened, Murrai's rush'll finish them off as easy as bursting a poached egg."

"What are you going to do?" I exclaimed.

Tammers was evidently thinking hard and made no reply for some minutes.

"We'll push on by-and-by and see what sort of cover that ambush is lying in," he said at last, adding, with apparent inconsequence, "That rain was very local; we're on the verge of a sun-dried region again."

I understood the bearing of this remark later in the day.

The heat of noon was upon us, and Tammers advised me to sleep, as the next few hours might lay great demands upon our strength. I was awakened from uneasy dozing by a low sound, nasal, discordant, with quavering trills that set my teeth on edge. Recollection came to me and I sat up in a fright.

It was Daisy chanting to himself as he sharpened his spear. Tammers signed to him and the song sank away.

"It was all about you and me, Anson," Tammers enlightened me. "Told how the Father of Beards (that's me, Anson, for you know how fast the bristles come if I don't keep on the drag with the clippers)"—he rubbed his rough chin and bullet-head regretfully—"and the Small One whom the Sun has Kissed (your nose is peeling, Anson) had caught him in the bush after magnificent deeds of valour. There was a lot of it and it ended with himself—safe in the loincloth and a much-married man."

Before sundown we pushed on, accompanied by the square-shouldered savage. His conversion to our side may seem sudden to those without knowledge of the tribes who live within five degrees of the Equator, but there is nothing strange in it considered in the light of the historical fact that black battalions which fought for us at Omdurman contained many individuals who had long dwelt under the shadow of the Mahdi's tomb and taken the field against Hicks, against Gordon, against Kitchener himself. So long as the warlike black gets his fighting, he cares in no great measure under which banner he serves, and twopence halfpenny a day opens up matrimonial vistas of the most seductive kind.

We made what haste we could to press forward. I have heard people talk of the excitements of gambling or big-game hunting, but for my own part I believe nothing on earth can equal the stimulation of going in company with a man like Tammers on such an errand.

I felt the nerve of life stir in me as we moved towards our objective with infinite caution, not in a bee-line, but a scout's line, crouching one moment, creeping forward the next, evading keen ears and keen eyes, lulling sudden suspicion by some trick of camp-craft. More than once it seemed as if we must be discovered, and the game for ever lost. Twice we owed our escape to Daisy, who, giving himself out as a messenger from Murrai to the front, slipped with us at his heels through the gloom.

We had been travelling some hours when on the crest of a ridge Tammers at length left me. We were now close upon the ambuscade of the tribesmen. While I waited the pallor of moonrise shot the eastern horizon, and the thin crescent of white light followed, giving me a dim vision of the convoy's zareba, in the centre of an open piece of ground not much more than half a mile away. Between me and it, however, stretched a thick belt of scrub and high grass. My first intimation of Tammers' return was a whisper in my ear.

"This is going to be a touch-and-go sort of business. That bit of grass—it's a mile long—is stiff with Murrai's spearmen."

I stared blankly ahead. "Can't we make a dash for it?" I said.

"We can't get through, and we can't get round. Murrai's putting weight into this blow. He has men enough down there to swamp the convoy twice over."

It was dreadful to be thus within sight of the camp, to see the tragedy fall out under our eyes and to be powerless. The picture of that bit of Africa lying hushed and mysterious beneath the cruel moon is with me yet. Tammers gripped my arm.

"They're too many for us anyhow," he said. "If we could warn the camp this minute we couldn't save it. Murrai's men will run in over it like a tide. But I've a dodge to try. The enemy being ambushed in dry stuff, like that grass—see?"

A few words unfolded his plan and sufficed for my instructions. Quickly I crept away to

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windward. Beyond me somewhere was Tammers, and beyond him again Daisy. Five, ten, fifteen minutes joined the thousand ages of yesterday, and the first part of my work was done.

Then away to my right a little curling orange snake seemed to leap up into the misty, heat-weary night and die. That was the beginning. I had scarcely breathed twice when tongues of flame were stealing up the long canes, and faster than I can write it the tinder-dry grass broke into lurid, living, swaying fire. The wind at our backs drove it furiously on. Great gouts of purple smoke bellied and belched in front of us. Like waves the flames rose, like waves crested with flying sparks, each doubling the power of the one that foreran it. Before it the grass gave from the devouring heat and from the shots of the new attacking force which, to their bewildered senses, hemmed them in, herding them back into the fire, and to the destruction awaiting them at the hands of the convoy.



"SCORCHED, SCARED, PANIC-STRICKEN, THEY FLED."

Only one incident of note remains to

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record. Murrai's warriors had made off, and we, by making a circuit to windward of the fire, had come into sight of the camp, from which a Soudanese sergeant with three men emerged to meet us, when I heard a loud sound as of smacking of lips. I stopped and looked back. Behind me was Daisy, and I imagine the noise was designed to attract my attention. An exhaustive grin draped his features and a spotted loincloth his massive loins.

III.

We entered the zareba, and were guided between recumbent figures of men and donkeys to a space in the centre, where, among heaped-up cases of ammunition, a tall man lay on a red blanket.

The moon was not high, but gave light enough for ordinary observation. With a struggle Carew managed to raise himself on his elbow. In health he must have been a splendid young fellow with that great frame, and handsome, high-featured face. But the emaciation of fever had produced in him an odd likeness to the skeleton of some giant bird. His eyes, lit with morbid fires, stared at us from their hollow sockets, with a strange look that almost seemed like fear.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a weak voice.

Tammers advanced and laid his hand gently on Carew's.

"I am Tammers, the scout," he said. "Captain Porter sent you his best compliments."

Carew sank back with something very like a sob.

"I was afraid I was delirious—that I only fancied you. I thought I'd lost my grip upon my senses at last. You see what that would have meant?" he panted.

Tammers glanced round at the piles of ammunition cases.

"What was your notion?" He spoke in a low voice.

"There was only one thing left to do. The heavy rains coming on prematurely brought disaster. The men sickened, and the animals collapsed every day. Of course, the camels were the first to go. And nearly half the donkeys are gone, one after another. It seemed like a nightmare. I jettisoned most things, but I held on to all the ammunition — they need it at Mahoran. The swamps were fever-traps, but I should not have been so weak had it not been for the incessant bleeding of the nose when I walked or even rode on the march. Lately I was obliged to ride one of the donkeys. I was past walking."

For a moment Tammers did not speak, and Carew began again.

"We found out three days ago that we were being shadowed by the tribes. The sergeant came to me after we got in here and said we had lost six donkeys on the march. I knew then we must leave part of the ammunition. Of course I could have destroyed all we couldn't carry, but that was not all the trouble. If I died—and I'm near it now—I felt I could hardly rely on a Soudanese to take the remainder safe to Mahoran, what with the disheartened state of the men and those brutes behind us. So I made them pile the stuff round me here, and if I got worse in the night I meant to blow up the lot. I could think of nothing better to do. You see why I was afraid of delirium? If I had lost my head——" the faint voice sank altogether.

"Just so," said Tammers, cheerfully, "but that's over."

Carew could only say one word, "Reinforcements?"

Tammers' reply was prompt. "Yes, white and a black levy."

I called to mind Tammers' definition of an untruth spoken in the past.

"It's a useful variation when it's told to a good end. When it's not, it's a lie."

Carew brightened at the news. He wanted to hear all about our doings. Tammers told him the story of Murrai's expedition, of the ambush, and the stratagem we had used to prevent the camp being attacked. For once Tammers exaggerated—as to the number of the relieving party, Daisy, as our native levy, being multiplied exceedingly.

"We took good care to light up where we knew the wind would blow the sparks away from the zareba here," he went on. "I think you'd better push on when the moon goes down with as much of the ammunition as possible. The rest I'll look after and follow you up."

"None of it must fall into the hands of the tribes," Carew said, anxiously.

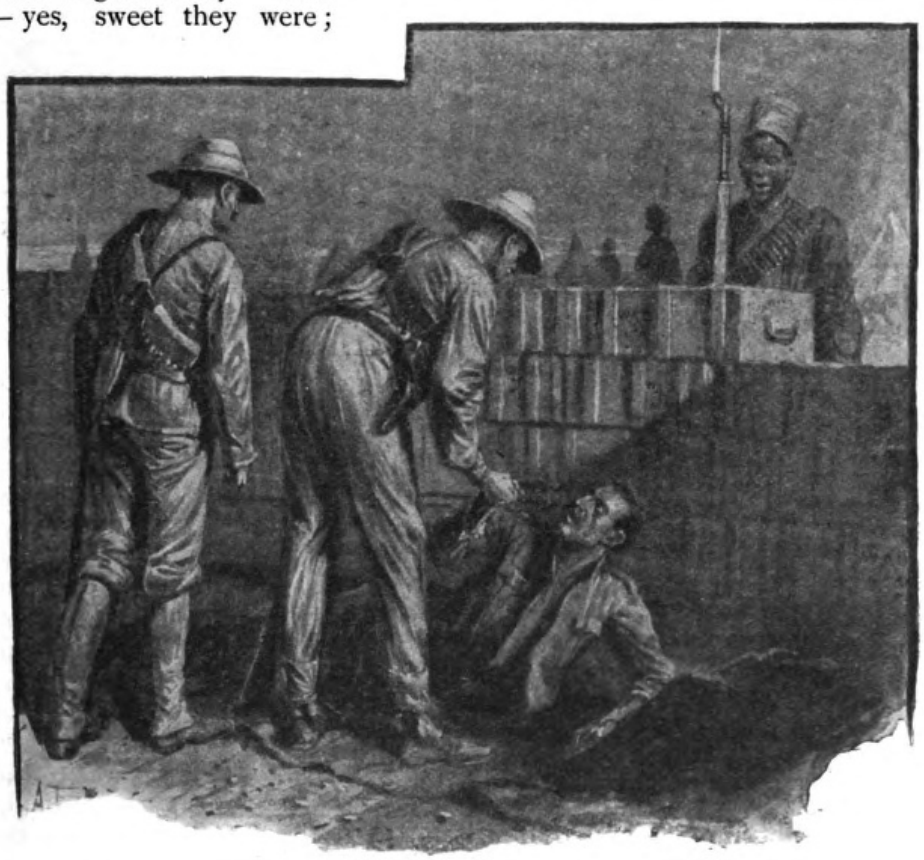
"Don't worry about that. I'll take my oath it sha'n't. Then it's settled. You'll leave me——"

"Leave you, darling?" the sick man's voice broke in. "You know how hard it is, Mabel! But there's no help for it. I must go with the regiment. You see that, my own wife?"

"I say, you know, Anson," Tammers began, but Carew was speaking again :—

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"I didn't mean it, darling." He was gazing fondly at Tammers' bullet-head. "Do forgive me. I've always loved you since you—since you were a very small young woman two feet two high with jammy fingers!" He laughed softly. "Not jammy? — yes, sweet they were; really — really they were." He sought to carry Tammers' square-tipped fingers to his lips.



"'NONE OF IT MUST FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE TRIBES,' CAREW SAID."

Out there in the wild African night the delirious voice brought back to me the oppressive picture of a sick-room, the shaded night-light, the grave-eyed doctors, the suspense that waits at the door, and the prayer that hurls itself heavenward.

Carew ran on and on. In his fever-dreams he was in some white-faced, Irish country house, where possibly at that moment Mabel, his wife, unconscious of his danger, was praying for her boy, her darling, soldiering far away in that Africa which she only knew through the medium of blurred snap-shots and large-scale, unsympathetic maps.

"It must be good-bye now, Mabel," the sick man said again. "Think of my coming back! The time will not seem so long as we think now. Good-bye—good-bye. Don't cry—oh, don't cry, darling! Bob, there you are. Look after my little—my little——. It's not unhealthy—no, no. Three weeks married——"

Tammers got on his feet. "I say, you know, Anson"—I had never known him so vehement—"we've got to see to one thing. We mustn't let Murrai and Mrs. Africa make a widow of Mrs. Carew."

I too was moved. The cries of the sick man were so elemental in their humanity. But, alas! even if we could escape the savages, the very ground exhaled the white mist of malaria.

Now I had imagined that, barring a running fight, most of our troubles would be over when we got in touch with Captain Carew's convoy, wherein I was very much mistaken, for they appeared to be as numerous as ever. When Tammers came back to me after going thoroughly into our position he looked very grave.

"There's barely enough transport to carry on three parts or so of the ammunition," he said. "In an hour, as soon as the moon's set, you must push on with Carew and as much as the donkeys can take to Mahoran. It's not more than five days' march, one of

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the guides tells me, and better going as you rise to the plateau."

"And you?"

"I'll stay behind with what you can't take, and play honey-pot to Murrai's wasps to give you as good a start as possible. I wish I could keep you with me, Anson, but these Soudanese must have a white man in command. Then you'll have to look well after Carew and do some sick nursing, if you mean to pull him through. You'll be the right man in the right place, Anson," he shook hands with me, "and I tell you what I'll do: I'll send Daisy on with you. He's met some cronies among the transport drivers, who are old Jehadias like himself. He's got a heavier hand than most, so I've made him donkey corporal, and he'll run the lot into Mahoran for you in double time if you'll remind him now and then of the three fat wives."

It was with a heavy heart that I parted from Tammers in the small hours of the night, and escorted by the black sergeant and more than half the men, with Carew in a litter made of a blanket slung between two poles, I started westwards. I was oppressed by the knowledge that Tammers, by staying behind as ground-bait for Murrai's people, was more than likely to lose his life in saving ours and the precious cargo we carried.

It is not necessary to describe our march upwards to the plateau of Mahoran. We were attacked, but not in force, and beat off our assailants with much difficulty. Daisy displayed magnificent resource in his methods of driving the transport drivers, with the result that we arrived at our destination twelve hours earlier than we hoped.

It was lucky, for Carew by that time was very low, and I do not believe he could have survived much more of the blanket-travelling.

Preparations to relieve Tammers were at once pushed forward. I went with the party as scout. I selected Daisy to accompany me, but to my disgust he disappeared within an hour of our leaving Mahoran. We covered the ground at a good pace, but our first news of the rearguard came from Daisy, who rejoined on the following day a couple of hours before noon. And heavy news it was.

He had made his way back to the camp, where we had left Tammers. It was deserted. Murrai's men lay dead in heaps about the zareba, and also in front of some rifle-pits masked by grass and bushes that Tammers had apparently made to create a diversion from the main attack. But not a trace of the defenders remained in the shape of dead or wounded. Only the ammunition cases were there, broken open and empty.

"What do you make of it?" asked the subaltern from Mahoran.

"I'll tell you later," was my reply.

Within another two hundred yards we came upon something which threw a calamitous light on the matter: the body of a tribesman, holding a Lee-Metford rifle in his stiffened grasp. Someone stooped and slit his bulging waistband. Out tumbled a score of Lee-Metford cartridges!

"No need to hurry on now," said the subaltern in a hard voice. "That ammunition has fallen into Murrai's pocket after all. There are a few ruinous huts away to the right. We'll shelter there during the heat of the day."

We struck across the sand to the deserted village. Only one hut, like a thick-stemmed mushroom, remained standing, sun-blackened, permeated with the grit of sand-storms, but still with sufficient thatch sagging from its roof-sticks. An ancient and ill-cured bullock-skin in one corner, with a broken earthenware cooking-pot, comprised the furniture.

In silence we sat down. My own feeling was black despair. Tammers was dead, or this thing could not have happened.

"Opinions differ," said the subaltern after a while, "but I fancy Carew will wish he had blown himself up with every round of that ammunition, rather than Murrai should have bagged the batch he left behind with Tammers."

"Tammers is dead," I replied, with the dull certainty of loss.

"It is to be hoped so. The whole thing has a horribly ugly look. Murrai's men were killed in scores. From your man's account there must have been a regular slaughter. Yet before a single one of Tammers' fellows are knocked out, he lets them bolt like rabbits, leaving the cartridges for Murrai to walk in and help himself. Which he did. It's a beastly story, let me tell you."

"You don't know Tammers!" I exclaimed. "It was some accident."

"No, it wasn't!" Tammers' flat contradiction came in his own quiet voice, and how the sound sang in my ears! "No, Anson, it was no accident."

My companion and I jumped to our feet. There seemed to be no possible hiding-place in the hut. Even the bullock-skin lay crumpled, indeed, but fairly flat upon the ground. Nevertheless, it flew outwards, and Tammers crawled out from a hollow under it, stood up, and shook himself.

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"I thought at first you might be some of Murrai's scouts. I met one not so far from here," he said. "Well, Anson, that's all right."

"Is it?" inquired the subaltern, drily. "How about the ammunition? Are you aware that the enemy——"

"Just so," interrupted Tammers. "When Murrai got into the zareba he looted every round we had in the cases. I wasn't far off, watching them. I wish, Anson," he turned to me with his characteristic half-smile, "I wish you'd seen those chaps loading themselves up with the cartridges."

The young officer grunted a word under his breath. It was a word to bite deep. Tammers looked at him. "I wish we had some of those looted cartridges here," he said, regretfully.

"I can oblige you," rejoined the young man. "Here are half-a-dozen I took from the body of a tribesman. And here is also his rifle."



"IT WAS A GREAT DODGE—HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?"

Tammers took the rifle, fitted in a cartridge, and pressed the trigger. There was a small resulting click. The subaltern almost snatched the rifle, opened the breech and jerked out the cartridge. It had not exploded.

"I beg your pardon. It was a great dodge—how did you manage it?" He was fingering the cartridge. "It looks sound enough to the eye."

"After Anson and his party left, we put in a day of sniping," Tammers told us. "Murrai was certain, I knew, to hang about till night to wipe us out first, and then he supposed he'd have a soft job in sweeping up the whole post at Mahoran. I kept the men at it all day doctoring the cartridges, spilling away the powder, and running them through the mill. That powder's disagreeing with the bull-frogs in the swamp by now."

"Then Murrai attacked you?"

"Yes, but we'd dug some rifle-pits and did some damage before we made off, leaving the ammunition in their hands. They chased us after a while, but their rifles wouldn't go off and ours did. That sickened them a bit. So I sent on the men to Mahoran, and I waited about to see what Murrai would do. The upshot seems to be that Murrai's inclined to give up Lee-Metfords as weapons of defence, and he's turned home, to argue the subject out with Grimm, if I'm not mistaken. How's Carew?"

The officers of Mahoran Garrison gave Tammers a testimonial, but a letter that reached him nearly six months afterwards has, I believe, crept into an even warmer corner of his heart than that occupied by Rhodes's rifle. It was written from an ancient Irish castle, and carried tenderly-worded thanks to the brave man who "saved my husband." I think it goes on to say, "I will always pray for you in the many perils that must surround your adventurous life." The signature was "Mabel Carew."

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III.—THE QUEEN-COOK.

IT was on Sunday that the Cook gave notice. She said: "If you please, ma'am, I should wish to leave at my day month."

"Why, what's the matter?" mother said.

"It's them children," the Cook replied, and somehow the children all felt that they had known it from the first. They did not remember having done anything extra wrong, but it is so frightfully easy to displease a Cook. "It's them children; there's that there new carpet in their room covered thick with mud, both sides, beastly yellow mud, and sakes alone knows where they got it. And all that muck to clean up on a Sunday; it's not my place and it's not my intentions, so I don't deceive you, ma'am, and but for them limbs, which they is, if ever there was, it's not a bad place, though I says it, and I wouldn't wish to leave, but——"

"I'm very sorry," said mother, gently. "I will speak to the children, and you had better think it over, and if you *really* wish to go, tell me to-morrow."

Next day mother had a quiet talk with Cook, and Cook said she didn't mind if she stayed on a bit, just to see.

But meantime the question of the muddy carpet had been gone into thoroughly by father and mother. Jane's candid explanation that the mud had come from the bottom of a French tower where there was buried treasure was received with such chilling disbelief that the others limited their defence to an expression of sorrow and of a determination "not to do it again." But father said (and mother agreed with him, because mothers have to agree with fathers, and not because it was her own idea) that children who coated a carpet on both sides with thick mud, and when they were asked for an explanation could only talk silly nonsense (that meant Jane's truthful statement), were not fit to have a carpet at all, and, indeed, *shouldn't* have one for a week!

So the carpet was brushed (with tea-leaves, too, which was the only comfort Anthea could think of), and folded up and put away in the cupboard at the top of the stairs, and daddy put the key in his trousers pocket.

"Till Saturday," said he.

No one could be expected to feel very kindly towards the Cook, since it was entirely through her making such a fuss about a little French mud that the carpet had been taken away.

"She might have told *us*," said Jane, "and Panther and I would have cleaned it with tea-leaves."

"She's a cantankerous cat," said Robert.

"I sha'n't say what I think about her," said Anthea, primly, "because it would be evil-speaking, lying, and slandering——"

"It's not lying to say she's a disagreeable pig and a beastly blue-nosed bozwoz," said Cyril.

And all the children, even Anthea, agreed that, even if she wasn't a blue-nosed boswoz, they wished Cook had never been born.

But I ask you to believe that they didn't do all the things on purpose which so annoyed the Cook during the following week, though

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I dare say the things would not have happened if the Cook had been a favourite.

This is a mystery. Explain it if you can.

The things that happened were as follows :—

SUNDAY.—Discovery of French mud on both sides of the carpet.

MONDAY.—Liquorice put on to boil with aniseed balls in a saucepan. Anthea did this because she thought it would be good for the Lamb's cough. The whole thing forgotten and bottom of saucepan burned out. It was the little saucepan lined with white, that was kept for baby's milk.

TUESDAY.—A dead mouse found in pantry. Fish-slice taken to dig grave with. By regrettable accident fish-slice broken. Defence: "The Cook oughtn't to keep dead mice in pantries."

WEDNESDAY.—Chopped suet left on kitchen table. Robert added chopped soap; but he says he thought the suet was soap, too.

THURSDAY.—Broke the kitchen window by falling against it during a perfectly fair game of bandits in the area.

FRIDAY.—Stopped up grating of kitchen sink with putty, and filled sink with water to make a lake to sail paper boats in. Went away and left the tap running. Kitchen hearthrug and Cook's shoes ruined.

On Saturday the carpet was restored. There had been plenty of time during the week to decide where it should be asked to go when they did get it back.

Mother had gone over to granny's, and had not taken the Lamb because he had a bad cough, which Cook said was "whooping-cough as sure as eggs is eggs."

"But we'll take him out, a ducky darling," said Anthea; "we'll take him somewhere where you can't have whooping-cough. Don't be so silly, Robert. If he *does* talk about it no one'll take any notice; he's always talking about things he's never seen."

So they dressed the Lamb and themselves in out-of-door clothes, and the Lamb chuckled and coughed, and laughed and coughed again, poor dear; and all the chairs and tables were moved off the carpet by the boys, while Jane nursed the Lamb.

"We shall have to get back before dinner," said Cyril, "or Cook will blow the gaff."

"She hasn't sneaked since Sunday," said Anthea.

"She——" Robert was beginning when the door burst open and the Cook, fierce and furious, came in like a whirlwind and stood on the corner of the carpet, with a broken basin in one hand and a threat in the other, which was clenched.

"Look 'ere!" she cried; "my only basin, and what the powers am I to make the beef-steak and kidney pudding in that your ma ordered for your dinners? You don't deserve no dinners, so you don't."

"I'm awfully sorry, Cook," said Anthea, gently; "it was my fault, and I forgot to tell you about it. It got broken when we were telling our fortunes with melted lead, you know, and I meant to tell you."

"Meant to tell me!" replied the Cook. She was red with anger, and really I don't wonder. "Meant to tell! Well, *I* mean to tell, too. I've held my tongue this week through because the missus she said to me, quiet like, 'We mustn't expect old heads on young shoulders'—but now I sha'n't hold it no longer. There was the soap you put in our pudding, and me and Eliza never so much as breathed it to your ma, though well we might; and the saucepan and the fish-slice, and——my gracious cats alive, what 'ave you got that blessed child dressed up in his outdoors for?"

"We aren't going to take him out," said Anthea; "at least——" she stopped short, for, though they weren't going to take him out in the Kentish Town Road, they certainly intended to take him elsewhere. But not at all where Cook meant when she said "out"; this confused the truthful Anthea.

"Out!" said the Cook; "that I'll take care you don't!" and she snatched the Lamb from the lap of Jane, while Anthea and Robert caught her by the skirts and apron.

"Look here," said Cyril, in stern desperation, "will you go away and make your pudding in a pie-dish or a flower-pot or a hot-water-can or something?"

"Not me," said the Cook, briefly, "and leave this precious Poppet for you to give his deathercold to."

"I warn you," said Cyril, solemnly; "beware ere yet it be too late."

"Late yourself! The little Popsy-Wopsy," said the Cook, with angry tenderness; "they sha'n't take it out no more, they sha'n't. And where did you get that there yellow fowl?"

She pointed to the Phœnix.

Even Anthea saw that unless the Cook lost her situation the loss would be theirs.

"I wish," she said, suddenly, "we were on a sunny southern shore where there can't be any whooping-cough." She said it through the frightened howls of the Lamb and the sturdy scoldings of the Cook, and instantly the giddy-go-round-and-falling-lift feeling swept over the whole party, and the Cook sat down flat on the carpet, holding the screaming Lamb tight to her stout, print-covered self.

The moment the tipsy-topsy-turvy feeling stopped the Cook opened her eyes, gave one sounding screech, and shut them again, and Anthea took the opportunity to get the

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desperately-howling Lamb into her own arms.

"It's all right," she said. "Own Panther's got you. Look at the trees, and the sands, and the shells, and the great big tortoises. Oh, *dear*, how hot it is!"



"THE COOK SAT DOWN FLAT ON THE CARPET."

It certainly was, for the trusty carpet had laid itself out on a southern shore that was sunny, and no mistake, as Robert remarked.

The greenest of green slopes led up to glorious groves where palm trees and all the tropical flowers and fruits that you read of in "Westward Ho!" and "Foul Play" were growing in rich profusion. Between the green, green slope and the blue, blue sea lay a stretch of sand that looked like a carpet of cloth of gold—for it was golden sand, not greyish, as our northern sand is—and at the very moment when the wild, whirling, blinding, deafening, tumbling, upside-downness of the carpet-moving stopped, the children had the happiness of seeing three large live turtles waddle down to the edge of the sea and disappear in the water. And it was hotter than you can possibly imagine, unless you think of ovens on a baking day.

Everyone, without an instant's hesitation, tore off its London-in-November outdoor clothes, and Anthea took off the Lamb's highwayman blue coat and his three-cornered hat and then his jersey, and then the Lamb himself suddenly slipped out of his little blue, tight breeches, and stood up happy and hot in his little white shirt.

"I'm sure it's much warmer than the seaside in the summer," said Anthea, "and mother always lets us go barefoot then."

So the Lamb's shoes and socks and gaiters came off, and he stood digging his happy, naked, pink toes into the golden, smooth sand.

"I'm a little white duck-dickie," said he, "a little white duck-dickie what swims," and splashed quacking into a sandy pool.

"Let him," said Anthea. "It can't hurt him. *Oh*, how hot it is!"

The Cook suddenly opened her eyes and screamed, shut them, screamed again, opened her eyes once more, and said:—

"Why, drat my cats alive, what's all this? It's a dream, I expect. Well, it's the best I ever dreamed. I'll look it up in the dream-book to-morrow. Seaside and trees and a carpet to sit on. I never did!"

"Look here," said Cyril, "it isn't a dream. It's real."

"Ho, yes!" said the Cook; "they always says that in dreams."

"It's REAL, I tell you," Robert said, stamping his foot. "I'm not going to tell you how it's done, because that's our secret"

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—he winked heavily at each of the others in turn—"but you wouldn't go away and make that pudding, so we *had* to bring you, and I hope you like it."

"I do that, and no mistake," said the Cook, unexpectedly, "and it being a dream it don't matter what I say; and I *will* say, if it's my last word, that of all the aggravating little varmints——"

"Calm yourself, my good woman," said the Phœnix.

"Good woman, indeed!" said the Cook; "good woman yourself!" Then she saw who it was that had spoken. "Well—if I ever," said she. "This is something like a dream! Yellow fowls a-talking and all! I've heard of such, but never did I think to see the day."

"Well, then," said Cyril, impatiently, "sit here and see the day *now*. It's a jolly fine day. Here, you others—a council!"

They walked along the shore till they were out of earshot of the Cook, who still sat gazing about her with a happy, dreamy, vacant smile.

"Look here," said Cyril; "we must roll the carpet up and hide it, so that we can get at it at any moment. The Lamb can be getting rid of his whooping-cough all the morning, and we can look about, and if the savages on this island are cannibals we'll hook it and take her back. And if not we'll *leave her here*."

So the extra coats and hats and mufflers were piled on the carpet, Cyril shouldered the wet and happy Lamb, the Phœnix perched on Robert's wrist, and the party of explorers prepared to enter the interior.

The path turned and twisted, and, always threading their way amid a tangle of flowers, the children suddenly passed a corner and found themselves in a forest clearing, where there were a lot of pointed huts—the huts, as they knew at once, of *savages*.

The boldest heart beat more quickly. Suppose they *were* cannibals! It was a long way back to the carpet.

"Hadn't we better go back?" said Jane. "Go *now*," she said, and her voice trembled a little. "Suppose they eat us!"

"Nonsense, Pussy," said Cyril, firmly. "Look, there's a goat tied up; that shows they don't eat *people*."

"Let's go on and say we're missionaries," Robert suggested.

"I shouldn't advise *that*," said the Phœnix, very earnestly.

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, it isn't true," replied the golden bird.

It was while they stood hesitating on the edge of the clearing that a tall man suddenly came out of one of the huts. He had hardly any clothes and his body all over was a dark and beautiful copper colour, just like the chrysanthemums father had brought home on Saturday. In his hand he held a spear. The whites of his eyes and the white of his



"A TALL MAN SUDDENLY CAME OUT OF ONE OF THE HUTS."

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teeth were the only light things about him, except that where the sun shone on his shiny brown body it looked white too. If you will look carefully at the next shiny savage you meet with next to nothing on you will see at once, if the sun happens to be shining at the time, that I am right about this.

The savage looked at the children. Concealment was impossible. He uttered a shout that was more like "Oo! goggery bag-wag!" than anything else the children had ever heard, and at once brown, coppery people leapt out of every hut and swarmed like ants about the clearing. There was no time for discussion, and no one wanted to discuss anything, anyhow. Whether these coppery people were cannibals or not now seemed to matter very little.

Without an instant's hesitation the four children turned and ran back along the forest path. The only pause was Anthea's. She stood back to let Cyril pass, because he was carrying the Lamb, who screamed with delight. (He had not whooping-coughed a single once since the carpet landed him on the island.)

"Gee up, Squirrel—gee—gee," he shouted—and Cyril did gee-up. The path was a shorter cut to the beach than the creeper-covered way by which they had come—and almost directly they saw through the trees the shining blue and gold of sand and sea.

"Stick to it," cried Cyril, breathlessly. They did stick to it; they tore down the sands — they could hear behind them as they ran the patter of feet which they knew too well were copper-coloured.

The sands were golden—*and bare.* There were wreaths of tropic sea-weed, there were rich tropic shells (of the kind you would not buy in the Kentish Town Road under at least fifteenpence a pair). There were turtles basking lumpily on the water's edge—but no Cook, no clothes, and no carpet.

"On, on! Into the sea!" gasped Cyril. "They *must* hate water. I've—heard—savages always—dirty——"

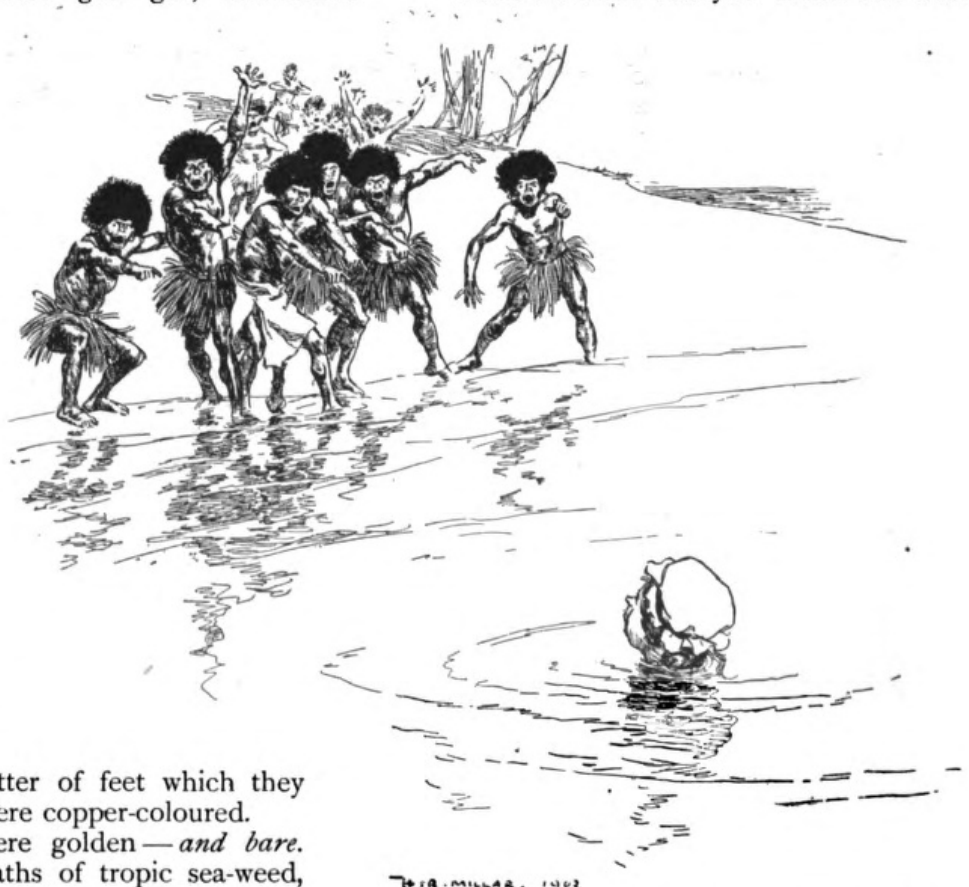
Their feet were splashing in the warm shallows before his breathless words were ended.

The calm baby-waves were easy to go through. It is warm work running for your life in the tropics, and the coolness of the water was delicious. They were up to their armpits now, and Jane was up to her chin.

"Look," cried the Phœnix; "what are they pointing at?" The children turned, and there, a little to the west, was a head—a head they knew, with a crooked cap upon it. It was the head of the Cook.

For some reason or other the savages had stopped at the water's edge and were all talking at the top of their voices, and all were pointing copper-coloured fingers, stiff with interest and excitement, at the head of the Cook. The children hurried towards her as quickly as the water would let them.

"What on earth did you come out here



"ALL WERE POINTING COPPER-COLOURED FINGERS AT THE HEAD OF THE COOK."

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for?" Robert shouted; "and where on earth's the carpet?"

"It's not on earth, bless you," replied the Cook, happily; "it's *under me*—in the water. I got a bit warm setting there in the sun, and I just said, 'I wish I was in a cold bath,' just like that—and next minute here I was! It's all part of the dream."

Everyone at once saw how extremely fortunate it was that the carpet had had the sense to take Cook to the nearest and largest bath—the sea—and how terrible it would have been if the carpet had taken itself and her to the stuffy little bath-room of the house in Camden Town.

"Excuse me," said the Phœnix's soft voice, breaking in on the general sigh of relief, "but I think these brown people want your Cook."

"To—to *eat?*" whispered Jane as well as she could through the water, which the plunging Lamb was dashing in her face with happy fat hands and feet.

"Hardly," rejoined the bird; "who wants cooks to *eat?* Cooks are *engaged*, not eaten. They wish to engage her."

"How can you understand what they say?" asked Robert, doubtfully.

"It's as easy as kissing your claw," replied the bird. "I speak and understand *all* languages, even that of your Cook, which is difficult and unpleasing. It's quite easy when you know how it's done. It just comes to you. I should advise you to beach the carpet and land the cargo—the Cook, I mean. You can take my word for it the copper-coloured ones will not harm you now."

It is impossible not to take the word of a Phœnix when it tells you to. So the children at once got hold of the corners of the carpet, and, pulling it from under the Cook, towed it slowly in through the shallowing water, and at last spread it on the sand. The Cook, who had followed, instantly sat down on it, and at once the copper-coloured natives, now strangely humble, formed a ring round the carpet and fell on their faces on the sand. The tallest savage spoke in this position, which must have been very awkward for him, and Jane noticed that it took him quite a long time to get the sand out of his mouth afterwards.

"He says," the Phœnix remarked after some time, "that they wish to engage your Cook permanently."

"Without a character?" asked Anthea, who had heard her mother speak of such things.

"They do not wish to engage her as Cook, but as *Queen*, and Queens do not need characters."

There was a breathless pause. "*Well*," said Cyril, "of all the choices—but there's no accounting for tastes." Everyone laughed at the idea of Cook being engaged as Queen; they could not help it.

"I do not advise laughter," warned the Phœnix, ruffling out his golden feathers, which were extremely wet. "And it's not their own choice. It seems that there is an ancient prophecy of this copper-coloured tribe that a great Queen should some day arise out of the sea with a white crown on her head, and—and—well, you see, there's the crown!"

It pointed its claw at Cook's cap, and a very dirty cap it was, because it was the end of the week.

"That's the white crown," it said; "at least, it's nearly white—very white indeed compared to the colour *they* are; and, any way, it's quite white enough."

Cyril addressed the Cook.

"Look here!" said he, "these brown people want you to be their Queen. They're only savages, and they don't know any better. Now, would you really like to stay? Or, if you'll promise not to be so jolly aggravating at home and not to tell anyone a word about to-day, we'll take you back to Camden Town."

"No, you don't," said the Cook, in firm, undoubting tones; "I've always wanted to be the Queen, God bless her, and I always thought what a good one I should make—and now I'm going to. If it's only in a dream it's well worth while. And I don't go back to that nasty underground kitchen, and me blamed for everything, that I don't, not till the dream's finished and I wake up with that nasty bell a-rang-tanging in my ears; so I tell you."

"Are you *sure*," Anthea anxiously asked the Phœnix, "that she will be quite safe here?"

"She will find the nest of a Queen a very precious and soft thing," said the bird, solemnly.

"There—you hear," said Cyril. "You're in for a precious soft thing, so mind you're a good Queen, Cook. It's more than you'd any right to expect, but long may you reign."

Some of the Cook's copper-coloured subjects now advanced from the forest with long garlands of beautiful flowers, white and sweet-scented, and hung them respectfully round the neck of their new Sovereign.

"What, all them lovely flowers for me?" exclaimed the enraptured Cook. "Well, this here is something *like* a dream, I must say."

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She sat up very straight on the carpet, and the copper-coloured ones, themselves wreathed in garlands of the gayest flowers, madly stuck parrot feathers in their hair and began to dance. It was a dance such as you have never seen. It made the children feel almost sure that the Cook was right and that they were all in a dream. Small, strange-shaped drums were beaten, odd-sounding songs were sung, and the dance got faster and faster and odder and odder till at last all the dancers fell on the sand tired out.



"THE COPPER-COLOURED ONES BEGAN TO DANCE."

The new Queen, with her white crown-cap all on one side, clapped wildly.

"Brayvo!" she cried, "brayvo! It's better than the Albert Edward Music-hall in the Kentish Town Road. Go it again!"

But the Phœnix would not translate this request into the copper-coloured language, and when the savages had recovered their breath they implored their Queen to leave her white escort and come with them to their huts. "The finest shall be yours, O Queen," said they.

"Well—so long!" said the Cook, getting heavily on to her feet, when the Phœnix had translated this request. "No more kitchens and attics for me, thank you. I'm off to my Riyal Palace, I am, and I only wish this here dream would keep on for ever and ever!"

She picked up the ends of the garlands that trailed round her feet, and the children had one last glimpse of her striped stockings and worn elastic-side boots before she disappeared into the shadow of the forest, surrounded by her dusky retainers, singing songs of rejoicing as they went.

"*Well!*" said Cyril. "I suppose she's all right, but they don't seem to count *us* for much, one way or the other."

"Oh," said the Phœnix, "they think you're merely dreams. The prophecy said that the Queen would arise from the waves with a white crown, and surrounded by white dream-children—that's about what they think *you* are!"

"And what about dinner?" said Robert, abruptly.

"There won't *be* any dinner, with no Cook and no pudding-basin," Anthea reminded him, "but there's always bread and butter."

"Let's get home," said Cyril.

The Lamb was furiously unwishful to be dressed in his warm clothes again, but Anthea and Jane managed it by force disguised as coaxing, and he never once whooping-coughed. Then everyone put on its own warm things and took its place on the carpet.

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A sound of uncouth singing still came from beyond the trees, where the copper-coloured natives were crooning songs of admiration and respect to their white-crowned Queen. Then Anthea said "Home," just as Duchesses (and other people) do to their coachmen — and the intelligent carpet in one whirling moment laid itself down in its proper place on the nursery floor. And at that very moment Eliza opened the door and said:—

"Cook's gone! I can't find her anywhere, and there's no dinner ready. She hasn't taken her box nor yet her outdoor things. She just ran out to see the time, I shouldn't wonder. The kitchen clock never did give her any satisfaction, and she's got run over or fell down in a fit as likely as not. You'll have to put up with the cold bacon for your dinners; and what on earth you've got your outdoor things on for *I* don't know; and then I'll slip out and see if they know anything about her at the police-station."

But nobody ever knew anything about the Cook any more—except Anthea.

Mother was so upset at losing the Cook, and so anxious about her, that Anthea felt most miserable, as though she had done something very wrong indeed. She woke several times in the night, and at last decided that she would ask the Phœnix to let her tell her mother all about it. But there was no opportunity to do this next day, because the Phœnix, as usual, had gone to sleep in some out-of-the-way place, after asking, as a special favour, not to be disturbed for twenty-four hours.

The Lamb never whooping-coughed once all that Sunday, and mother and father said what good medicine it was that the doctor had given him.

But the children knew that it was the southern shore, where you can't have whooping-cough, that had cured him. The Lamb babbled of sand and water, but no one took any notice of that. He often talked of things that hadn't happened.

It was a Monday morning, very early indeed, that Anthea woke, and suddenly made up her mind. She crept downstairs (it was very chilly), sat down on the carpet, and with a beating heart wished herself on the sunny shore where you can't have whooping-cough, and next moment there she was. The sand was splendidly warm. She could feel it at once, even through the carpet. She folded the carpet and put it over her shoulders, like a shawl, for she was determined not to be parted from it for a single instant, no matter how hot it might be to wear. Then, trembling a little and trying to keep up her courage by saying over and over, "It is my *duty*, it *is* my duty," she went up the forest path.

"Well, here you are again," said the Cook, directly she saw Anthea, "this dream does keep on!"

The Cook was dressed in a white robe, she had no shoes and stockings, and no cap, and she was sitting under a screen of palm-leaves, for it was afternoon in the island and blazing hot. She wore a flower-wreath on her hair, and copper-coloured boys were fanning her with peacocks' feathers.

"They've got the cap put away," she said; "they seem to think a lot of it. Never saw one before, I expect."

"Are you happy?" asked Anthea, panting. The sight of the Cook as Queen quite took her breath away.

"I believe you," said the Cook, heartily. "Nothing to do, unless you want to. But I'm getting rested now. To-morrow I'm going to start cleaning out my hut, if the dream keeps on, and I shall teach them cooking—they burns everything to a cinder, unless they eats it raw."

"But can you talk to them?"

"Lor' love a duck, yes!" the happy Cook-Queen replied, "it's quite easy to pick up; I always thought I should be quick at foreign languages. I've taught them to understand 'Dinner,' and 'I want a drink,' and 'You leave me be,' already."

"Then you don't want anything?" Anthea asked, earnestly and anxiously.

"Not me, miss! Except if you'd only go away. I'm afraid of me waking up with that bell ringing if you keep on stopping here and talking to me. Long as this here dream keeps on I'm as happy as a queen."

"Good-bye, then," said Anthea, gaily, for her conscience was clear now.

She hurried into the wood, threw herself on the ground, and said "Home"—and there she was, rolled in the carpet on the nursery floor.

"*She's* all right, anyhow," said Anthea, and went back to bed. "I'm glad *somebody's* pleased. But mother will never believe me—when I tell her."

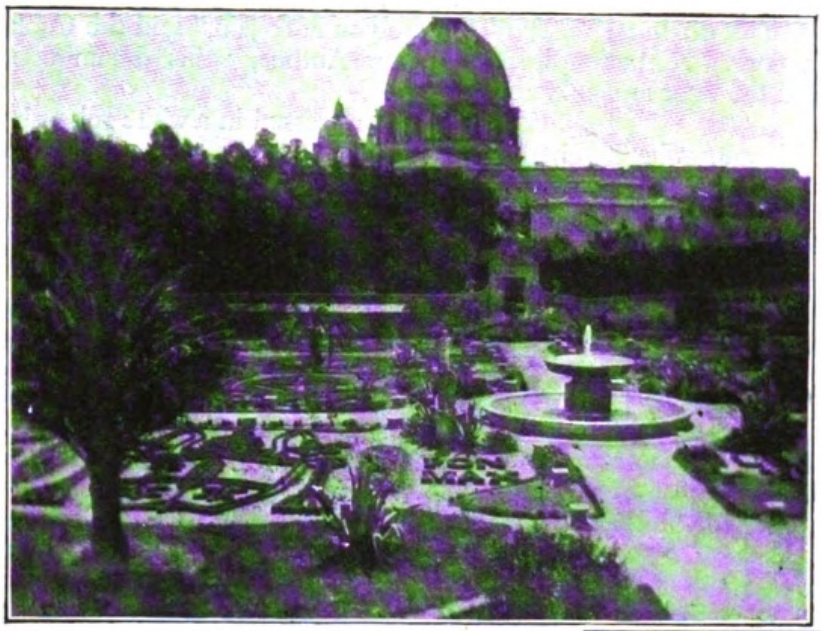
The story is indeed a little difficult to believe. Still, you might try.

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Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



THE POPE'S GARDEN.

"I enclose a photograph of the Vatican Gardens, with St. Peter's in the background, in which it is said the late Pope Leo XIII. caught the cold which ultimately resulted in his death. It is a very rare thing indeed for a camera to get within the Vatican enclosure, and this photograph is therefore probably unique. It shows in the box the mitre, the keys, and the title (Pon. Max., for Pontifex Maximus) of the Pope; also the name of the honoured one now passed away. Up and down these garden paths the late Pope loved to walk, and in recent years to be wheeled. The garden is very extensive, and in many parts of the grounds one seems to be miles on miles from any city, though the one-time mistress of the world is so close at hand."—Mr. Donald McKay, 32, Northwold Road, Stoke Newington Common, N.

TAKEN FROM ALOFT.

"This is a view of the assembly at the recent laying of the corner-stone of the new Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce building. The picture was taken from the roof of an adjoining building, and about one hundred feet almost directly above the crowd, which looks 'squatty' and grotesque. The figure of the speaker is especially amusing, as he stood almost under the camera. It is well known that, as a rule, pictures made in this manner are absolute failures, but in this instance many of the persons shown are easily recognised by their friends."—Mr. John von Blon, c/o the *Times*, Los Angeles, Cal.

A CHINESE ADVERTISEMENT.

"It is not often that we come across Chinese advertisements, but I discovered this one in reading an American paper."—Mr. T. S. Pepper, Woodstock, Canada.

CHINESE CURIOS.

I want smart youth sell my Chinese Curios. If he catch much business he earn many cash. If some American stamps send me for package postage, I send samples free.

AH MOO,
Shanghai, China.



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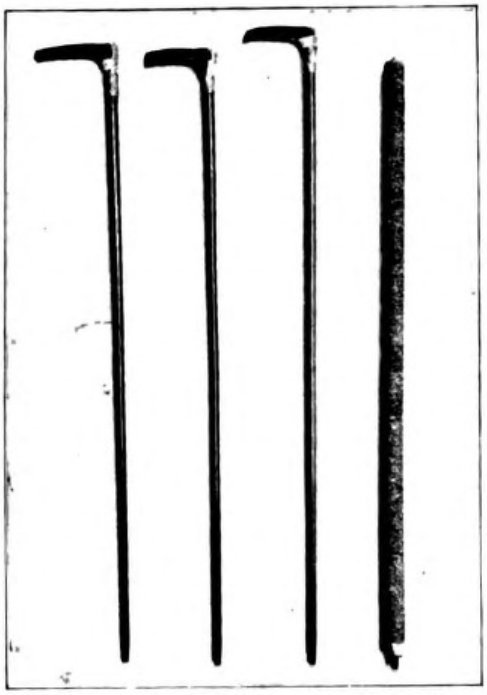


AN EXTRAORDINARY FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

"This is not a 'fiery flying serpent' but an extraordinary flash of lightning, which must have passed within 5ft. of my camera on Wednesday night, the 24th of June, in the suburbs of Shrewsbury."—C. H. D., St. George's Vicarage, Shrewsbury.

WALKING-STICKS MADE OF STAMPS.

"The walking-sticks shown in the photograph below were made by Mr. J. Bancroft, of Warrington, in his spare moments, and they are quite unique both in the material of which they are made



and in the manner of their construction. The first stick is made of 10,923 used penny postage stamps, which have been punched and threaded on to a steel rod, at the end of which is fixed the ferrule. At intervals during the threading process a very strong pressure is put upon the stamps. When the rod is quite covered with the tightly-packed stamps it is placed in a lathe and turned and polished, after which it is mounted with a handle. No glue or cement whatever is used. Stick No. 2 is in a rough state and consists of 11,283 used halfpenny stamps, 2,882 of which are red and the remainder green. No. 3 consists of 200 'Captain Webb' match-boxes, and No. 4 of pieces of ordinary grocer's sugar paper. The stamp sticks took Mr. Bancroft three years to make, the greatest difficulty being in collecting the stamps. It is interesting to note that since the photograph was taken His Majesty the King has expressed his pleasure in accepting the stick made of penny stamps."—Mr. A. Taylor, 45, Horsemarket Street, Warrington.



CURIOUS BAND-STAND.

"In a district where the population is composed almost entirely of German blood it would be nearly superfluous to add that music forms one of the commonest diversions of the people. This is certainly the case in the neighbourhood of Lyndoch, South Australia, where the photograph given above depicts a very ingenious method for the enjoyment of this pastime in a situation where the erection of an ordinary band-stand would be practically impossible. As may be observed in this case, the framework has been cleverly built round the bole of a large gum-tree, thus saving labour as well as space in its construction."—A Distant Contributor.

A TOBACCONIST'S CLOCK.

"The accompanying photograph is of a very curious clock. It is composed of five cigar-boxes for the case, cigarettes for the Roman figures, two clay pipes for the hands, an ash-tray for a centre-piece, and a match-box at the base. It is decorated with various brands of cigarettes and matches. The clock is the work of an ingenious tobacconist, Mr. Smith, of High Street, Battersea, in whose window it occupies a conspicuous position. Needless to say, it is an excellent advertising medium, being quite unique."—Mr. W. Mountstephen, 132, Sabine Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.



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THE "IRON DUKE'S" CHAIR.

"The chair shown in my photograph was used by the 'Iron Duke' during his stay in Belgium at the time of the Battle of Waterloo. This relic is now in the possession of an old Belgian family, who have had the same handed down as an heirloom ever since that historic event."—Mr. H. D. Torres, 119, Palatine Road, West Didsbury, Manchester.



"BRUMMAGEM" IDOLS.

In our last number we gave some photographs of idols made in Philadelphia, stating at the same time that a similar trade is by no means unknown in this country. This observation was one which is so little to our national credit that some of our readers may have been disposed to disbelieve it. Now, however, a correspondent sends us the accompanying photograph, with this statement: "The idols shown in the photograph I send you are 'Brummagem' made, being made here in Birmingham and then shipped abroad and worshipped by the heathen."—C. S.



A DEAD-LOCK.

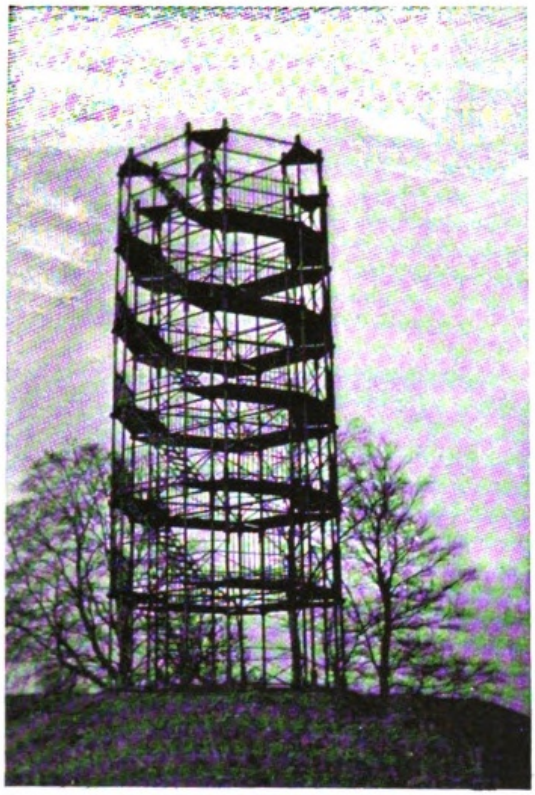
"I send you a very curious photograph. It shows part of the trunk of a tree with two pairs of rams' horns closely fastened to it, the tree, in course of time, having also grown partly around them. This curiosity was found in Sunlight Basin and seems to show that while two rams were fighting their horns became interlocked, being caught round the tree as well. The inference is that the fighters died of starvation. There may, however, possibly be a simpler explanation of the mystery which may occur to the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The photograph was taken by Mr. Alkin, Livingston, Mont."—Mrs. Rose Joslin, Livingston, Mont.

AN APPLE'S NEST.

"I send you a print of an apple in a mud-sparrow's nest, found at Chestnut Neck, N.J., by Mr. Thomas Clemeur. You will see by the photo. that the apple has grown to fit the nest, and must have blossomed there, as a twig in the side of the nest has made quite a dent in the apple. The apple itself looks perfect; there is not a speck in it, and it is now on exhibition in a shop and is attracting a lot of people to the window."—Mr. Harper B. Smith, Kentucky and Illinois Avenues, Atlantic City, N.J.



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CURIOUS WATCH-TOWER.

"The tower seen in my photograph is called the Iron Tower, and is situated on a hill near Monmouth. It was built by a former owner of the land to enable him to see the smoke issuing from the colliery chimneys in the Forest of Dean, thus enabling him to tell whether the colliers were on strike. There is a spiral staircase wherewith the top may be easily reached, and the height of the tower can be easily guessed at by comparing it with that of the boy shown in the photo."—Master G. Edwards, Monmouth Grammar School, Mon.

A BLOCKHOUSE BOOBY-TRAP.

"Tommy Atkins, relieved from the monotony of fatigue drills and accoutrement cleaning, is a most ingenious person, as the enemy during the late Boer War discovered to their cost on many occasions. This photograph illustrates refreshingly Tommy's passion for automatics in the shape of surprise-preventers. A hundred yards from the blockhouse in the danger-zone direction an unobtrusive wire invites the tripping and unwary Boer. The slightest touch upon this wire releases the rock suspended near the top of the photograph, which falls with a hideous rattle and crash upon the tin pan beneath. Such a device saves much wear and tear upon Tommy's eyesight and nerves. In response to a summons on the home-made alarm from the 'distant' signals, the guard on various occasions 'turned out' with a dash calculated to appal the most determined surprise-party."—Mrs. Williams, 21, Elsinore Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

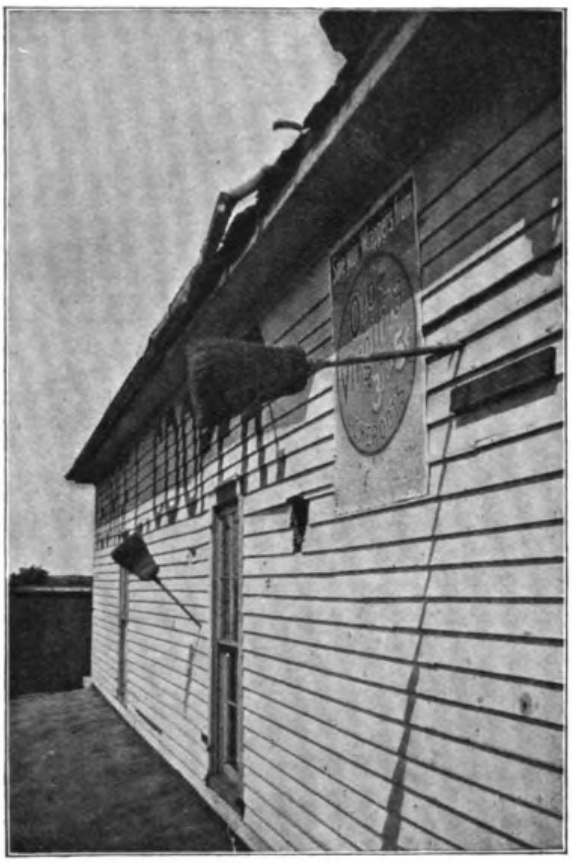


BIRD WITH AN EIGHTEEN-FOOT TAIL.

"There are many curious and beautiful things to be seen in Japan, but it is not often that both adjectives can be applied to one and the same object. This is a case in point, however. The long, trailing silk-like feathers reflect all the colours of the rainbow and give the bird a most lovely appearance, while their extraordinary length is certainly curious. The photograph was taken in the southern portion of Japan, in which country I have lately been travelling. It is the portrait of an ordinary barn-fowl—not got up for the occasion, but in its natural state. This species of fowl is not found all over Japan, but only in a very few places. The bird here represented has a tail eighteen feet long, and this is without any exaggeration. The photo. was taken at a place called Tosa."—Mr. S. Edward Ould, Colneside, West Drayton, Middlesex.



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THE CYCLONE'S LITTLE JOKE.

"I send you the above photograph of a cyclone freak. The two brooms shown in the picture were picked up by the wind from a platform about twenty feet away and hurled with tremendous force against the wall of the building. They both penetrated right through the boards, knocking off the plastering on the inside."—Mr. Elbert A. Howard, Neola, Iowa.

A REMARKABLE BREAKAGE.

"I am sending a photograph of a broken window. The breakage was caused by a cricket ball which was hit inside the room. It drove a portion of the glass right out and shivered the rest of the pane into small fragments, which, however, held together. Another extraordinary and almost inexplicable thing about the occurrence is that the ball did not go through the window, but bounced back into the room. It would be very interesting to know if there is any scientific explanation both of this fact and also for the regular succession of cracks which cross each other so curiously."—Mr. H. M. Crabbe, The King's School, Gloucester.



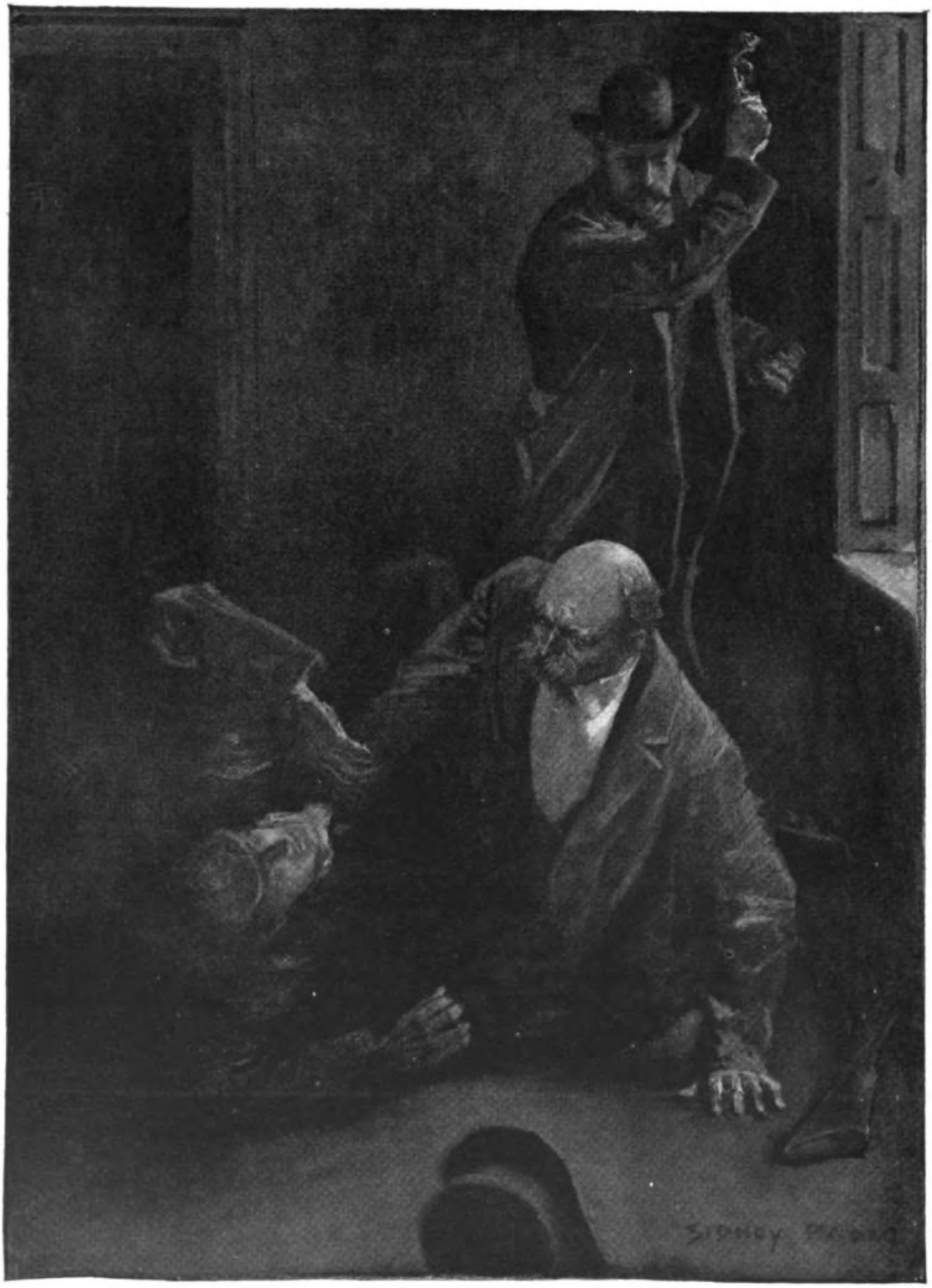
"THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES."

THE Readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE have a vivid recollection of the time when Sherlock Holmes made his first appearance before the public, and of the Adventures which made his name a household word in every quarter of the world. The news of his death was received with regret as at the loss of a personal friend. Fortunately, that news, though based on circumstantial evidence which at the time seemed conclusive, turns out to be erroneous. How he escaped from his struggle with Moriarty at the Reichenbach Falls, why he remained in hiding even from his friend Watson, how he made his re-appearance, and the manner he signalized his return by one of the most remarkable of his exploits will be found narrated in the first story of the New Series, beginning

In the OCTOBER NUMBER.

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"HE SEIZED HOLMES BY THE THROAT."

(*See page* 372.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvi. OCTOBER, 1903. No. 154.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

I.—The Adventure of the Empty House.

IT was in the spring of the year 1894 that all London was interested, and the fashionable world dismayed, by the murder of the Honourable Ronald Adair under most unusual and inexplicable circumstances. The public has already learned those particulars of the crime which came out in the police investigation; but a good deal was suppressed upon that occasion, since the case for the prosecution was so overwhelmingly strong that it was not necessary to bring forward all the facts. Only now, at the end of nearly ten years, am I allowed to supply those missing links which make up the whole of that remarkable chain. The crime was of interest in itself, but that interest was as nothing to me compared to the inconceivable sequel, which afforded me the greatest shock and surprise of any event in my adventurous life. Even now, after this long interval, I find myself thrilling as I think of it, and feeling once more that sudden flood of joy, amazement, and incredulity which utterly submerged my mind. Let me say to that public which has shown some interest in those glimpses which I have occasionally given them of the thoughts and actions of a very remarkable man that they are not to blame me if I have not shared my knowledge with them, for I should have considered it my first duty to have done so had I not been barred by a positive prohibition from his own lips, which was only withdrawn upon the third of last month.

It can be imagined that my close intimacy with Sherlock Holmes had interested me deeply in crime, and that after his disappearance I never failed to read with care the various problems which came before the public, and I even attempted more than once for my own private satisfaction to employ his methods in their solution, though with indifferent success. There was none, however, which appealed to me like this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I read the evidence at the inquest, which led up to a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, I realized more clearly than I had ever done the loss which the community had sustained by the death of Sherlock Holmes. There were points about this strange business which would, I was sure, have specially appealed to him, and the efforts of the police would have been supplemented, or more probably anticipated, by the trained observation and the alert mind of the first criminal agent in Europe. All day as I drove upon my round I turned over the case in my mind, and found no explanation which appeared to me to be adequate. At the risk of telling a twice-told tale I will recapitulate the facts as they were known to the public at the conclusion of the inquest.

The Honourable Ronald Adair was the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time Governor of one of the Australian Colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo the operation for cataract, and she, her son Ronald, and her daughter Hilda were living together at 427, Park Lane. The youth moved in the best society, had, so far as was known, no enemies, and no particular vices. He had been

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engaged to Miss Edith Woodley, of Carstairs, but the engagement had been broken off by mutual consent some months before, and there was no sign that it had left any very profound feeling behind it. For the rest the man's life moved in a narrow and conventional circle, for his habits were quiet and his nature unemotional. Yet it was upon this easy-going young aristocrat that death came in most strange and unexpected form between the hours of ten and eleven-twenty on the night of March 30th, 1894.

Ronald Adair was fond of cards, playing continually, but never for such stakes as would hurt him. He was a member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish, and the Bagatelle card clubs. It was shown that after dinner on the day of his death he had played a rubber of whist at the latter club. He had also played there in the afternoon. The evidence of those who had played with him —Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy, and Colonel Moran—showed that the game was whist, and that there was a fairly equal fall of the cards. Adair might have lost five pounds, but not more. His fortune was a considerable one, and such a loss could not in any way affect him. He had played nearly every day at one club or other, but he was a cautious player, and usually rose a winner. It came out in evidence that in partnership with Colonel Moran he had actually won as much as four hundred and twenty pounds in a sitting some weeks before from Godfrey Milner and Lord Balmoral. So much for his recent history, as it came out at the inquest.

On the evening of the crime he returned from the club exactly at ten. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a relation. The servant deposed that she heard him enter the front room on the second floor, generally used as his sitting-room. She had lit a fire there, and as it smoked she had opened the window. No sound was heard from the room until eleven-twenty, the hour of the return of Lady Maynooth and her daughter. Desiring to say good-night, she had attempted to enter her son's room. The door was locked on the inside, and no answer could be got to their cries and knocking. Help was obtained and the door forced. The unfortunate young man was found lying near the table. His head had been horribly mutilated by an expanding revolver bullet, but no weapon of any sort was to be found in the room. On the table lay two bank-notes for ten pounds each and seventeen pounds ten in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles of varying amount. There were some figures also upon a sheet of paper with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it was conjectured that before his death he was endeavouring to make out his losses or winnings at cards.

A minute examination of the circumstances served only to make the case more complex. In the first place, no reason could be given why the young man should have fastened the door upon the inside. There was the possibility that the murderer had done this and had afterwards escaped by the window. The drop was at least twenty feet, however, and a bed of crocuses in full bloom lay beneath. Neither the flowers nor the earth showed any sign of having been disturbed, nor were there any marks upon the narrow strip of grass which separated the house from the road. Apparently, therefore, it was the young man himself who had fastened the door. But how did he come by his death? No one could have climbed up to the window without leaving traces. Suppose a man had fired through the window, it would indeed be a remarkable shot who could with a revolver inflict so deadly a wound. Again, Park Lane is a frequented thoroughfare, and there is a cab-stand within a hundred yards of the house. No one had heard a shot. And yet there was the dead man, and there the revolver bullet, which had mushroomed out, as soft-nosed bullets will, and so inflicted a wound which must have caused instantaneous death. Such were the circumstances of the Park Lane Mystery, which were further complicated by entire absence of motive, since, as I have said, young Adair was not known to have any enemy, and no attempt had been made to remove the money or valuables in the room.

All day I turned these facts over in my mind, endeavouring to hit upon some theory which could reconcile them all, and to find that line of least resistance which my poor friend had declared to be the starting-point of every investigation. I confess that I made little progress. In the evening I strolled across the Park, and found myself about six o'clock at the Oxford Street end of Park Lane. A group of loafers upon the pavements, all staring up at a particular window, directed me to the house which I had come to see. A tall, thin man with coloured glasses, whom I strongly suspected of being a plain-clothes detective, was pointing out some theory of his own, while the others crowded round to listen to what he said. I got as near him as I could, but his

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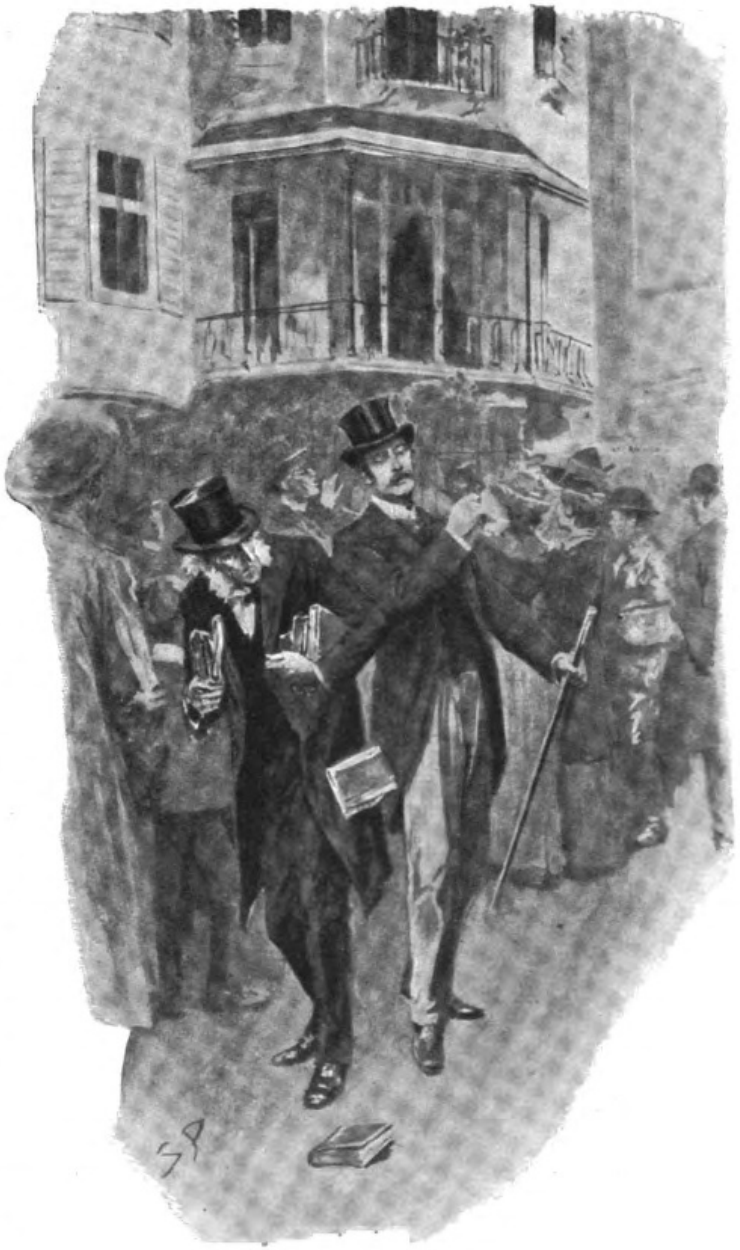
observations seemed to me to be absurd, so I withdrew again in some disgust. As I did so I struck against an elderly deformed man, who had been behind me, and I knocked down several books which he was carrying. I remember that as I picked them up I observed the title of one of them, "The Origin of Tree Worship," and it struck me that the fellow must be some poor bibliophile who, either as a trade or as a hobby, was a collector of obscure volumes. I endeavoured to apologize for the accident, but it was evident that these books which I had so unfortunately maltreated were very precious objects in the eyes of their owner. With a snarl of contempt he turned upon his heel, and I saw his curved back and white side-whiskers disappear among the throng.

My observations of No. 427, Park Lane, did little to clear up the problem in which I was interested. The house was separated from the street by a low wall and railing, the whole not more than five feet high. It was perfectly easy, therefore, for anyone to get into the garden, but the window was entirely inaccessible, since there was no water-pipe or anything which could help the most active man to climb it. More puzzled than ever I retraced my steps to Kensington. I had not been in my study five minutes when the maid entered to say that a person desired to see me. To my astonishment it was none other than my strange old book-collector, his sharp, wizened face peering out from a frame of white hair, and his precious volumes, a dozen of them at least, wedged under his right arm.

"You're surprised to see me, sir," said he, in a strange, croaking voice.

I acknowledged that I was.

"Well, I've a conscience, sir, and when I chanced to see you go into this house, as I came hobbling after you, I thought to myself, I'll just step in and see that kind gentleman, and tell him that if I was a bit gruff in my manner there was not any harm meant, and that I am much obliged to him for picking up my books."



"I KNOCKED DOWN SEVERAL BOOKS WHICH HE WAS CARRYING."

"You make too much of a trifle," said I. "May I ask how you knew who I was?"

"Well, sir, if it isn't too great a liberty, I am a neighbour of yours, for you'll find my

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little bookshop at the corner of Church Street, and very happy to see you, I am sure. Maybe you collect yourself, sir; here's 'British Birds,' and 'Catullus,' and 'The Holy War'—a bargain every one of them. With five volumes you could just fill that gap on that second shelf. It looks untidy, does it not, sir?"

I moved my head to look at the cabinet behind me. When I turned again Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me across my study table. I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that I must have fainted for the first and the last time in my life. Certainly a grey mist swirled before my eyes, and when it cleared I found my collar-ends undone and the tingling after-taste of brandy upon my lips. Holmes was bending over my chair, his flask in his hand.

"My dear Watson," said the well-remembered voice, "I owe you a thousand apologies. I had no idea that you would be so affected."

I gripped him by the arm.

"Holmes!" I cried. "Is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?"



"SHERLOCK HOLMES WAS STANDING SMILING AT ME ACROSS MY STUDY TABLE."

"Wait a moment," said he. "Are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious shock by my unnecessarily dramatic reappearance."

"I am all right, but indeed, Holmes, I can

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hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens, to think that you—you of all men—should be standing in my study!" Again I gripped him by the sleeve and felt the thin, sinewy arm beneath it. "Well, you're not a spirit, anyhow," said I. "My dear chap, I am overjoyed to see you. Sit down and tell me how you came alive out of that dreadful chasm."

He sat opposite to me and lit a cigarette in his old nonchalant manner. He was dressed in the seedy frock-coat of the book merchant, but the rest of that individual lay in a pile of white hair and old books upon the table. Holmes looked even thinner and keener than of old, but there was a dead-white tinge in his aquiline face which told me that his life recently had not been a healthy one.

"I am glad to stretch myself, Watson," said he. "It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations we have, if I may ask for your co-operation, a hard and dangerous night's work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation when that work is finished."

"I am full of curiosity. I should much prefer to hear now."

"You'll come with me to-night?"

"When you like and where you like."

"This is indeed like the old days. We shall have time for a mouthful of dinner before we need go. Well, then, about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was in it."

"You never were in it?"

"No, Watson, I never was in it. My note to you was absolutely genuine. I had little doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perceived the somewhat sinister figure of the late Professor Moriarty standing upon the narrow pathway which led to safety. I read an inexorable purpose in his grey eyes. I exchanged some remarks with him, therefore, and obtained his courteous permission to write the short note which you afterwards received. I left it with my cigarette-box and my stick and I walked along the pathway, Moriarty still at my heels. When I reached the end I stood at bay. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his own game was up, and was only anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together upon the brink of the fall. I have some knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been very useful to me. I slipped through his grip, and he with a horrible scream kicked madly for a few seconds and clawed the air with both his hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his balance, and over he went. With my face over the brink I saw him fall for a long way. Then he struck a rock, bounded off, and splashed into the water."

I listened with amazement to this explanation, which Holmes delivered between the puffs of his cigarette.

"But the tracks!" I cried. "I saw with my own eyes that two went down the path and none returned."

"It came about in this way. The instant that the Professor had disappeared it struck me what a really extraordinarily lucky chance Fate had placed in my way. I knew that Moriarty was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased by the death of their leader. They were all most dangerous men. One or other would certainly get me. On the other hand, if all the world was convinced that I was dead they would take liberties, these men, they would lay themselves open, and sooner or later I could destroy them. Then it would be time for me to announce that I was still in the land of the living. So rapidly does the brain act that I believe I had thought this all out before Professor Moriarty had reached the bottom of the Reichenbach Fall.

"I stood up and examined the rocky wall behind me. In your picturesque account of the matter, which I read with great interest some months later, you assert that the wall was sheer. This was not literally true. A few small footholds presented themselves, and there was some indication of a ledge. The cliff is so high that to climb it all was an obvious impossibility, and it was equally impossible to make my way along the wet path without leaving some tracks. I might, it is true, have reversed my boots, as I have done on similar occasions, but the sight of three sets of tracks in one direction would certainly have suggested a deception. On the whole, then, it was best that I should risk the climb. It was not a pleasant business, Watson. The fall roared beneath me. I am not a fanciful person, but I give you my word that I seemed to hear Moriarty's voice screaming at me out of the abyss. A mistake would have been fatal. More than once, as tufts of grass came out in my hand

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or my foot slipped in the wet notches of the rock, I thought that I was gone. But I struggled upwards, and at last I reached a ledge several feet deep and covered with soft green moss, where I could lie unseen in the most perfect comfort. There I was stretched when you, my dear Watson, and all your following were investigating in the most sympathetic and inefficient manner the circumstances of my death.

"At last, when you had all formed your inevitable and totally erroneous conclusions, you departed for the hotel and I was left alone. I had imagined that I had reached the end of my adventures, but a very unexpected occurrence showed me that there were surprises still in store for me. A huge rock, falling from above, boomed past me, struck the path, and bounded over into the chasm. For an instant I thought that it was an accident; but a moment later, looking up, I saw a man's head against the darkening sky, and another stone struck the very ledge upon which I was stretched, within a foot of my head. Of course, the meaning of this was obvious. Moriarty had not been alone. A confederate—and even that one glance had told me how dangerous a man that confederate was—had kept guard while the Professor had attacked me. From a distance, unseen by me, he had been a witness of his friend's death and of my escape. He had waited, and then, making his way round to the top of the cliff, he had endeavoured to succeed where his comrade had failed.

"I did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again I saw that grim face look over the cliff, and I knew that it was the precursor of another stone. I scrambled down on to the path. I don't think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the danger, for another stone sang past me as I hung by my hands from the edge of the ledge. Halfway down I slipped, but by the blessing of God I landed, torn and bleeding, upon the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later I found myself in Florence with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had become of me.

"I had only one confidant—my brother Mycroft. I owe you many apologies, my dear Watson, but it was all-important that it should be thought I was dead, and it is quite certain that you would not have written so convincing an account of my unhappy end had you not yourself thought that it was true. Several times during the last three years I have taken up my pen to write to you, but always I feared lest your affectionate regard for me should tempt you to some indiscretion which would betray my secret. For that reason I turned away from you this evening when you upset my books, for I was in danger at the time, and any show of surprise and emotion upon your part might have drawn attention to my identity and led to the most deplorable and irreparable results. As to Mycroft, I had to confide in him in order to obtain the money which I needed. The course of events in London did not run so well as I had hoped, for the trial of the Moriarty gang left two of its most dangerous members, my own most vindictive enemies, at liberty. I travelled for two years in Tibet, therefore, and amused myself by visiting Lhassa and spending some days with the head Llama. You may have read of the remarkable explorations of a Norwegian named Sigerson, but I am sure that it never occurred to you that you were receiving news of your friend. I then passed through Persia, looked in at Mecca, and paid a short but interesting visit to the Khalifa at Khartoum, the results of which I have communicated to the Foreign Office. Returning to France I spent some months in a research into the coal-tar derivatives, which I conducted in a laboratory at Montpelier, in the South of France. Having concluded this to my satisfaction, and learning that only one of my enemies was now left in London, I was about to return when my movements were hastened by the news of this very remarkable Park Lane Mystery, which not only appealed to me by its own merits, but which seemed to offer some most peculiar personal opportunities. I came over at once to London, called in my own person at Baker Street, threw Mrs. Hudson into violent hysterics, and found that Mycroft had preserved my rooms and my papers exactly as they had always been. So it was, my dear Watson, that at two o'clock to-day I found myself in my old arm-chair in my own old room, and only wishing that I could have seen my old friend Watson in the other chair which he has so often adorned."

Such was the remarkable narrative to which I listened on that April evening—a narrative which would have been utterly incredible to me had it not been confirmed by the actual sight of the tall, spare figure and the keen, eager face, which I had never thought to see again. In some manner he had learned of my own sad bereavement, and

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his sympathy was shown in his manner rather than in his words. "Work is the best antidote to sorrow, my dear Watson," said he, "and I have a piece of work for us both to-night which, if we can bring it to a successful conclusion, will in itself justify a man's life on this planet." In vain I begged him to tell me more. "You will hear and see enough before morning," he answered. "We have three years of the past to discuss. Let that suffice until half-past nine, when we start upon the notable adventure of the empty house."

It was indeed like old times when, at that hour, I found myself seated beside him in a hansom, my revolver in my pocket and the thrill of adventure in my heart. Holmes was cold and stern and silent. As the gleam of the street-lamps flashed upon his austere features I saw that his brows were drawn down in thought and his thin lips compressed. I knew not what wild beast we were about to hunt down in the dark jungle of criminal London, but I was well assured from the bearing of this master huntsman that the adventure was a most grave one, while the sardonic smile which occasionally broke through his ascetic gloom boded little good for the object of our quest.

I had imagined that we were bound for Baker Street, but Holmes stopped the cab at the corner of Cavendish Square. I observed that as he stepped out he gave a most searching glance to right and left, and at every subsequent street corner he took the utmost pains to assure that he was not followed. Our route was certainly a singular one. Holmes's knowledge of the byways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly, and with an assured step, through a network of mews and stables the very existence of which I had never known. We emerged at last into a small road, lined with old, gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester Street, and so to Blandford Street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wooden gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with a key the back door of a house. We entered together and he closed it behind us.

The place was pitch-dark, but it was



"I CREPT FORWARD AND LOOKED ACROSS AT THE FAMILIAR WINDOW."

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evident to me that it was an empty house. Our feet creaked and crackled over the bare planking, and my outstretched hand touched a wall from which the paper was hanging in ribbons. Holmes's cold, thin fingers closed round my wrist and led me forwards down a long hall, until I dimly saw the murky fanlight over the door. Here Holmes turned suddenly to the right, and we found ourselves in a large, square, empty room, heavily shadowed in the corners, but faintly lit in the centre from the lights of the street beyond. There was no lamp near and the window was thick with dust, so that we could only just discern each other's figures within. My companion put his hand upon my shoulder and his lips close to my ear.

"Do you know where we are?" he whispered.

"Surely that is Baker Street," I answered, staring through the dim window.

"Exactly. We are in Camden House, which stands opposite to our own old quarters."

"But why are we here?"

"Because it commands so excellent a view of that picturesque pile. Might I trouble you, my dear Watson, to draw a little nearer to the window, taking every precaution not to show yourself, and then to look up at our old rooms—the starting-point of so many of our little adventures? We will see if my three years of absence have entirely taken away my power to surprise you."

I crept forward and looked across at the familiar window. As my eyes fell upon it I gave a gasp and a cry of amazement. The blind was down and a strong light was burning in the room. The shadow of a man who was seated in a chair within was thrown in hard, black outline upon the luminous screen of the window. There was no mistaking the poise of the head, the squareness of the shoulders, the sharpness of the features. The face was turned half-round, and the effect was that of one of those black silhouettes which our grandparents loved to frame. It was a perfect reproduction of Holmes. So amazed was I that I threw out my hand to make sure that the man himself was standing beside me. He was quivering with silent laughter.

"Well?" said he.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "It is marvellous."

"I trust that age doth not wither nor custom stale my infinite variety,'" said he, and I recognised in his voice the joy and pride which the artist takes in his own creation. "It really is rather like me, is it not?"

"I should be prepared to swear that it was you."

"The credit of the execution is due to Monsieur Oscar Meunier, of Grenoble, who spent some days in doing the moulding. It is a bust in wax. The rest I arranged myself during my visit to Baker Street this afternoon."

"But why?"

"Because, my dear Watson, I had the strongest possible reason for wishing certain people to think that I was there when I was really elsewhere."

"And you thought the rooms were watched?"

"I *knew* that they were watched."

"By whom?"

"By my old enemies, Watson. By the charming society whose leader lies in the Reichenbach Fall. You must remember that they knew, and only they knew, that I was still alive. Sooner or later they believed that I should come back to my rooms. They watched them continuously, and this morning they saw me arrive."

"How do you know?"

"Because I recognised their sentinel when I glanced out of my window. He is a harmless enough fellow, Parker by name, a garroter by trade, and a remarkable performer upon the Jew's harp. I cared nothing for him. But I cared a great deal for the much more formidable person who was behind him, the bosom friend of Moriarty, the man who dropped the rocks over the cliff, the most cunning and dangerous criminal in London. That is the man who is after me to-night, Watson, and that is the man who is quite unaware that we are after *him*."

My friend's plans were gradually revealing themselves. From this convenient retreat the watchers were being watched and the trackers tracked. That angular shadow up yonder was the bait and we were the hunters. In silence we stood together in the darkness and watched the hurrying figures who passed and repassed in front of us. Holmes was silent and motionless; but I could tell that he was keenly alert, and that his eyes were fixed intently upon the stream of passers-by. It was a bleak and boisterous night, and the wind whistled shrilly down the long street. Many people were moving to and fro, most of them muffled in their coats and cravats. Once or twice it seemed to me that I had seen the same figure before, and I especially noticed

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two men who appeared to be sheltering themselves from the wind in the doorway of a house some distance up the street. I tried to draw my companion's attention to them, but he gave a little ejaculation of impatience and continued to stare into the street. More than once he fidgeted with his feet and tapped rapidly with his fingers upon the wall. It was evident to me that he was becoming uneasy and that his plans were not working out altogether as he had hoped. At last, as midnight approached and the street gradually cleared, he paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. I was about to make some remark to him when I raised my eyes to the lighted window and again experienced almost as great a surprise as before. I clutched Holmes's arm and pointed upwards.

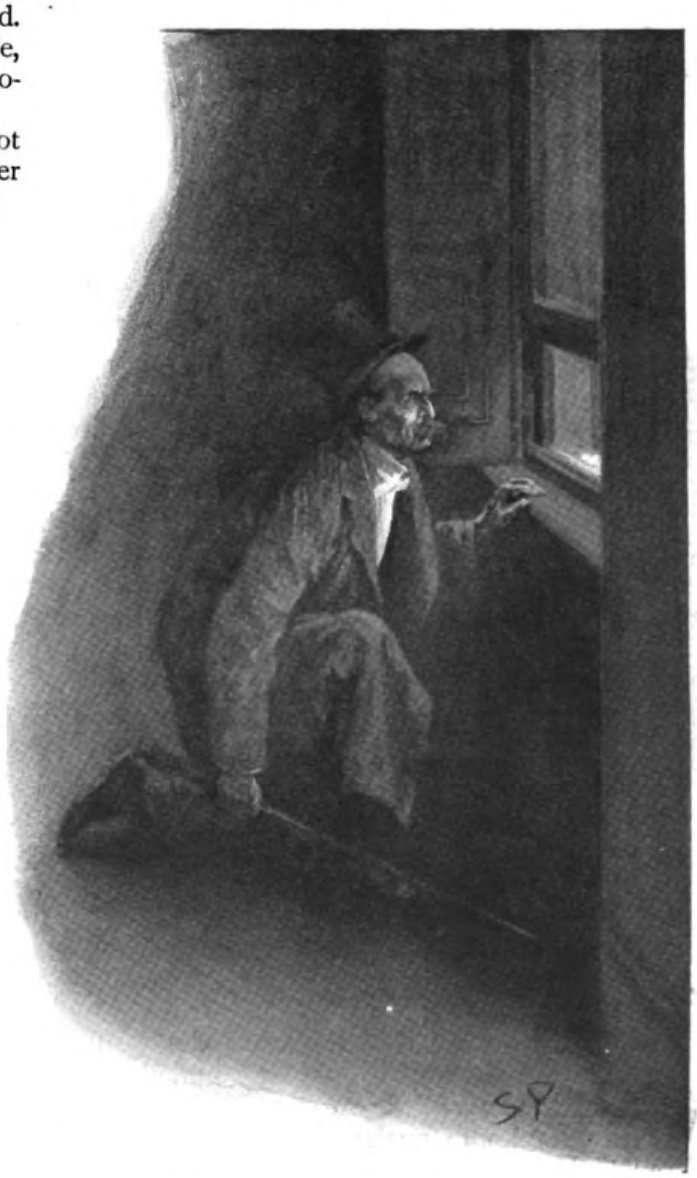
"The shadow has moved!" I cried.

It was, indeed, no longer the profile, but the back, which was turned towards us.

Three years had certainly not smoothed the asperities of his temper or his impatience with a less active intelligence than his own.

"Of course it has moved," said he. "Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this room two hours, and Mrs. Hudson has made some change in that figure eight times, or once in every quarter of an hour. She works it from the front so that her shadow may never be seen. Ah!" He drew in his breath with a shrill, excited intake. In the dim light I saw his head thrown forward, his whole attitude rigid with attention. Outside, the street was absolutely deserted. Those two men might still be crouching in the doorway, but I could no longer see them. All was still and dark, save only that brilliant yellow screen in front of us with the black figure outlined upon its centre. Again in the utter silence I heard that thin, sibilant note which spoke of intense suppressed excitement. An instant later he pulled me back into the blackest corner of the room, and I felt his warning hand upon my lips. The fingers which clutched me were quivering. Never had I known my friend more moved, and yet the dark street still stretched lonely and motionless before us.

But suddenly I was aware of that which his keener senses had already distinguished. A low, stealthy sound came to my ears, not from the direction of Baker Street, but from the back of the very house in which we lay concealed. A door opened and shut. An instant later steps crept down the passage—steps which were meant to be silent, but which reverberated harshly through the empty house. Holmes crouched back against the wall and I did the same, my hand closing upon the handle of my



"THE LIGHT OF THE STREET FELL FULL UPON HIS FACE."

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revolver. Peering through the gloom, I saw the vague outline of a man, a shade blacker than the blackness of the open door. He stood for an instant, and then he crept forward, crouching, menacing, into the room. He was within three yards of us, this sinister figure, and I had braced myself to meet his spring, before I realized that he had no idea of our presence. He passed close beside us, stole over to the window, and very softly and noiselessly raised it for half a foot. As he sank to the level of this opening the light of the street, no longer dimmed by the dusty glass, fell full upon his face. The man seemed to be beside himself with excitement. His two eyes shone like stars and his features were working convulsively. He was an elderly man, with a thin, projecting nose, a high, bald forehead, and a huge grizzled moustache. An opera-hat was pushed to the back of his head, and an evening dress shirt-front gleamed out through his open overcoat. His face was gaunt and swarthy, scored with deep, savage lines. In his hand he carried what appeared to be a stick, but as he laid it down upon the floor it gave a metallic clang. Then from the pocket of his overcoat he drew a bulky object, and he busied himself in some task which ended with a loud, sharp click, as if a spring or bolt had fallen into its place. Still kneeling upon the floor he bent forward and threw all his weight and strength upon some lever, with the result that there came a long, whirling, grinding noise, ending once more in a powerful click. He straightened himself then, and I saw that what he held in his hand was a sort of a gun, with a curiously misshapen butt. He opened it at the breech, put something in, and snapped the breech-block. Then, crouching down, he rested the end of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window, and I saw his long moustache droop over the stock and his eye gleam as it peered along the sights. I heard a little sigh of satisfaction as he cuddled the butt into his shoulder, and saw that amazing target, the black man on the yellow ground, standing clear at the end of his fore sight. For an instant he was rigid and motionless. Then his finger tightened on the trigger. There was a strange, loud whiz and a long, silvery tinkle of broken glass. At that instant Holmes sprang like a tiger on to the marksman's back and hurled him flat upon his face. He was up again in a moment, and with convulsive strength he seized Holmes by the throat; but I struck him on the head with the butt of my revolver and he dropped again upon the floor. I fell upon him, and as I held him my comrade blew a shrill call upon a whistle. There was the clatter of running feet upon the pavement and two policemen in uniform, with one plain, clothes detective, rushed through the front entrance and into the room.

"That you, Lestrade?" said Holmes.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. I took the job myself. It's good to see you back in London, sir."

"I think you want a little unofficial help. Three undetected murders in one year won't do, Lestrade. But you handled the Molesey Mystery with less than your usual—that's to say, you handled it fairly well."

We had all risen to our feet, our prisoner breathing hard, with a stalwart constable on each side of him. Already a few loiterers had begun to collect in the street. Holmes stepped up to the window, closed it, and dropped the blinds. Lestrade had produced two candles and the policemen had uncovered their lanterns. I was able at last to have a good look at our prisoner.

It was a tremendously virile and yet sinister face which was turned towards us. With the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist below, the man must have started with great capacities for good or for evil. But one could not look upon his cruel blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the fierce, aggressive nose and the threatening, deep-lined brow, without reading Nature's plainest danger-signals. He took no heed of any of us, but his eyes were fixed upon Holmes's face with an expression in which hatred and amazement were equally blended. "You fiend!" he kept on muttering; "you clever, clever fiend!"

"Ah, Colonel!" said Holmes, arranging his rumpled collar; "'journeys end in lovers' meetings,' as the old play says. I don't think I have had the pleasure of seeing you since you favoured me with those attentions as I lay on the ledge above the Reichenbach Fall."

The Colonel still stared at my friend like a man in a trance. "You cunning, cunning fiend!" was all that he could say.

"I have not introduced you yet," said Holmes. "This, gentlemen, is Colonel Sebastian Moran, once of Her Majesty's Indian Army, and the best heavy game shot that our Eastern Empire has ever produced. I believe I am correct, Colonel, in saying that your bag of tigers still remains unrivalled?"

The fierce old man said nothing, but still glared at my companion; with his savage

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eyes and bristling moustache he was wonderfully like a tiger himself.

"I wonder that my very simple stratagem could deceive so old a shikari," said Holmes. "It must be very familiar to you. Have you not tethered a young kid under a tree, lain above it with your rifle, and waited for the bait to bring up your tiger? This empty house is my tree and you are my tiger. You have possibly had other guns in reserve in case there should be several tigers, or in the unlikely supposition of your own aim failing you. These," he pointed around, "are my other guns. The parallel is exact."

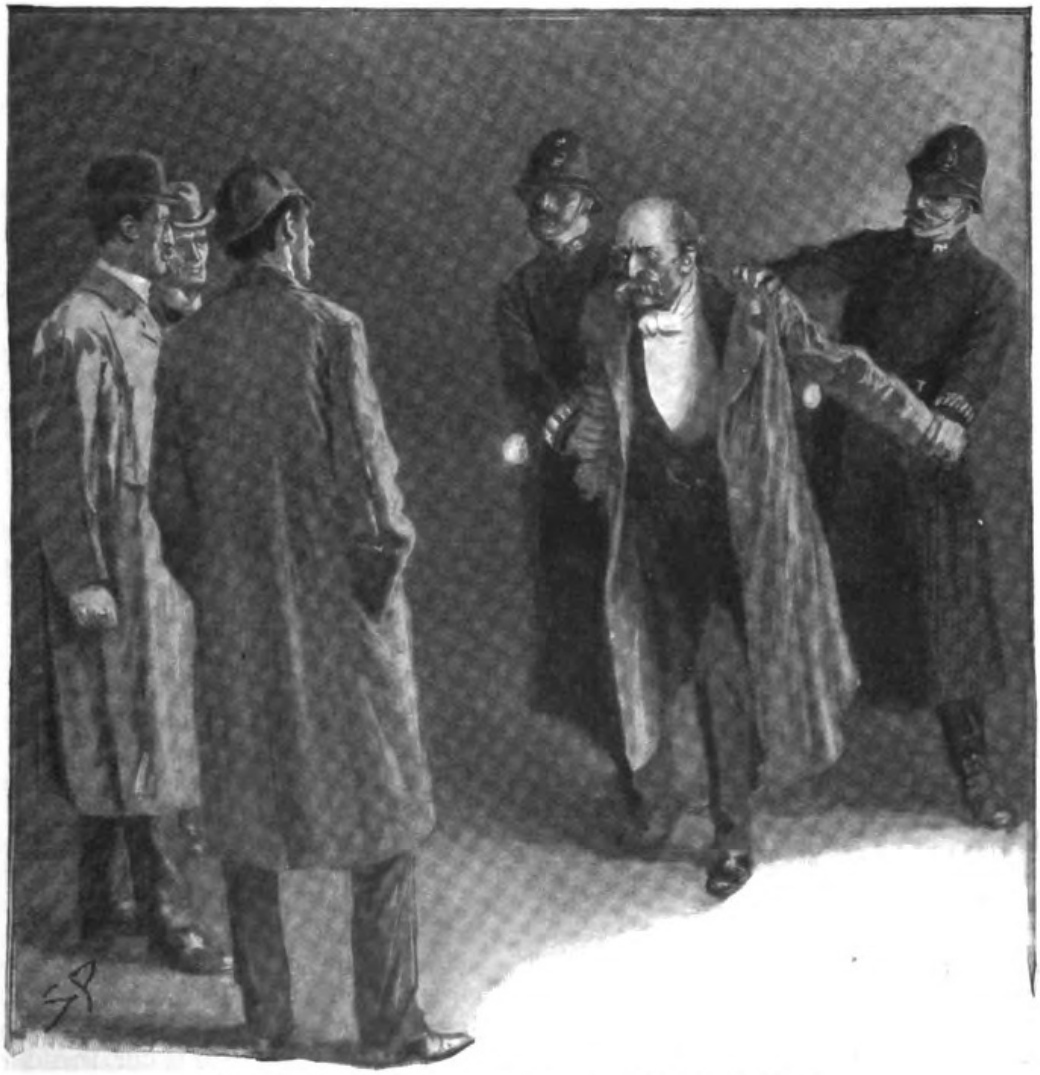
Colonel Moran sprang forward, with a snarl of rage, but the constables dragged him back. The fury upon his face was terrible to look at.

"I confess that you had one small surprise for me," said Holmes. "I did not anticipate that you would yourself make use of this empty house and this convenient front window. I had imagined you as operating from the street, where my friend Lestrade and his merry men were awaiting you. With that exception all has gone as I expected."

Colonel Moran turned to the official detective.

"You may or may not have just cause for arresting me," said he, "but at least there can be no reason why I should submit to the gibes of this person. If I am in the hands of the law let things be done in a legal way."

"Well, that's reasonable enough," said Lestrade. "Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go?"



"COLONEL MORAN SPRANG FORWARD, WITH A SNARL OF RAGE."

Holmes had picked up the powerful air-gun from the floor and was examining its mechanism.

"An admirable and unique weapon," said he, "noiseless and of tremendous power. I

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knew Von Herder, the blind German mechanic, who constructed it to the order of the late Professor Moriarty. For years I have been aware of its existence, though I have never before had an opportunity of handling it. I commend it very specially to your attention, Lestrade, and also the bullets which fit it."

"You can trust us to look after that, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade, as the whole party moved towards the door. "Anything further to say?"

"Only to ask what charge you intend to prefer?"

"What charge, sir? Why, of course, the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Not so, Lestrade. I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you, and to you only, belongs the credit of the remarkable arrest which you have effected. Yes, Lestrade, I congratulate you! With your usual happy mixture of cunning and audacity you have got him."

"Got him! Got whom, Mr. Holmes?"

"The man that the whole force has been seeking in vain—Colonel Sebastian Moran, who shot the Honourable Ronald Adair with an expanding bullet from an air-gun through the open window of the second-floor front of No. 427, Park Lane, upon the 30th of last month. That's the charge, Lestrade. And now, Watson, if you can endure the draught from a broken window, I think that half an hour in my study over a cigar may afford you some profitable amusement."

Our old chambers had been left unchanged through the supervision of Mycroft Holmes and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered I saw, it is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old landmarks were all in their place. There were the chemical corner and the acid-stained, deal-topped table. There upon a shelf was the row of formidable scrap-books and books of reference which many of our fellow-citizens would have been so glad to burn. The diagrams, the violin-case, and the pipe-rack—even the Persian slipper which contained the tobacco—all met my eyes as I glanced round me. There were two occupants of the room—one Mrs. Hudson, who beamed upon us both as we entered; the other the strange dummy which had played so important a part in the evening's adventures. It was a wax-coloured model of my friend, so admirably done that it was a perfect facsimile. It stood on a small pedestal table with an old dressing-gown of Holmes's so draped round it that the illusion from the street was absolutely perfect.

"I hope you preserved all precautions, Mrs. Hudson?" said Holmes.

"I went to it on my knees, sir, just as you told me."

"Excellent. You carried the thing out very well. Did you observe where the bullet went?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid it has spoilt your beautiful bust, for it passed right through the head and flattened itself on the wall. I picked it up from the carpet. Here it is!"

Holmes held it out to me. "A soft revolver bullet, as you perceive, Watson. There's genius in that, for who would expect to find such a thing fired from an air-gun. All right, Mrs. Hudson, I am much obliged for your assistance. And now, Watson, let me see you in your old seat once more, for there are several points which I should like to discuss with you."

He had thrown off the seedy frock-coat, and now he was the Holmes of old in the mouse-coloured dressing-gown which he took from his effigy.

"The old shikari's nerves have not lost their steadiness nor his eyes their keenness," said he, with a laugh, as he inspected the shattered forehead of his bust.

"Plumb in the middle of the back of the head and smack through the brain. He was the best shot in India, and I expect that there are few better in London. Have you heard the name?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, well, such is fame! But, then, if I remember aright, you had not heard the name of Professor James Moriarty, who had one of the great brains of the century. Just give me down my index of biographies from the shelf."

He turned over the pages lazily, leaning back in his chair and blowing great clouds from his cigar.

"My collection of M's is a fine one," said he. "Moriarty himself is enough to make any letter illustrious, and here is Morgan the poisoner, and Merridew of abominable memory, and Mathews, who knocked out my left canine in the waiting-room at Charing Cross, and, finally, here is our friend of to-night."

He handed over the book, and I read: "*Moran, Sebastian, Colonel.* Unemployed. Formerly 1st Bengalore Pioneers. Born London, 1840. Son of Sir Augustus Moran, C.B., once British Minister to Persia. Educated Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki

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Campaign, Afghan Campaign, Charasiab (despatches), Sherpur, and Cabul. Author of 'Heavy Game of the Western Himalayas,' 1881; 'Three Months in the Jungle,' 1884. Address: Conduit Street. Clubs: The Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, the Bagatelle Card Club."

On the margin was written, in Holmes's precise hand: "The second most dangerous man in London."

"This is astonishing," said I, as I handed back the volume. "The man's career is that of an honourable soldier."

"It is true," Holmes answered. "Up to a certain point he did well. He was always a man of iron nerve, and the story is still told in India how he crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family."



"'MY COLLECTION OF M'S IS A FINE ONE,' SAID HE."

"It is surely rather fanciful."

"Well, I don't insist upon it. Whatever the cause, Colonel Moran began to go wrong. Without any open scandal he still made India too hot to hold him. He retired, came to London, and again acquired an evil name. It was at this time that he was sought out by Professor Moriarty, to whom for a time he was chief of the staff. Moriarty supplied him liberally with money and used him only in one or two very high-class jobs which no ordinary criminal could have undertaken. You may have some recollection of the death of Mrs. Stewart, of Lauder, in 1887. Not? Well, I am sure Moran was at the bottom of it; but nothing could be proved. So cleverly was the Colonel concealed that even when the Moriarty gang was broken up we could not incriminate him. You remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of air-guns? No doubt you thought me fanciful. I knew exactly what I was doing, for I knew of the existence of this remarkable gun, and I knew also that one of the best shots in the world would be behind it. When we were in Switzerland he followed us with Moriarty, and it was undoubtedly he who gave me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge.

"You may think that I read the papers with some attention during my sojourn in France, on the look-out for any chance of laying him

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by the heels. So long as he was free in London my life would really not have been worth living. Night and day the shadow would have been over me, and sooner or later his chance must have come. What could I do? I could not shoot him at sight, or I should myself be in the dock. There was no use appealing to a magistrate. They cannot interfere on the strength of what would appear to them to be a wild suspicion. So I could do nothing. But I watched the criminal news, knowing that sooner or later I should get him. Then came the death of this Ronald Adair. My chance had come at last! Knowing what I did, was it not certain that Colonel Moran had done it? He had played cards with the lad; he had followed him home from the club; he had shot him through the open window. There was not a doubt of it. The bullets alone are enough to put his head in a noose. I came over at once. I was seen by the sentinel, who would, I knew, direct the Colonel's attention to my presence. He could not fail to connect my sudden return with his crime and to be terribly alarmed. I was sure that he would make an attempt to get me out of the way *at once*, and would bring round his murderous weapon for that purpose. I left him an excellent mark in the window, and, having warned the police that they might be needed—by the way, Watson, you spotted their presence in that doorway with unerring accuracy—I took up what seemed to me to be a judicious post for observation, never dreaming that he would choose the same spot for his attack. Now, my dear Watson, does anything remain for me to explain?"

"Yes," said I. "You have not made it clear what was Colonel Moran's motive in murdering the Honourable Ronald Adair."

"Ah! my dear Watson, there we come into those realms of conjecture where the most logical mind may be at fault. Each may form his own hypothesis upon the present evidence, and yours is as likely to be correct as mine."

"You have formed one, then?"

"I think that it is not difficult to explain the facts. It came out in evidence that Colonel Moran and young Adair had between them won a considerable amount of money. Now, Moran undoubtedly played foul—of that I have long been aware. I believe that on the day of the murder Adair had discovered that Moran was cheating. Very likely he had spoken to him privately, and had threatened to expose him unless he voluntarily resigned his membership of the club and promised not to play cards again. It is unlikely that a youngster like Adair would at once make a hideous scandal by exposing a well-known man so much older than himself. Probably he acted as I suggest. The exclusion from his clubs would mean ruin to Moran, who lived by his ill-gotten card gains. He therefore murdered Adair, who at the time was endeavouring to work out how much money he should himself return, since he could not profit by his partner's foul play. He locked the door lest the ladies should surprise him and insist upon knowing what he was doing with these names and coins. Will it pass?"

"I have no doubt that you have hit upon the truth."

"It will be verified or disproved at the trial. Meanwhile, come what may, Colonel Moran will trouble us no more, the famous air-gun of Von Herder will embellish the Scotland Yard Museum, and once again Mr. Sherlock Holmes is free to devote his life to examining those interesting little problems which the complex life of London so plentifully presents."

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Sovereigns I Have Met.

By Hélène Vacaresco.

V.—QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA").

THE image of the Queen of Roumania has shed a radiance over my whole life. The beauty of Nature and of human labour, the joy dwelling in forms of harmony and grace, piety, and the careful study of my own soul—I have gathered all from her.

The existence of "Carmen Sylva," the crowned poetess, is for ever divided between two conflicting influences—the world of poetry, into which she was born, with her fervent attachment to every art and to an artist's life, and her calling as a Queen.



From a Photo. by] "CARMEN SYLVA." *[P. Mandy.*

Were "Carmen Sylva" a Queen only and not a poet also, the study of her personality would be no easy task even for me, who have spent so many years by her side and entered so intimately into her ideas and pursuits; but Elizabeth of Roumania is a personality so multiplex that it is impossible to do more than furnish clues to the problem presented by such a complex soul.

None can tell whether, in this everlasting strife, Queen or artist has suffered more from the blending of elements so opposed to one another. Does the crown, besprinkled with a shower of rubies and diamonds, which once belonged to Josephine, wife of Napoleon Buonaparte, weigh too heavy on her head

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that she should take it off with such a sigh of relief, passing the slight hands through her hair to remove all trace of the massive symbol? How often have I seen that crown rest on the bureau in her dressing-room, and wondered if its owner reproached it for keeping her so long from the cool peace of her private apartments.

One evening the Queen said: "Oh, if that crown could only speak, what tales it would tell of the brief but splendid reign of Napoleon the Great, and of the thoughts of his Creole Empress as her coquettish fingers lifted the ruby circlet to her brow!"

"Nay," thought I, "if that crown could speak, it would forget Josephine Beauharnais and the Tuileries, and entertain us with tales of 'Carmen Sylva.'" Then perhaps we might realize that the artist would have been less ardent in the end had she not as Queen been continually conscious of robbing the hours that might have been given up to the pen; that the Queen might have possessed less grace and majesty were not her every endeavour stimulated by the knowledge that in accomplishing her task she was sacrificing a part of her very being.

As Princess Elizabeth of Wied, "Carmen Sylva's" childhood was sad indeed, though the weary years of seclusion by the side of a sick brother and a dying father did much toward developing the wonderful faculties of her imagination. The anguish, the pain of youth, the feverish expectancy of hope and joys that never came, and later all the glory and triumphs of a crown, have been unable to work a change in her romantic nature. She still remains the impetuous but dreamy girl she was in her native castle by the banks of the Rhine, the childish Princess who wandered in the paths of fancy. To this moment the light in her eyes is as fresh and pure as when her mother called her "My Wild Rose," and smiled to discover how far the daring young spirit had travelled in the realms of fairy lore or history, and how glowing were the impressions caught by the love of poetry and research.

Her early home was, as I have said, darkened by the shadow of death. Her little brother Otto was slowly fading before her eyes, cut off from all the joys of his age by the malady with which he was born; while her father, growing weaker every day, still poured out upon his child the treasures of his clear intellect and gentle heart. The hidden martyrdom of his gradual decline overspread all the days of her youth. "The image of my father," says the Queen, "stands immortal in the memories of every hour; when I remember my girlhood I cling to him yet. I cannot turn my head toward the past without seeing him. He was so learned that he believed in many things at which the ignorant laugh. He believed in miracles because creation and humanity were alike miracles to him. He was humble and dazed before the power of life and the power of God, and, like a man seated at the conflux of two rapid rivers, he was placed between life and immortality, and looked upon everything with serenity and faith. On his sunken features the sign of death announced that his frail being belonged to the tomb. But the calm, strong spirit triumphed over death. My father was a real Rhénan Prince; not one of the Princes history loves to celebrate, a lord eager to conquer and possess, but a Prince who desired the realms of Heaven more than all earthly ambitions. In the wide range of thought he produced what his forefathers had produced in the domain of action."

Princess Elizabeth's mother was the oldest daughter of the Duke of Nassau, and sister to the present Duke of Luxembourg and the Queen of Sweden. Pretty, lively, and intelligent, she was brought up at the gay Court which flourished in that smiling land called the Garden of Germany. But soon after her marriage sorrow and trouble entered her life. After the birth of her eldest son and daughter Elizabeth, another son was born, who from the hour of birth was claimed by pain and death on account of an ever-open wound he bore on his body. The short life of Prince Otto has been chronicled by Queen Elizabeth in a few tragical pages, a narrative of which the simple pathos gives it high rank amongst books as dear to humanity as to art.

The accumulation of early sorrows in a youthful soul is like the mass of leaves that covers the ground in autumn: under the thick stratum of dead foliage the sap of hidden plants ferments and waits to spring forth in stems and blossoms. Thus a breath of sunlit breeze swept through the life of Princess Elizabeth, and darkness and despair were for a time forgotten, while her energies awoke to a new life. Her maternal aunt, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, suddenly decided to take charge of the distant niece whom she equally pitied and admired. "Send me your dear child," she wrote to the Princess of Wied. These words proved the "Open Sesame" which revealed a new world to Princess Elizabeth, and which bore her

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far away from the dreary circle of home troubles.

"I cried bitterly as I took leave of my father, and he also shed tears; but mine were tears of hope, whereas he well knew that he would never see me again. He was charmed with my prospects of seeing new places and new faces, but his eyes looked a long farewell upon me as I tore myself from his trembling arms, and a long time passed before I recovered from the sad impression."

But afterwards the flashing splendours of the Russian Court, the attraction exercised on a glowing imagination by the beauties and vanities which every hour brought before her eyes, chased the dark phantoms from her memory. "This Russia is such a dazzling, interesting country; the light of Asia seems to dwell upon the Imperial Court," wrote the Queen of the two winters she spent in St. Petersburg. "The fairies and moon-clad elves I so much loved appeared too shy to haunt my sleep when the waking hours were thus filled with visions of magnificence and power. My aunt lived n her dead husband's beautiful palace, the Palais Michel, and entertained some two thousand persons under her roof, many of whom she had never seen. The luxury with which she was surrounded in no way altered her simple tastes, yet she held that high personages should live in outward pomp, since brilliant pageants and solemn ceremonies give so much pleasure to the public and count as favours bestowed upon them by their Sovereign rulers. But it was the Grand Duchess who taught me to discover the misery hidden under the folds of ermine-lined purple, and so convinced did I become of the truth of her words that had I heard a prophetic voice say, 'You will be a Queen,' I should have wept and trembled in despair. My aunt, 'The Northern Juno,' as she was called, was a singularly strong-minded and good woman. All the practical qualities which I have since tried to cultivate I owe to her teaching; for instance, the interest I can show in and extract from persons whose mere aspect seems repellent. She convinced me that no human creature exists who cannot be encouraged to perform good deeds. When we travelled our temporary home at once became a centre of intellectual company and congenial spirits. With her I visited Paris and the French Court, Napoleon III. being at that time in the full glow of his splendour. I attended a great ball at the Tuileries, and saw the lovely Empress enter the reception-rooms by the side of the Grand Duchess, who, though already an elderly woman, looked more regal in her simple attire than the lovely woman walking arm-in-arm with her, followed by murmurs of admiration of her beauty. 'You are exactly like a rosebud,' said the Empress to me in passing; and although she repeated the compliment to every young girl present, the amiable words thrilled my heart, as they reminded me of my mother's endearing name of 'My Wild Rose.' The French Empress left in my memory a vision of harmony and youthfulness which all the days following, during which I have thought of her in the midst of my own troubles, have been unable to efface."



"CARMEN SYLVA" AT THE AGE OF 18.
From a Photo. by F. Duschek.

On her return from Russia Princess Elizabeth found a tomb under the glossy lime-trees on the hill overlooking the Rhine. Her beloved father was dead, and from that moment the pain of his loss has been intermingled with every hour of her life.

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And now it falls to me to destroy one of the illusions of "Carmen Sylva's" biographers, an innocent error which has been recorded over and over again. The Queen of Roumania's marriage was no love affair. It is understood, of course, that Royal marriages are all brought about by love, but I can assert that I have known of only one or two real love-matches between Royal pairs, whereas I have seen many couples become extremely attached to each other in the end, and that without the slightest effort. The Queen herself is ever ready to relate how she became acquainted with her future husband, and how it was, without being in the least a romance, treated in a matter-of-fact way from beginning to end.

"At Berlin, while on a visit to the Queen of Prussia, afterwards Empress Augusta of Germany, I had just caught a glimpse of the Prince of Hohenzollern, now your King and my husband. Then many years went past, finding me sad and despondent, during which several Princes proposed to me. One day at Cologne, where we had come to spend a few hours and listen to a Beethoven Festival, we met, by mere accident, the reigning Prince of Roumania, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. I was very glad to meet him again. He had been much talked about in my presence previously, and I knew that he had won his way to the throne amongst perils of State politics as great as the perils of war. He had crossed Austria in disguise because the Austrian Government had objected strongly to his election. In the small garden of the Hôtel du Nord, the beautiful towers of the cathedral throwing their shadows upon us, I poured forth eager questions in his ear, without even casting a glance at his refined and regular features. He told me all about his difficult task, and about the foreign country which had become his own; its wide plains and savage mountains, the white-clad peasantry—frugal, grave, and endowed with the weird powers of eloquence and untaught poetry. He spoke long and well, while I listened breathlessly, rapt in astonishment and delight. He described the masters of the land, those Boyars, cultivated yet barbarous in mind and customs, whose souls were alive with the blended charm of the Byzantine influences and the hot blood of Latin descent. And I envied the young Sovereign for having taken up a sceptre the maintenance of which required as firm a grasp as any sword. I said to him openly, 'You are a happy man.'



THE KING OF ROUMANIA AT THE AGE OF 25.
From a Photo. by the Photographie Parisienne, Bucharest

"'And the concert?' asked my mother, when we went to our rooms. 'You were so impatient to go to the concert before we met the Prince.'

"'The concert!' I repeated, in amazement. I had forgotten all about the concert. 'Oh, mother, you can't guess how deeply interesting, how thrilling, is the conversation of the Prince of Roumania, and how I envy him his beautiful task. Imagine it. He rules a nation new to the world, but ancient in blood and history, and he has to understand them and make them happy. A splendid mission indeed!'

"'Well, my child, that task, that mission, might be yours. The Prince of Roumania wants to marry you. He has come here with the sole purpose of meeting you. This is no chance encounter, as you believe. You have but one word to say.'

"I remained bewildered for a few seconds, then, as if urged on by the resistless impulse

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of my destiny, I answered, 'Yes, I will marry him; I will help him and follow him to that wonderful land.'

"Half an hour afterwards the Prince of Hohenzollern came up to our private sitting-room and kissed my hand as he entered, while my lips trembled timidly for one moment on his bowed forehead. Then he knew that he was my accepted husband. This time he did all the talking; I was abashed and silent, but still intent on his every word. Not one syllable of love, not one stray compliment was uttered during those hours. Ours was no love-marriage, but a union based on self-devotion, duty, and a fervent desire to do our best towards each other and towards the nation which I already loved.

"That very evening the Prince returned to Roumania. He was to return in three weeks and then take me back with him as his wife. When he was gone the spell was broken. I passed sleepless nights and restless days, pondering upon the step I had so rashly taken, and wondering what my future would be by the side of one so little known to me, and in an unknown and far distant country. What would the descendant of the stern Hohenzollerns be like in feeling and opinions? and would not mine startle and even offend him? I was a poet already, and had acquired, by communion with clever people in my own home and the circle of the Grand Duchess Helena, the liberal ideas of equality and democracy which now pass for socialism. Remembering the heavy chains of tradition entwining his race and his principles, these reflections appalled me."



"CARMEN SYLVA" IN ROUMANIAN COSTUME.
From a Photo. by F. Duschek.

But, had she reflected even more deeply, Princess Elizabeth of Wied would have remembered that there must exist in the soul of Prince Charles a place open to the influx of democratic feelings. He was not only the son of a lineage high among the highest and proud among the proudest, a family made glorious by the great events of history: the strain of commoner French blood flows in the veins of Roumania's King. Only a few years before the beginning of the nineteenth century his French great-grandmother, Fanny Mouchard, played a prominent and not always dignified part in the French Revolution, being mixed up with the most riotous people of the day. Her wit and amiability, however, with the fact of her becoming related through Josephine's marriage to the Emperor, won for her a position which her birth alone could never have acquired; and that this bizarre heroine should have become the mother of a line of Kings is one of the strange incidents of the epic-comedy played by the Revolution and the First Empire in France. Through this paternal grandmother again, who was a Murat and sister to the gallant King of Naples, the King belongs to the sturdy peasantry of France, whence her finest heroes have sprung.

Has Elizabeth of Roumania kept the promise registered in her heart that autumn day when she was first acquainted with her future husband and her fate? Now that so many years have gone by her subjects, without a dissentient voice, can answer "Yes." From the moment of her arrival in her new

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country her life has been a constant effort to comprehend the wants and aspirations of a race to the throbbing of whose veins she has listened so long and so intently that she has almost become a Roumanian herself. When she reached the banks of the Danube; when the white-clad peasants appeared before her eyes wearing carved silver knives in their belts and peacock feathers on their high fur caps; when the women rushed forth to greet her in brilliant costume, veils thin as mountain mists floating round their proud features, while the village beauties danced before her the national dances; when the ragged tziganes played to her tunes of a thousand years ago, Elizabeth instantly gave her heart to the rustic crowds whose welcomes were showered upon her.

When I saw the Queen for the first time, or, rather, when I first approached her, I was still quite a child. I had often seen her in the streets of our capital, and at such times, though I was only five or six years old, I always felt a sharp sensation as of mingled pain and joy, all my small being vibrating to the emotion. The flashing smile, the tender blue eyes, the wavy masses of hair, floated before me like a vision of grandeur and delight, and she became my secret idol. At the dawn of my eighth year, having just escaped from an illness so dangerous that the doctors had given me up, the Queen expressed a desire to know the little girl who during six weeks had filled her parents' souls with fear and interested the society of Bucharest, which at that time formed one large family. With shorn hair and trembling knees, pulling at my mother's hand, I mounted the great staircase of the palace, and there, with panting breath and wild and eager joy, I found my idol again. As the radiant face stooped towards me, she opened her arms and I flew to her bosom like a young bird to its nest. Then the Queen caressed my shorn head, and I told her with tears in my eyes that my long hair had been cut off, and my mother had put the curls under my pillow where I could fondle them.

"Never mind," answered "Carmen Sylva," "you are a good little girl, and good little girls' hair grows very fast. You will soon get it back again."

"But I love it—I won't have any other long hair, because the hair that has been cut off might be sad to see me loving other long hair."

The Queen laughed softly at these words and murmured: "She is indeed a poet's granddaughter."

When I reached the time when youth takes hold of our lives, at the age when every event sinks into the depths of our being, I became the Queen's lady-in-waiting and chosen companion, beloved from that hour as if I had not been beloved before. This meant almost complete separation from my mother and family, yet I scarcely wept, for the Queen's society, the Queen's words and smiles, meant all to me.



From a] THE ROYAL PALACE AT BUCHAREST. *[Photo.*

At Sinaïa, the stern-looking German *schloss*, amongst mountains full of Oriental glow and Oriental memories, lulled by the deep gurgle of torrents dashing headlong down the rocks, she led an existence overflowing with activity. The quantity of work, and especially of writing, which she achieved far surpassed what the keenest amongst us could attain. Many a time have I found her at eight in the morning seated before a bureau covered with sheets whereon her bold writing had traced

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close lines, the lamp she had failed to extinguish at sunrise still burning by her side. White and slim in the folds of her snowy garments, the Queen would rise, pass her hand across her brow as if to chase away the visions within, and with a quick gesture fling open the doors leading to the balcony to admit the morning breeze, laden with sunshine and pinewood fragrance. Wide awake to her duties, she would eagerly plunge her hands into the mass of papers laid before her—requests, entreaties, desires, passionate demands for help, pity, or favour, that like a flood mounted each morning from the bosom of the nation to the heart of the august spouse of its ruler.

"What did the two women you received yesterday afternoon want from me? Have you discovered why one of my ladies looked depressed while we were having tea? And did you inquire whether the medicine I prepared for the second footman has done him any good? And the porter's little boy—does he still suffer? Here is a book with nice fairy-tales for him — wait till I write my name in it; tell him it comes from Mama Regina—Mother Queenie. I should like so much to play one of Bach's preludes now, but we have work here and it must be attended to. See—what does this poor prisoner require? Liberty, I suppose—a breath of fresh air. Oh, to think that there are captives on a day like this, when we drink so freely of the air and sunshine! And this—this is from a widow, so poor—and she has five children—they are actually starving—five children!"



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF "CARMEN SYLVA."
From a Photo.

A sigh, and the Queen turns her head away.

I read her thoughts: "Five children and poverty, while I, who possess palaces and millions, had only one little child, and it was taken from me."

But the burning reflection is checked, and the Queen toils through the morning's work with earnest care. Then she rises, steps across the apartment, and returns, going to and fro in the only morning exercise with which she indulges herself. Turning again to her literary pursuits, with the thought ever uppermost of making Roumanian folk-lore and Roumanian valour known throughout the world, she says: "I am going to compose a ballad—I have been struck by a beautiful idea. A young girl embroiders a red sash for her betrothed, who has gone to the war. She takes the juice of all red fruits and the colour of the flame, so that nothing can be redder than her sash. But at night an old woman comes and offers her a liquid red as fruit and red as flame. She drinks it —but lo! at that very hour her lover dies; the old woman is Death, who gave her the life-blood of her betrothed. Shall I call the young girl Dimistra or Stana?"

"Pardon, madam, but your Majesty will be late; it is almost one." These words come from the Queen's first maid, as she enters the boudoir from the dressing-room.

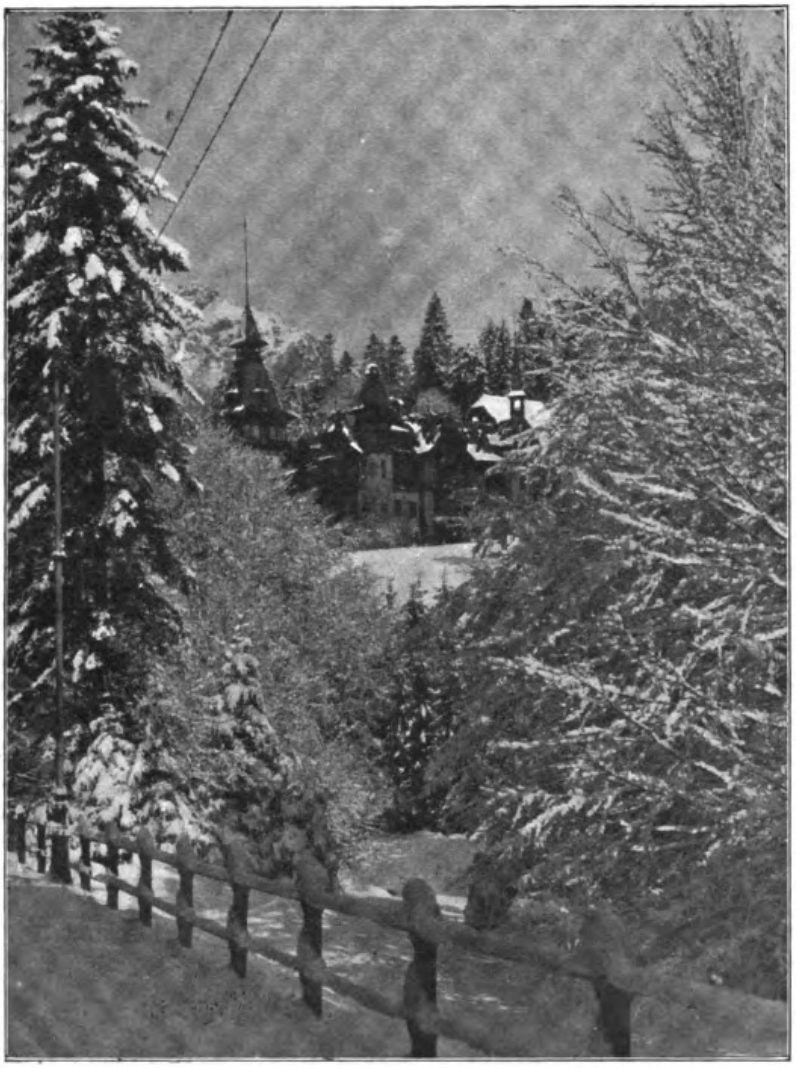
"Nearly one!—and we have such a lot of people to lunch! Run and dress, little girl, and tell the others to dress as quickly as I shall."

In a few minutes we take our places in the large reception-room and the King enters with the Queen, dressed now in rich Byzantine colours, looking more like an Empress than a Roumanian Sovereign. No one would guess that her day's task was not beginning at that moment, as she ardently plays her part as hostess and Queen.

Two hours later, in a mountain costume of dark green velvet, she is scouring the pine-clad heights round the castle, and running along the steep paths with step so fleet that it is difficult to follow. After trying to run as fast as the torrent and mocking its laughing waters, when her forces were well-nigh spent she would sit down on a well and gather us round her. Then she would open wide the portals of her soul and speak of life, of all the people she had known and loved.

After the stroll in the mountain forest we would return to Castle Pelesh, and then the

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From a] CASTLE PELESH ON A SUNNY WINTER DAY. *[Photo.*

Queen would assemble us in the music-hall, a lofty chamber, solemn and peaceful as a cathedral, where she read verse or prose aloud to us, or made the organ thrill beneath her fingers. And the evenings of these glorious days were calm and sweet. They brought the moments which "Carmen Sylva" consecrated to each of us in turn. She encouraged us to speak of our homes, our hopes, our difficulties ; she guided and counselled us and drew us out, so that each in turn could have sworn that the Queen had been peculiarly touched by the one to whom she was speaking.

The Queen's constancy to her friends is absolute ; nothing can undo her attachments, and she remains faithful to those she loves even if she does not see them for years. One of the secrets of her affection for me lies in my comprehension of her habits of mind. From the beginning of our intercourse I understood that the only means of keeping up the warm interest she showed in me lay in the trouble I took to put aside all personal animosities, and never to mention anyone in her presence as having done a bad deed or as being distasteful to me. For this effort to resemble her, for the eternal strain imposed on my feelings, I have been recompensed by her warm appreciation. "I bless you, my child," she said one day, crossing her slim fingers on my head ; "I bless you because you have never cut off a single ray of warmth and light that I have poured out of my heart."

In every life there is one predominating sorrow, one ruling pain by which all other misfortunes are measured. The nation mourned one Passion Thursday over the little child who lay dying in the Royal palace at Bucharest. By the bedside of her darling the mother knelt and whispered : "My God, my God, canst Thou not spare me the bitterness of this bitter hour? With the prayers that go up to Thee from all this land we pray Thee to remember that on this very day Thou suffered for us, Thou wept as I now weep, and wiped the drops from Thy brow as I now wipe them. Wilt Thou take her from me? My God, my God, Thy will be done ! And yet it seems too hard."

And while the mother spoke the dying child murmured, softly, "It is *so* sweet, so beautiful, mother dear. I see a garden, and all the gardens I have loved, all the gardens of this darling land, I see them. Bring me water from Sinaïa to drink. . . . I am so happy. Oh, my darling, darling Roumania !" And the child went forth to the gardens that she saw, and drank from the sources of eternal life the cool mountain water that she thirsted for. The nation still mourns for the little child it had loved so well that no other Royal child will ever reign in their hearts as did "little Princess Marie." She was laid to rest on the summit of a hill. There on the bosom of the earth, whose slumber is ever lulled by the distant murmur of the town, a

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chapel has been built wherein a marble statue reposes showing the rounded limbs, the small feet whose steps wandered so short a time in the gardens of life, the eager little hands which gathered so few flowers among the flowers of earth. On the grassy mould outside a white cross casts its straight shadow, and on the shadow of that cross Queen Elizabeth's heart is crucified.

But, stronger than the strength of her fate, the Queen has lived on and done her duty as if from that hour all her hours were not void of hope and light. She to whom such a portion of human bliss has been denied has tasted the savour of silent heroism, of courageous despair. I realized something of the poignancy of her suffering when she said to me one day, "Oh! the first children's ball where I presided after her death, scarcely a year after! The music of that ball—it whirls my own soul. To think that I was that happy woman who was a mother while *she* lived! To think I was that woman I see in the past holding her little girl on her knee and showing her the sun and the moon and the people in the streets. I was that woman, and I did not scream aloud with joy!"

Apart from the sadness ever reigning in her soul, "Carmen Sylva" is cheerful. The force of her nerves is astonishing, while she spends on everything that comes in her way a vast amount of interest, pity, or enthusiasm. When she has been brought face to face with the terrible realities of life she has grappled with circumstances, however dreadful. In the Russo-Roumano-Turkish War of 1877-78 she proved an admirable sister of charity, tending the wounded with the same care as the professional nurses aiding the surgeons in the dreary hospital wards. She worked as



KING CHARLES AND QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA, SURROUNDED BY THEIR SUITE, ON A MOUNTAIN NEAR SINAÏA.
From a Photo.

yet in my memory. The pattering of the little feet, it struck my heart like a rain of fire. And I held my arms open and the little children came to me and nestled in my bosom. Each of them reminded me of her: one had her way of kissing, another almost spoke with the accents of her voice; yet in each I missed her grace, the smile, the vivacity which were her own. Oh, I was meant to be a mother! I was created to sustain and love a human soul derived from

hard as the others, and rank and etiquette were forgotten. "The poor fellows," she said, "how many of them I saw depart! And while I crossed their hands on their breasts I thought of the anxious mothers and wives awaiting them in the snowy villages afar, counting with weary fingers the days of that woful winter which took so many heroes away."

And while the Queen spoke the Roumanian soil answered: "Blessed be thou, O Queen!"

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A School for Chauffeurs.

THE march of modern progress naturally displaces some time-honoured occupations. What, for instance, became of the legion of stage-coach drivers after King William IV.'s reign? Probably not one in a hundred—perhaps not one in a thousand—turned engine-driver, although George Stephenson caused it publicly to be known that the "coachee" who could handle ably a team of horses would manage a locomotive better than an ordinary man. But while new inventions are for ever introducing new callings there is always evinced a great reluctance on the part of the conservative British artisan or servant to abandon one trade for another except at the behest of inexorable necessity. One cannot well underrate the value of versatility; it is even difficult to avoid envying the American who engaged himself as carpenter, journalist, engineer, mason, bookkeeper, housepainter, and bargee—all within a space of seven weeks. When the census-paper was presented to him he excused himself from naming his occupation on the ground that "he hadn't settled down yet."



"LOOKS LIKE A BLOOMIN' IRON FOUNDRY."
From a Photo. by W. Henderson.

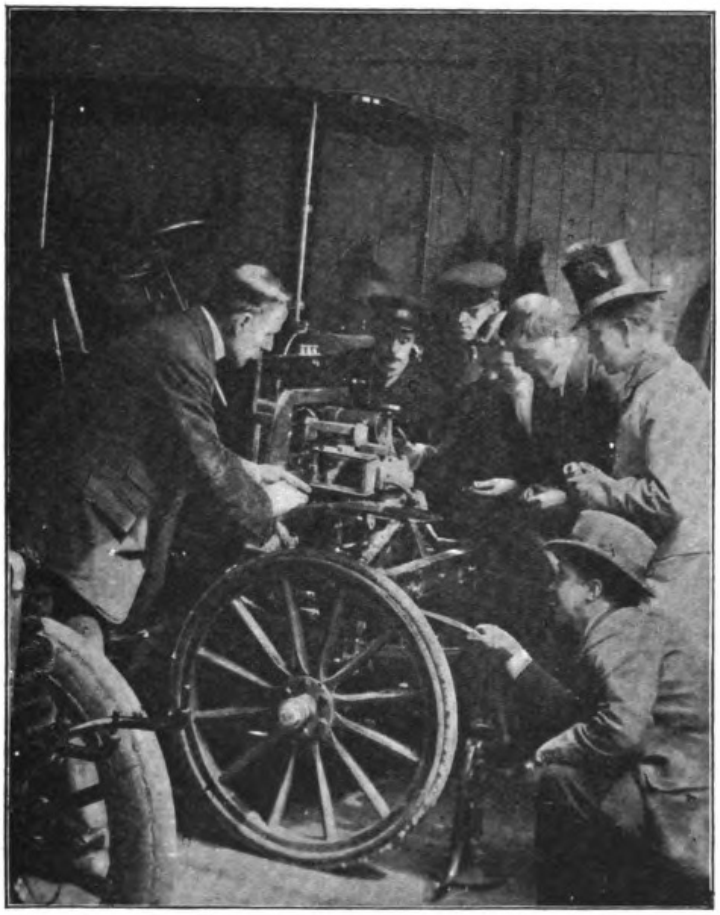
The newest of the great world industries—for so motor-building and motor-driving may be called—profoundly affects one of the most conservative classes in the kingdom. It is impossible to take one's stand in Piccadilly or Hyde Park any afternoon and not perceive that a great change is coming over our vehicular traffic. There are now twenty thousand automobiles in service, which involves the employment of nearly twenty thousand drivers or chauffeurs. In many cases the one has wholly displaced the horse and the other the coachman and groom. The whip and reins are giving way to the steering-wheel and the hand-lever. More than this, the motor-car has entered our very stables and the corn-bin has been abolished to make room for the petrol-tank. One is almost getting accustomed to the auctioneers' advertisement: "Sir Blank Blank is giving up his stables, and in consequence the whole of his stud will be sold on the —— inst., without reserve."

It goes without saying that all the foregoing spells consternation in equine circles. Formerly, when the automobile was a crude and noisy experiment, it was not taken so much to heart by the great army of servants whose chief recommendation is their knowledge of horses, especially in the upper circles of society. But now, when we have motor broughams, motor victorias, motor landaus, motor hansoms and voiturettes, it signifies the doom of coachmen, footmen, grooms, and even stable-boys, who cannot meet the new conditions.

Few readers who are not familiar, as Thackeray was, with the substrata of genteel society can form an adequate idea of the excitement caused when Lord Battersea first put his chauffeur and his attendant in livery. Up to this period the badge of Jeames Yellowplush was the great dividing barrier between the orthodox coachman and footman and the despised race of "motor stokers" and "cheffoneers," as the chauffeurs were humorously called. Following upon this it ran like wild-fire through Mayfair and

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Belgravia that a well-known baronet had bought three motor-cars to replace his horses sent to Tattersall's, and had forthwith given his coachman, groom, and stable-boy notice. On this occasion the two footmen threw up their situations out of sympathy. At the Footmen's Club in Brompton an indignation meeting was held, and a candidate who had consented to adorn the front seat of a motor brougham was heavily blackballed. But all was in vain. It was like Mrs. Partington, with her mop and pattens, trying to push back the Atlantic. The climax came when a peer's coachman, who had been sixteen years in service, openly consented to learn the management of a Daimler car rather than lose his place. His example has been followed by others. According to the prediction of Baron Henri de Rothschild, in ten years' time there will not be a single vehicle in Paris drawn by a horse. May not the same almost be prophesied of London?



From a Photo. by] "THE WATER-COOL BRAKE-DRUM." *[W. Henderson.*

When the writer first heard of a school for motorists in which the pupils were exclusively coachmen, grooms, and footmen, he could hardly believe his ears. Fancy a staid and dignified English coachman transformed into a hustling, twentieth-century motor-man in leather cap, jacket, and goggles! The idea at first blush seemed preposterous. Yet Mr. Lancaster, the well-known engineer to the Automobile Club, freely corroborated the report, which, indeed, for that matter, received ocular corroboration on the spot.

"The idea of holding classes," said Mr. Lancaster, "arose from the suggestion of several members that their servants should be taught the mechanism and management of the motor. A gentleman becomes attached to an old and faithful servant—in fact, the attachment is mutual—so that nothing is more natural than that they should wish to retain the employ. Another reason is that the supply of chauffeurs is not equal to the demand. A gentleman in the country sending to London for a chauffeur would be obliged to pay him three pounds a week for his services, whereas, having instructed his own servant in the motor, the latter would remain on in his employ for twenty-five shillings."

"The British coachman, then, is actually conquering his prejudice?"

"Yes, the more enlightened ones are. You must remember it takes a different sort of ability to work a motor than to drive a horse. But if a coachman or footman has intelligence and nerve and some mechanical sense, he will soon develop into a first-class driver. Of course, when he has acquired his driving certificate he is by no means an engineer. That requires a longer training, but with the growth of simplicity in construction the difficulties tend to disappear. After one or two lessons I can always tell whether the pupil is hopeless. He may know all there is to learn about horses, but he will never master the motor. Yet we are not far from the time when horses will completely disappear, at least from the London streets."

To the courtesy of Mr. Ernest Livet, of the Daimler Company, the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE may be permitted a peep into one of the London schools for

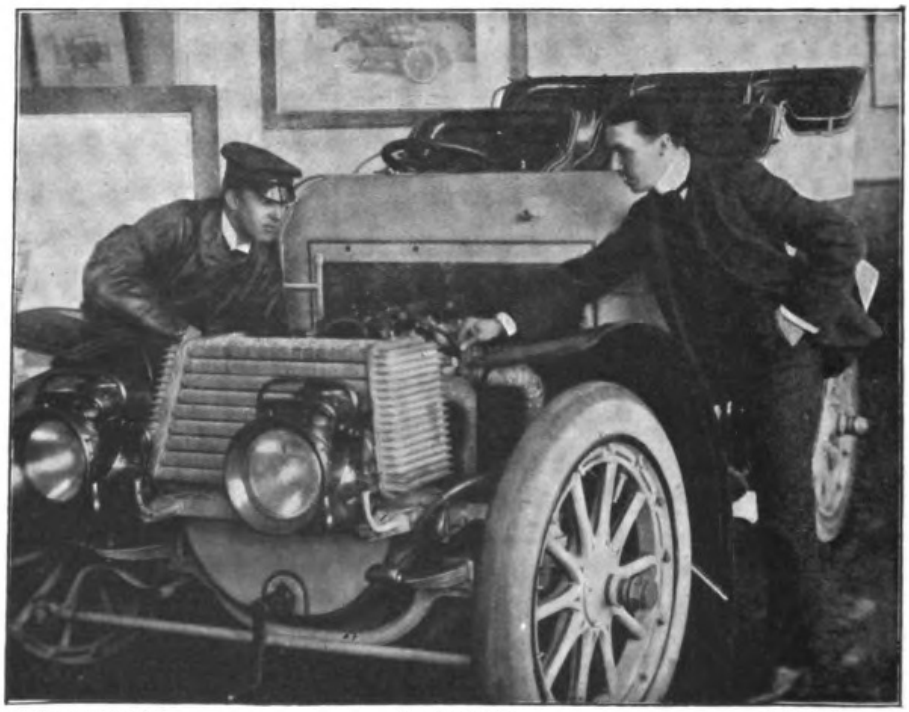
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From a Photo. by] EXPLAINING THE LEVER. *[W. Henderson.*

chauffeurs. In an excellently-appointed garage near Gray's Inn Road the coachmen and footmen of both the past and the future had begun to collect. Some of them were taking an odd hour in the midst of their equine duties and had left their horses outside by the pavement. More than one of the group approached the new engine of pleasure and transportation with obvious reluctance, not to say distrust. One groom of the Sam Weller type, whose master had sent him to take his first lesson in the motor-car, after casting a contemptuous glance about the premises, with its resplendent array of horseless vehicles, burst out with an impatient:—

"Huh! Looks like a bloomin' iron foundry. My guv'nor'll never get me to chuck the last old crock in the stables for *this!* This ain't natural, this ain't! I'd rather drive a double tandem of mokes any day. They'd have four legs apiece and a tail, anyhow."



From a Photo. by] "PLUCKED." *[W. Henderson.*

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"That's all very well, William," spoke up a youthful coachman, "but it's no good shyin' at yer fodder. Sooner or later we'll all have to come to it. I'm goin' to start now."

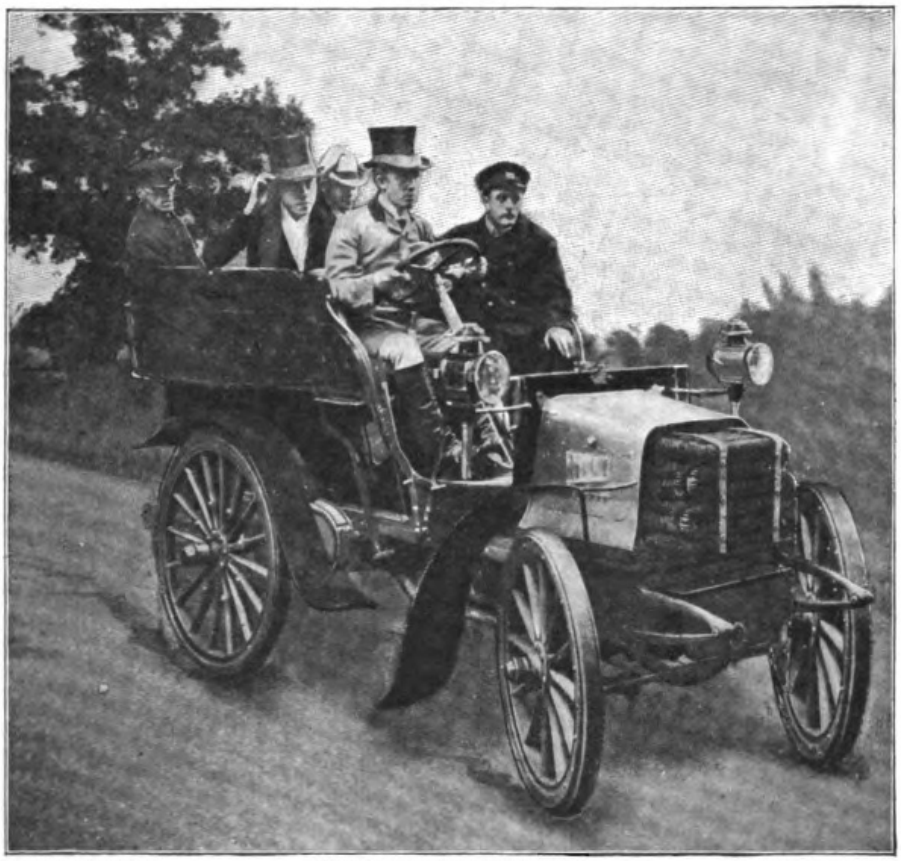
"We might strap on four legs apiece and a tail for William," murmured a third man-servant, facetiously, "or 'e might get 'is guv'nor to 'ang out a picture of Ard Patrick in front of 'is machine, just to encourage 'im like."

Whereat there was a burst of laughter at the expense of the conservative William, who was further assured that he needn't worry; he would look just as handsome on the box of a motor as on the coachman's seat of a victoria, with the additional advantage that "the gals'll get a better view of 'is calves."

At this point the instructor arrived on the scene, and the elementary class were forthwith called to attention. The first lesson is wholly taken up with explaining the principle of the motor proper—*i.e.*, the engine. In this, it is to be feared from the puzzled looks on the faces of some of his pupils, he was only moderately successful.

"You see here the piston," observed the instructor, sententiously; "by means of the rising stroke of the piston the carburetted air is forced into the top of the cylinder and so actuates the shaft. The next thing is to understand the parts of the machine." Whereupon he named each part distinctly, one after another, from the starting-handle in the front to the escape-pipe at the back. When he has finished he begins all over again, in order to impress the names firmly upon the memory of the class.

"Now, I will ask some questions. What do you call this?" and the instructor points to the water-cool brake-drum. There is no reply from the assemblage of coachmen, grooms, and footmen. They scrutinize the intricate machine with despair pictured on their faces.



From a Photo. by] "A LESSON IN STEERING." *[W. Henderson.*

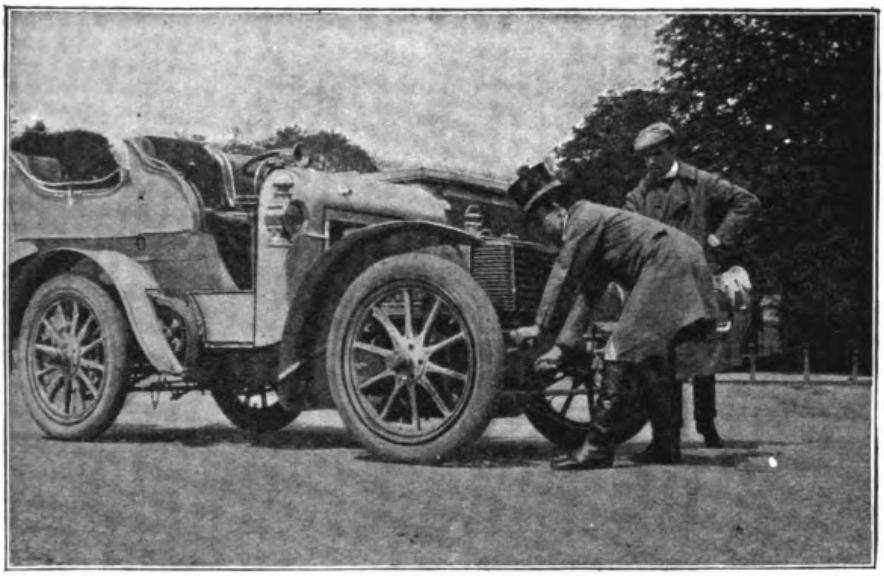
"Lemme see," says one; "it's about 'alf-way from where 'is 'ocks and the under-part of 'is belly-band ought to be, ain't it?"

There is a roar of laughter at this, but the instructor recovers himself and says, sternly:—

"*The water-cool brake-drum!*"

"Lor'! sounds like swearin', don't it, sir?" exclaims the facetious coachman, but thereafter it is noticed there is never any difficulty about locating that particular part of the mechanism.

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From a Photo. by] WORKING THE STARTING HANDLE. *[W. Henderson.*

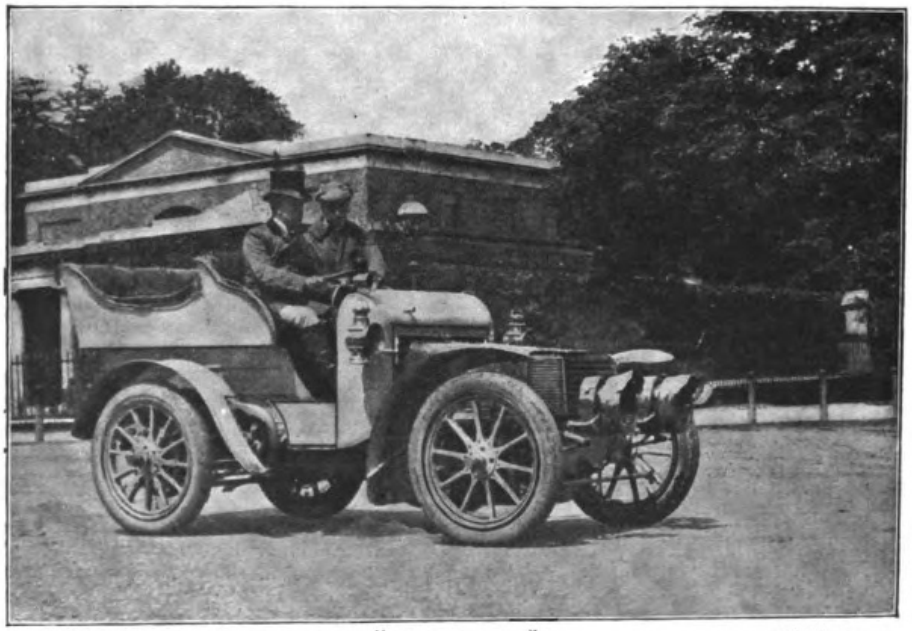
be like veterinary surgeons — well up in anatomy. If an accident occurs they must know how to set it right. And this they can never do effectually unless they know not merely every spring and rivet, but the bearing of each upon the other parts of the machine."

After acquiring a knowledge of the names of the various parts in the initial lessons, the time is ripe for practical experiment. To a groom rejoicing in the name of Walters, as the most proficient in the class, is entrusted the pleasing task of starting the machine. Walters accordingly applies himself to the starting-handle, to a running fire of comments.

"Get at 'is 'ead there—whoa-a—whoa-a, boy! Now coax 'im, Walters; stroke 'is mane, pinch 'is gullet!" etc., all of which the favoured pupil takes in good part. Of course, much surprise is expressed that, although the motor is "started," no progress is made. Finally, the instructor moves the lever connected with the operating-rod and the car moves forward a yard before the brake is applied. After two or three lessons in the yard the

Yet the terminology of motor mechanism often proves the greatest stumbling-block to the pupils. Often does it happen when they seem to be thoroughly grounded in the theory and practice of handling the machine —and so qualified for a legal certificate of competency—a final "exam." will reveal their ignorance of some essential item of the machinery. The result is that, like an Oxford undergraduate over a phrase in Euclid or Xenophon, the prospective engineer-chauffeur finds himself "plucked."

"I never," observed Mr. Livet, "allow any of my pupils to quit my hands until they know the mechanism thoroughly. They must



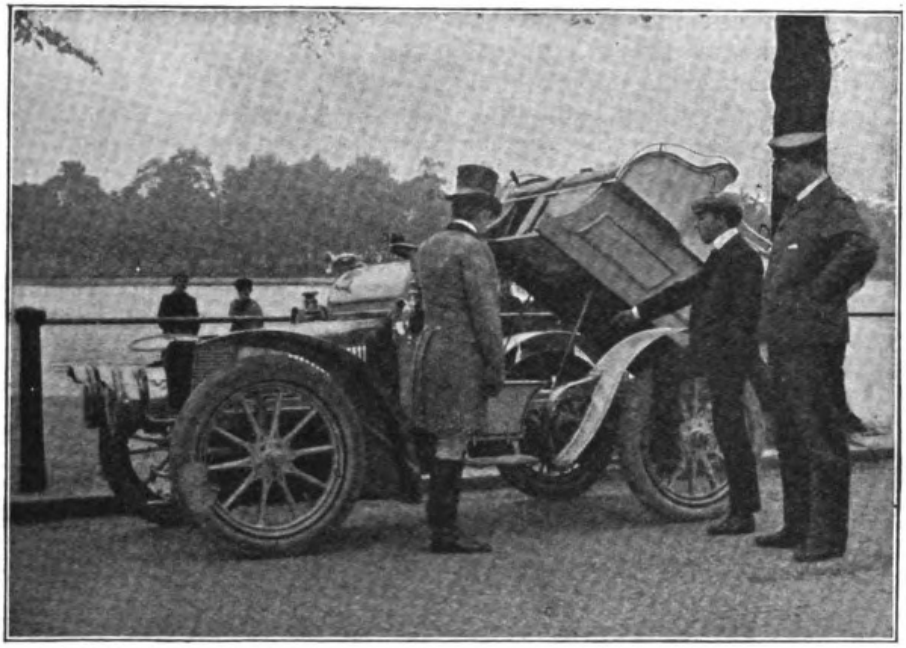
From a Photo. by] "AT FULL TILT." *[W. Henderson.*

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class is ready for a demonstration in steering. Hyde Park is the theatre usually chosen for these demonstrations, and a group of pupils will meet in front of the Achilles Statue. There may be one, two, and even three

"Oh, taking the old 'orse to the vet, as usual," was the response. "'E's inside, done up in splints. Sorry we can't stop."

At one stage of the journey the motor was made purposely to go wrong, in order to

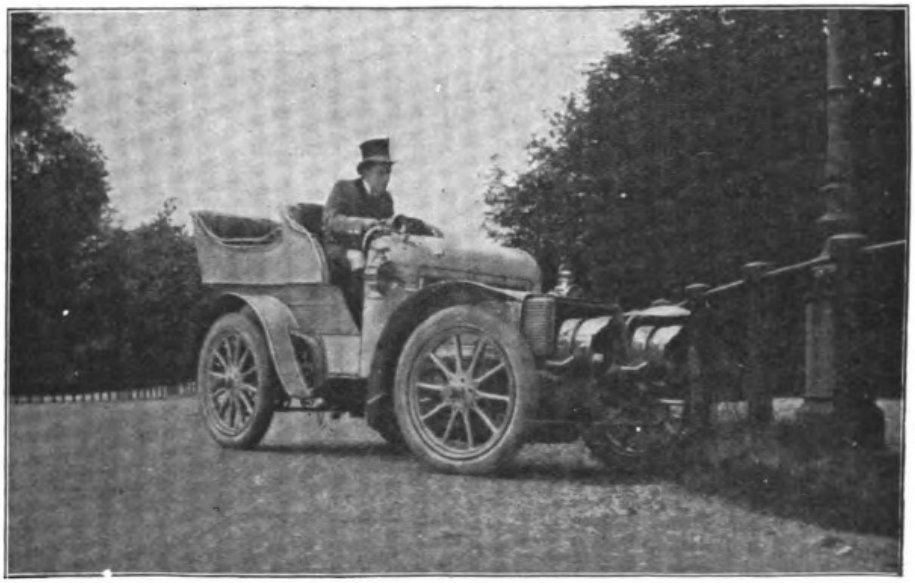


From a Photo. by] REPAIRING CLASS—A PREMEDITATED BREAKDOWN. *[W. Henderson.*

motor-cars in readiness, each capable of seating four to six persons. On the present occasion there were two cars, each accompanied by experienced chauffeurs, who, after the first half-mile, permitted the pupils to take a hand at the wheel in order to practise steering. All went admirably during the first circuit of the park, although to spectators there appeared to be one or two narrow shaves as the cars turned the corner at Victoria Gate. As before, the most delightful part of the performance lay in listening to the comments and observations of the prospective motorists, and their rejoinders to the sallies of their brother coachmen and grooms whom they met *en route*.

"Where are you going with the copper boiler, 'Enery?" asked one groom we met.

explain what was to be done in case of accident. Formerly, when any part of the machinery underneath went wrong, it was necessary for the driver to crawl under the car and lie there on the flat of his back until he detected the source of the trouble. By the new pattern the entire body of the car is raised and the machinery exposed, as in the foregoing picture. Among the other new features which likewise deserve to be men-



From a Photo. by] "A NARROW SHAVE." *[W. Henderson.*

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tioned is the comparative noiselessness in running.

At the Magazine it was thought advisable for the class to descend and entrust the car to each pupil in turn. Each acquitted himself creditably with the exception of the last man. As for him, he suddenly lost control of the machine when attempting to take a corner and dashed into a railing. A policeman was seen to be approaching rapidly, and a crowd of small boys by the neighbouring Serpentine began to change their whereabouts with all the agility of extreme youth. But our blood did not freeze in our veins at this terrible mishap. The car was proceeding only at the rate of three to four miles an hour, and so no damage was done. The class was convulsed with laughter over the untoward incident; but to John Thomas, the victim, the affair was no laughing matter. He got out of the car deliberately, wiping the perspiration which had gathered in great beads on his brow.

"I've done," he said, solemnly; "I'll tell the master to-night I'd like to oblige him, but it's no use. I've 'ad to do with 'osses these eighteen year, and I'll tell you, gentlemen, I'd rather deal with the sorriest and skittishest old nag that was ever seen in front of a growler than with one o' these 'ere newfangled contrivances. I'd like to move with the times, as the sayin' goes, but I'm blowed if I'll have any more to do with motors. I'm too old to learn this game, and I'll stick to what I know while there's a blessed geegee with four legs left aboveground."

And so the first resignation from Class Number Four occurred. As to one or two of the others, the instructor remarked to the writer, confidentially, "They are all right as coachmen and grooms, but they'll never make engineers. They may be able to drive through a bit of straight country and clean the motor, but they lack the brains for machinery. They are past thirty, and—well—their hearts are with the horses."

And as the car came along the Brompton Road and past Tattersall's, which betokened unusual bustle this morning, there was a suspicious imperturbability as of "eyes front" amongst the motoring class, which seemed to carry weight to the instructor's opinion.



From a Photo. by] THE CHAUFFEUR—HIS EDUCATION COMPLETE. *[W. Henderson.*

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A Point of Law.

By William Somerset Maugham.

WHEN I feel more than usually poor (on a rainy day, for instance, when opulent stock-brokers roll swiftly in electric broughams, or when some friend in bleak March weather tells me he is starting that very night for Monte Carlo) I make my will; it gives me a peculiar satisfaction to leave my worldly goods, such as they are, to persons who will not in the least care to receive them, and I like the obsequious air of the clerk who blows my name up a tube to the family solicitor. It is an amusement which costs me nothing, for Mr. Addishaw, the senior partner in the eminently respectable firm of Addishaw, Jones, and Braham, knows my foible; he is aware also that a solicitor's bill is the last I should ever pay, and I have warned him that if ever he sends it I will write a satiric story which shall hold him up to the ridicule of all his neighbours on Brixton Hill. What accounts he prepares after my demise do not in the smallest degree perturb me; my executors and he may fight it out between them.

One day, then, I walked down the Strand, feeling very wretched after a cheap luncheon in a crowded Italian restaurant (a crust of bread and a glass of water may be rendered appetizing by hunger and a keen sense of the romantic, but who can survey without despondency a cut off the joint, half cold and ill-cooked, and boiled potatoes?), and, jostled by hurrying persons, I meditated on the hollowness and the folly of the world. I felt certain that Mr. Addishaw at this hour would be disengaged, and it seemed an occasion upon which his services were eminently desirable; it would comfort me just then to prepare for the inevitable dissolution. I turned the corner and soon found myself at the handsome edifice, with its array of polished brass-plates and its general look of prosperity, wherein the firm for many years had rented offices.

"Can I see Mr. Addishaw?" I inquired.

And in a moment I was shown upstairs into the sumptuous apartment which the good gentleman inhabited. He had evidently just lunched, and with him the meal had without doubt been satisfactory; for he sat in the arm-chair generally reserved for clients, toasting his toes at the cheerful fire, and with great content smoked his cigar. There was so much self-satisfaction about his red face that the mere sight of him cheered me; and the benevolence of his snowy whiskers



"HE HAD EVIDENTLY JUST LUNCHED."

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impressed me more than ever before with a sense of his extreme worth.

"You look as if you read the Lessons in church every Sunday morning, Mr. Addishaw," I said, when I shook hands with him. "I've come to make my will."

"Ah, well," he answered, "I have nothing to do for ten minutes. I don't mind wasting a little time."

"You must sit at your desk," I insisted, "or I sha'n't feel that I'm getting my money's worth."

Patiently he changed his seat, and with some elaboration I gave a list of all the bequests I wished to make.

"And now," said I, "we come to my wines, spirits, and liqueurs."

"Good gracious me!" he cried; "I didn't know that you had started a cellar. You are becoming a man of substance. I will tell my wife to ask for your new book at Mudie's."

"Your generosity overwhelms me," I retorted. "Some day, I venture to hope, you will go so far as to buy a second-hand copy of one of my works. But I have no cellar. The wine in my flat is kept in a cupboard along with the coats and hats, the electric meter, my priceless manuscripts, and several pairs of old boots. I have no wines, spirits, and liqueurs, but I wish to leave them to somebody, so that future generations may imagine that writers in the twentieth century lived as luxuriously as butchers and peers of the realm and mountebanks."

Somewhat astonished at this harangue Mr. Addishaw wrote as I desired; then a pale young clerk was sent for and together the legal gentlemen witnessed my signature.

"And now," said I, "I will light a cigar to complete the illusion that I am a man of means, and bid you good afternoon."

Mr. Addishaw returned to his arm-chair by the fire and, feeling apparently very good-humoured, asked me to remain for a few minutes; he had taken the only comfortable seat in the room, but I drew up the writing-chair and sat down.

"Wills are odd things," said Mr. Addishaw, in a meditative manner. "Only the other day I had to deal with the testament of the late Lord Justice Drysden; and it was so ill-composed that no one could make head or tail of it. But his eldest son happened to be a solicitor, and he said to the rest of the family: 'I'm going to arrange this matter as I consider right, and if you don't agree I'll throw the whole thing into Chancery and you'll none of you get a penny!' The family were not too pleased, for their brother thought fit to order the affair in a manner not altogether disadvantageous to himself;' but I advised them to submit. My father and my grandfather were solicitors before me, so I think I have law more or less in the blood; and I've always taught my children two things. I think if they know them they can't come to much harm in the world."

"And what are they?" I asked.

"Never tell a lie and never go to law."

Mr. Addishaw rose slowly from his chair and went to the door.

"If anyone wishes to see me, Drayton, say that I shall be disengaged in a quarter of an hour," he called to his clerk.

Then, with a little smile which sent his honest red face into a number of puckers, he took from a cupboard a bottle, well coated with dust, and two wine-glasses.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Well, I'm an old man," he answered, "and I keep to some customs of the profession which these young sparks of to-day have given up. I always have a bottle of port in my room, and sometimes when I don't feel very well I drink a glass or two."

He poured out the wine and looked at it with a smile of infinite content. He lifted it to his nose and closed his eyes as though he were contemplating some pious mystery. He sipped it and then nodded to me three times with a look full of meaning.

"And yet there are total abstainers in the world!" he exclaimed.

He emptied the glass, sighed, refilled it, and sat down.

"Talking of wills, I said the last word in a matter this morning which has interested me a good deal; and, if you like, I will tell you the story, because it shows how sometimes by pure chance that ass, the law, may work so as to protect the innocent and punish the contriving.

"One of the oldest clients of my firm is the family of Daubernoon, north-country squires, who have held immense estates in Westmorland since the good old days of King Henry VIII. They were not a saving race, so that in personalty they never left anything worth speaking of, but they always took care to keep the property unencumbered; and even now, when land is worth so little and the landlord finds it as difficult as the farmer to make both ends meet, their estates bring in the goodly income of six thousand a year.

"Roger Daubernoon, the late squire, injured his spine in a hunting accident,

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and it would have been a mercy if he had killed himself outright, since he lingered for twenty years, a cripple and an invalid who required incessant care. His wife died shortly afterwards and he was left with an only daughter, in whose charge he placed himself. A man used to an active, busy life, in illness he grew querulous and selfish, and it seemed to him quite natural that Kate Daubernoon, then a girl of twenty, should devote her life to his comfort. A skilful nurse, she became so necessary to him that he could not face the thought that one day she might leave him; he was devoured by the fear that she would marry, and he refused, pretexting his ill-health, to have visitors at the Manor. He grew petulant and angry if to go to some party she abandoned him for a couple of hours, and finally Miss Daubernoon resigned herself to a cloistral life. Year in, year out, she remained in close attendance on her father, partly from affection, but more for duty's sake; she looked after the house, walked by the squire's bath-chair, read to him, and never once left home. She saw no one but the villagers, by whom for her charitable kindness she was adored, the parson and his wife, the doctor, and twice a year myself.

"And she grew old. Miss Daubernoon had never been beautiful, she had never been even pretty; and the stealthy years, the monotonous life, robbed her of the country freshness which in early youth had made up for other deficiencies. As year by year I went up to Westmorland to see Mr. Daubernoon, I was distressed to note the difference in his daughter; and before her time she grew prim and old-maidish. She ceased to regret the joyous life of the world, growing so accustomed to the narrow circle wherein vegetably she existed that I think nothing at last would have induced her to withdraw from it. Finally, when I was staying in the house at Christmas, two years ago, the village doctor came privately to see me. He told me that Miss Daubernoon had been ill through the autumn and now, to his dismay, he had discovered that she was phthisical.

"'You know what our winters are here,' he said to me; 'if she does not go away it will probably kill her.'

"I went to her at the doctor's request, and used the persuasions which with him had been quite useless. But she would listen to nothing.

"'I know that I am ill,' she answered, 'but I cannot leave my father. Do you see no change in him since you were last here?'

"I was obliged to confess that I did; the long years of suffering had broken down at last that iron frame, and even the most inexperienced could see that now the end could not be far off.

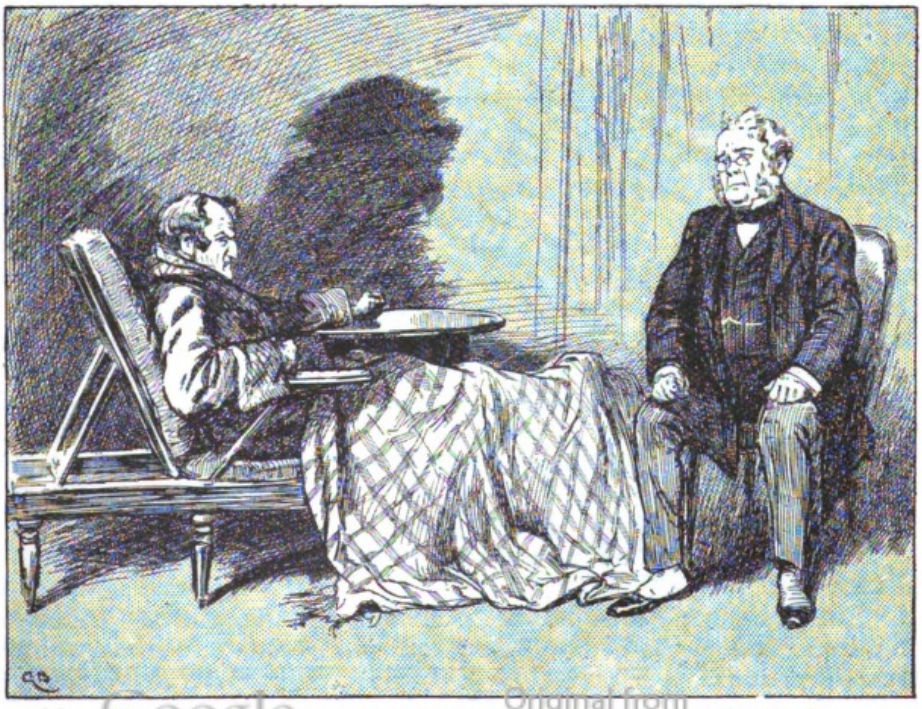
"'It would kill my father at once to move him. It would kill him also if I went away.'

"'But do you think you have a right to place your own life in such danger?'

"'I am willing to take the risk.'

"I knew her obstinate character, and I felt I could never induce her to change her mind, so I went straight to Mr. Daubernoon himself.

"'I think you should know that Kate is dangerously ill,' I said. 'She has consumption, and the only thing that can save her is to winter abroad.'



"'I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT KATE IS DANGEROUSLY ILL,' I SAID."

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"'Who says so?' he asked.

"There was no astonishment in his manner, so that I wondered whether he had divined the illness of Miss Daubernoon, or whether in his utter selfishness he was indifferent to it. I mentioned Dr. Hobley's name.

"'Twenty years ago he said I couldn't live six months,' answered Mr. Daubernoon. 'He's a nervous old woman. Kate's as strong and well as you are.'

"'Would you like a specialist to come from Liverpool to see her?'

"'Oh, those doctors always back one another up. A specialist would only frighten Kate.'

"I saw that he would never allow himself to be persuaded that his daughter needed attention, and I spoke more sternly to him.

"'Mr. Daubernoon,' I said, 'if your daughter dies the responsibility will be yours.'

"Then a cruel look came into his worn, thin face—a look I had never seen before, and a hardness filled his eyes that was horrible.

"'After all, I can only last six months. When I'm dead she can do what she likes. *Après moi le déluge.*'

"I did not answer, appalled by the sick man's cruel selfishness; the poor girl had sacrificed her youth to him, her hopes of being wife and mother; and now he wanted her very life. And she was ready to give it.

"Mr. Daubernoon lived four months longer than he said, for the autumn had arrived when a telegram came saying that he was dead. It was sent by Dr. Hobley, who bade me come to Westmorland at once.

"But when I arrived it was the change in Miss Daubernoon that shocked me most. Those final months had worked havoc with her, so that it was impossible not to see that she was very ill. She was thin and haggard, her hair was streaked with grey, and she coughed constantly. She seemed ten years older than when I had last seen her, and, though she was no more than forty, looked almost an elderly woman.

"'I'm very much alarmed at the change in Miss Daubernoon,' I told the doctor. 'What do you think?'

"'She's dying, Mr. Addishaw,' he answered; 'she can't live another year.'

"'Fortunately, now she can go away.'

"'She can do that, but it won't save her. It's too late.'

"After the funeral Miss Daubernoon came to me and said she wished to have a talk on business matters.

"'Never mind about business,' I said; 'I can arrange all that. What you must do is to get down to Italy before the cold weather comes.'

"'That is what I mean to do,' she answered. 'I think I should tell you'—she hesitated and looked down, a faint blush colouring her pallid cheeks—'I think I should tell you that I am going to be married at once.'

"'What!' I cried. 'But you're not fit to marry; you're as ill as you can be.'

"'I think I have six months to live. I want to be happy. It's only because I'm so ill that I cannot wait. We are to be married in London in a week.'

"For a moment I was silent, not knowing what to say. Then I asked to whom she was engaged.

"'Mr. Ralph Mason,' she answered, shortly. 'You met him last time you were here. We have been devoted to one another for the last two years.'

"I could not remember anyone of that name, and I inquired, somewhat curtly, when I should have the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with this gentleman.

"'He's now coming towards us,' she said, and a look of radiant happiness came into her face.

"I saw walking along the garden path through which we sauntered a tall young man in a frock-coat, a tall hat, and patent leather boots. In a moment I recognised him.

"'But that is the land-agent's clerk?'

"'Yes,' she said.

"He was certainly a very handsome man, with a beautiful moustache and the dashing air of a counter-jumper trying to ape the gentleman. I should think he was fifteen years younger than Miss Daubernoon, and this was enough to surprise me; but the most amazing part of it all was that her pride—you know what the pride is of people in that particular class of life—should have allowed her to think of marriage with such a person. And when I knew him better I found to my dismay that there was in him no redeeming trait; he was merely a very ordinary, common, provincial tradesman, with nothing but his rather vulgar good looks to recommend him. And when I compared his strapping vigour with Miss Daubernoon's old, sickly weakness, I could not doubt that he was merely an adventurer of the very worst class. I said nothing at the time, but later, finding myself alone with her, I did not hesitate to speak plainly.

"'Why do you suppose Mr. Mason wishes to marry you?' I asked.

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"A painful, timid look came into her eyes, so that I almost repented my words, but it seemed a duty to be outspoken at all costs to save her much future pain.

"'I think he loves me,' she answered.

"'My dear, I don't want to hurt you, but I must tell you the truth. You can't believe that this young man really cares for you. You're very ill.'

"'I'm dying,' she interrupted.

"'You're ever so much older than he is. Good heavens! look at yourself in the glass. Ask yourself if he can possibly have fallen in love with you. And there's one palpable reason why he wishes to marry you. Can't you see that it's your money he wants, and for your money's sake he's willing to—to put up with you?'



"SHE BEGAN TO CRY, SILENTLY."

"Hot tears ran down her cheeks, so that I felt hatefully cruel, but something had to be done to stop such an insane marriage.

"'Don't remind me that I'm old and plain,' she said. 'Do you think I can't feel it? But I know he loves me for myself, and even if he doesn't I will marry him. The only thing that has kept me alive is my love for him, and, after all, I have such a little while to live that you might let me spend it as happily as I can.'

"'And do you think you can be happy with him? Do you think he'll have the patience to wait for your death? My poor lady, you don't know what may be in store for you. At present he's nice enough to you, and apparently you don't mind if he's common and vulgar; but when you're once safely married do you think he'll take the trouble to pretend he loves you? You must be mad.'

"She began to cry, silently, so that for the life of me I could not go on, and I resolved instead to speak with Ralph Mason himself. I made inquiries in the neighbouring market-town, and I was scarcely surprised to discover that his character was thoroughly bad. He was known to be a hard drinker, violent in temper, unscrupulous; his friends said he was a good sportsman, which meant, apparently, that he attended all the race-meetings he could and betted more heavily than his means allowed. A sort of provincial Lothario, various tales were brought me of his exploits; and his good looks, his supercilious charm of manner, appeared to make women an easy conquest. I cannot tell you how alarmed I was when I learnt for what sort of a man it was that Miss Daubernoon had conceived such a passionate infatuation; but his very depravity made it just possible that he would accept certain proposals that I had in mind. I telegraphed to Robert Daubernoon, an officer on half-pay with a large family, a cousin of the late squire's and Kate's only relative and natural heir; and on receiving his answer invited Ralph Mason to call on me.

"'I want to talk to you as a business man,' I said. 'When Miss Daubernoon told me she wished to marry you, I ventured to make certain inquiries; and I have heard a good deal about you.'

"He was going to speak, but I begged him to listen quietly till I had finished. With scoundrels I have always found it best to speak to the point; a certain cynical frankness often puts them at their ease, so that much time and verbiage are spared.

"'You know as well as I do that Miss Daubernoon is dying, and I dare say you will not think it necessary to pretend to me that you are in love with her. You cannot seriously wish to marry her, and I am

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authorized to offer you an annuity of two thousand a year if you will put off your marriage indefinitely.'

"He looked at me and stroked his handsome moustache, and presently he gave a mocking smile.

"'You are a solicitor, Mr. Addishaw?' he asked.

"'Yes.'

"'And presumably a man of business?'

"I was inclined to call him an impertinent jackanapes, but refrained.

"'And granting that all you say is true, and I don't love Kate Daubernoon, and wish to marry her solely because I think she can only live a few months, at the end of which I shall find myself a rich man—do you think I should be such a fool as to accept your offer?'

"'I thought it possible, when you considered that the money was as safe as the Bank of England, while otherwise you are dependent on your wife's will, which may be altered.'

"'I'm not afraid of that.'

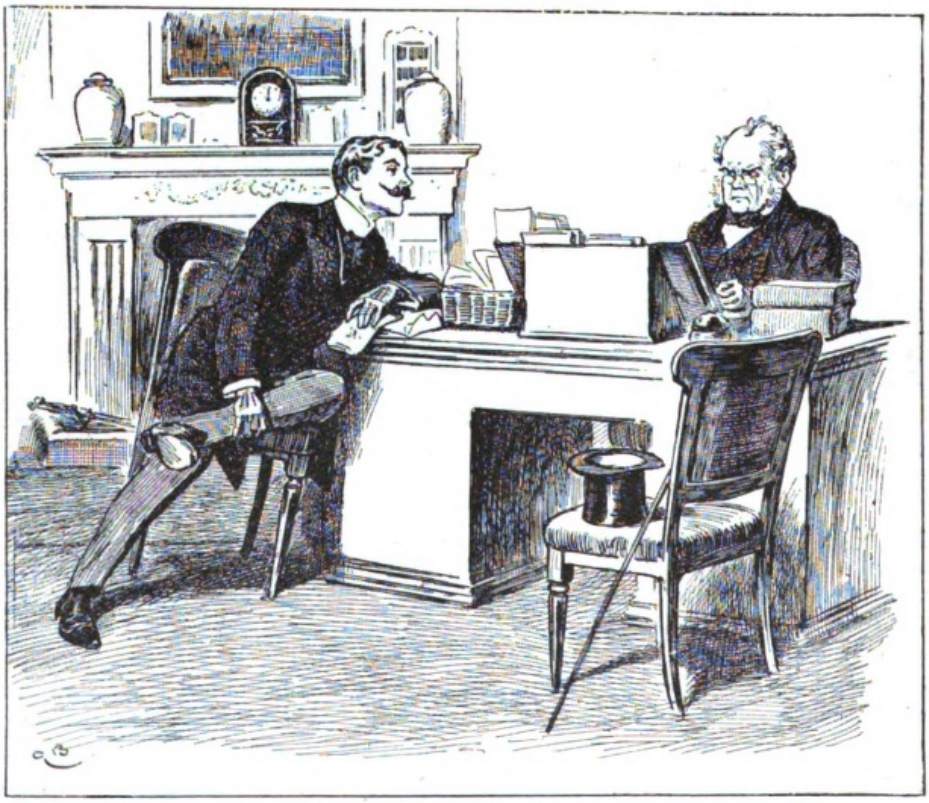
"'And also that you would be behaving more or less like a gentleman. Her own doctor has told me that marriage is bound to kill her almost at once. Don't you think what you're doing is very cruel?'

"'I'm a business man, too, Mr. Addishaw,' he answered.

"He broke off the conversation abruptly, and I felt I had done harm rather than good, for soon I found that Miss Daubernoon knew what I had said. I do not know what account of the affair Ralph Mason gave her, but I can imagine that my behaviour was painted in the darkest colours, while his own shone with all the heroic virtues. Miss Daubernoon, harassed by her father's death and funeral, for two or three days was too ill to leave her room, and only Ralph Mason was allowed to see her. She wrote me a note.

"'I did not mind what you said to me,' she wrote, 'but I am indignant and deeply distressed that you should have attempted to turn Ralph from me. I think your interference impertinent. I address you now no longer as a friend, but merely as my solicitor, and I beg you to prepare at once, for my signature, a will leaving absolutely everything of which I die possessed to Ralph Mason.'

"I dare say I am not a man of very easy temper, and with some heat I replied that she might get another solicitor to prepare this will for her; I would have nothing to do with it. And that evening, without seeing her again, I started for London.



"DO YOU THINK I SHOULD BE SUCH A FOOL AS TO ACCEPT YOUR OFFER?"

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"Three days later I heard from Dr. Hobley that they had left Daubernoon, though Kate was much too ill to travel; they were married at a registry office in Marylebone, and next day crossed the Channel on their way to Italy.

"There was a good deal of work connected with the estate of the late Roger Daubernoon. He had left rather a large legacy to his cousin Robert and smaller sums to various servants and dependents, so that practically all his personalty was absorbed. Stocks and shares had to be sold, consequently I was in somewhat frequent correspondence with Mrs. Mason, but her letters were always very short, referring merely to the business on hand, so that I could not tell whether she was ill or well, happy or wretched. I hoped with all my heart that these last months of her life went smoothly, I hoped the man was kind to her, and at least took the trouble to conceal from his wife that he waited impatiently for her death. Poor thing, I trust she preserved to the last the illusion which had given her the only joy her life had known; I was no longer angry with her, but very, very sorry.

"Then one day, in the spring, my clerk whistled up that Mr. Ralph Mason wished to see me. I knew at once that the poor woman was dead. He came in; and though in the country he had dressed himself preposterously in a frock-coat and a tall hat, now he wore a rather loud check suit and a bowler; a black tie was his only sign of mourning. And I had never felt such an antipathy for this swell-mobsman. I hated his handsome military bearing, his smart counter-jumper looks, and the scent on his handkerchief. There was a superciliousness in his manner which told me I should have to pay for all I had said of him; he, of course, was now the squire, and I was a humble solicitor. I knew I should not long keep the business of the house of Daubernoon, and upon my word I was not sorry. I had no wish to deal with a man of that stamp.

"I did not rise from my chair as he came in.

"'Good morning,' I said. 'Pray be seated.'

"'I have come to see you on business,' he answered, insolently. 'My wife died in Rome on the 24th of last March, and you are executor of her will.'

"I felt expressions of regret would be out of place, and I could imagine the satisfaction the man took in his freedom.

"'I hope you were not unkind to her,' I said.

"'I told you I'd come solely on business. I have brought the will in my pocket. It was by my wish that you were appointed executor.'

"I understood what a revengeful pleasure he took in the thought that I must deliver over to him the vast estates of the Daubernoons. Silently I took the will, which was very short, written on a sheet of note-paper.

"'I, Kate Daubernoon, of the Manor, Daubernoon, hereby revoke all former wills and testamentary dispositions made by me, and declare this to be my last will and testament. I appoint James Addishaw, of 103, Lancaster Place, London, to be the executor of this my will. I give all my real and personal property whatsoever to Ralph Mason. In witness whereof I have set my hand to this my will the 10th day of September, 1902.

'KATE DAUBERNOON.'

"It was written in her own hand and duly witnessed by two servants at the Manor. I could hardly believe my eyes.

"'How did you get the form?' I asked.

"'I have some knowledge of law,' he answered.

"'That I can scarcely believe.' My heart beat with excitement, but I did not wish to let him see my triumph too quickly. 'Is this the only will your wife made?'

"'Yes.'

"'Are you sure there is no later one?'

"'Absolutely positive.'

"'Have you observed the date? Three days before your marriage.'

"'The will was made on the very day that you sent for me and offered me two thousand a year to give her up.'

"There was a ring of exultation in his voice, but I answered very quietly, 'You would have been wise to accept it.'

"'Do you think so?' he laughed.

"'Because this will is invalid. Marriage annuls all testamentary dispositions previously made, and this piece of paper is absolutely worthless.'

"I shall never forget the look that came into his face, the green pallor that spread across his cheeks, discolouring his very lips; at first he could not understand, the blow was too unexpected.

"'What do you mean?' he cried. 'It's not true.'

"'You may take the will to any solicitor you choose.'

"'You old wretch!' he hissed.

"'If you're not civil I shall send for my clerks to kick you downstairs.'

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"He reached out his hand for the will and I handed it to him; he read it through once more.

"'Do you mean to say I get nothing?'

"'Not exactly. Your wife died intestate; her real property goes to Robert Daubernoon, the heir-at-law. You, as her husband, get the personalty.'

"'But she meant to leave me everything.'

"'I dare say. But the fact remains that she left you nothing at all.'

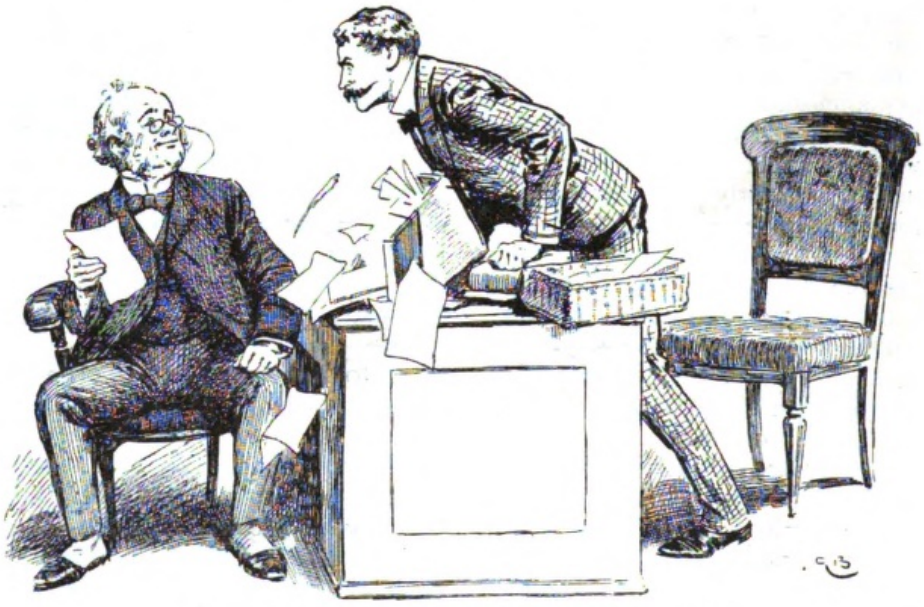
"'I get the money and the furniture of the Manor. I shall go there at once.'

"'Pardon me; I shall telegraph to the servants not to admit you. The house has no longer anything to do with you. And as for the furniture, I should remind you that there your wife had only a life interest; her father never expected her to marry, and, anxious that it should not be disturbed, left it to Robert Daubernoon.'

"As I spoke I thought how Ralph Mason must have looked at the old pictures and seen them going one by one under the hammer at Christie's; they would have fetched a goodly sum. I think this last shock broke him, for he asked me in quite another tone how much money there was.

"'You know that as well as I do,' was my reply. 'Mr. Daubernoon's legacies took a great deal. There can be very little left. You may feel sure that what there is shall be duly handed to you.'

"I stood up and opened the door for him to go out. He looked up defiantly.



"'WHAT DO YOU MEAN?' HE CRIED. 'IT'S NOT TRUE.'"

"'Well, I'll fight you,' he said.

"'You'll find no one fool enough to take up the case,' I answered, scornfully.

"He looked at me as though gladly he would have seized me by the throat; he glanced round the room for something on which to wreak his passion, but apparently nothing offered, and with a kind of stifled groan he went out. And he departed to think over the utter frustration of all his schemes, a bad man and a clever man, and that ass, the law, had beaten him.

"I settled up everything as quickly as I could. I found a good many bills owing, and these I paid; the journey to Italy had cost a great deal, and my own account was not a small one. There was even less money due to the estate than I expected, for Mrs. Mason had died immediately before quarter-day. This morning I was able to write to her husband, sending him a cheque for the amount, less legacy duty, to which he was entitled. I can imagine his feelings when he looked at it, for the exact sum was forty-three pounds seven shillings and threepence halfpenny."

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Early Birds.

By E. D. Cuming.

pictured by

J. A. Shepherd.

IT is curious to observe how early in life birds display the distinguishing traits of their kind; in the unfledged condition young nestlings are not particularly interesting, but when fairly dressed and leaving the nursery for good their manners and bearing strikingly foreshadow those of their parents.

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Take the young green woodpecker, for instance: the activity of the adult bird finds expression in the extraordinarily jerky movements of the child; he is never still for a moment; when asked to sit for his portrait his fidgety behaviour suggests that he has got an appointment and cannot waste time on such frivolity. His assumption of importance is rather discounted by the circumstance that he laughs a great deal

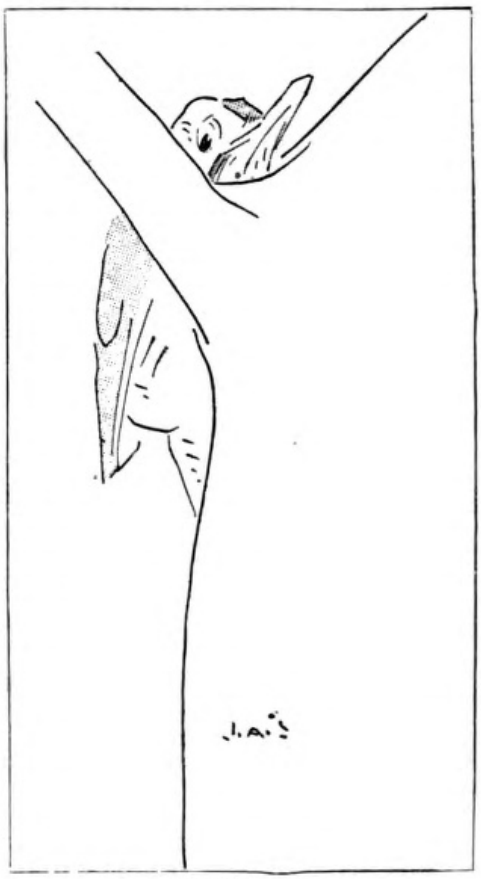


"THIS POSITION, PLEASE! QUICK!"

bark of trees, and of which, by reason of their minute size, the woodpecker requires a great number to satisfy the healthy appetite of a growing bird. At this stage of his career his mind is so full of the anxieties contingent upon picking up his own living that he is never still for a moment: and as he has not yet learned that one of the first articles of woodpecker creed is to avoid the eye of man, he may be studied without difficulty



"NOW IN PROFILE!"



"GOOD-BYE!"

for no obvious reason, and is always willing to indulge an excellent appetite if offered insects he likes.

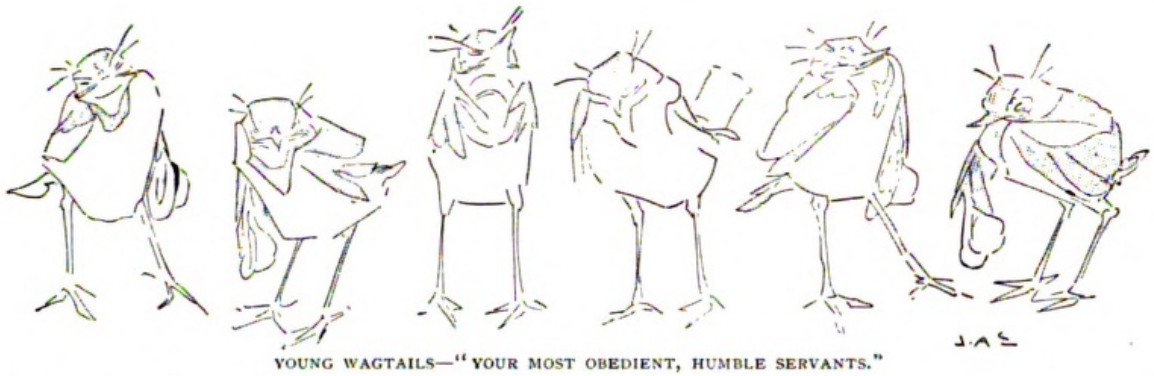
The restlessness of the young woodpecker may be due to the circumstance that his diet for the most part consists of very small insects, which conceal themselves in the



"I CAN'T WAIT."

while marketing; he and his brothers and sisters are generally to be found together on the tree-trunk in whose heart the nest was concealed for a few weeks after they leave it. They are able to scramble about their residential tree-trunk many days before they

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YOUNG WAGTAILS—"YOUR MOST OBEDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANTS."

can use their wings; which prompts the reflection that the arrangements of different woodpecker households must vary one from another. I recently saw no fewer than five green woodpeckers' nests, or, more accurately, the holes leading thereto, in the smooth plank walls of a Norwegian hotel—at Börte in the Telemark. How the old birds found foothold to dig those holes through boards three-quarters of an inch thick, in the first place, is a mystery; the young ones must have been able to fly before they left a nest in such a situation, none being within twenty feet of the ground.

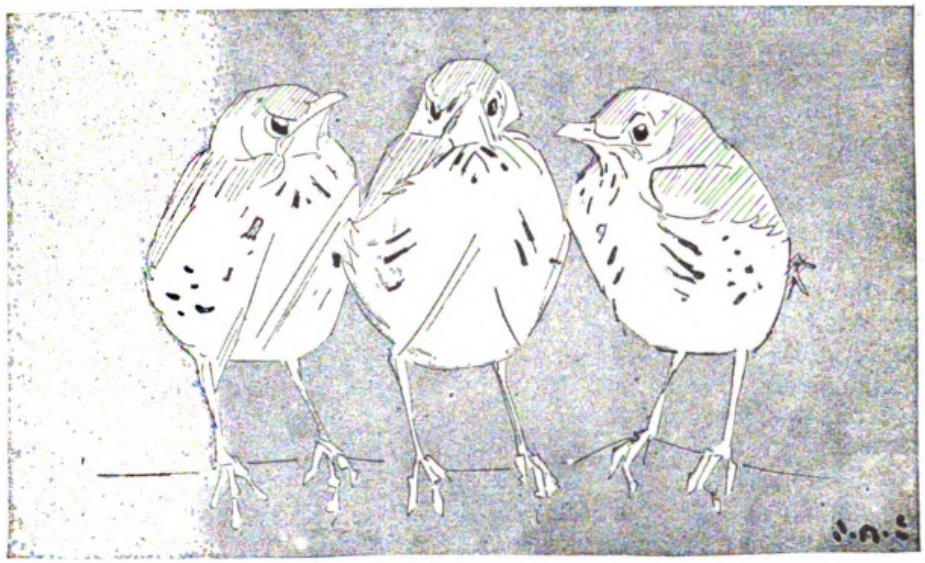
Few birds are more restless than the wagtail, whose constant attitudinizing keeps his long tail in perpetual motion. The youthful wagtail naturally copies his parent, but in his bowing and scraping is sadly handicapped by the brevity of his tail. it is impossible to produce with the merest stump what papa and mamma do with their beautiful tails; and the little wagtail, very upright and very self-conscious, bowing and scraping industriously, resembles nothing so much as a polite old gentleman in a short jacket.

The yellow which lurks at the corners of the young bird's bill lends the owner a very quaint expression in some species: to his



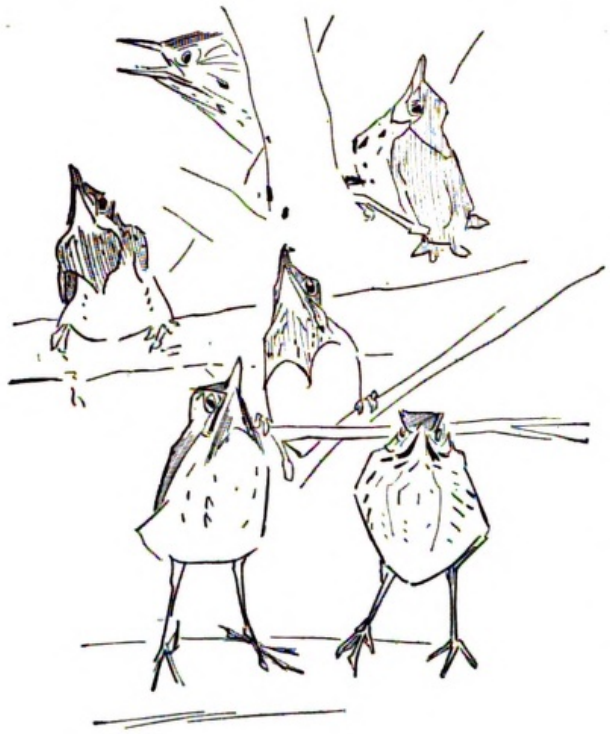
"THE DISDAINFUL BLUE-TIT."

callow bill alone and to no fault of character must we attribute the look of supreme disdain which mars the otherwise pleasing countenance of the youthful blue-tit. This expression disappears as the bird grows older: it is well it should do so, for it hardly becomes a blue-tit to adopt a contemptuous view of all creation. The genial and contented air of the young song-thrush offers a most favourable contrast to the expression of the tiny blue-tit. The young thrush, by the way, is particularly attractive among youthful birds by reason of the remarkable freshness of his colouring. There is about him a brilliancy which is all his own, and is unrivalled by the complexion of any other young bird. You do not remark the same thing in the youthful blackbird, whose plumage, until his first moult, bears a general resemblance to that of the thrush; nor is it noticeable



YOUNG THRUSHES.

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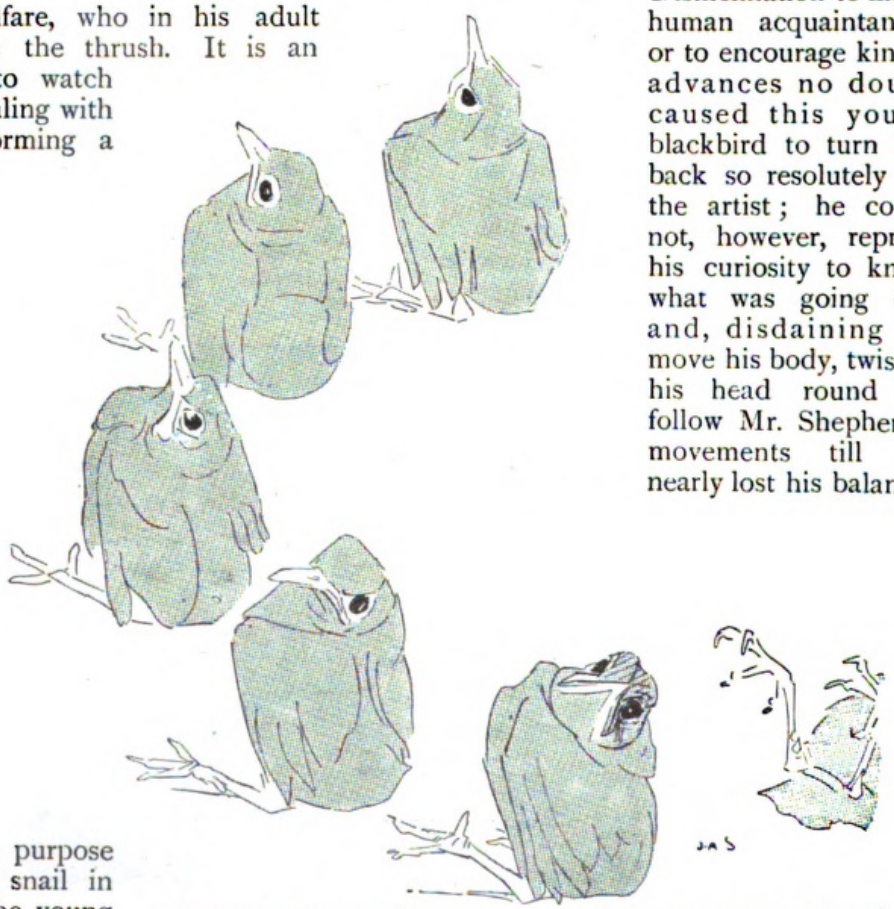


YOUNG MISSEL-THRUSHES MAKING THEMSELVES INVISIBLE.

in the young fieldfare, who in his adult dress is very like the thrush. It is an interesting thing to watch a young thrush dealing with a snail — snail forming a conspicuous item of the thrush dietary. His mother has, apparently, given him some sketchy instructions concerning the approved methods of breaking a snail's shell, but the youngster is sadly puzzled when he comes to put them into practice. The old bird picks up the snail in her beak, gives the shell one tap on a stone — often resorting to the same stone in the garden for the purpose —and there is the snail in all its juiciness. The young bird's difficulty is first to hold the snail firmly, and next to strike a fair blow with it: he blunders through his task after many failures, but it takes time.

Every wild creature learns in earliest infancy that in moments of danger safety lies in perfect stillness, a motionless body being far less likely to attract notice than one in movement. Very young birds, as we might expect, acquire an exaggerated idea of the invisibility conferred by stillness: a brood of young missel-thrushes offered a touching example of misplaced confidence in the device when Mr. Shepherd found them in his orchard and proceeded to draw their portraits. Their watchful mother, from a safe distance, screamed torrents of warning to be still, not to be afraid; the man could not really see them: *only* sit still, quite still, and they were safe. Like good little birds they scrupulously obeyed, and each struck the attitude which it thought best made for invisibility — this was not in every case a posture in which a vain missel-thrush would have had its portrait taken.

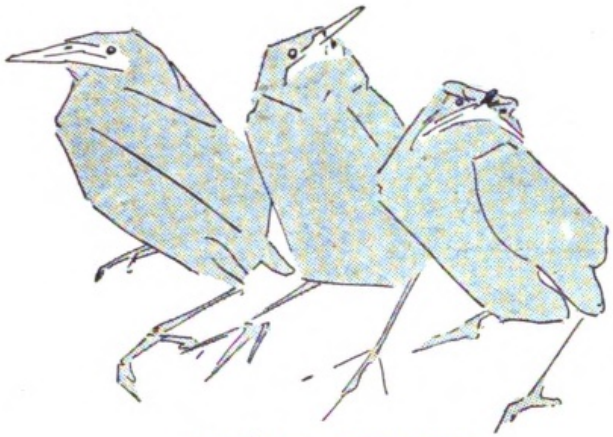
Of course, when a young bird is caught and lodged in a cage he abandons all idea of making himself invisible by keeping still. Disinclination to make human acquaintances or to encourage kindly advances no doubt caused this young blackbird to turn his back so resolutely on the artist; he could not, however, repress his curiosity to know what was going on, and, disdaining to move his body, twisted his head round to follow Mr. Shepherd's movements till he nearly lost his balance.



THE YOUNG BLACKBIRD—"I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE WHAT HE MAKES OF ME."

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When the young blackbird or thrush gets over his first alarm he speedily grows tame and confiding, but not so the starling. Timid from the first, starlings apparently make up their minds that dungeons and chains and slavery are their



STARLINGS—I.—APPREHENSION.

behalf. You might imagine yourself in a police-court listening to indignant parents whose child has been sentenced to imprisonment and refused the option of a fine.

The young swallow makes a delightful pet, if a rather troublesome one to cater for; an unlovely creature in the day of his unfledged nakedness, when ready to leave the nest he is a beautiful little bird whose shape and lines immediately suggest the idea of speed, as well they may, the swallow being perhaps the fastest bird of his size



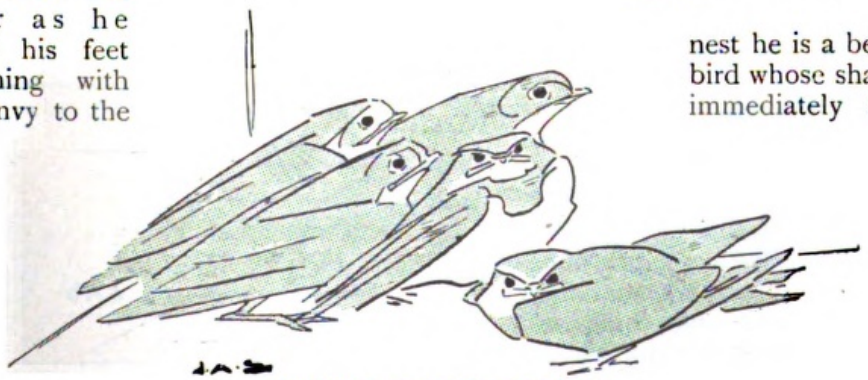
STARLINGS—II.—DESPAIR.

allotted portion, and sink into a state of acute resignation, from which nothing but a fat grub will arouse them. A young starling in this sad case is a veritable picture of despair: it is all imposture, for there is no bird more easily reared in captivity.

The young sparrow, temporarily imprisoned, does not lose heart, though he may lose his temper, which, under such circumstances, is perhaps excusable. "Perky" best describes his demeanour as he stands with his feet apart listening with respectful envy to the language employed by his father and mother, who have arrived to address you on his



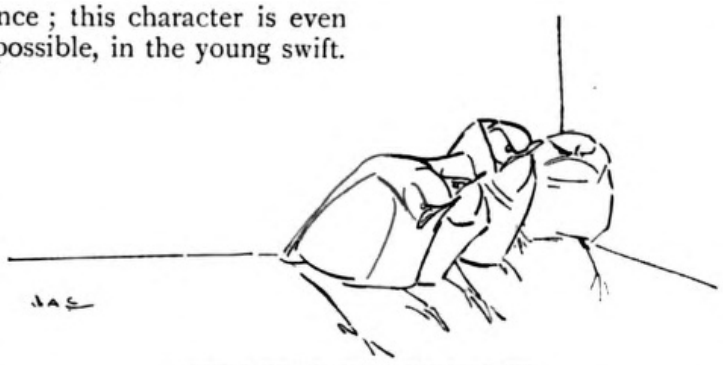
YOUNG SPARROW: "TEN MINUTES' IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT THE OPTION OF A FINE."



THE PROMISE OF SPEED, AND SPRING.

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over a short distance; this character is even more marked, if possible, in the young swift. Old swallows, by the way, are remarkably courageous in defence of their young, hurling themselves at invading man as though they would tear his eyes out; their



YOUNG WRENS—HARMLESS FEROCITY.

gnat, and might quicken the pulses even of a sturdy bluebottle. The bird really means nothing by it, however; his one idea is to go away, and if you give his alertness the least chance he is gone, without the formality of adieux.

There is no shyness, no false modesty, about the young robin; you would not expect it. His robust good opinion of himself dates almost from the egg, and if you do yourself the honour to invite him into the house he is quite willing to patronize you. Nothing is farther from his thoughts, apparently, than the idea that you might hurt him. Even when his mother comes to see what he is doing and begins to fuss over him he preserves his self-possession with the calm of conscious rectitude, and he stands for his portrait with the air of one used thereto by generations of Christmas-cards. The young robin still in down is a grotesque little person, bearing the oddest resemblance to a very old man; thus unexpectedly do extremes meet.

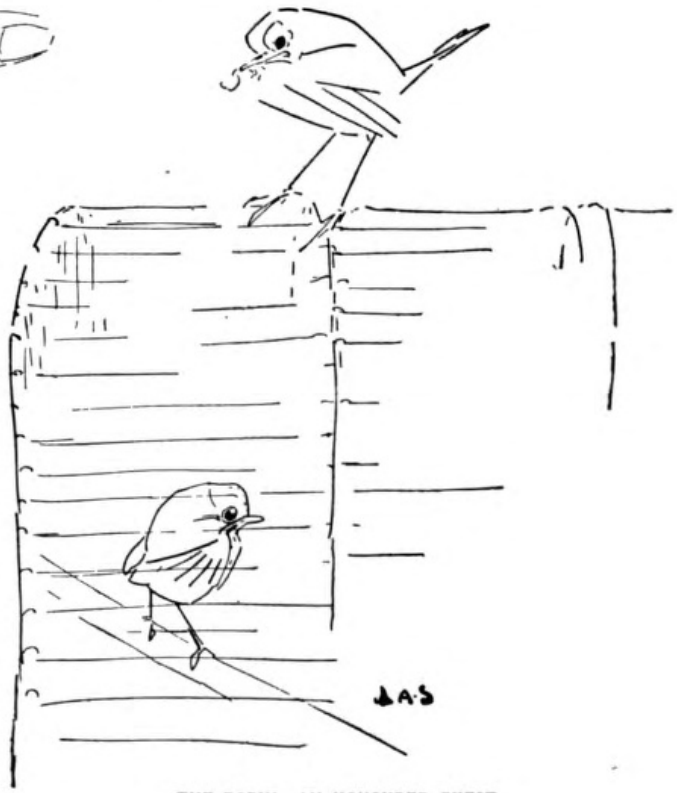
Those feathery tufts of down with which



THE ESCAPE OF THE WREN.

demonstrations are always made at your face.

The shy, retiring taste of the wren is the most conspicuous trait in her children; they want to scramble away and hide in the underwood, and if detained huddle together to glower at you with the most vicious expression. No young bird of my acquaintance can look such unutterable things as the infant wren; its glance must have a perfectly paralyzing effect upon a



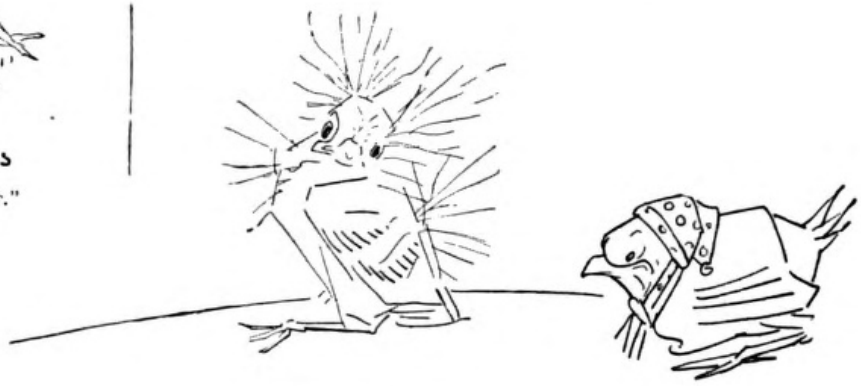
THE ROBIN—AN HONOURED GUEST.

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"EXTREMES MEET."

house outside to resemble the branch on which it is placed, and perhaps the long retention by her children of the downy sprays on their heads is part of the general scheme of



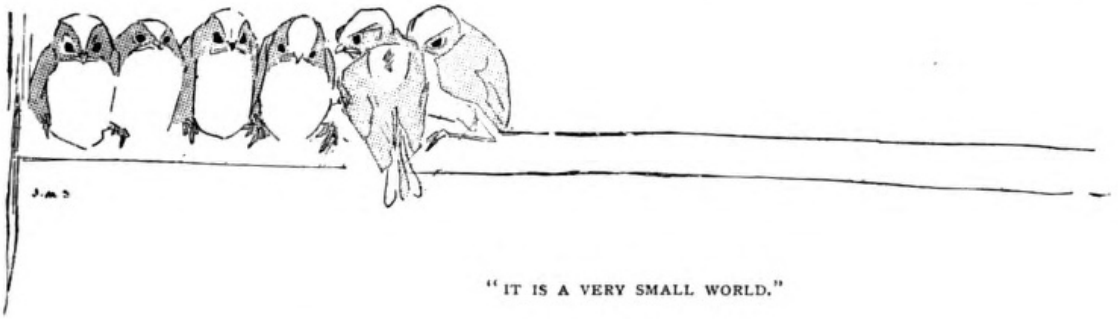
all nestlings are furnished—one cannot say "clothed"—before their plumage grows remains longer in some species than in others. Young chaffinches, it has been remarked by some good observers, retain these badges of infancy at an age when other birds have dispensed with them and have assumed the dress, if not of grown-ups, of school-children. The chaffinch, as we all know, displays the greatest art in doing up her



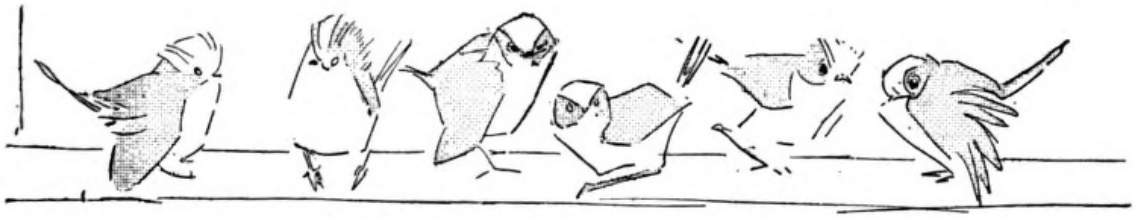
"STILL IN BIB AND PINAFORE!"

concealment while they remain in the nest. However this may be, the young bird who, like the chaffinch, goes out into the world with his baby clothes still on him must expect to be the subject of rude personal remarks by such birds as the sparrows.

Reared in very narrow quarters, the children of the long-tailed or bottle-tit, when they leave the nest, seem unable to realize that there is room for them in the larger world of the thorn-bush; for which reason pre-



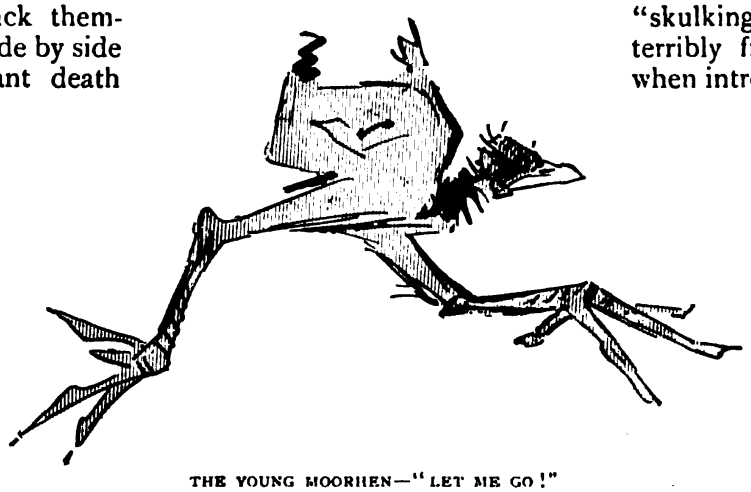
"IT IS A VERY SMALL WORLD."



"BUT THERE IS MORE ROOM IN IT THAN WE THOUGHT."

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sumably they pack themselves together side by side as though instant death were the penalty of occupying more space by a hair's breadth than the regulation limit. They get over the notion after a time; grasp the fact that the world is bigger than they thought; unpack themselves and spread out to stretch their little wings and strike attitudes; but so long as



THE YOUNG MOORHEN—"LET ME GO!"

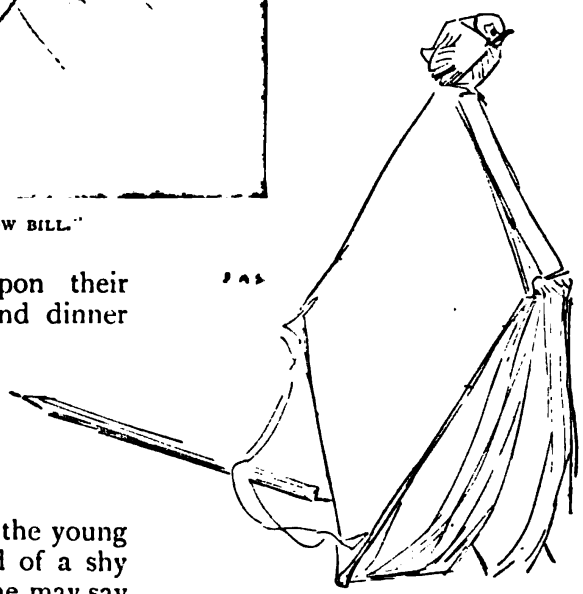


"HIS CALLOW BILL."

the brood depend upon their parents for breakfast and dinner they remain together: an arrangement which, in a large family, is obviously calculated to save much time and trouble in catering.

Like the young wren, the young moorhen, also the child of a shy and retiring—indeed, one may say "skulking"—parent, suffers terribly from nervousness when introduced to human society. Leggy and awkward for some weeks after he leaves the nest, you may sometimes catch him in the long reeds, where he prefers to spend most of his leisuretime. He cannot endure exposure to the full light of day unless in his mother's company on some secluded pond; the bare idea of sitting for his picture fills him with dismay: he rushes wildly to and fro seeking a hiding-place, squeaking, rat-like, the while. It is impossible to allay his groundless terrors, and humanity dictates his early dismissal from the studio with his head turned towards his native pond.

It is an eventful day for any young bird when he leaves the nest for the first time. There is reason to think that parents do not always encourage an enterprising spirit, and unquestionably the mother, if inexperienced, is wofully dismayed when she comes home one day and finds her hopeful family scrambling about the branches. She perches by the nest and begins by scolding; then she tries entreaty; then she swallows the food she has brought home and takes counsel with her husband, who has arrived. He, in a moment of absent-mindedness, swallows his contribution to the nursery dinner, and compares notes with his wife in anxious under-tones. Meantime the children, delighted with their own daring, are fluttering to and fro within sight of the nest.



Did you, by the way, ever remark the resemblance his callow bill gives a young bird to a Christy Minstrel?

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Gervais of Blois.

By Max Pemberton.

I.

IT was at the bend of the road from which Vouvray is to be seen that Gervais of Blois first turned his head and perceived that the five horsemen were following him. From time to time during that winter's afternoon he had been aware of figures upon the white highway, which he traversed at his leisure; but the hill-side above Vouvray first declared their intention, and much amused that amiable maître d'armes.

"Ho, ho!" said he; "five rogues upon decent horses and a feathered plume to lead them. This should spell supper and a bed at the worst. I will wait for my gentlemen and hear their story."

Gervais of Blois cared for no man; why should he? They would tell you even at Paris of the way he had carried himself with Lacordaire of Marseilles and the still more renowned Detourchet of Rheims. In his prime as a swordsman—active, supple, eagle of eye, and splendid of limb—he knew of none that wished him ill nor could he name any man for his honest enemy. It was nothing to him that five strangers followed him to Tours. The more the merrier, said he, and the faster the corks would fly. So he let his horse go as he would, at an amble over the treacherous ground. In the village at last he drew rein before the door of the Two Swans, and called to a lad to bring him a flagon of white wine. It was a cunning hand which lifted the pewter and raised it to the health of mine host, and there was still wine in the measure when the five horsemen came clattering into the courtyard, and the "feathered plume" who led them cried out that it was in the King's name, and bade the prisoner surrender. At which Gervais of Blois certainly laughed.

"I would like the Queen's name the better," said he, "though the other shall serve. Let me see you drink a glass, my merry gentlemen, and that will clear your skulls. Come, the man who refuses Gervais of Blois——"

"Gervais of Blois! You have found a new name since yesterday, then, Monsieur de St. Arles?"

The leader of the five, who had dismounted and drawn his sword, seized the bridle-rein of the prisoner's horse as he uttered the words. For one instant Gervais of Blois seemed to hesitate. Then he said, with a laugh that rang in the air above:—

"So I am Monsieur de St. Arles? As good a name to bear as any other, friend. I'll ask in turn—what does the gentleman in



"THE LEADER OF THE FIVE SEIZED THE BRIDLE-REIN OF THE PRISONER'S HORSE."

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feathers want of Monsieur de St. Arles? A fair question, and a fair answer, if you please."

An onlooker might have detected a note of more than curiosity in the master's question. He had caught the landlord's eye while he spoke, and the two seemed to understand each other perfectly. The leader of the five, delighted chiefly at the ease of his task, did not detect these signals, and answered a little jocularly:—

"The gentleman in feathers will answer you in your own house, Count; but he will first trouble you for that excellent blade."

Now, the sword which Gervais carried had come to him from Andrea of Venice, and in an ordinary way he would have sooner parted with his money and his goods, his father and his mother, his wife and his child, than have permitted any stranger to put a hand upon it. Old Georges, the landlord of the Two Swans, used to say afterwards that Gervais' face at the moment when they took his sword from him was just like that of Lucifer in the frescoes upon the wall of the parish church; but the fellow uttered never a word, and when he had gulped down something under his breath he tittered like a school-girl who is amused.

"If the honourable gentleman would like my coat and my boots——"

The Captain answered, with some affability:—

"We would not rob you of so excellent a disguise, monsieur. Pray let the château enjoy it—and do not forget how anxious Madame will be for your return. It must be fully a week since she had the pleasure of your company. Surely you do not wish to delay, Count?"

Gervais exchanged another knowing glance with his fat host, and then the little cavalcade set out. The light was failing now, but the shimmer of the setting sun fell like a brocade of roseate jewels upon the white fields of the snow, and all the woods were dappled by the enduring frost. No man of the little party seemed in the mood to talk. The cooing of the pigeons coming in to roost, the booming of the greater birds in the sedge, were the only sounds. The country was undulating, but everywhere wooded and whitened, and the hand of winter, cold and severe, held the travellers in its icy grip. So a shrunken, stooping party arrived at last in sight of the old château of St. Arles—and then the leader spoke again.

"Count," he said, "believe me that I am only the servant in this night's work. Yonder at the château you will find Captain Moreau. He will be more eloquent. Yet if I could be your friend, that I would be for a woman's sake."

Gervais of Blois bent over the saddle and shook the man's rough hand.

"You shall be, comrade," said he. "Lead on to your captain, for I was never more curious."

II.

THE château of St. Arles lies upon a height between the woods some ten miles from the town of Tours. The old fighting Count built it in the reign of the fourteenth Louis of France; and it was yet a new building when Gervais of Blois was led up to its gates upon that winter's evening. Moated and bridged, lifting up quaint towers and gables to a cloudless sky, the chief glory of it was its drawbridge and the bell-tower capping the whole. These things they pointed out to strangers from Blois and Tours; but no man said a word about them to Gervais when the portcullis was lifted and he entered the great quadrangle. True, the servants were gathered there in grievous expectancy; and some of them were unable to stifle little cries of astonishment when they espied the rough jerkin and the velvet cap of the fencing master. But these cries the troopers ignored, and, bidding the prisoner dismount at the great gateway, they conducted him through the splendid hall to a cabinet by the chapel, and there brought him face to face with the renowned Captain Moreau of Paris.

Now, the Captain had been sent to St. Arles by Louis XV., commonly called the "Well-Beloved," and his mission was to arrest and to hang from his own battlements Bernard de St. Arles, the master of the château. A supposed insult to Madame, the King's friend, was the pretext for this drastic measure; and Moreau, a gentleman of poor fortune, a bully, and the tool of many infamies, had been dispatched upon a mission which could not fail to be congenial to him. This man knew nothing of the Count of St. Arles. Believing that he would take his prisoner unawares and unwarned, when he discovered that the Count had fled twelve hours before his arrival he was in no way disconcerted.

"The fellow has taken to the woods," he said; "we shall have him before sundown. Look well to his disguise. Let a jerkin please you before a laced vest."

His precise instructions were remembered by the five of his crew who rode toward Blois. When they espied Master Gervais, the maître d'armes, they said, "Here are a

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jerkin and a velvet cap." A hint thrown out by a priest at the roadside confirmed their suspicions. They believed that they had found the Count de St. Arles, and they carried their prisoner to the château, where he found himself face to face with Captain Moreau in the cabinet by the chapel.

The room was small, but it had the chastened elegance of the period. Walls and ceiling alike were panelled and painted; the tapestry chairs had come from Paris; the tables were perfect in symmetry and design. At any other time Gervais of Blois would have opened his eyes wide in admiration of this elegance; but now his gaze was entirely for the beautiful woman who stood behind the Captain's chair and watched the door through which the prisoner must come, as a girl may watch her lover's retreat. Jeanne de St. Arles was then in her twenty-fourth year. There was not a man within four-and-twenty miles of the château who would not have given his fortune to serve her or the Count, her husband. And this woman, so justly beloved, had suffered for twelve hours an agony of suspense which no words could paint. He who was all to her, lover and friend, and the master of her dreams, was flying for his life towards Angoulême and the South. She believed that he had escaped his enemies, when the news came that they had taken him upon the road to Blois. And so she stood behind Captain Moreau's chair, swaying as she stood, scarcely daring to look up when the door opened. When she saw that it was not her lover but another who had been taken, a cry escaped her lips and her cheeks flushed scarlet. Had Captain Moreau of Paris been less dense he would have read her story in that admission. He, however, was all eyes for the prisoner; he gloated upon him, sitting back in the high chair and playing with his great moustache. It would be something, he said, to hang the Count of St. Arles from his own battlements.

"Madame," he cried, turning to Jeanne at length, "the disguise is excellent. Your husband should certainly have been a maître d'armes."

But Madame made no answer. Her hands were clenched in the excitement of the drama; and from her child's blue eyes there passed to Gervais of Blois a look which could make him say, "For this woman I will give my life."

Not, be it remarked, that a man of his wit had any intention of unnecessarily terminating an existence which was pleasant to him. Understanding the scene, Gervais made up his mind that he would play it with all the brains that had been given him. His bow to Captain Moreau was a masterpiece of pretence.



"SHE SAW THAT IT WAS NOT HER LOVER BUT ANOTHER WHO HAD BEEN TAKEN."

"Captain," he said, "whom should I resemble if he be not a maître d'armes? There have been some, it is true, who have complimented me upon my likeness to his lordship, the Count of St. Arles. I regret, monsieur, to rob you of the distinction of that discovery. By all means claim the honour of it."

It was all said with an easy air of one very much at his ease, and the Captain fell in with it and liked the humour. Still leaning back in his chair he laughed lightly.

"At the Théâtre Français, Count," he said, "you would find suitable employment. I shall tell them upon my return what a loss they have suffered. You are in your own house, and the guest is too polite not to laugh with you, monsieur."

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Gervais shrugged his shoulders and his voice changed oddly, from the nonchalant to the serious, in a single phrase.

"And if I am the Count of St. Arles," he asked, "what is your business with me, Felix Moreau?"

"My business," said the Captain, without lifting a finger, "is to hang you, Bernard de St. Arles, from your own battlements at dawn to-morrow."

Jeanne de St. Arles was breathing heavily now; the moment was critical. This friend of hers, snatched from the roadside, this unknown, whose glance had said, "Count upon me to the end!" how would he suffer such a sentence? And if the drama were carried to its end, would she dare to let him die? To her husband, fleeing southward for his life, the moments were all-precious. Yet how if another must die for him—a man who gave his life without a word, one in the prime of his years, a man in heart and mind and chivalry? Gervais of Blois himself answered her when he spoke to the Captain.

"Felix Moreau," he said, "I know you too well to believe that this is a jest. So let it be, then. If I am still the master of this house, let my title remain to me a little while. I would speak with my wife, monsieur—your gallantry will not deny me that!"

The Captain looked up swiftly at Jeanne de St. Arles; and, seeing that she wrestled with some great emotion, he doubted no longer that the man before him was her husband.

"I permit nothing," he said, rising suddenly and turning to the guard. "His Majesty so commands it. Bernard de St. Arles, you know why you stand before me thus. Ask yourself if the insult were worth the price of it. The King's friends, monsieur, should be the friends of every honest man; the King's name should shield those he honours. I leave you to the King's judgment. Hope for nothing, for none can save you here. You die at dawn! This is no jest, Bernard de St. Arles."

Gervais of Blois turned to the door with a deep sigh.

"Felix Moreau," he said, "the day dawns late in winter time."

III.

THE guard conducted the prisoner to an ante chamber giving off the chapel, which the great fighting Count had built for his sins. Here they set meat and wine before him, and were not a little astonished at his appetite. Gervais of Blois had recovered his spirits directly the door of the little cabinet closed behind him; and he greatly astonished the trooper at his side by his joviality and cheerful countenance. When they brought him a flagon from the splendid cellars he drained the half of it at a gulp, at which the guard wondered.

"This fellow," they said, "would be a merry companion in a tavern. Is it possible, after all, that we have made a mistake?"

"If I am indeed the Count de St. Arles," said the merry Gervais, "then, by Bacchus, I will sup my own wine. Come, fill the cup, gentlemen! Here's the wine of Armagnac—there is none like it in the King's cellars! I'll give you a toast—Jeanne de St. Arles and the brightest eyes in Touraine! You'll need a second flagon for that. What, you hang back from him who looks like a maitre d'armes! Then out on you—I'll finish the flagon myself!"

The troopers exchanged glances, as who should say, "This is no Count of St. Arles." One of them, the "feathered plume" of the road from Blois, sat at the table, and taking advantage of an interval he said:—

"You are acting a part, friend—is it not so?"

"If I be," said Gervais, boldly, "has not your friend, the Captain, recommended me to the theatre? By the holy relics, friends, he and I will dance a jig together before the dawn he speaks of! Let me see your



"YOU ARE ACTING A PART, FRIEND—IS IT NOT SO?"

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countenance a little lighter, comrade; Gervais of Blois wants no man's tears!"

The honest trooper began to look dismal enough.

"If Moreau finds out that I have deceived him, I shall certainly hang," he said. "Well, he is a vain fellow and over quick at his conclusions. You certainly are not the Count of St. Arles; but who you are," he added, fiercely, "I'll not try to say!"

"A wise man holds his tongue when the wine is passed," rejoined Gervais. "Here's to the old fable of the wolf and his coat! If you have any score against Felix Moreau, say that it is paid, friend. Gervais of Blois, he will answer for that! And he will trouble you for another slice of an excellent capon. Come, you won't deny the master of the house?"

The two men laughed together; but some of the troopers returning, they fell to discretion and talked with a wonderful fine air of earnest argument. Gervais of Blois, having supped to his content, was now in no mood to deny his peril. Leaning back in his chair with loosened jerkin, and hunger satisfied, he began to tell himself that the joke was fine enough and Madame sufficiently served by it, but that he, Gervais, would well be out upon his way to Tours. Taught by his calling to consider no situation desperate, he really would admit that this situation almost deserved the term. Here were a houseful of troopers, a vain bully jumping at any story, a fugitive lord, and an honest maître d'armes in his place. Gervais did not deny that he might hang at dawn after all. He would have much preferred a good breakfast.

They left him to himself after supper, shutting the outer door of the chamber, but neglecting that by which you might enter the chapel. Gervais could hear a couple of sentries pacing the long corridor without. A little lamp burned before the altar in the alcove; there was a rude fire of logs upon the hearth —a cheerful fire which seemed to say, "Here is a friend to-night." Gervais drew his chair close to the chimney, and for a long time he warmed his benumbed fingers and gazed into the ember pictures on the reddening stones. The burden of his thoughts was distinctly not a pleasant one to carry. He laughed when he recollected how many good leagues Bernard de St. Arles must have made since the troopers rode into the courtyard of the Two Swans. And Madame upstairs, that exquisite woman with the wonderful eyes— what were her feelings to-night? She must know now that her husband was safe. Did she understand that a humble fellow, who had held his tongue, was to die in the Count's place? It might be that, Gervais said. This bully, Moreau, would certainly hang someone. Even if he discovered the cheat he would punish it. Gervais stirred the logs and said, "Here's a pretty mess, my boy!"

The hours were long and the night fell still and bitterly cold. Gervais heard the sentries pacing the corridor with eloquent steps, sometimes speaking of lassitude, sometimes of whispering vigilance and ears intent. A heavy sleeper, he could not for the life of him have shut his eyes while the doubt remained. The jest had been merry enough; but life was sweet, very sweet, to Gervais of Blois.

There behind him, in the old town he had quitted at daybreak, was the house in which so many of his battles had been fought. He bethought him of dark eyes which would fill with tears to-morrow if someone should say, "Gervais is dead." And the merry bouts at the taverns, the song and masquerade and comedy of love—must these be buried beneath the snow of the fosse? Gervais shuddered at that! He imagined as he dozed that someone had touched his eyes and that he was looking from the battlements far down to the white bed in which they would lay him. And then the shovels turned the earth and something which the earth must hide! Gervais started up, frigid almost with horror. He had understood that he might die, and for minutes together he steadied himself by the ingle and feared to move a step. From this reverie the sound of a door closing softly awoke him. He peered into the chapel, and the little lamp there showed him a kneeling figure. He knew it to be that of Jeanne of St. Arles.

Gervais was in the chapel in a moment. The woman did not turn her head; he saw that she was praying. He knelt beside her, and for the first time for many a year he prayed, not for himself, but for her safety.

Gervais did not know how Jeanne de St. Arles had come to the chapel, nor did she tell him. When she spoke it was to lay a little hand upon his own, and to say:—

"I cannot thank you, sir; I can only say forgive me—pity me!"

Gervais stooped and kissed the hand upon his own.

"Madame," he said, "I would both pity and forgive if there were any obligation. There is none. You know me too well. I am Gervais of Blois."

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She bent her head and permitted him still to hold her hand.

"Yes," she said, "I know you; and because I know you I have entrusted my husband's life to your keeping. He rides for Angoulême, monsieur. I believe, in God's mercy, that he will have found shelter ere now. It is of you that I must think."

"Think of nothing so unworthy, dear Madame. Had I but my sword——"

She touched his arm and raised her finger in a warning gesture. Gervais saw that her eyes were fixed upon the step of the altar before her. When he looked there he perceived his own sword shining in the glimmer of the little red lamp above them.

"Hush!" she said, looking behind her a little fearfully. "There is one in Felix Moreau's company who is our friend. The Captain is sleeping in the chamber above this, monsieur. I could bring my horse beneath his window if the guard were called away."



"I BELIEVE, IN GOD'S MERCY, THAT HE WILL HAVE FOUND SHELTER ERE NOW."

A slight sound in the corridor without brought them both to instant silence. Gervais, on his part, had never known his heart so leap within him. His own sword — the blade which Andrea Ferrara had hammered —he had his hand upon the hilt of it now; and Felix Moreau was sleeping in the room above! If he had been devoted to Jeanne de St. Arles last night, he worshipped her at this moment.

"Madame," he rejoined, "bring your horse to the window; I will be ready!"

He ushered her to the door with the words; and as the panel opened to her knock Gervais espied there the "feathered plume" who had wished to be his friend. He understood then how the Countess had come to the chapel. As she had come, so would he pass out. In the corridor Jeanne de St. Arles disappeared instantly, and the two men were left together.

"Comrade," said Gervais, "I have a good memory for my friends. Come to Blois in a month's time and let me see what I can do for you. Meanwhile"—and here he whispered it—"could you but ring an alarm from the bell-tower I promise you that one in this house shall not be awakened thereby."

The trooper nodded his head sagely and the two men exchanged a hearty grip.

"She is a wonder of a woman, Master Gervais."

"You have said it, comrade."

"And you, Master Gervais, where do you go?"

"To pay my respects to Felix Moreau."

"There is a sentry at his door."

"I shall be glad to meet him."

"But you cannot pass out again, friend."

"As to that," said Gervais, slowly, "well, tell Madame that I shall find a way. Play your part at the bell-tower as I will play mine upstairs" — his voice fell to a whisper again — "for the wonder of a woman!"

And truly Master Gervais meant to play it. Standing there alone at the foot of the little staircase, he had never felt more confident or more zealous for the fray in all his adventurous life. Neither the darkness all about him nor the sounds of distant footsteps, the knowledge that the house was full of armed men, or that any false step would hang him from the battlements could make his heart less light or rob him of his confidence. He cared nothing now for the number of his foes; but lightly, as a man going to a rendezvous, he climbed the narrow staircase by the chapel and peered into the shadows to discover a sentry there. The search rewarded him. A trooper stood nodding drowsily with his back to the door of Moreau's room. Gervais had him by the throat and the steel was pricking the fellow's flesh when he said:—

"Cry the alarm or never open your lips again!"

It was well thought upon, for by no other means could Gervais have called Moreau from his sleep. The startled trooper, believing that his own end had come, roared like a bull, "Captain! Captain!" and as the great door opened and Felix Moreau answered, "Here!" Gervais hurled the frightened soldier

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headlong down the stairs. A blow from his fist, striking the Captain full in the chest, sent him reeling into his room again. Gervais was after him with a hare's leap; he had the door bolted and barred ere a man could have called out twice.

"Well met, old Moreau!" cried he; and then in raillery—"Come, are you not pleased to see me?"

Moreau, clad only in his shirt and breeches, sat on the bed and stared ruefully at the rushlight burning dimly upon the hearth.

"Who, in Heaven's name, are you?" he asked at length; for he knew now that this was not the Count of St. Arles.

"By your Excellency's own admission, one who should have been a maître d'armes!"

"I perceive it," was the answer; and then, with a sigh, "We have little room here, Maître Gervais——"

"It is all in the touch and the fingers, Captain—let me put it to the proof."

Moreau did not stir. Gervais was listening for other sounds in the house. He could not kill this man in cold blood; he knew that he must stoop to the ruse. Intent upon it and with the air of one a little preoccupied, he took up the rushlight and began to light the tapers on the mantelshelf. Moreau fell into the trap like a greedy wolf—he had snatched up his sword and sprung upon the maître d'armes ere the second of the tapers was kindled. But he had reckoned without Gervais of Blois. No hunter's eye was keener, no scout's glance more ubiquitous than that of the first swordsman in the West of France that day; and with one lissom spring, and a little cry of triumph he could not suppress, the rushlight was flung aside and Gervais stood on guard. The very impetuosity of the attack made for his advantage. Rushing blindly, devoid of skill, Moreau's sword cleaved the wood of the ingle and cut a splinter from it. When he recovered himself and felt steel upon his own, he knew that it was the moment of his death.

"I will open the gate to you and find you a horse," he faltered, searching maladroitly with his blade for the terrible sword. Gervais of Blois surely would bite at this? Nothing of the kind.

"Captain," said he, "but for your honest face I would surely be tempted. A horse and an open gate!—most generous of men! Add to it a woman I could name and I will barter with you. Ha! you like that less? Coward and boaster! I stand for Jeanne de St. Arles, and so sure as there is a Heaven above us I will kill you!"

The bully swore a loud oath at the threat; but his limbs trembled beneath him and the sweat trickled upon his face.

"My men shall flay you alive!" he roared; and upon this his voice rang out wofully, and with a brute's despair he cried:—

"Guard! Guard!"

"They shall step across your body," laughed Gervais.

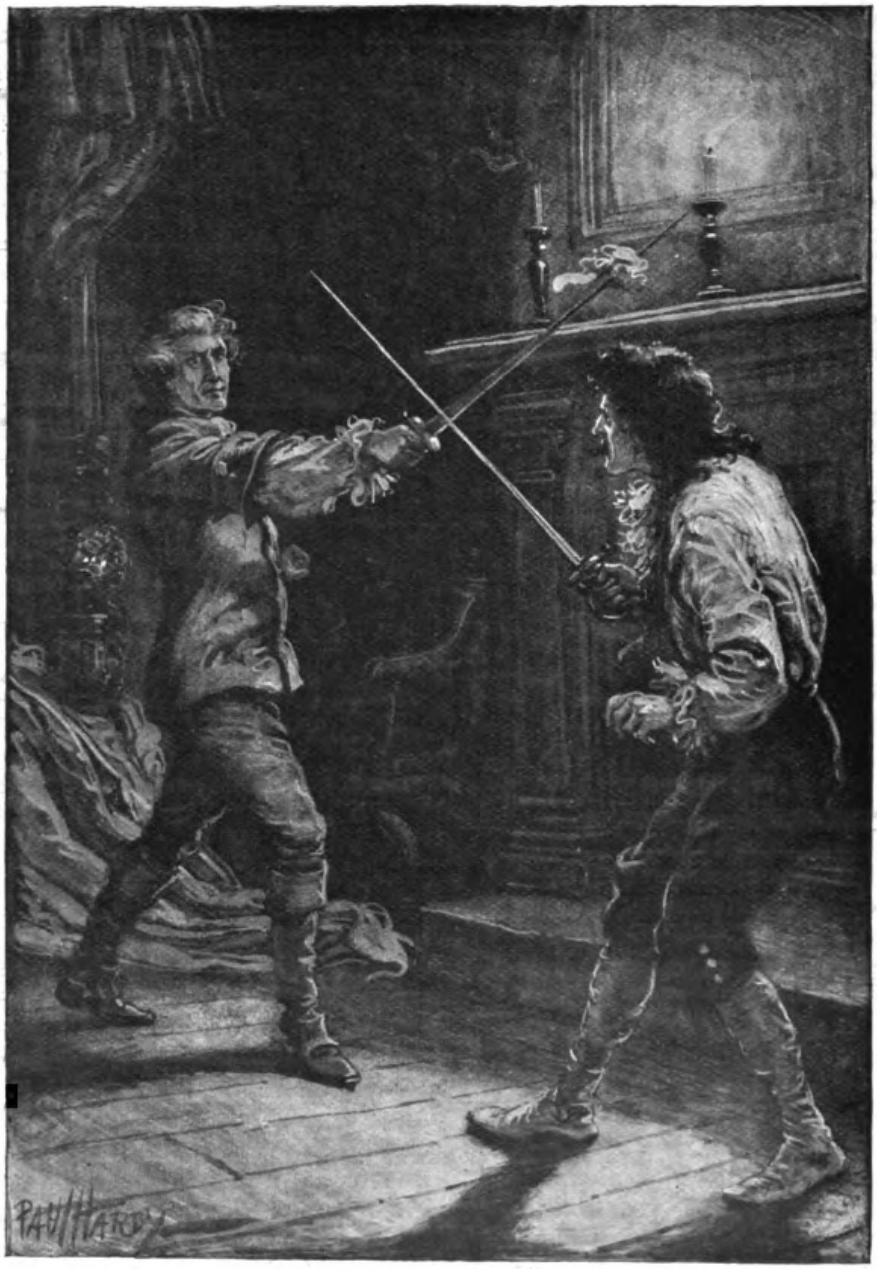
"I care not if justice be done."

"Oh, I will give you grace, my lord Count! Let me first cut those ruffles from you; they're over full for one of your profession! This, my lord, is a feint in octave, and now we cut over so. I have your ruffle upon my point—observe!"

It has been truly said that, as a great swordsman had done with the Duc de Nevers upon a famous occasion, so in the château of St. Arles did Gervais of Blois do with Felix Moreau. One by one he cut the ruffles from his shirt, touched him with his point upon the arms and breast, played a comedy, dreadful in its detail, and was at the full zest of it when a bell boomed from a distant tower and the voices of men were heard in the courtyard of the château. And at this, with the name of Jeanne de St. Arles upon his lips, Gervais ran the man through the heart.

He wiped his dripping sword upon the bed-clothes and spurned the body with his foot. There were voices at this time upon the staircase, men crying, "Captain, do you not hear the alarm?" But Gervais knew that they could not force the door, and safe from their attack he opened the casement and looked down to the fosse below. Then he perceived that men were riding from the castle gates, troopers sent out to see whether this ghostly alarm bell were answered; but, with a sudden realization of a great truth, Gervais remembered that the fosse was frozen and that he could pass it safely. And more than this, the bell had served him thrice, sending men from the gates of the château, calling others to the locked door, and leaving none beneath this western window. Gervais began to wonder how he would quit the room. He had told his comrade that he would find a way. Was it to be a vain boast? Must he be caged there while the guard beat in the door and dragged him to the battlements? He did not know. Figures upon the white carpet of the glistening snow—that of a man leading two horses, and of a woman who rode one of

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"I HAVE YOUR RUFFLE UPON MY POINT—OBSERVE!"

them—awakened all his wit and quickened his faculties. The blows on the door behind him were now redoubled; he knew that the panels would be beaten in ere a man could count fifty; and there was a deep drop from his casement to the snow below. The measure of this gave him the second of his good inspirations. True, the height was great, but there was snow below, after all; and a man might tumble into it and come to no great harm, said Gervais.

The woodwork flew in splinters behind him; the floor was littered with the broken panels; he could see the great door yielding beneath the assault and hear the men crying, "We have him!" In this moment of final suspense, with death behind him and the doubt of death before him, a woman's voice called to him from the rampart, "Master Gervais—I am ready!" and at this he drew himself up and stood poised upon the little balcony above the fosse. His life had asked for many an instant of good courage, but Gervais of Blois had known nothing in it like this. What, he asked himself, if the snow were frozen? True, it had drifted deep at the corner of the château; but then the leap must be a hazard. He depicted himself turning over and over in the air, striking a buttress, falling anywhere but in the yielding snow; and he has said that he would never have jumped while the door behind

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stood. But it gave at last, and as the men came pell-mell into the room he had quitted, Gervais sprang out into the air and, holding his sword above his head, he leaped for life and "the wonder of a woman."

It seemed an age to him before he struck the ground. The sensation was not unpleasant, resembling in something an ecstasy of sleep in which he sank down dreamily as upon a bed of air, and then, for the change of it, was plunged headlong into a lake of ice. Gervais lay for a little while gasping for his breath. Then he crawled out and shook himself like a dog.

"That is the way, Madame," he said, laughingly, to Jeanne; "but I would well have found another. And to the man he cried, "Lend me your arm, comrade; the white wine is over strong. I will tell you by-and-by whether this be Gervais of Blois or another. Heaven's name! there appears to be two of me, and one is up yonder at the windows still."

He staggered away with them while the comrade of the night beat the snow off him with lusty hands; and Jeanne de St. Arles asked for the second time if he were hurt. The music of her voice was like wine to him. At the window above men were crying for muskets. Gervais, dizzy still, climbed upon the horse and shook his comrade's hand.

"At Blois in a month's time," he said, "I will repay."

But to those at the window he doffed his hat and cried:—

"Gentlemen, the actor from the King's theatre salutes you. When next you need a cup at the Two Swans, name Gervais of Blois and the charge shall be lighter. I give you a long good-night, friends. The Count of St. Arles, at your service."

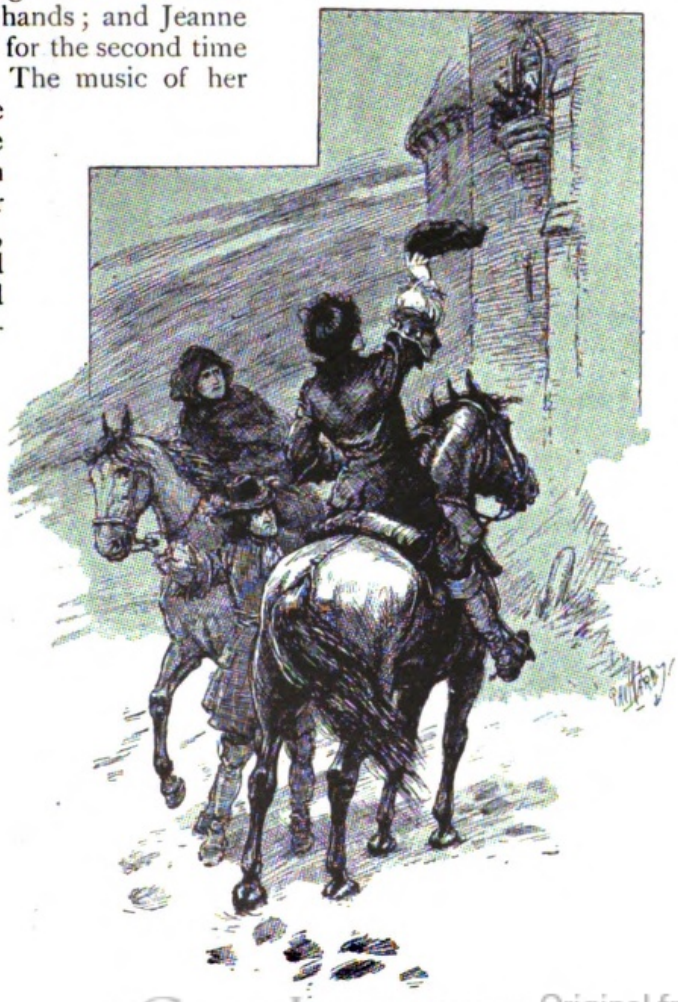
They answered him with musket shots skimming the snow impotently. The good horses sniffed the night air, and leaping forward at the gallop they made southward for Angoulême and the haven.

At twelve o'clock next day Gervais of Blois took leave of Jeanne de St. Arles upon the borders of a wood near Chauvigny. Distant from them it might be a mile, there rose up the quaint gables of a little château in which Jeanne believed she would find her husband.

"What thanks can I offer you?" she asked him in this moment of farewell; "how can I repay your devotion and your love?"

"Madame," he answered her, "the thanks are mine that I should have been your servant."

"I will remember to my life's end!" she rejoined. And so without any shame she kissed his hand, and he rode away across the snow, looking back often to doff his hat to her. He was Gervais of Blois; his hand had touched her lips; and he knew that henceforth his name would be remembered by one in whose memory he desired it to live.



"TO THOSE AT THE WINDOW HE DOFFED HIS HAT."

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The Greatest Athletic Festival in the World.

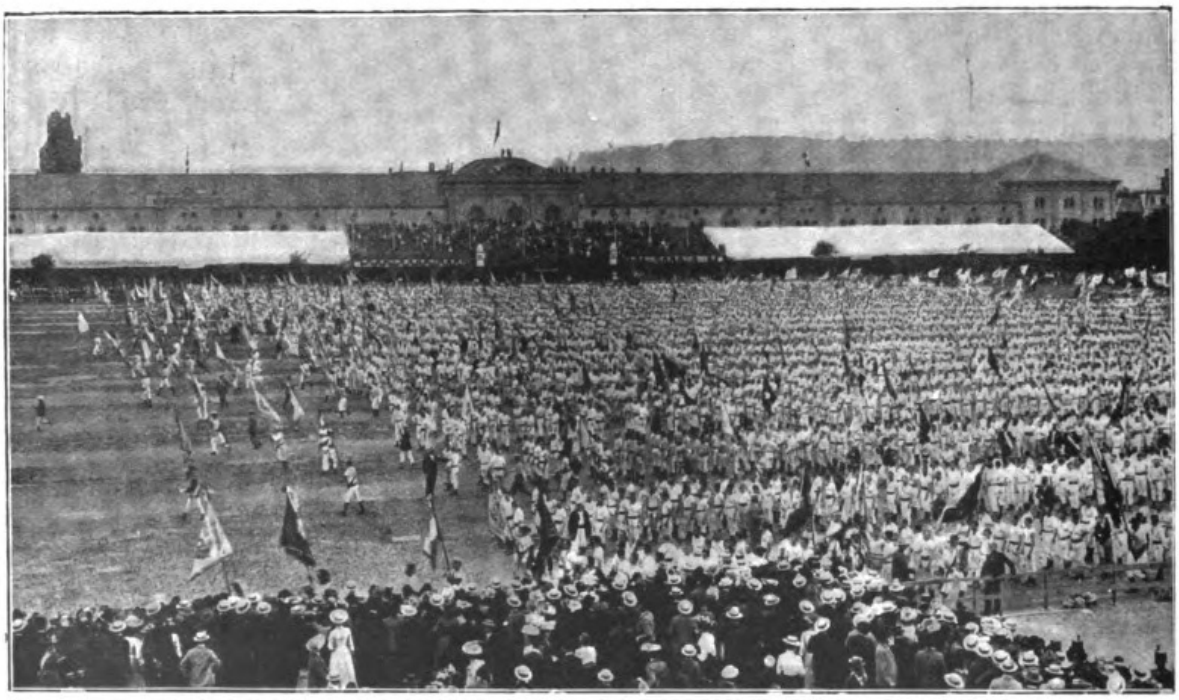
By Franklin Hayes.

(Illustrations from Photographs by Ph. & E. Link, Zürich.)

IN these days of physical culture, when the pages of our magazines are filled with hints on health and advertisements of athletic improvers, it is an inspiring sight to come upon one man or woman with well-developed frame and muscles. More inspiring, however, is the sight of seven thousand well-trained and fully-developed athletes, from tender to maturer years, drilling together, not wholly for love of athletics, but also because they love their Fatherland. Such a sight should be, and is, one of the most impressive to be found in the whole range of national spectacles.

It was in the last week of July of this year that such a spectacle was seen in Zürich. For four or five days this beautiful Swiss city was crowded with athletes from all parts of the Swiss Confederation, come there to witness and to take part in the triennial festival of the United Federal Gymnastic Association of Switzerland. It was impossible at the time accurately to compute the number of visitors and competitors, but it is roughly estimated that out of the forty-five thousand members of the Swiss "turnvereins," or gymnastic societies, twelve thousand active and passive gymnasts had poured into the narrow streets near the Limmat from every canton near and far. Seven thousand of the active gymnasts competed, during these four days, for the laurel and oak wreaths given by the association for skill in various events, and on the fifth day, when the festival had ended, the city emptied as rapidly as it had filled. It was, without any exaggeration, the most remarkable athletic gathering that ever took place in Switzerland.

Athletics are part and parcel of the Swiss national life. Just as the Englishman loves his cricket, the American his base-ball, and the Spaniard his Sunday bull-fight, so does the Switzer love gymnastics. His history has been that of athletic progress. For a century and more—in fact, from the days of Tell—his environment of mountain and valley has made him an athlete by nature. Outdoor life and the struggle for existence in the fastnesses of Nature have compelled him to be strong and supple. The educational system, also, for which Switzerland is famous, by virtue of its compulsory gymnastics in schools, has developed the Swiss youth for years. Apart from the shooting and singing festivals, gymnastic feats of every description, from wrestling and the more arduous forms of athletics down to ordinary pedestrianism, are the pleasures which he most enjoys. That out of three million people in



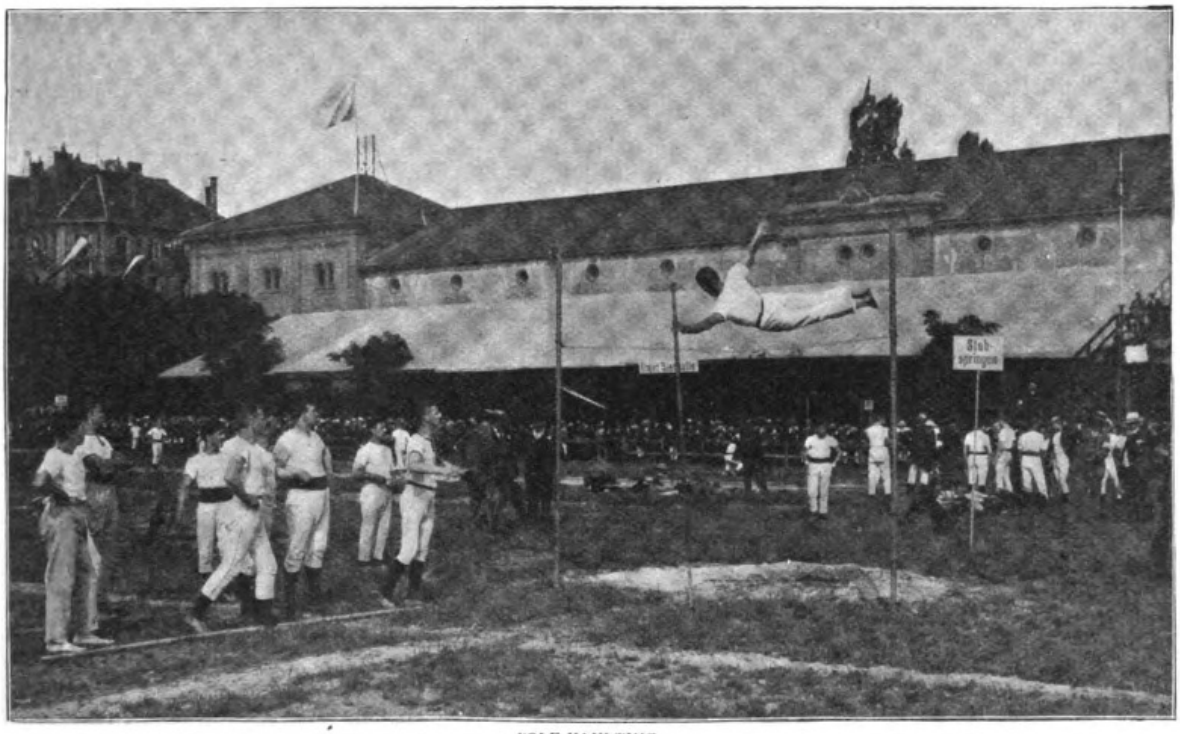
THE PROCESSION OF BANNERS WHICH TAKES PLACE JUST BEFORE THE MASS DRILLS BEGIN.

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Switzerland over fifty thousand should be paying subscriptions, not alone to their local "turnverein," but also to the central athletic association, is proof of their devotion to this form of sport.

At first the gymnastic societies were connected with the Universities of Zürich, Basle, and Berne, and were fostered by the enthusiastic direction of Ludwig Jahn, the father of physical culture, but so popular did the athletic idea become that non-collegiate gymnastic societies sprang up throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland. The cantons, and the different towns in the cantons, formed societies of their own, and these grew so amazingly fast that *fêtes* were arranged at which these different cantons were represented. When to-day, in the light of figures, we look back upon these early gatherings of the "thirties" and "forties" with their handfuls of competitors, we are struck with the extraordinary growth of the movement. In the first festival, held in Zürich in 1833, seventy athletes competed for prizes. It has taken but seventy years for these seventy pioneers and their descendants to develop into the seven thousand which filled the Arbeitsplatz in Zürich last July.

The July *fete* was the seventh which Zürich has held in these seventy years. In earlier days the *fêtes* were held annually, first in one city, then in another. Later they were held in alternate years, and now, since 1888, the gathering is triennial. Popular enthusiasm has lost none of its quality owing to the less frequent number of festivals, as has been shown by the increase in competitors at each succeeding festival. In 1897, at Schaffhausen, there were over five thousand seven hundred competitors, and these figures were greatly exceeded at the gathering of 1900, held at Chaux-de-Fonds, in the Jura. The seven thousand who have just taken part in the Zürich festival is a record number, and, as a natural consequence, the mass drills of all the cantons have been more effective than ever before.



POLE-VAULTING.

Before dealing further with these striking mass drills, it is, perhaps, advisable to give some details regarding the organization under whose auspices the drills are held. The United Federal Gymnastic Association is a combination of the cantonal and provincial gymnastic unions of Switzerland, each union being made up of the so-called "Sektions," or local clubs, existent in the towns and villages, where gymnastic exercises are conducted under the supervision of teachers trained in physical culture by Government aid. The entrance qualifications for these sections are the age of sixteen and a subscription, paid as already mentioned. The objects of the association are to encourage and assist the union of all Switzerland in the cause of friendship, physical culture, and patriotism, the organization of Swiss gymnasts and lovers

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of physical culture and gymnastic art, and its development among the Swiss people at home and in foreign lands. The association arranges competitions every third year, while during the interim the members of each section, the various local unions, and the cantonal unions compete with each other weekly, monthly, or annually, as the case may be. The Federal Association fixes the place and date of the triennial festival, leaving the details of organization to local committees in the city or town fortunate enough to be selected as the place of festival. Considerable sums are expended in preparing the field for the exercises, and a large pavilion has at different times been built to accommodate the competitors, mainly in order that the wants of the inner man may be fully satisfied. The events, which extend over four days, are arranged in three divisions, each division consisting of three classes. The *Kunst*, or artistic, division includes such exercises as jumping, free drill, horizontal bar, parallel bar, and horse-vaulting. The national division includes weight-lifting, weight-throwing, wrestling, and "schwingen"—a contest in which the athlete tries to throw the opponent on his back. In certain special classes are included weight-throwing, wrestling, jumping, climbing, "schwingen," obstacle and flat races, fencing, swimming, and "gerwerfen"—*i.e.*, spear-casting.



WEIGHT-LIFTING.—THE WEIGHT USED IS A HEAVY STONE WITH TAPERED ENDS, SO THAT IT MAY EASILY BE GRASPED.

The umpires are selected in proportion to competitors. In Zürich there were sixty-one umpires, whereas at Schaffhausen there were but forty-three. In the various section contests the prizes are awarded on points, these prizes consisting of laurel wreaths or crowns, oak-leaf crowns, and diplomas. In the special classes no wreaths are awarded, the winners obtaining medals, plate, or useful articles. The competitions are contested with exceptional skill, showing long and arduous training and instruction, yet so perfect are they in mechanism that thousands can meet in the mass drills and go through each exercise in perfect unison.

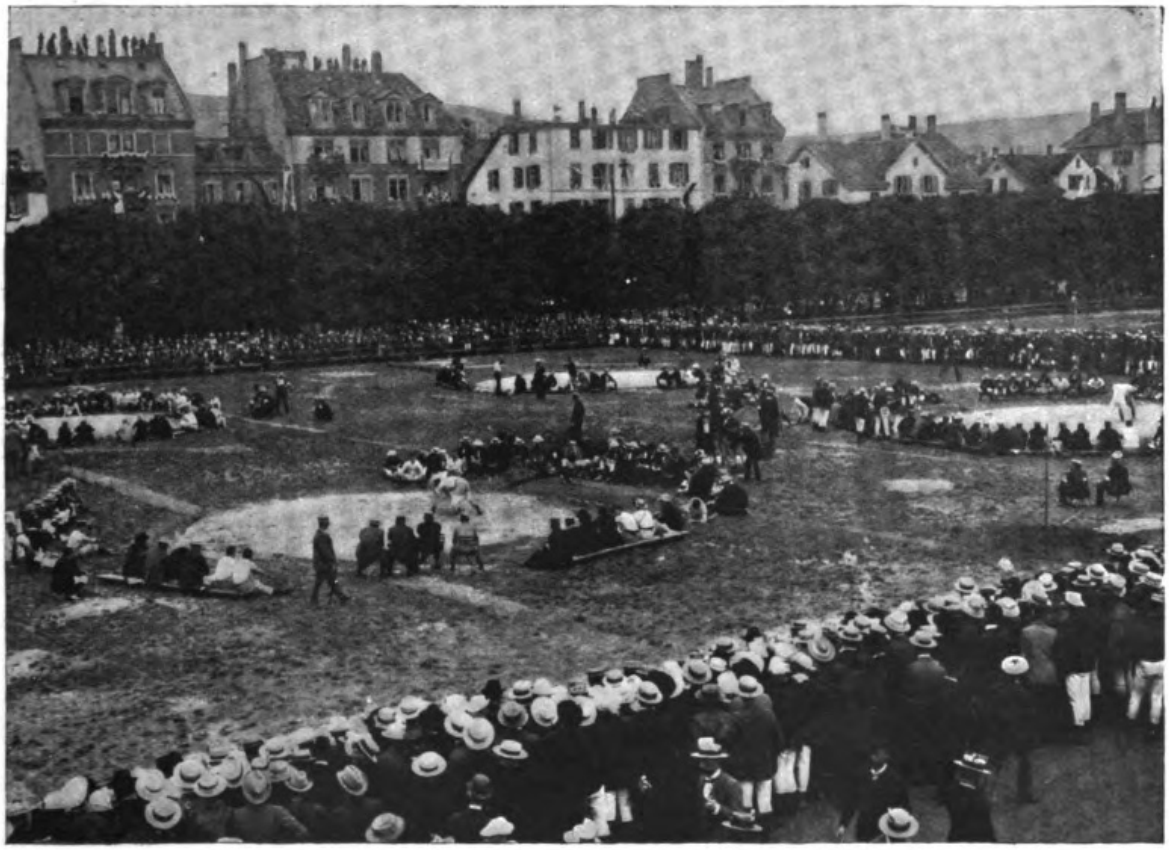


THE KING OF SWISS WRESTLERS, EMIL KOCHER, OF ST. IMIER, IN ONE OF HIS BOUTS.

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In connection with the festival there are several pretty incidents which go far to show the feeling of love which the Swiss people bear towards it. As a spectacle, perhaps the most striking ceremony is the arrival and reception of the so-called "Zentralfahne," or banner of the Federal Association, in the city where the festival takes place. After each festival this beautiful banner is retained by the city until the day when the next triennial festival opens, and is then sent away to be received by the new festival committee. This year the flag came from Chaux-de-Fonds to Zürich, and was there received with mass drills is ordinarily given in the morning, to be followed later by the presentation of prizes and a procession of the laurel and oak-crowned victors through the streets. We must not forget to add here that the four days of festival are days of festival indeed. Banquets are held on each day, at which thousands of people eat, concerts and dramatic performances are held, and fireworks are liberally let off. Each day begins at five o'clock with a bugle call and ends at twelve midnight.

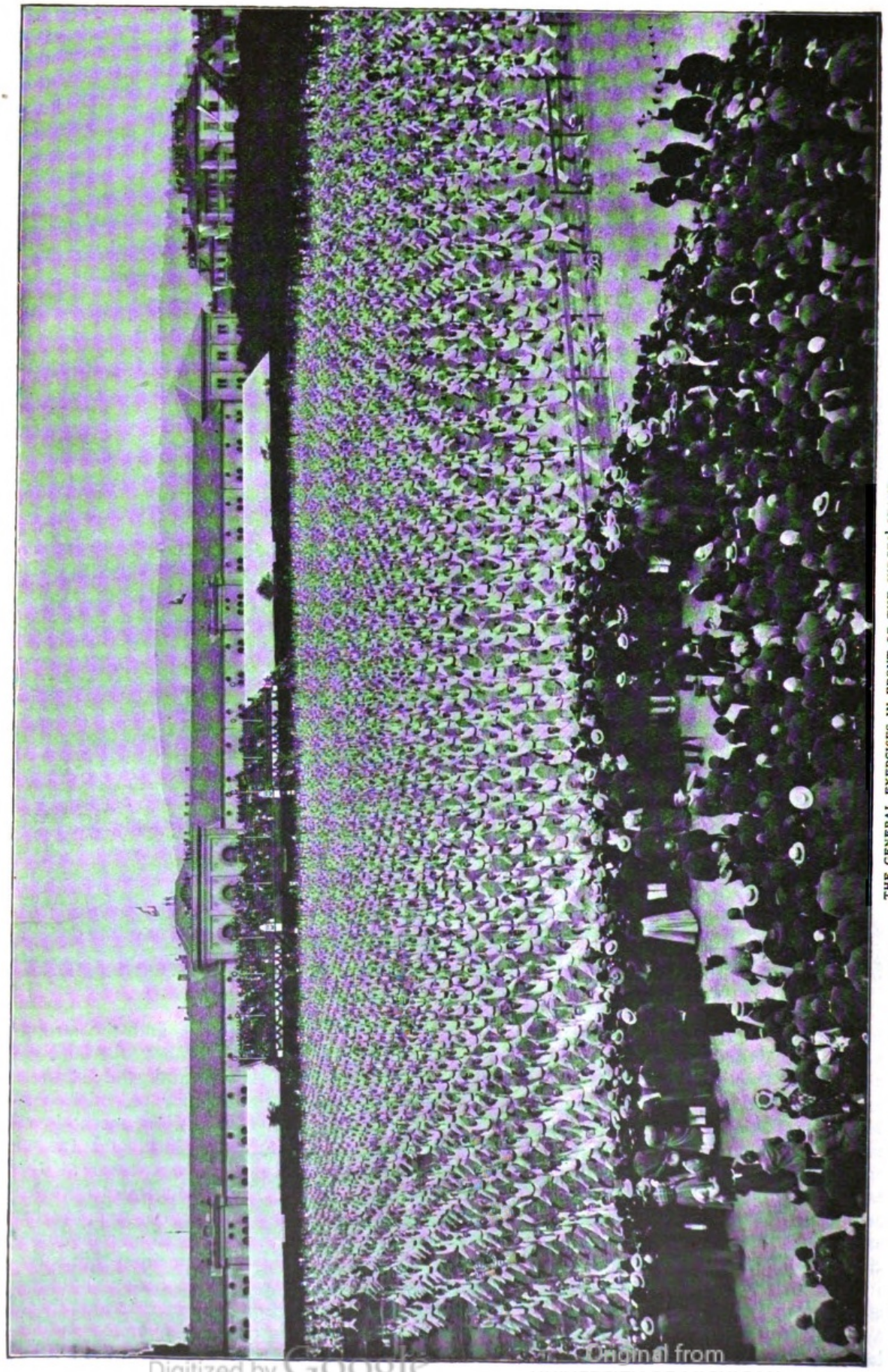
The wrestling bouts and the "schwingen" draw no small amount of attention, for the



THE WRESTLING EXERCISES TAKING PLACE BEFORE THE JUDGES OF THE VARIOUS EVENTS.

great honour. Another ceremony on the opening day is the procession through the city and the official presentation of the banner to the authorities. The festival usually opens on Saturday, and on Sunday morning, the great day of the *fête*, when the general mass drill first takes place, a solemn prayer is offered up in devotion to the Fatherland, athletes and spectators standing with bared heads around an open square in the exhibition field, sometimes thousands strong, to listen to the impressive words of a local clergyman. On Monday, as on the two days before, the special competitions take place, and on Tuesday a repetition of the Swiss are famous wrestlers, and the strong-sinewed men from the Bernese Oberland vie with the Emmenthalers and the stalwart athletes from Entlebuch for precedence at the festival. In the Swiss method of wrestling the men wear shirts and twilled hose, made of several thicknesses at the knees and waist. Each man tries to get his opponent back on the ground, gripping his waistband with the right hand and his knee-band with the left. This position brings the head of each over his opponent's shoulder, and each man keeps his legs extended back as far as he can in order to frustrate a sudden fall. The bouts are contested in the best of

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THE GENERAL EXERCISES IN FRONT OF THE JUDGES' STAND.

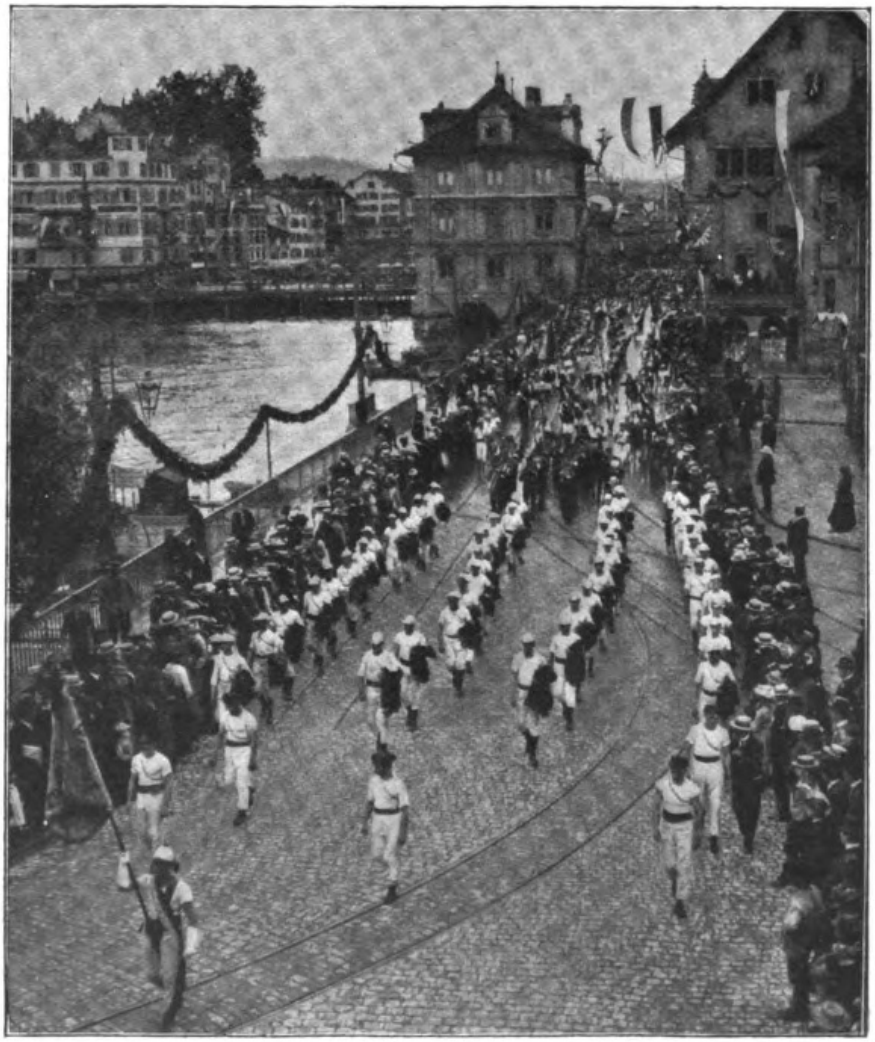
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spirits, and the winners are hailed with extraordinary enthusiasm by an almost breathless crowd.

The processions are well arranged, and, except in one or two special cases, the men from the different cantons and sub-divisions march through the bunting-covered streets in alphabetical order. Each division carries its banner proudly to the accompaniment of spirited music, the long line of strong and swarthy men making a pretty sight, although one loses much of the effect owing to the narrowness of the streets. The procession of laurel and oak crowned victors is the most interesting of the pageants, and takes place about midday on the last day of the *Fest*.

The prizes are given to the victors by a half-hundred of the prettiest maidens in the district, dressed in white and bare-headed, and called "crown maidens" from the wreaths which they bestow. On the closing day these maidens take their seats on the tribune in the company of the highest dignitaries of the city and, when the names of the various winners are publicly announced, place on the heads of the victorious ones their well-earned laurel and oak. In the case of the winning "sections" the wreath is placed on the banner and there remains until it fades, to be preserved later as a souvenir of proved prowess.

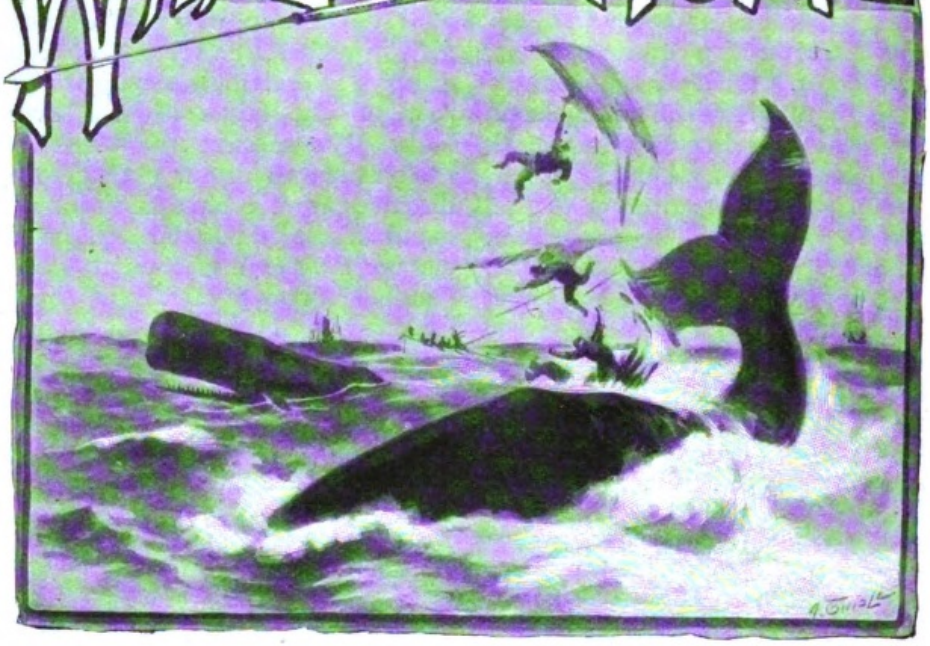
Thus, for very many years, have the youth and middle-age of Switzerland met at stated times to show their skill to each other and their splendid physique to the world. As a means of bringing the peoples of the Confederation together, and for increasing the national spirit, it has proved unequalled, and the far-seeing State has lent to the festivals every encouragement because of the military value of the mass drills. These group exercises are of recent growth, having been introduced at the Geneva festival of 1891. The appearance of the men on the field in preparation for one of these massed displays is extremely striking. The march-past of the athletes takes over half an hour. The column then breaks into single lines, as shown in our photographs, at exact distances from each other, and at the command of the leader the drill begins, accompanied by the music of the bands. The faultless manner in which the drills are executed, and the steady increase in the numbers of those who take part, have been a source of gratification to the State, which, more, perhaps, than any other, has always led the van in education and the physical culture of its coming citizens.



THE PROCESSION OF THE LAUREL-CROWNED ATHLETES THROUGH THE STREETS.

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WHALES AT HOME



By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S.

I.

NATURAL HISTORY, at once the most fascinating and widely-followed of all sciences, is now enjoying the full sunshine of popularity. The life-histories of animals of all kinds are not only being studied with a closeness of attention never before undertaken by so large a number of capable investigators at the same time, but these same students are in many cases lavishly spreading abroad their discoveries in such a manner that the reading thereof is a veritable delight, entrancing as any masterpiece of the human imagination. Perhaps the most perfect proof that can be adduced of the value of this literature is the satisfaction of the children with it. For that story which can at once profoundly interest the highest intellect of an adult and hold captive the other-world mind of a child may be pronounced as nearly perfect as anything is permitted to be in this world of unsatisfied longings.

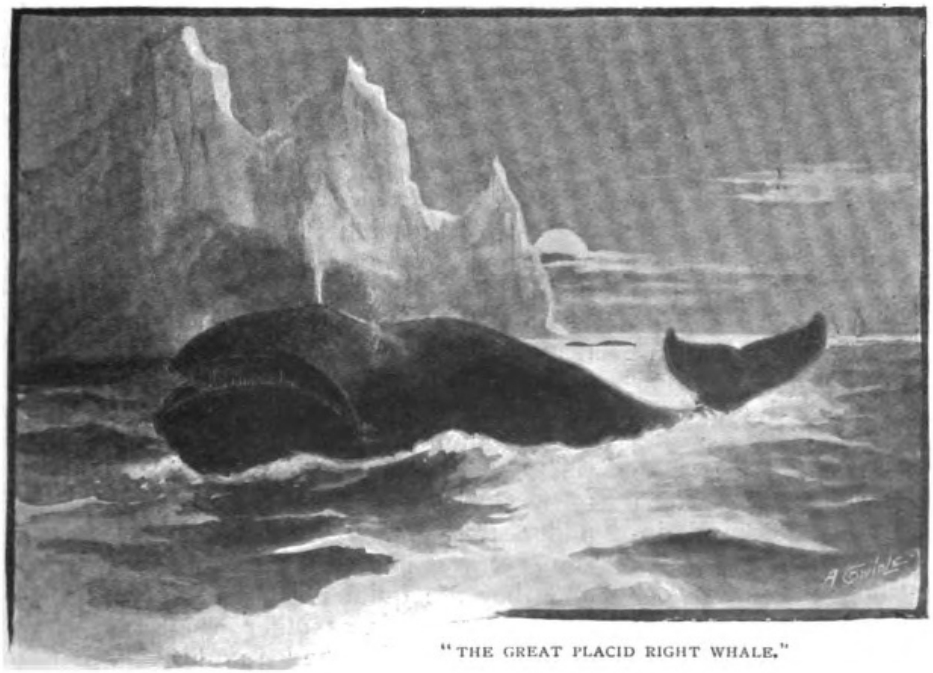
Amidst the universal chorus of praise which my first attempt at book-writing, "The Cruise of the Cachalot," received, nothing gave me such deep satisfaction as that the children loved it; they weren't bored by the simple stories told of the great creatures that inhabit the deep, wide sea. And this knowledge has made me eager to try again—to return to the subject of whales in a different manner, in the hope that the little people as well as the grown-ups will enjoy a journey among the whale-folk as one of themselves, and not as the fierce destroyers only anxious for blubber.

Let me try to introduce the reader to the family life of some of my friends. Of course, the majority of people now know that a whale is not a fish, and, consequently, has none of the cannibalistic propensities of fish. Practically all fish, the scanty exceptions of the sharks and sticklebacks only going to prove the rule in the good old way, are utterly disregardful of the claims of parentage. This is hardly to be wondered at when we remember the size of fish families. It would be rather too much to expect tenderness upon the part of a parent towards an offspring running into millions in number, especially when we have the knowledge that they are compelled to leave their newly-laid eggs to be hatched in their absence by some other agency than theirs. And we must not think too hardly of them either, knowing the rigorous conditions of life in the sea—simply to eat and be eaten is the life-history of fish—if they, meeting with some of their own children,

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never hesitate to gobble them up as greedily as if they belonged to some other family altogether. From this indiscriminate appetite all whales are free. Indeed, some of them, such as the valuable right whale, are more innocent still. They live upon the uncountable myriads of tiny shell-fish which abound in Arctic seas, staining the water in lines of pink and red, each line varying from a few feet to hundreds of yards in width, and extending much farther than the eye can reach. When sailing among this "whale-feed," as the whale-fishery call it, a bucket dipped over the side will bring up a most interesting population for an aquarium. The little crab or lobster-like organisms, none measuring an inch across, swim vigorously about, feeding in their turn upon some living things in the water so tiny that they are invisible to the unassisted eye. It never fails to impress the minds of all but the most brutish on what an infinite scale the population of the sea is arranged when all these eager, hungry crustacea can be fed continually, even though their numbers are only comparable to those of the grains of sand in the deserts of the world.

Among these feeble folk, then, the great placid right whale propels himself by gentle up and down strokes of a tail that would carpet a good-sized room if it were spread upon the floor. His mouth is of most peculiar shape, the lower jaw (by far the larger of the two) resembling a mammoth coal-scoop, and large enough in the full-grown animal to conceal from twenty to thirty men. The upper jaw is not at all unlike the upper mandible of a bird, and closes down upon the vast chasm beneath it like an oddly-shaped trap-door. From the sides of this curved and pointed beak descend, like so many scythe-blades, plates of baleen or whalebone, varying in length from a few inches at the point of the jaw to a greatest extent of fifteen feet (in the largest specimens) at the back. Each blade, or "fin" as it is technically termed, is set solidly into a tough white gum which runs round the edge of the upper jaw, but its lower end sweeps freely down into the vast hollow beneath. The blades are set closely side by side, their outer edges being thick as one's finger and thinning off towards the inside until they fray out into coarse threads like very thick horsehair, which fringe so interlaces as to form a perfect sieve that allows nothing to escape. When feeding—and that function goes on almost continuously—the great scoop droops, allowing a flood to pour in and fill the chasm. Then the lips close until only the outer ridges of the sieve are visible. By raising the spongy mass of the tongue, an organ weighing a ton and a half in the adult, the water is forced out through the meshes of baleen, leaving behind a goodly store of small creatures which may then be swallowed in leisurely fashion. The gullet of this great whale is very small, hardly admitting the closed fist, which peculiarity has given rise to the popular fallacy that *a*—*i.e.*, any—whale cannot swallow a herring. Another queer error is traceable to the old whalers, who noticed that this particular whale lived upon small things which he sifted out of the sea, and jumped at the conclusion that the water was expressed or rejected through the spout-hole at the top of the head. This was proof positive

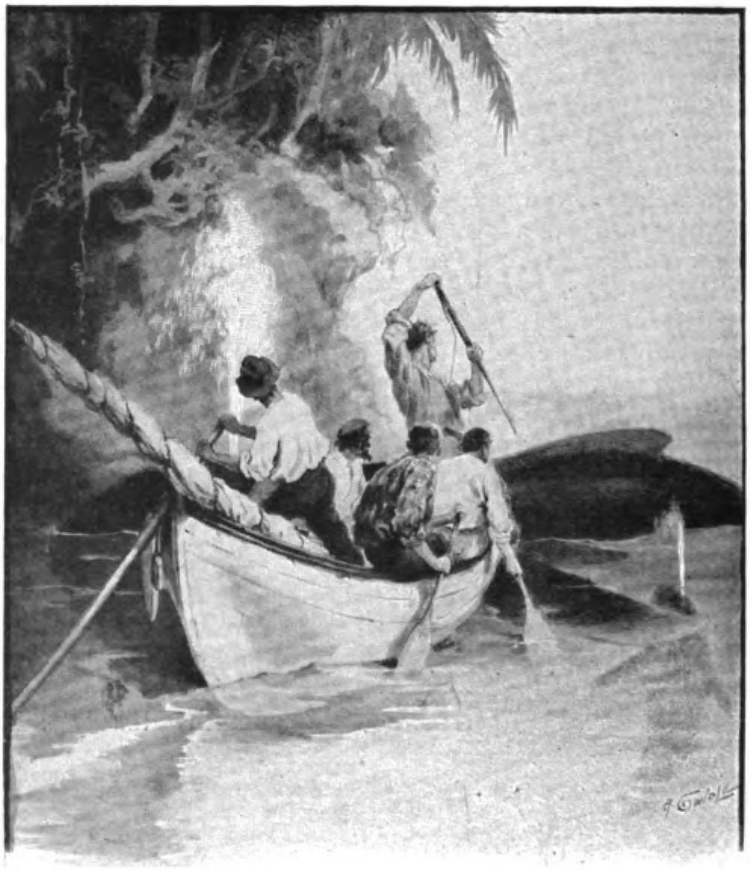


"THE GREAT PLACID RIGHT WHALE."

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that they had not dissected the whale's head carefully, because had they done so they must have found that there was no connection between the spout-hole and the mouth, the air passage from the former going direct to the lungs. But such a yarn is gifted with amazing vitality. I was greatly amused the other day, on glancing through a thoroughly absurd story by Jules Verne about the Antarctic to find him talking of a whale spouting a torrent of water upon a schooner's deck, alongside of which he rose. It was described as a flood which made men cling for their lives to save themselves from being washed overboard! Extravagance in fiction is allowable, is necessary perhaps; but such ridiculous travesty of the facts of natural history as that must surely be classed as unpardonable ignorance.

Now, the family life of Mr. Cetus is extremely pretty and homely. He does not, like most other sea mammals except seals, marry extensively, generally resting content with three or four wives at the most. This may not be a virtue on his part, but due to the fact that, unlike any other whales in existence, the sexes are almost equal in size, the balance, if any, being in favour of the lady. They live harmonious lives so far as can be judged; indeed, the temper of these hugest of all mammals is so placid and equable that one doubts whether they could quarrel. The mother is affectionate, nursing her young carefully; but, whether from constitutional mildness or cowardice, she will not lash herself into the blind fury that a bereaved humpback whale will if her offspring happens to be slain by her side. There are few stranger sights to be witnessed anywhere than that of a mother whale quietly reposing her vast bulk just below the surface while the calf, a playful little creature some fifteen feet long, nuzzles at her ample bosom, draining it of its bountiful stores of thick, rich milk. Like all young things the calf is very playful, darting around its stolid mother in many a mazy whirl, rolling over her back and trying to entice her into a race, but at the first hint of danger nestling close up to her side beneath one of her fins, so as to be invisible except for the tiny puff of condensed breath it occasionally exhales into the clear air. Besides being very timid and peaceful, the mysticetæ are cumbrous and slow in their movements and soon tire. Their strength must, of course, be immense, but the thickness and weight of their top-coat of blubber is so great that even that strength is insufficient to keep them going for any length of time. What the weight of blubber a full-grown cow in good condition will carry has never, so far as I know, been carefully calculated, but it may, I think, safely be taken at double the weight of the oil extracted from it. And since I have myself seen twenty-one tuns of oil boiled out of the blubber-coating of one whale, that would give her a skin of forty-two tons weight nearly. Their utmost speed, even under the influence of pain and terror, is never more than eight knots an hour, and they are quite unable to "breach," or leap into the air, as other whales do. In fact, were it not for the ice under which they



"NESTLING CLOSE UP TO HER SIDE BENEATH ONE OF HER FINS."

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dive for shelter, they would never, once having been seen, be able to escape from the whalers, since they can neither swim fast, dive far, nor fight. This it is, no doubt, that has led to their extermination, as well as the persistence with which they have been hunted and the comparatively restricted area of the seas they inhabit, in spite of the long period of each year during which they are secure from pursuit by reason of the darkness and freezing up of all the hunting-grounds.

Where, then, does the Greenland whale go in winter? A question easier asked than answered. He is never met with in milder seas, so that it is not possible to suppose that he, like his hunters, retires before the advancing winter, the closing of the ice barriers against the sea. Yet he must breathe the air of heaven, must also at the same time lie afloat, unless, as one theory goes, he hibernates beneath the ice until released by the spring. The indignant repudiation of this idea has led to the belief in a comparatively warm Polar sea which is open all the year round, and to which, by some secret channel known only (and possibly only) to themselves, the whales depart when the sun has gone.

The Esquimaux tell some strange stories of the disappearance of the whales, one of which has the merit of being absolutely novel in its conception. They say that a whale, having been pursued by a "kayaker," or native hunter, in his skin canoe, dived beneath a vast iceberg for shelter. Long did the kayaker wait, but never again did he see the object of his chase, and, worn out, he returned to his "igloo," full of the assurance that the whale was a witch that had endeavoured to lure him to his destruction. Taking a gift in his hand he sought the local priest (Angekok), who told him that he should assuredly find that whale again, and bespoke as his reward a goodly portion of the blubber. Thus strengthened he called some associates, and with them returned to the vicinity where they had last seen the whale. After watching for many hours in vain they suddenly saw, by the commotion in the sea, that an iceberg was reversing itself, its base having melted away until its equilibrium was changed. Hastening to a safe distance they watched the revolution of the ice-island, and as they gazed beheld the body of a whale, imprisoned in its hollowed base, rise majestically from the waves and be carried high into the air, vanishing from their sight as the berg settled into its new position. They stared at one another, unable to realize the position for awhile, until at someone's suggestion they again sought the Angekok. When he heard what had happened his form dilated, his eyes flashed, and he poured out an impassioned flood of eulogy upon himself and his magical powers. Then he bade them begone and wait events, while resuming their normal occupations and troubling their minds no longer about the whale thus wonderfully raised to high honour.

The summer waned and winter came. Darkness and utter cold prevailed as usual, and food was scarce in the camp. So fierce was the frost that nothing could be found, and starvation was already glaring at them through the long night when the Angekok arose and spake unto them. He bade them travel in a given direction over the ice-field until they came to a mountain which they must scale, for there at its summit they would find food. They remembered the whale and were glad. Of their toil and peril as they scaled the black cliffs of ice much might be said or sung, but nothing adequately. Sufficient that they succeeded, lighted by the glorious coronal of the Northern Lights, and there found, but lightly frozen in, the enormous carcass of the whale —one hundred tons and more of rich fat and flesh ready for their eating, a banquet whereon they all might feast right bountifully until summer came again, great though their appetite might be. From thenceforward their Angekok was lord of all the region round about, his fame was established upon an unshakable base, and no man but deemed himself happy could he by any means obtain a word of advice at whatever cost from so wonderful a seer.

In spite, however, of the long close season each year, during which it is only reasonable to suppose the whales are unmolested, these gentle monsters are almost entirely removed from the sea fauna. As if their relentless persecution by man were not enough they are the prey of the savage killer, or *Orca Gladiator*, who devours their tongue and leaves the rest; of the thresher shark, whose attacks upon them are so furious that the wide sea boils and frets, while the white walls of the ice echo back the blows in thunderous reverberations. Other sharks lie in wait for the young calves, easily pulling them down and devouring them. And upon none of these aggressors is the mysticetus ever known to turn in self-defence. Escape is all he strives for, and in his massive efforts to do so

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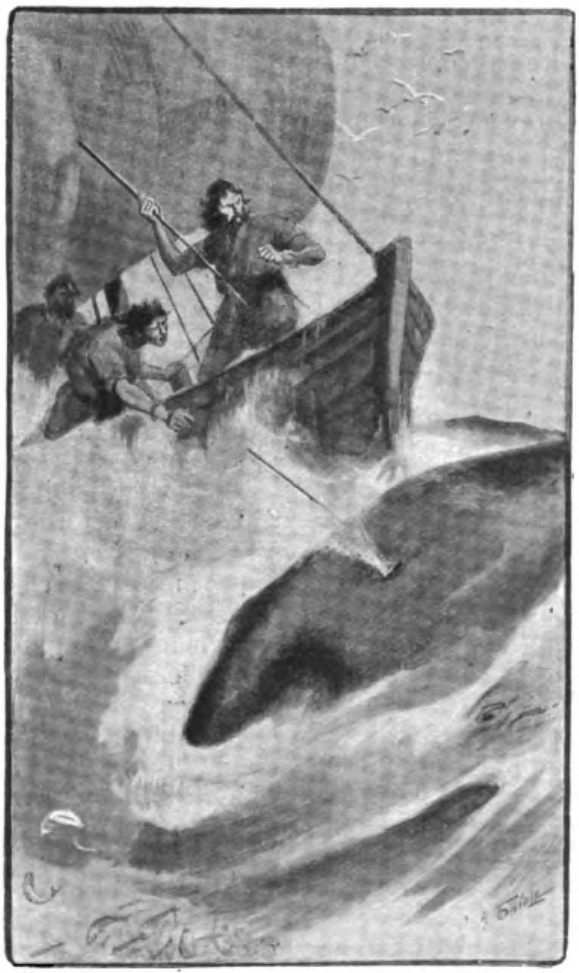
"THEY ARE THE PREY OF THE SAVAGE KILLER, OR 'ORCA GLADIATOR.'"

he does sometimes draw his human persecutors beneath the ice-floe. But he cannot *sound* or go down far, for those seas are shallow as compared with the outward ocean, and, as for his natural enemies, he seems to be delivered entirely into their hands or teeth. Yet that is not so, because the balance of Nature, when undisturbed by man, is ever held true; and the condition of those seas when first the daring Norsemen burst into their primeval solitudes sufficiently attests that fact. Reading the records of the infant days of whale-fishing in the Arctic, we find it hard to credit what they tell of the countless schools of whales that almost hid the waters at times from their view; how they needed not to chase their prey, but only lie and wait a little until the wondering monsters surrounded them. Then they could slay and slay, and keep on slaying, until from sheer weariness they desisted, and began to flench the coats of blubber from their multitudinous prizes, loading therewith the vessels that followed them simply for the purpose of carrying home the spoil. What wonder was it that from Spain, France, Holland, Germany, and England came whole fleets of eager adventurers craving a share in the rich spoil, and that of all the waters on all the globe none were so crowded with shipping, or so resounded with the eager hum of men, as those now deserted Arctic seas? Primeval quiet has resumed its sway in those regions — yes, more than primeval quiet, for the whales are almost gone, and the long-drawn sighs of their countless breathings or the heavy splashings of their mountainous gambols no longer re-echo from glacier face or iceberg caves, except at such far-distant intervals as merely to punctuate the silence and make it more impressive.

Strangely enough, the whale that was first pursued for commercial purposes, unless all the ancient records of the whale fishery be at fault, is one of a class that have long been tabooed by whale-fishers as having little or no commercial value, as being almost impossible to kill in the open sea, and, if killed there, as being almost impossible to secure. This species of cetacea is known by the generic term of "rorqual," but there are several varieties. All, however, are noticeable as possessing in an eminent degree those undesirable characteristics that cause them to be shunned by the whalers. Slender in body and of great length, they are the swiftest of all the cetacea, this being accounted for by the fact that they feed entirely on fish, and must needs be agile in order to secure sufficient food to keep their vast bodies in condition. And, since extreme speed and great thickness of blubber never go together in whales, these clipper-built monsters are but thinly clad with a coating of lard that produces the poorest quality of train-oil known. Belonging to the "balaenæ," or toothless whales, they have got a fringe of that marvellous substance in their mouths, but it is so short, so weedy, and of such low quality that it is perfectly useless for any of the purposes to which whalebone is put. But it is perfectly fitted for the whale's use. It is of just sufficient length to prevent the escape of the lively herring, sprat, or pilchard, when the rorqual, gliding swiftly into the midst of an enormous school of those useful fish, drops the great scoop of his lower jaw and

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shovels them by the score of bushels at a time. It hangs down like a *cheval-de-frise* and keeps in stragglers when the swallowing motion is made, and the glittering, squirming mouthful slides easily down that capacious gullet. Well may the fishermen of the coast speak with scorn of close seasons for the protection of the sea-fish from their avarice. They do their little best with their nets to secure a full haul of fish, but what are their puny efforts compared with the mobile ease with which one fish-eating whale will entertain and digest myriads of toothsome morsels. They know well that, when they shoot their nets and eagerly scan the horizon for sign of fish in vain, their unapproachable competitor is hard at it, far out of their ken, securing all the fish he needs, great though those needs may be.



"FREQUENTLY SOME AWESOME MONSTER SWEPT THROUGH THE FEEBLE BARRIERS OF NET."

To my mind this has always been one of the most impressive lessons taught to those who care to learn of the fecundity of the sea-folk. Here is a mammal equal in bulk to some hundreds of oxen, but with a capacity of assimilation which no land animal can approach, feeding fully, feeding always, yet ever finding a bounteous feast, where there is nothing to hinder his enjoyment of life. He is a living embodiment of the other side of the sailor's fanciful definition of a good country to live in, a country where there is "plenty to drink and always a-dry." In the rorqual's country there is plenty to eat and he is always anhungered.

So in ancient days the Biscayan fishermen, in their crazy boats, venturing off from the land with a boldness that should command our highest admiration, sought to gather from the inexhaustible sea that food which the unkindly land denied them. Presently they found to their affright that all too frequently some awesome monster swept through the feeble barriers of net they had erected with so much toil for the ensnaring of fish, and carried off before their anguished eyes the fruit of all their labours and the means whereby they had hoped to secure it also. They rose to the occasion. With clumsy spears of bone-pointed poles they lay in wait for the terror-striking monsters that were despoiling them, their courage of that exalted order that can only be found where men determine to face at once the greatest of possible dangers and the far more terrifying possibilities of the unknown. How many of them succumbed to the vigour and fury of the sea monsters has never been recorded, but, knowing as we do what manner of whale it was that they encountered, we may be absolutely certain that the toll taken of these heroes by death was of the heaviest. For as it is to-day, only in less degree, so it was then, the rorqual, eater of fish, following keenly after the migrating shoals, propelled his vast serpentine form through the shallows near the coasts of Europe, especially those of what we now call the English Channel. One circumstance, and one only, told against him—the want of room for his swift downward rushes. Therefore, when he was attacked by the despairing fishermen, he had perforce to expend most of his energy in frantic lashings and wallowings near or upon the surface, while his enemies thrust at him continually with their feeble weapons, feeling no doubt that it was better to die in the throes of an heroic battle like this than by the weary, long-drawn-out process of starvation. Moreover, as I can bear personal testimony, once the natural dread of t

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vast new enemy had passed away in the fury of conflict, it was succeeded by an overmastering delight, a high and prideful sense of superiority to every living thing, of ability to maintain worthily the foremost place in the scale of creation, a sense with which all the tribes of mankind are gifted, although the consciousness of it varies greatly with their environment. And presently these valiant men found to their amazement that the enormous bulk and vigour of the foe had not availed to save his life. His movements became listless, the surrounding sea was deeply stained with his blood, and to the roar and tumult of this strange conflict succeeded the solemn stillness of death. There before them floated their colossal prize, a mountain of fat and flesh, providing for their two chief wants in the most lavish manner. What a revelation of the ocean's bounty it provided! True, in order to avail themselves of it, they must needs hazard a life or so, but that they did continually and for far less valuable objects than the present prize. And life, after all, was not so jealously cherished in those days. Even now, when the pleasures of living are enhanced a thousand-fold, men cheerfully risk life for what often appears to be the most unsubstantial of rewards. How much more in the race's young days, when there were only the most elementary desires to be satisfied and man had scarcely more prevision or ambition than the animals he hunted!

This success beyond all hopes changed the whole trend of those simple Biscayan savages' lives. No longer feeble fisher-folk, groping alongshore for small fry, they leapt at one bound into the proud position of mighty hunters, warriors who could meet the eldest-born of mammalian monsters in hand-to-hand fight and overcome them. There was rejoicing in all the coast villages. From every creek and bay arose the oily reek of whale-flesh, the smoke of the fires whereon was boiled the rich coating of precious fat. The report of these doings crept eastward and fired the imagination of all that went down to the sea for gain on the European side of the Channel. On our side at that early day there had not been established as yet the pre-eminent bent for seafaring which afterwards became our leading characteristic. Farther and farther crept the news until by the beginning of the tenth century the whale-fishery as a great industry was firmly established along the shores of Spain, France, and Flanders. The meat was carried far inland and sold, its value then being far greater than that of the oil. For men's tastes were not delicate, and, besides, were often perverted, as a reading of any old account of Roman cookery will show. The importance of the commerce may be easily estimated by the fact that the Church took tithe of whales' tongues as a delicacy, and, doubtless, assisted in the dissemination of this form of food by declaring it to be fish, and therefore lawful to be eaten on fast-days. Later on came the Government, such as it was, claiming its share of the sea-treasure by levying an impost in cash upon every whale brought into harbour. All of which things go to prove how important the industry had become, although as yet it had not advanced to the dignity of having ships fitted out for its prosecution. There was as yet no need for such an extension, since the whales always prowled along the shore in sufficient numbers to make their capture by boats possible. Besides, the principal gains from the fishery would then have disappeared, as no means had been devised for preserving the meat for any length of time. As it was, there can be no doubt that the great blocks of black meat were often uncommonly high and gamey by the time they reached their ultimate destination on the tables of the purchasers.

Meanwhile, quite independently of the discoveries of the Biscayans, the hardy Vikings of Norway and their no less rugged kinsmen of Iceland had also set up a whale-fishery in the far North. Here, while the great mammals hunted were of a milder and less agile disposition, the conditions obtaining at sea were far more rigorous. But since the inhabitants had to live, they must needs do battle with their circumstances as well as with their game. And, as if to show how man can and does adapt himself to the most terribly severe environment, they not only did so, but succeeded wonderfully, until it is safe to say that they had learned to depend almost entirely upon whales and other sea-mammals for their bodily needs, even as those strange specimens of mankind, the Esquimaux, do to this day.

The hasteless years rolled on while whale-fishing grew and prospered, inciting these fearless fishermen to more and more daring exploits, until they rose to the height of building ships that could venture far to sea, and there find ever fresh supplies of the great sea-monsters they had learned to look upon as supplying all the primal necessaries of life. In due time they reached the ice-bound shores of Greenland, of Labrador, and the milder, but hardly less dangerous, coast of

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Newfoundland. There, to their unbounded surprise, they found quite a fleet of whale-ships, whose crews had nothing to learn from them either in seamanship or whale-hunting. Swarthy, keen-eyed, and black-haired, these strangers presented the most striking contrast to the blonde giants of the North. For they were the Biscayans, descendants of those gallant fishermen who had, by their courage and persistency, turned what at first seemed to be an awful calamity into a source of wealth and comfort.

Thus was the hunting of the whale for commercial purposes first begun; thus did it flourish, gradually attaining the chief place among the maritime pursuits of the civilized world. For sea-commerce was as yet in its swaddling-clothes, so to speak. The way for its development was preparing, but the honours of seafaring were about equally divided between warships and whale-ships. As usual, we came in late, reaping where others had sown, but turning their experiences to such profitable account that in the fulness of time the trade seemed to lie about equally in our hands and those of the Dutch. By the dawn of the seventeenth century scarcely any port worthy of notice around England but was sending ships to the Northern whale-fishery, and at one time it was estimated that there were in those icy waters over six hundred sail of vessels, of which the great majority were Dutch and English. Then gradually our interest or ability drooped, while that of the Hollanders increased.



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WHALER.

The English whale-fishery dwindled more and more as the Dutch grew and prospered, until it is recorded that one season, out of five hundred ships in the Arctic, only six were English. A woful falling off; but then came Holland's downfall. After a struggle more heroic than any other in the world's history she was crushed by land and sea, and we again built up an Arctic whale-fishery for ourselves, being now without any serious competitor. For the next century and a half we had practically a monopoly of the Arctic whale-fishery, while the nation was gradually taking her place as the paramount sea-power.

I have, perhaps, lingered over these early whale-fishing days somewhat, but I feel that few among us have realized what they meant to commerce and navigation in general. Few allow their imagination to dwell upon the startling fact that, while the kindly mellow spaces of ocean spread themselves in silent invitation all around the globe, hardly furrowed by any wandering keel, the now deserted, ice-infested seas of the Arctic Circle saw with each returning summer a host of thick-thronged ships, the keen and nipping air rang again with the shouts of thousands of hunters, while from shore as well as ships arose the smoke of hundreds of furnaces boiling down the spoil.

In another paper I hope to supply the complement of this story by giving an outline of what happened in America when the hardy admixture of Dutch and English stock found that upon their coasts was to be met with another species of mammal, as valuable, but far more fierce and dangerous. In dealing with the sperm whale and his tropical acquaintances at home it will be necessary to do this, but judging from experience the story will not be without interest.

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By Tammers' Camp Fires.—V.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard.

TAMMERS AND THE FALSE DESPATCH.

I.

INSIDE Tammers' five feet eight inches of height and twelve and a half stone of weight there beat, some said, the biggest heart in Africa. From one point of view this was an exaggeration, for a certain line exists after which courage recedes or extends into rashness, and Martin Tammers was not by temperament, still less by training, a rash man. Yet once he had made up his mind and weighed his chances, it is a commonplace to say that nothing save death could stop him.

At the time of which I write some tribal trouble had broken out in one of our dependencies in North-East Africa. Tammers' services had been requisitioned for the war which followed: a little by-war, so to speak, but likely to have far-reaching results. I accompanied him to the sphere of activity, and at the moment my story opens some weeks had already been spent in drilling levies, collecting transport, and arranging the hundred and one other necessary matters.

At last, when the right season came, we started on our march into the country, a great serpent of men in which the centuries met. Camel corps formed its head; Maxims, spearmen, twentieth-century riflemen, bowmen carrying oryx-hide shields made up its body, tailing away into a vast number of carriers and a herd of camels to feed the new levies.

With this mixed company marched Tammers, and it was he to all practical purposes who struck the first blow of the campaign. His duties in making reconnaissance kept him constantly ahead of the troops, and he soon established the fact that the enemy were gathering in quite unexpected force in front of us, falling back as we advanced as though luring us on.

In course of time the division, with its strange commingling of elements, reached the border of a waterless desert, the crossing of which was the crux of the campaign. The General had spent many hours studying his advance, but every plan that homed under his thinning hair was balked by the difficulties of that yellowish-brown belt of parched land, over which he well knew the slow-moving main body would travel at terrible disadvantage, exposed to the swift charges of the enemy. Such, in reality, would be our position while we traversed the desert region. Once we gained the well-watered country on the farther side the chances of success would swing over to our side, but attack in the desert might mean annihilation.

At this juncture, as Tammers and I were riding back to camp after making a reconnaissance some five miles ahead, and finding a halting-place which the Emir's soldiery had not long vacated, an officer on a small pony galloped up to us. The General had sent for Tammers.

In a very few minutes the scout stood under the awning of the General's tent, waiting for orders and looking down at an open map, on which the present camp of our troops was marked by one point of a pair of compasses. This point touched the edge of the yellow band that represented the desert.



"AN OFFICER ON A SMALL PONY GALLOPED UP TO US."

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"You understand," said the General, "perhaps better than any other man in the division, what it will mean getting over that." His lean, brown finger tapped the yellow patch. "What do you think of our chances if the Emir can let loose the whole of his people at us?"

"Poor chance, sir. We'd be pretty helpless."

"Yet it is impossible to make a dash for it, as we shall need all the ammunition and other stores which now hamper us if we hope to carry out our work with any success in the interior."

Tammers stood silent.

"There are two routes by which this desert can be crossed: a line of water-holes to the south and another here in the north. The northern route is shorter and easier. Yet I dare say you have heard that I intend to take the southern?"

"I heard the report, sir."

"I have purposely caused that report to be circulated in camp. Since the matter became known half-a-dozen deserters have gone over to the enemy with the news. I wish to do all I can to keep up the idea. But I have in reality decided to go by the northern line of water-holes."

"Yes, sir."

"I have chosen the northern route," he repeated, slowly, "but we must draw off the enemy to the southern. It will give us our only chance."

Tammers nodded.

"I fear, in spite of the news carried over by the spies, the enemy may see through my design and remain posted in force about the northern wells. Something else, something more convincing, is necessary to deceive them. It appears to me that in this difficulty we can make use of the fact you have learned, that Schwartz is with the Emir." He paused again. "The Emir is, of course, aware that Colonel Christopher is advancing to meet us. If a despatch ostensibly intended for Colonel Christopher, asking him to move south to meet us as we emerge from the southern route across the desert, were to fall into the enemy's hands, I am certain it would draw them south. This plan is made feasible by the presence of Schwartz, who is the only man with the Emir able to read a despatch. It will be taken to him to read. If he were not there it would, of course, be so much waste paper."

The General put his hand under the map and drew out an envelope.

"This contains a letter which will confirm the reports of the deserters. I am sorry to be obliged to send any man on the errand. It will mean his life in all probability. But this despatch must fall into the Emir's hands. I give it to you. You can use your own discretion, but it must reach the right quarter. The very fact of a white man carrying it will give it the necessary importance in the eyes of Schwartz."

"Yes, sir."

There was a short silence. To send false despatches on purpose to mislead an enemy has been a common ruse in civilized warfare. The bearer of them allows himself to be captured, and is presently exchanged for another prisoner on the opposing side. The carrying of such despatches is a risky business under any circumstances, and much credit falls to the man who carries them.

But in warfare against savages, outside the influence of the Geneva Convention, the case is altered, for then capture means death in some horrible form. The General knew this, and only when there seemed no other possible expedient did he propose to ask one man to sacrifice himself for the safety of the division.

"There is only one way," the General said at last.

"I must be captured and the despatch found on me, sir," said Tammers, "that's the only way."

The General stood up.

"If any plan should present itself by which you can ensure the result and escape capture, I order you to take it," he added.

"Thank you, sir." Tammers saluted and the interview was over.

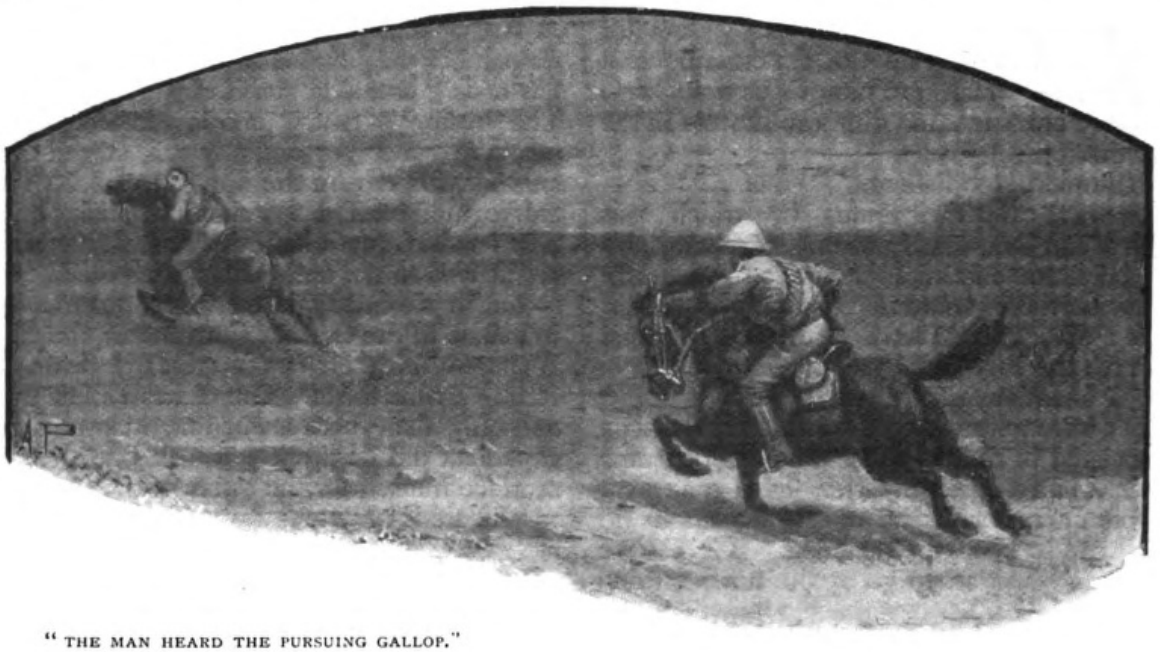
Tammers was the very man for the mission, for his courage was of the lonely order. That is, he was able to stand solitary, far from support, far from the knowledge and acclamation of other men, and to do those deeds which so rarely burn in print or decorate the military annals of a country. Often on his lonely excursions his life and success hung on his being able to go without sleep for sixty hours—on his reading some sign invisible to any save a practised eye; and not once, but many times, he owed both life and success to his quality of quick judgment, which led him to balance the hazards and to seek safety in the heart of danger.

The duty that lay before him gave ample food for reflection to the solitary rider. Out there in the growing night death in its most unalluring form was surely waiting for him.

The more he thought, the more clear it became to him that there was but one way in which he might fulfil his orders. As he

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rode forward on his rough country pony he saw the future clearly. He must push on until he sighted the enemy, into whose hands the letter must fall. His sole care was to see that it reached its destination. That was all. Delightfully simple—as simple as dying. Tammers, with that terrible faculty for looking a situation in the face which has distinguished all great scouts, told himself the truth. As far as he could see his dead body, and that alone, could prove beyond all doubt or cavil the genuineness of his mission.



"THE MAN HEARD THE PURSUING GALLOP."

So he rode with his thoughts for some hours in the clear starshine before the moon rose. As he emerged from some scattered trees he looked at the small face of his watch. It was half-past ten. He had allowed himself six hours to get into touch with the Emir's outposts, and as he had started at six he smiled rather grimly to think that he had in all probability about an hour and a half more of life.

In front of him lay a wild, undulating landscape, rising in the distance to some hill or mountain-base. His pony was padding on dusty ground, and he noticed its ears twitch suddenly forward. Tammers has often said that on horseback a scout has the benefit of ten senses, and the five most keen and valuable belong to the horse.

Tammers drew rein, and was on the point of dismounting in the shadow when, from the shelter of a bunch of bush, a horseman darted out like a bolted rabbit. Tammers flung forward his bridle-hand and whirled in pursuit. He was guided by the sound of hoofs on the dry ground. For a few moments they raced thus, while the moon swam slowly upwards with an increasing dazzle of light.

Then Tammers sighted the fugitive again. The man had heard the pursuing gallop, and, in a glimpse under the brilliant moon, Tammers saw that the face twisted back over the shoulder in a vain effort to perceive him was white.

Tammers halted and sat listening in the saddle. Not only had he seen the face was white, but he had recognised a young Scottish scout, who had been reported absent for the last three days. It was plain he thought himself pursued by the enemy.

Instead of dying away into the distance, the flying hoof-beats stopped with a crash. Tammers waited for no more. Slipping to the ground he tethered his pony and made his way cautiously towards the spot where the other man had fallen.

He lay under a tree, groaning. He had fallen clear of his dead horse, but as Tammers raised him it was evident the end was near. Yet he carried no wound save that of a small arrow which hung from the calf of his leg.

He spoke a few words before he died. He had discovered the whereabouts of certain of the enemy's outposts, and was returning when from a tangle of tall grass a handful of tribesmen rushed out upon him. There was not ten paces between them. Benners wheeled his horse and fled. In his excitement the slight sting of the arrow in his leg

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passed unnoticed. Had he but known he was mortally hit, he would have turned and levied a heavy toll of life from the enemy. But he did not know, so that when his horse, also wounded, fell under him, after a mad gallop of fright and pain, he had distanced his pursuers.

Thus much Tammers gathered before the rattling breaths ceased, for the arrow poison of Africa gives a man short grace. Tammers leaned over Benners to satisfy himself that life was really gone; as he did so a thought struck him. He could have cried aloud when he saw how blind chance had thrown a favour, a respite, into his path.

He knew that the tribesmen would very quickly follow up Benners' trail. The rifle of the dead man promised so much, for it represented wealth to the individual who should annex it. Why should another life be sacrificed? "The very fact of a white man carrying it will give it importance," the General had said, with reference to the despatch. Tammers took it from his pocket and placed the roll in the grip of poor Benners' stiffening hand. Here was a way to ensure the despatch reaching the Emir.

Then Tammers looked round for cover whence he might watch the progress of events. There was nothing thick enough to trust to save only the tree which almost overhung the dead horse and man. But there was no time to choose, for the pursuers might come up at any moment.

Tammers swung himself up into the branches. A tree-snake startled him, slipping from under his hand as he climbed. His vigil did not last long. The moon, hard and sharply outlined, seemed to cut her way through the hot atmosphere to the zenith. Then a wind came, gently stirring Tammers' leafy harbourage, and with it the moonlight flooded the lower world and the tree tops, made its way into recesses of shadow, and flickered on the upturned face of the dead scout.

Fate had thrown Benners in his way; otherwise Tammers knew he himself might soon have been lying cold under the moon.

Presently from far away travelled a little sound, succeeded once more by the silence of the waterless region. Then from the end of a vista of dry reeds a black face rose by inches into sight. It carefully took in the situation so far as Benners and his dead horse were concerned, and forthwith the whole figure of the man stepped out, accompanied by four fellows.

The leader ran to the side of the dead scout, hurling his spear into the body as he ran. Then he leaped forward and seized the rifle from the ground where it had fallen. A second tribesman loosened the cartridge-belt on the inert figure and shook it clear with a grunt of disgust at its lightness, for Tammers had taken the precaution to pocket the cartridges. The last arrival of all gave a shrill cry and pointed to the grey envelope in the scout's fingers.

The first man shook it roughly from the dead grasp, held it out apprehensively in the moonshine, turned it over and over again, and finally smelt it. Immediately the group broke into a babble of talk, which resulted in the departure of one of the party at a long trot down the trail by which they had come, with the despatch twisted into his headcloth.

As the messenger disappeared Tammers' heart felt lighter. His mission was completed in most unlooked-for safety. Yet he dared not move in case of attracting the attention of the tribesmen. So he waited, hoping they would soon move on, and sweating when he thought that possibly they might stumble on the pony, which was tied up not two hundred yards away.

To his horror, however, they rolled away the body of Benners, and made preparations to rest on the ground under the tree in which he had taken refuge. One of them gathered an armful of twigs and a fire was made, which gave promise of a delay of some duration.

And so it proved. The moon sank and that darkness which is the precursor of dawn fell upon the land; and dawn, Tammers knew, would mean the discovery of his pony. He must take the next chance of escape.

But while watching for an opportunity to move he heard a clamour of fresh voices: a dozen men or so seemed to be approaching. The fire had for the moment died down, the attention of the tribesmen was directed towards the new-comers, and Tammers, taking advantage of the bustle, slid from the tree and, keeping it between him and the party at the fire, crept off into the darkness until a bush hid him. A little farther he rose to his feet and ran swiftly towards his pony.

He had already begun to feel something of the satisfaction of a difficult task well performed; already he could make out the bulk of his pony's body against the fretwork of leaves and small branches behind it, when the animal pawed the ground, snuffled audibly, and, stretching out its head, neighed its greeting.

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Here was disaster indeed. Knowing the uselessness of any further attempt at concealment, Tammers cut loose the pony and, leaping into the saddle, galloped away. But the going was bad and the pony tired. He heard the howls of the enemy as they started after him, full cry.

Suddenly the bush opened out and Tammers found himself at the lip of a long trough of sand. It ran to right and left of him and might have been the dry bed of a river. The question of crossing it became urgent. There was nothing for it but to hustle his pony down the treacherous slope. Half-way down it lost its footing and rolled over and over to the bottom. Tammers jumped clear alertly, but the momentum of the pony's fall sent him rolling also.

He was on his feet in an instant, and catching the animal's bridle managed, after exhausting efforts, to drag it up the opposite side of the gully. But by this time the tribesmen had almost caught him up. He saw three plunging down into the sand, followed by a man on a horse, whom he had noticed among the group of men that arrived last. The three on foot got the lead in the sand, and Tammers saw them scramble over the edge of the hollow and make after him.

He rode forward, but they gained on him. This decided him. When they came within a hundred yards he would act. Nor was the moment long in coming. Taking advantage of the shadow cast by some high bushes Tammers stopped, slipped off his pony, and, leaning against the bush-stem nearest him, waited, as a hunter waits a charging buffalo, until the tribesmen should come within a range that would make his shooting certain.

The first man, on seeing him, gave tongue. On he rushed, a wild figure with frothing lips, but was met by a bullet in the chest and fell, tearing the ground. The second charged madly, and, though struck, volleyed with the impetus of his own pace to the pony's feet, but he was already dead. Seeing this the third wheeled in his tracks and disappeared.

Tammers lost no time. Jumping into his saddle he started again, hoping he had now thrown off pursuit. But he was disappointed. The padding of a horse's hoofs became audible.

The man on the horse had succeeded in ploughing through the sandy hollow and was close behind him. Tammers' pony was already doing all that was left in him to do, but the following hoof-beats grew inexorably louder. Tammers knew he must soon be overtaken.

Then a bullet whistled past him. Tammers turned in his saddle and replied in kind, but apparently with no effect. Here and there he caught sight of his pursuer's figure as the first grey of dawn filtered through the air. He could not shake him off.

For another quarter of a mile the chase lasted, Tammers jinking his pony in and out of cover, while shot after shot spat venomously round him. One furrowed along his shoulder, and he felt a dull shock in his right leg. It became clear that the man at his heels knew how to handle his weapon. The pony was failing under the scout's knees. In a few minutes the other must ride him down. Tammers pulled sharply to one side behind a bush, dropped to the ground, jerked the empty shell from his rifle, ran forward the breech-bolt, and waited.



"TAMMERS FIRED."

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The rider seemed to see him, and abruptly dragging round his horse's head tried to make off. Just as the retreating figure was melting into the grey of the morning Tammers fired.

For a moment it rode on, then raising its arms screamed out, "Ach, Gott!" and rolled headlong from the horse.

At the sound of that cry Tammers, though the blood was boiling in his veins from the rigour of his ride, turned cold. Before its echoes had died away he had realized the ghastly trick fortune had played him, and began to run towards the fallen man.

He was humped up into a twisted heap as he had tumbled, and Tammers drew the long limbs straight and turned the face up to the growing light. He had looked on it before longa go on the shores of Victoria Nyanza; the broad cheeks, the fierce, up-trained moustache, were unforgotten. It was the dead face of Schwartz.

The full horror of his position, of what he had done, burst through Tammers' brain. Oh, why had he fired? That unlucky shot had rendered all his mission vain. For here at his feet lay the single man among all the host of Dervishes and Nubians who could read the despatch he had risked so much to get into their hands. Already, perhaps, the General, relying on his messenger's sureness, was moving north, yet here was the broken link in the chain of his projects—projects of such vital bearing on the fate of hundreds of lives.

Tammers did not look beyond that to further and more wide-spreading results. He stared down at the dead face of Schwartz and felt all the impotence of irretrievable disaster.

For a moment he was held in the tension of the thought; then he turned and strode back to his pony and caught the reins. He must ride, he must overtake the division. Before it was too late the General must know his plans had been balked.

But the scout's hand had hardly closed on the rein when the course of action he must take, the true course, flashed on him.

More than once Tammers has told me that, when bound on an enterprise of peculiar danger, his mind always reverts to and dwells upon the incidents of his boyhood. Now, having come to a resolution to make a desperate attempt to save the defeat of his mission, he set his pony's head in the direction of the Emir's camp, and while his body rode on through the early mists of the morning, in his mind he saw again the grey Suffolk house where he had spent the first years of his life.

Some time passed before he even became conscious of his wounds. It is true they were slight, but as the day advanced they gave him no chance of forgetting them as they burned under the perfervid rays of the sun. He pushed on through the long afternoon, his tired pony stumbling forward with drooped head and uneasy movement.

Every moment Tammers expected to meet some scouting party of tribesmen, but, curiously enough, none crossed his path. Mile after mile he covered, yet out of the whole gaunt country nothing arose to bar his progress. He saw no sign of four-footed life, for he had fallen upon one of those desolate tracts which offer no sustenance to wild life.

It was late in the day before, looking up a long avenue between lines of high grass, he saw through the glare and dust the form of the Emir's zareba.

He dropped his reins, fell forward on the pony's neck, clasped his arms loosely round the animal's throat, and cautiously urged it on. He was going to make such capital as he could of his wounds, his thirst, and his exhaustion. The hum of the camp reached his ears, and rose into a shout as he came into full sight. Ten score of men were rushing towards him.

The Dervish is more than apt to kill on sight, and had Tammers ridden into the camp in the ordinary way it is probable he would never have achieved his object, which was to reach the presence of the Emir alive.

A big savage with a copper collar tore him from the saddle. He sank limp on the ground and lay there, while the flood of talk boiled and bubbled over him. Then he felt himself picked up in a pair of powerful arms, and accompanied by the screeching hordes he was borne into the zareba.

II.

THE bivouac of the Emir was stretched out in the evening sunshine; its defences of thorn enclosed three trees, a large and motley army, and much live stock—camels, goats, ponies, sheep—and scattered over the ground a medley of camp-followers of all the races of North-Eastern Africa.

Tammers lay as he was flung, while his big black captor stalked away to report the fact that he had brought in a white unbeliever as prisoner. The men left to guard him busied themselves in giving him word-pictures of his end in this life and his sufferings in eternal torments throughout the life to come.

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"A BIG SAVAGE TORE HIM FROM THE SADDLE."

Tammers lay with closed eyes. As a matter of fact they were as so many noisome flies buzzing in his ears. His mind was withdrawn from outside things, as though closed in from all but thoughts of how to carry out the design he had set himself to accomplish.

By some means or another he must bring the Emir to allow him to read the despatch. Beyond that he must compel that astute personage to believe in him. He came to the conclusion that that was to be done only in one way. Not by protestations—Arab blood has no faith in them—but by bargaining, an art dear to the Eastern mind, native to its workings. In the end of course he must die, but he felt that, if he could but see the tribesmen marching away to the southward first, death, in whatever form it might come afterwards, would have a core of sweetness.

Meantime, by force of habit, and not with any hope of making use of what he saw, he looked languidly round him, but his practised eye soon took in the number of men in camp. He recognised many of the tribes, their weapons, and the score or so of Dervish flags which marked the sleeping-places of those ex-followers of the Khalifa who had seen so many stricken fields as well as some victorious ones, who had obstinately butted against the British power over twenty degrees of latitude, who were conquered, but saved themselves always to the southward, always reformed round their weakening and lessening flags, this ebb of the Mahdist wave, which reached its flood five-and-twenty years ago when it crashed upon Khartoum.

These men met Tammers when presently he was led towards the trees under which the tent of the Emir was pitched. They cursed him hideously in the stale air of the evening, they shook their spears in his face, and crowding women urged them to do him violence with their shrill and whimpering ululations.

One of the Dervishes struck him on the cheek, but Tammers met every insult with an imperturbable demeanour, though now the agonies of thirst were upon him. The big black with the wire collar hurried him forward to where, under one of the meagre trees, sat that African genius who had initiated the revolt. He was a man of a fine presence, fierce-featured and handsome, save for his eyes, which were small, set too close together, and with one fixed pupil drawn in towards the nose.

"Who are you?" he demanded in Arabic.

Tammers essayed to answer, but his dry tongue refused to move. He opened his mouth and pointed to it. In a second water was held to his lips; he drank, poured some on his head, and, feeling his wits refreshed and alert once more, replied:—

"I am Martin, son of Tammers."

"What brought you to my camp?"

"See, I am wounded. Great thirst and hunger had laid hold on me. My pony carried me. I craved only for water."

"And death," supplemented the Emir, with a shrewd look. Terror unmasks men very surely.

"I am in your hands," said Tammers, in the same even tone.

"But you had an errand?"

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"Yes; to warn my people when you should march upon us."

"You have found us, but not you, nor those who sent you, can profit by your knowledge," said the Emir, with exultant bitterness.

"No," he admitted; "but they"—he waved his hand in the direction where the British camp was supposed to lie—"they will come in spite of that. They wait but a little"—looking across the desert; "lack of water prevents their advance to-day."

"Nevertheless, there are two ways by which the desert may be crossed," replied the Emir, tentatively.

"That also my people know."

"North or south, whichever way they come, I will overwhelm them."

Tammers looked round upon the encampment with a long, slow glance.

"If you knew which," he said—"if you knew which they would choose that might be so. If all this host of fighting-men marched with you to the northern wells, or to the southern, it might be so. But divide your host, some here, some there"—he paused, then resumed: "A horse is indeed a strength to his rider, but cut it in half, and behold"—he spread out his hands and made as though something had fallen between them and they were left empty.

The Emir frowned for a second.

"Their choice of paths cannot be hidden from us," he replied. "It is written in this letter"—he drew the despatch from his breast—"for in this the Emir of the English writes to his brother Emir who marches from the great sea."

Tammers glanced at the despatch for a moment, then turned away his eyes carelessly. "It is written in the tongue of the English," he remarked.

The Emir looked scornfully upon him.

"We have one within our camp, Abdullah ibn Eesart,* who can read that tongue."

This was the parry to Tammers' thrust. But Tammers was ready.

"Abdullah will never read it," he said, boldly.

"What words are these?" The Emir's fierce eyes flashed round the circle.

One man spoke saying that Abdullah had gone out in the night with certain of the scouts and had not yet returned.

"I have spoken the words of truth," repeated Tammers. "Martin, the son of Tammers, has spoken them. The feet of Abdullah ibn Eesart will never again stir up the dust in your zarebas."

*Native form of Schwartz.

The Emir turned dangerously upon his people. But an old man with a white beard pushed his way into the throng of men and told the news he carried.

Abdullah was dead; they had found him lying upon the earth, stiff and cold, with a bullet-wound above his heart.

The Emir hurled a few fiery questions at the white-beard. The old man, with bowed head, shaking and cowed, muttered his replies, and was forced to repeat them. There remained no manner of doubt that Schwartz was indeed dead. The Emir's wrath was a frightful thing. The people quailed before him. He sat in savage silence, pondering how to vent upon the world the disappointment and rage that consumed him. The loss of Schwartz, the brain of the movement, was irreparable.

At length he addressed himself once more to Tammers:—

"Hear, thou son of impurity! It is written that either you read this letter, and read it truly in my ears, or that your eyes be torn out."

Tammers has since confessed to me that it took a good deal of fortitude to watch the preparations which were at once made for carrying out the alternative mentioned by the Emir.

"And if I read the letter, what will you do for me?" asked Tammers.

"Then you will live to draw water in our camp."

"Nay," exclaimed Tammers, with dignity; "the matter does not lie thus between you and me. If I will not read the letter, then no one of your following can do so, and you will not gain the knowledge that means victory to your arms. Man dies but once. And although you can kill me, it is not you who can make terms with me. It is I who must offer terms: you may accept or refuse them. I do not ask my life of you. I barter it. An hour after I have read the letter let me depart, and still an hour later let your swiftest follow."

The Emir's face altered. Tammers fancied he looked as if he were entering into the spirit of bargaining. The proposal met, as Tammers expected, with a contemptuous reception. It was the outset of haggling, when the seller states a price far above that which he is prepared to take.

"Are we then fools?" demanded the Emir. "How shall we make certain that you have read the letter truly?"

Tammers took time as if reflecting. After a while he spoke.

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"You suspect me; you say I would deceive you. Then prove my truth. Surely the way is easy. Do me no hurt, but carry me with you on your march, and if all falls out as I shall read from the letter, then shall I go free. But if I read falsely and the thing falls out contrary, then do with me according to your desire."

After long and exhausting arguments and word-fencing the Emir agreed to this arrangement. But he had yet another test to apply.

The despatch was given to Tammers. He read it aloud, standing in the centre of his enemies, well knowing that his life would yet pay the forfeit for the intelligence he read.

When he had finished the Emir waited, looking round with significance upon the chiefs. Then he ordered Tammers to read it over again. When this was done he bade him read it once more—a third time. The warriors about him stored up the whole from first to last, so that they could repeat it word for word. They would have detected any change in expression, but Tammers passed this test with credit. That night the Emir with his army broke camp and marched southwards.

The live stock were driven gently, the women burdened, and Tammers set out on one of the most wretched marches of his life. For he did not march merely with tied hands or shackled legs. By the orders of the Emir he was bound to the big savage with the wire collar, and with this unsavoury companion he trudged over the sandy wastes.

In spite of the lack of complete cleanliness his wounds began to heal, while the enforced keeping in step seemed to affect the black not only with growing annoyance but physically. A slight place rubbed raw by his collar grew to an unsightly sore. Yet he kept watch day and night on Tammers, for it was manifest that he regarded the being entrusted with the safeguarding of the white prisoner as an especial honour.

Tammers seemed resigned to his lot. Hour after hour he plodded stolidly beside the man to whom he was attached. And hour after hour the Nubian watched him. Very soon Tammers took advantage of this vigilance over his person. His companion kept his eye on him, but not on what he was doing. So Tammers marched with his eyes fixed ever ahead, and the black did not observe that Tammers led him over thorn and stone until his flat feet, hard as they were, became cut and pierced and swollen.

The scout had come to the conclusion that his sole chance of escape lay in the possibility of his reserve of strength outlasting that of his companion. He had good reason to believe in his own toughness, but those who know the black man alone can know how great are his physical powers, and how much more persistent than those of his white brother.

The man in the wire collar was strong, and fatigue oppressed him little. The poor food was the food he had been accustomed to all his life. Not so Tammers. Yet he pitted himself against long odds cheerfully, determined to come out conqueror in the struggle, if human endurance could compass such an end.

During the halt at midday Tammers spoiled his guard's rest. He lagged wearily on the rope that bound them when they



"HE LAGGED WEARILY ON THE ROPE THAT BOUND THEM."

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marched. By every stratagem that presented itself to his mind he endeavoured to wear him down. The black's patience was long ago gone, but he dared not illtreat a prisoner whose life was to be required uninjured from his care when they reached the southern wells.

The Emir marched inexorably. Little rest, scanty food, and the perpetual urging forward of his lagging host. It was the fifth night. A late moon lit the sky and the tired tribesmen were moving wearily through a country strewn with outcropping rocks and boulders. A silence lay on the broken lines of men. Fatigue dragged at their feet as they trod the sand, that here and there presented loose, soft patches, where walking became an aggravated strain.

Yet there was need for wariness and speed, for a report had come in of Colonel Christopher's column moving rapidly westward.

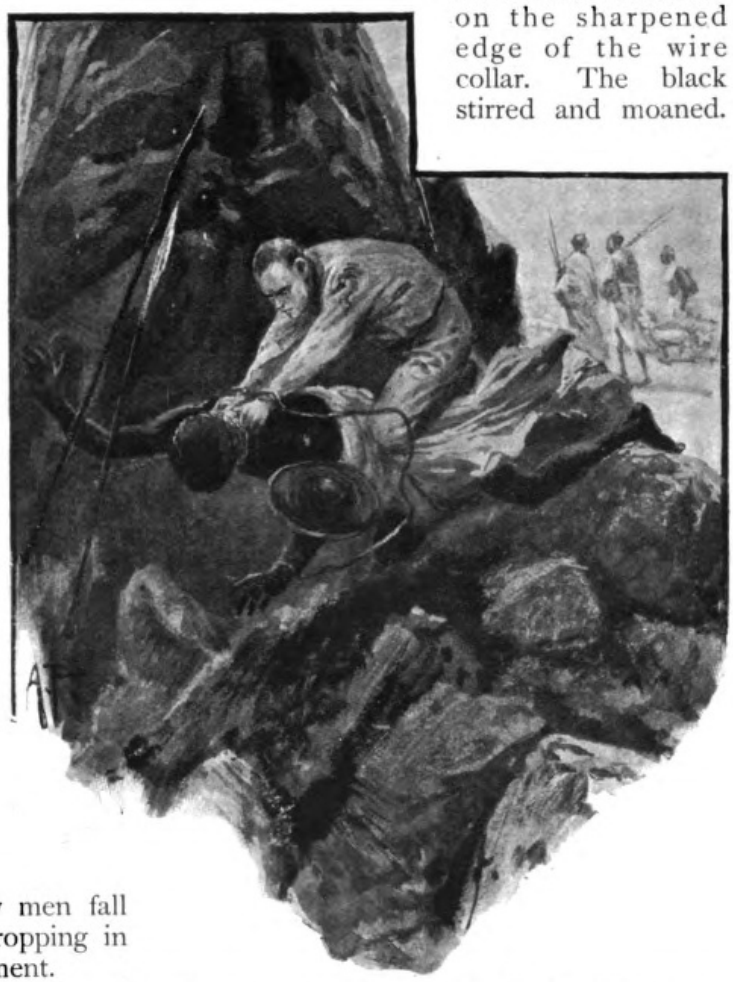
Tammers, as he lagged more and more exhaustedly, kept his heart up with the same thought. Colonel Christopher's force was not so far away; perhaps the chance he sought would soon offer. The man in the wire collar was almost staggering—the inflammation in his neck and the continual drag of his prisoner were telling upon him, and Tammers cautiously fell more and more behind the hurrying main body.

Under the moonbeams he saw men fall out from time to time, simply dropping in their tracks. This was encouragement.

Ahead a tall rock, standing in a lake of its own shadow, loomed up. Tammers determined to risk all as soon as they came abreast of this rock. His huge guard was half-dozing as he walked. Tammers' long patience, his capacity for biding his time, must help him now if ever. He had worked and waited for this moment. He cast a look at the height and bulk of his chain-fellow, whose head was absolutely nodding forward.

They had fallen far back in the column. Occasionally a savage in front whistled, as savages on a long march are apt to do. Tammers manœuvred his antagonist into the shadow of the rock, then retreating to the full six feet his rope allowed he leaped upon him. Half-asleep as he was the black could utter no cry before he crashed down among the sharp lower rocks. And there he, and Tammers on top of him, lay in the deep intensity of the shadow.

Frenziedly Tammers rubbed the rope that bound his hands on the sharpened edge of the wire collar. The black stirred and moaned.



"HE CRASHED DOWN AMONG THE SHARP LOWER ROCKS."

Tammers freed his hands and, drawing the knife from the other's waistcloth, cut the knots at his ankles.

But not till long after the last straggler had passed did Tammers dare to stand upright. No sound of the Emir's forces came on the faint wind. The moon had gone in, and Tammers took his direction towards the British Army he had served so well from the shimmering host of stars that ruled in the night sky.

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Some Wonders from the West.

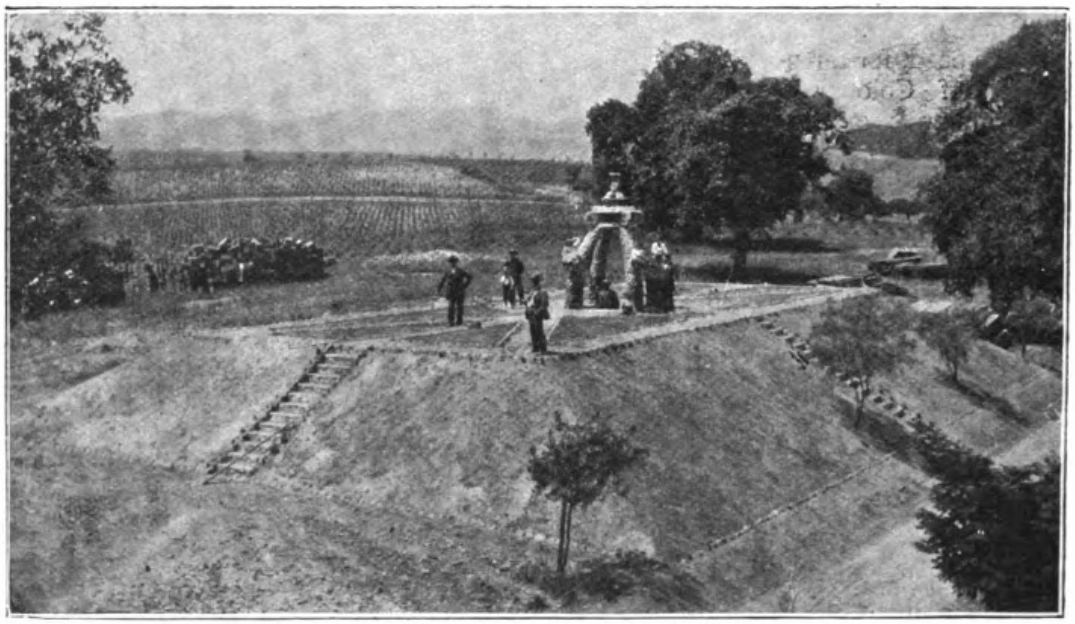
LXI.—THE LARGEST WINE-VAT IN THE WORLD.

By Martin Pierce.

MANY people have had the privilege of seeing the great tun of Heidelberg, and have marvelled at its size. Others who have never been in the noted castle on the Neckar have seen photographs of the tun, one of which, in particular, shows a large dancing party on top of the gigantic copper and hoop-bound cask. Made in 1751, with a capacity of forty-nine thousand gallons, or two hundred and ninety-four thousand bottles, the great tun has held a deserved position as one of the smaller wonders of the Continental world, and the dances that have taken place on its top have passed, long in line, into German memory.

The great tun, however, capacious though it was, is no longer without rivals. When a great brewing firm in Southwark built a beer-vat to hold one hundred and eight thousand gallons—more than twice as much as the tun at Heidelberg — it was supposed the limit had been reached, and people went many miles to see it. What think you, therefore, of a vat nearly five times larger than this monster of South London, not made, as other vats are, of hoops and staves, but carved out of the solid rock—a vat in which people can dine and drink and dance —which takes two steam pumps seven days to fill and four days to empty? Such a vat is indeed a marvel.

Needless to say it has been built in California, where a colony of Italian-Swiss workers have established one of the great vineyards of the world. Its place of being is Asti, named after the Piedmontese Asti of vinous fame, three and a half hours distant from San Francisco. It is eighty-four feet in length, thirty-four feet in width, and twenty-five feet high. It would take more space than we have at our disposal to tell the whole story of the interesting career of the company which built it—a career of ups and downs which would have discouraged the average business man, but which, stimulated by extraordinary enterprise, has proved successful almost beyond the dreams of its founders.



From a] THE GREAT WINE-VAT AT ASTI, CALIFORNIA. *[Photo.*

In grape-growing, as in other departments of agriculture, necessity is the mother of invention, and in 1897, when the grape crop of California was larger than in any previous year, the wine-growers were in sore straits. Vintage was nearly at hand, and it was too late for the Asti growers to build tanks in which to store the wine to be made from its enormous crop of grapes. In the rear of the winery at Asti there existed a hill of rocky formation destined later to be turned into the largest wine-vat in the world. The

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conception of digging a hole into this hill and making a reservoir to hold the surplus wine belonged to Mr. A. Sbarboro, the secretary of the colony, with whose name much of the success of Californian viticulture has been connected. Some of his colleagues hesitated to undertake the work for fear that the reservoir might leak and thus cause loss to the company, but after considerable argument he convinced his colleagues that by building a two-foot concrete wall around the inside of the hole to be made in the hill, and by putting in a concrete floor and top, all hermetically sealed, there would be no danger of leakage.

The original plans allowed for a three-feet opening in the cover to permit access to the tank, and a double-headed wooden cover, with rubber bands, closely screwed from above and below the opening, in order to make the tank air-tight after it was filled with wine. It took forty-five days and nights to build the tank, fifty men and twenty-five teams being employed. A thousand barrels of Portland cement and six thousand barrels of gravel and sand were consumed in lining the surface, and when first filled daily tests were made through an air-pipe to see if any leakage took place. It was found to be perfectly tight, and the amount of wine which it held was estimated in value at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. After the grapes have been pressed to fill this tank there remains a pile of grape skins eighteen feet high.

The first tankful of wine was left for ninety days, when it was withdrawn and distributed into wooden tanks of twenty-five and forty thousand gallons capacity in a cellar below, the wine running through a galvanized iron pipe which reached the bottom of the tank through a tunnel six feet high and one hundred and six feet long. These and the other figures given will suggest the scale on which wine culture in California is carried on, and will incidentally show the enterprise with which the foreigner in the United States conceives and executes great projects. It is an evidence of the extraordinary growth of viticulture in California during the past six years. As one writer has put it, sixty tanks this size would alone suffice to contain the best yearly output of the State, and "were all the wine put into one great tank it would float five battleships like the *Oregon*, allowing a space of fourteen feet beneath the hull and seven feet on each side, not counting the extra floating surface that would be given by the displacement of the hulls." The wine industry gives employment in all its branches to twelve thousand persons, and over two hundred and ten thousand acres of land are planted with grapes.

Not a ray of light can penetrate into the largest wine-vat in the world, and the wine mellows and ripens as in the vaults of Italy. Once, however, the vat was a blaze of light, and in it two hundred people made merry in a dance. It was the first event of the kind in the history of the world, and signalized the successful test of this gigantic undertaking. The party, which came by special train from San Francisco as guests of the colony, was composed of city officials, judges, bankers, merchants, scientific and professional men, with their wives and daughters, who, before descending into the rock-carved vat, were given a sumptuous banquet at the Villa Sbarboro, by the genial secretary. It was an *al fresco* banquet of some magnitude, and was heartily enjoyed by the fortunate guests. The wine of the country flowed free, and the fragrance from the vineyards round exhilarated those who had come to Asti on a delightful holiday.

After luncheon the party proceeded to the tank, in which a spiral staircase, covered with canvas, had been prepared so that the ladies and gentlemen could descend without difficulty to the floor of the tank, twenty-five feet below. Here, in the brilliance of this subterranean dancing-hall, the members of the party enjoyed themselves to the full, the dancing being accompanied by a military band. A flashlight picture was taken on this day—a copy of which we are privileged to reproduce, although it hardly does justice to the occasion.

The success which has come to the Italian-Swiss colony at Asti is the result of a well-meant effort to ameliorate the condition of the foreign labourer in California by co-operation. We say well-meant because, although the company has been a success, the co-operative attempt failed merely because of the short-sightedness of the labourer. Over twenty years ago, in San Francisco, there were many Italian immigrants seeking work, and to give them employment Mr. Sbarboro attempted to form a co-operative society on the building and loan association principle, the capital being provided on the monthly payment plan, which allowed the men wages enough to care for themselves well and permitted the balance to be applied towards making the workers owners. Grapes at that time commanded

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From a] THE BAND AND DANCERS INSIDE THE GREAT VAT. [Photo.

thirty dollars per ton, and, on account of this high price, grape culture was made the object of the association. One of the important provisos of the organization was that each labourer should get from thirty to forty dollars per month, with good board, wine at meals, and a house to sleep in; but in order that he should take an interest in his work he was to subscribe for at least five shares of stock, upon which five dollars per month would be deducted from his wages. He would thus be interested in the profits of the enterprise. Curiously enough, however, labourers could not be made to see the advantage of this scheme, and the company was compelled to pay its employés in cash. Unfortunately for them the experiment eventually turned out a complete success, and the company, which commenced in 1881 with no capital except the income from the sale of stock on the instalment system, is now paying a good rate of interest to its members on a capital of one million dollars. It started out with fifteen hundred acres of land, and now possesses seven vineyards and wineries, with a total capacity of eleven million five hundred thousand gallons of wine yearly. It is selling its product in all parts of the world, and the Italian and Swiss labourers still perform their daily work. These employés, however, are not owners, as they might have been, and the well-laid plans intended for their advancement have been the only failure connected with the company. They seem, however, to be extremely contented with their labours.

The largest wine-vat and the vineyards of the company attract many visitors from all parts of the world. One of the recent visitors was Prince Luigi of Savoy, the Duc d'Abruzzi, who has made fame for himself by his daring ascent of Mount St. Elias and expedition to the North Pole, towards which he succeeded in going farther than Nansen. The Duke stayed in the colony three days, was royally entertained, and showed keen interest in the efforts made for the Italian labourer by his countrymen in California.

LXII.—A HOG-GUESSING CONTEST.

Any man who tries to guess the weight of a hog needs to know more than he did before—a rather paradoxical way of putting it, but one with which every good weight-guesser will agree. It is, in fact, the very difficulty of gauging the avoirdupois of a porker that brought into being years ago the now famous hog-guessing contests, which, under the familiar name of "guessin's," have been a winter joy on Long Island, New York. The contests are sometimes called "killin's," as if to suggest that fateful period in the porker's career which takes place immediately after the vote has been recorded

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and all the contestants have been heard from. There is no time at which the weight of a hog is more deceptive than that just before he is to be turned into lard, and it is this psychological moment which has been seized for the "guessin'" by lovers of this form of sport.

Knowingly have the hotel-keepers of Long Island fostered the love for these contests, and, if a slight exaggeration be pardoned, it seems as if in the winter-time they did nothing else but breed or buy up the genus *sus* for the benefit of guessers. Many a record-breaking hog has thus, with patient care and an eye to the main chance, been sought for by the local Bonifaces. The announcement of impending trouble for the guessers is made on big posters or in the newspapers. "Here we are again with another big one!"



From a] SIZING UP "AN OLD DECEIVER." *[Photo.*

is the way in which an Oyster Bay landlord started the ball rolling last year. Another landlord used up the biggest type from a local newspaper office in telling the peripatetic guessers that his porker was "a corker." The hogs, by the way, are given special names, and the happiest name usually attracts the largest crowd. The beautiful creature shown in our illustration was known before his lamented death as "An Old Deceiver," and was so advertised by Mr. Fred Kent, of "La Grange," East Babylon, where the contest took place.

The guessers move from place to place and their wits are sharpened by successive competitions. Naturally local terms are largely employed. To "notch" a "guessin' hog" is to guess the exact weight, and the man who does this, or who comes the nearest in the competition to the exact weight, carries off the hog. The man who comes next nearest to the exact weight gets a sum of money known as the "overplus," which probably means the amount of money taken in from entrance fees over and above necessary expenses. The age of the hog is not divulged, and rumour conflicts with fact on this point to the disadvantage of the guesser. Sometimes for a week before the date fixed for the "killin'" intending guessers measure the creature daily and figure patiently to "notch" him. The usual method is to multiply the length and girth of the hog in inches, and then divide this sum by seven and its fractions up to seven and three-quarters. Most of the guessers, for more reasons than one, like to divide by even numbers, and in this way stand to lose the fifty cents which they have deposited in the pool for the right to guess. As in the "pools on the run" so common on Atlantic steamships, certain numbers are favourites owing to tacit agreement of opinion among expert guessers, and it is no unusual thing for thirty or forty consecutive numbers to be bought up by an interested "combine."

The last day of the hog on earth is more interesting to the guessers than to the hog. In the afternoon the butcher arrives at the hotel with a kettle, a bag of knives, and steelyard with a capacity of one thousand pounds. If it be remarked that five hundred-pound steelyards are quite sufficient for any respectable hog the butcher suavely replies that it is just as easy in Long Island to borrow a one thousand-pound apparatus as it is to get a smaller one, and that it is always best to be on the safe side. Towards evening the early arrivals "warm up"

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From a] REGISTERING THE GUESSES. *[Photo.*

measured, killed, and weighed. The "Old Deceiver" in our illustration tipped the beam at four hundred and twenty-five pounds, the guesses having registered all the way from four hundred and twenty-nine to four hundred and eighty-eight pounds. A "combine," which had bought up the numbers from four hundred and seventeen to four hundred and fifty-eight, took the hog and two-thirds of the "overplus," amounting to twenty dollars. The remaining third went to the man who had raised the hog and who, out of one hundred and fifty guesses, made the second-best guess.

at the bar of the hotel, one of the very good reasons why every hotel-keeper should encourage the contests. Later, when the excitement has reached its height the hog is

LXIII.—A PRIZE-LOAD OF WOMEN.

We doubt if the readers of The Strand have ever seen so large a load of farmers' wives and daughters in a farm waggon.

The leading merchant of the little Arkansas town of Gravette, during a spring sale, offered a prize of ten dollars to the farmer bringing in the largest load of women, and it seems there were two principals in the contest. The one shown here, Mr. C. M. Keeler, pulled up to the store with a load of forty-three women, and Farmer Bagby drove up with forty-seven women, but the judges found in counting that Mr. Bagby had picked up four of the women within the city corporation, which was contrary to the rules governing the contest, so this brought about a tie, and Mr. Gamble, the merchant, gave each ten dollars for their efforts. This was quite an interesting as well as merry event for the little place of Gravette.



From a Photo. by] A LOAD OF FORTY-THREE WOMEN. *[H. F. Lewis, Gravette, Ark., U.S.A.*

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LXIV.—CIGAR LABEL DESIGNING.

ONE of the most peculiar exhibits at the forthcoming St. Louis Exhibition will be one that may become responsible for a new craze in the future. Mr. Fatjo, of Santa Clara, has discovered a new use for the cigar bands which are carelessly thrown away by the smoker of to-day. In fact, the new craze is likely to become so popular and fascinating that smokers will henceforth carefully preserve the bright bits of paper at the request of a sister, a cousin, or maybe an aunt.



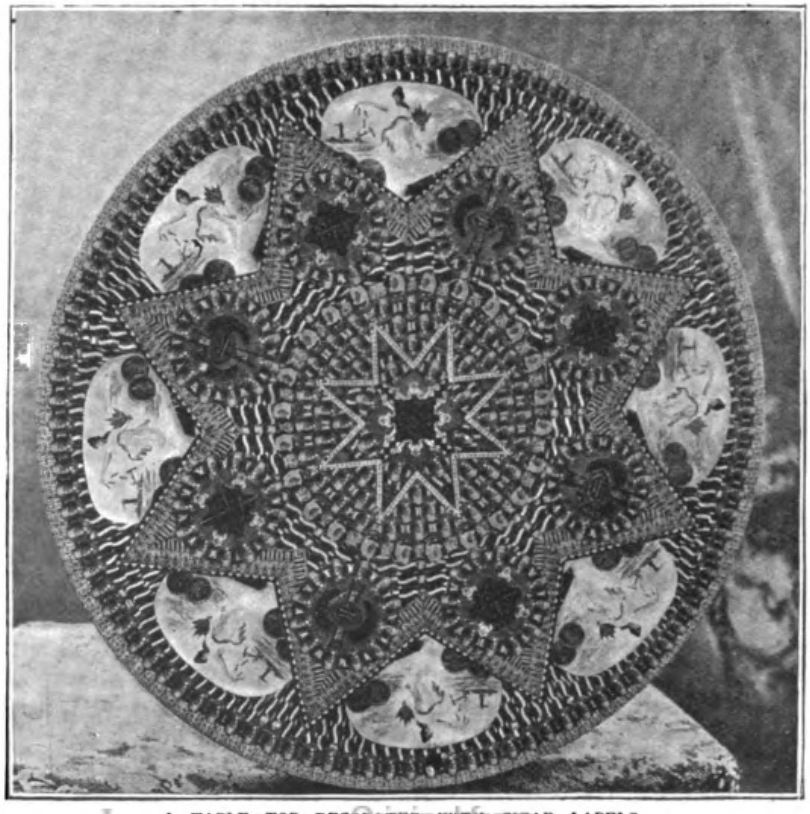
AN UMBRELLA-STAND MADE OF A JOINT OF TERRA-COTTA PIPE AND DECORATED WITH CIGAR LABELS.
From a Photo. by Nelson's Studio, Santa Clara, Cal.

One may well ask why, but a glance at the beautiful illustrations which accompany this article will show to what splendid use these otherwise insignificant little paper bands may be put.

It is almost needless to say that the pasting process may be successfully done by anyone, but to paste the bands with any degree of artistic success it is necessary that the "paster," if we may so call him, should exercise ingenuity and possess also a certain amount of judgment in the grouping of colours.

In a few hints given the other day Mr. Fatjo explained that the article to be operated upon should, in the first place, be thoroughly sand-papered, then a coating of thick and fairly rough paper should be pasted thereon. Upon this paper a design is drawn, over which the labels are pasted into their respective places, with due regard as to size and shape. Special attention should be paid to the delicate and refined blending of the colours, so as to make the scheme an effective and harmonious one. When the pasting is done the object should be allowed to dry thoroughly, when a clean cloth saturated with alcohol should be well rubbed over the whole surface. Then two thin coats of gelatine should be applied, seven coats of varnish completing the process. It is absolutely essential that the various coats should be allowed to dry thoroughly before the subsequent ones are applied or disaster is likely to ensue.

If properly done such work will last for practically an indefinite period, and will be a source of constant pride and pleasure to the designer.



A TABLE-TOP DECORATED WITH CIGAR LABELS.
From a Photo. by Nelson's Studio, Santa Clara, Cal.

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The Finest Statue in England.

THE VIEWS OF LIVING SCULPTORS.

POPULAR interest in British sculpture may be said truly to keep pace with the marked progress of that art in this kingdom. The old idea that we must look abroad for masterpieces in bronze and marble has long since died a natural death in the face of the brilliant achievements of our native sculptors.

"So fine," wrote the late Sir John Millais, "is some of the work our modern sculptors have given us that I firmly believe, were it dug up from under the oyster-shells in Rome or out of the Athenian sands, with the *cachet* of partial dismemberment about it, Europe would straightway fall into ecstasy and give forth the plaintive wail, 'We can do nothing like that now.'"



STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT WINCHESTER, BY ALFRED GILBERT, R.A.
From a Photo. by F. Hollyer.

It occurred to the writer that among the thousands of statues, public and private, in the kingdom, from the time of Bacon and Nollekens to that of Gilbert and Brock, there must be one which had achieved the high-water mark of excellence, which might properly be placed at the pinnacle of British art. It is so difficult for the searcher after perfection to choose wisely; he is swayed by so many considerations which ought to have no place in the contemplation of high art that he may easily go wrong in his choice. But if there were some means of obtaining the suffrage of the wisest authorities as to the finest piece of sculpture in the kingdom, would not their judgment serve for ever as a criterion of taste, a model of what thereafter to admire and what to avoid? And, it was reasoned, who so well qualified to be our guide in this matter as the finest of living sculptors? It was not likely that, with all their training and ideals, these could go wrong on such a question.

Yet we began our inquiry with some misgivings, for, monuments and ideal figures apart, the writer recalled that no less an authority than Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., had stated that the statue of Sir Charles Barry in the House of Commons, executed by Foley, was in his judgment the best statue in London (see page 452). London's statues have been from time immemorial universally decried for their bad taste and general ugliness, and not without reason. It has even gravely been proposed to honour certain of the illustrious dead on the occasion of their centenaries by *taking down* their public effigies. Speaking of Westminster Abbey, Baedeker's guide-book cannot refrain from observing that "the effect is sadly marred by the egregiously bad taste displayed in several of the monuments." Yet to the rule that London's statues are bad, or even indifferent art, there are striking exceptions, though very few authorities can be found to agree on what is the best. When, for instance, we put the question to Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., he cordially recom-

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mended us to repair to the Abbey and gaze upon the statue of Wilberforce by Samuel Joseph, a now all but forgotten sculptor, who flourished two or three generations ago.

"When I had frequent occasion to visit the Abbey recently in connection with my statue of Gladstone," continued Mr. Brock, "I was immensely struck by the fineness and beauty of this masterpiece, which it would be difficult to surpass in any age. Other statues I should name as belonging to the first rank are Foley's 'Barry,' the Flaxman in University College, and Thornycroft's 'Gordon' in Trafalgar Square."

"Would you rank this above his 'Cromwell'?"

"Yes, it is a much finer work. Then, as



STATUE OF WILBERFORCE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, BY SAMUEL JOSEPH.
From a Photo. by G. Newnes, Ltd.

to ideal figures, I should place Gilbert's 'Icarus' at the head."

"What about Stevens's Wellington Memorial?"

"Alfred Stevens was undoubtedly the greatest sculptor England has produced, but the memorial was never finished. As it is now, its harmony is utterly spoilt; had he lived it would have been different."

Many of our readers will recall the condemnation which has been heaped upon the Shaftesbury Memorial in Piccadilly Circus (see page 451). To these critics Mr. George Frampton, R.A., retorts.

"Unhesitatingly, I pronounce Mr. Gilbert's



STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, BY HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Shaftesbury Memorial the very finest achievement of British sculpture of this or any other age. Critics, in speaking of this splendid creation, dilate on its unsuitability to its environment. Good heavens! must a great artist adapt himself, then, to ephemeral ugliness? Should we not rather say of this masterpiece that its environment is unsuited to it? Can you mention a single building within sight about it worthy to stand beside it? The general outlook being so ignoble, would it not be better to reverse the foolish proposition of the critics and remove Piccadilly Circus from the statue rather than remove the statue from Piccadilly Circus?"

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In portrait figures Mr. Frampton makes choice of Gilbert's "Queen Victoria" at Winchester, Mr. Thornycroft's "Cromwell," and Mr. Brock's "Robert Raikes" on the Thames Embankment (see page 451).

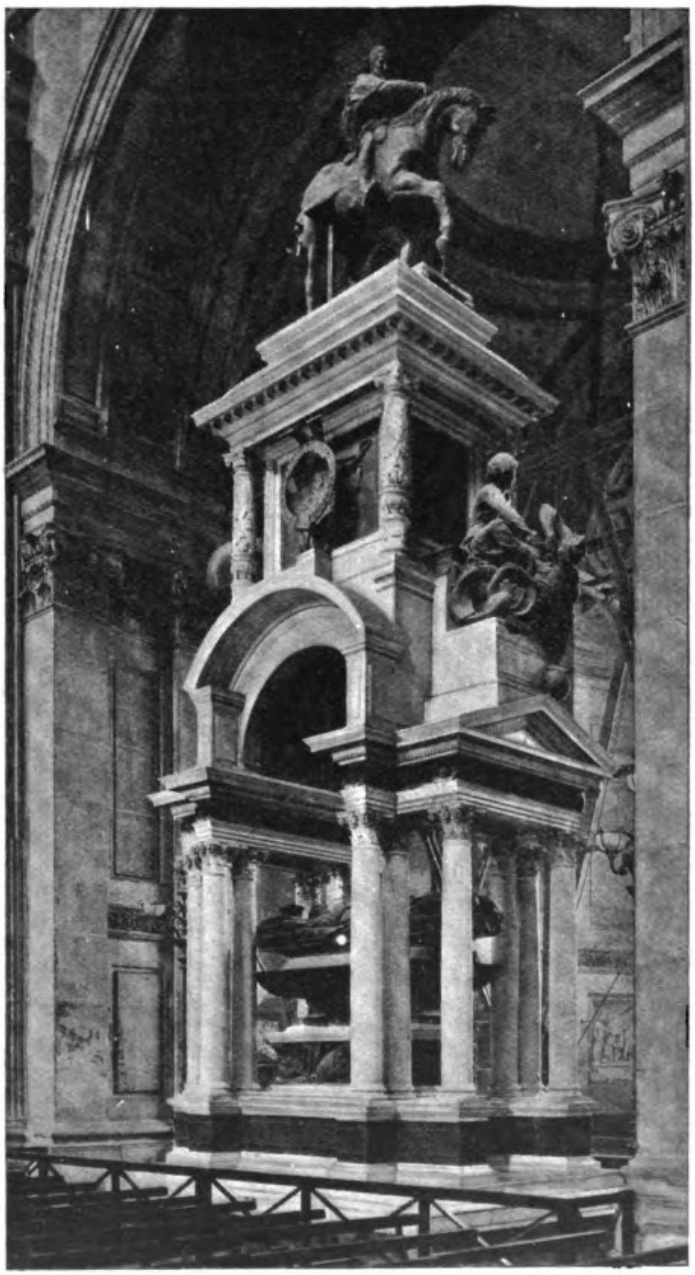
The Victoria Memorial (see page 448) would appear to share with Stevens's Wellington Memorial at St. Paul's the distinction in the majority of sculptors' minds of being the high-water mark of British sculpture, Mr. H. H. Armstead, R.A., the *doyen* of native sculptors, famous for his work on the Albert Memorial, said:—

"I consider the Winchester statue to be the finest achievement of British sculpture, although Stevens's masterpiece is certainly very fine."

"I have no hesitation," writes Mr. Thornycroft, "in placing Alfred Stevens's Wellington Monument and Alfred Gilbert's 'Queen Victoria' as the highest achievements in the art. Both these works are so remarkable and so full of the highest qualities of design and style, yet so different in character, that it is difficult to say which is the finer. I should rather incline to the Wellington as containing more of the subtle but great quality 'reserve.'"

No such doubt, however, assails the mind of Professor Edouard Lanteri, who, as head of the South Kensington schools, has done so much for British sculpture.

"Alfred Stevens," he said, "deserves a place beside Michael Angelo and the greatest masters of any age. His Wellington Monument is his masterpiece and the greatest thing done in English sculpture. After that comes his chimneypiece in Dorchester House, Park Lane."



THE WELLINGTON MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, BY ALFRED STEVENS.
From a Photo. by Campbell & Gray.

Many authorities, as we see, find it difficult to choose a single piece, and this difficulty confronted Sir C. B. Lawes, a sculptor whose work renders his opinion well worth having. "I consider that the monument to the Earl of Chatham in the Guildhall, by Bacon (see page 452), and the monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's are the two, and I think the only two, masterpieces in native sculpture. It is impossible to make any comparison between works so totally different in every respect, the monument by Bacon displaying all that the eighteenth century can offer in science and technical skill; the monument by Alfred Stevens, although almost childish in its want of technical skill, yet displaying a complete conception of the highest and finest qualities of the great Italian Rinascenza."

Mr. H. C. Fehr thus rendered judgment: "You ask me for an example of the finest British work? For a monument, and for

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THE SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, BY ALFRED GILBERT, R.A.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

grand effect, I select Alfred Stevens's Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's. For the finest piece of separate sculpture, Mr. Alfred Gilbert's statuette 'Icarus,' in the late Lord Leighton's possession."

In truth, as Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, than whom few sculptors not Academicians stand higher, justly observes, "It is a very difficult thing to decide which particular work of a native sculptor stands highest, so many works have great merit according to their fitness of situation and beauty of design. There are many fine monumental works of sculpture entirely overlooked by people who are interested in sculpture, but who confine themselves to the works exhibited in the Royal Academy." Mr. Pomeroy places Stevens easily at the head in monumental sculpture. "This artist," he went on to say, "was entirely unrecognised during his lifetime because he was too engrossed in producing fine art instead of descending to the trivialities so much in evidence in our annual exhibitions." But leaving the Wellington Monument *hors concours*, Mr. Pomeroy's choice is for the "Lord Mansfield" of John Flaxman in Westminster Abbey. "This figure is, in my opinion, not only the best in London and the kingdom, but one of the finest in Europe. At the same time I do not forget Alfred Gilbert's seated statue of Queen Victoria at Winchester, which is very dignified and beautifully designed, and set a fashion in Queen's memorials. It has been greatly imitated by several sculptors of note." As to ideal statues, it is Mr. Pomeroy's opinion that Mr. Gilbert's "Icarus" is the best ideal statue produced by any Englishman; for beauty and sentiment it has never been surpassed. "Hamo Thornycroft stands high with his 'Teucer,' but this is more severe



STATUE OF ROBERT RAIKES, ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, BY THOMAS BROCK, R.A.
From a Photo. by G. Newnes, Ltd.

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and archaic in character. 'Hounds in Leash,' by Harry Bates, is a work any country might be proud of, and his basreliefs of 'Homer Singing' and his 'Æneas' panels are as fine as anything I know of in modern times."

The work of Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., both in portraiture and ideal work, is known to all visitors to the Academy, his "Circe" and "Age of Innocence" being universal favourites.

"What," asked Mr. Drury, "constitutes the most excellent product of native sculpture in this kingdom? Undoubtedly, Stevens's Wellington Memorial and Gilbert's Victoria Memorial at Winchester. If you ask me for the finest statue I say Thornycroft's 'Cromwell,' in front of the Houses of Parliament. Next in order, in my opinion, ought to come Mr. Brock's 'Gladstone' in the Abbey and Onslow Ford's 'Shelley' at University College, Oxford."



MONUMENT TO THE EARL OF CHATHAM, IN THE GUILDHALL, BY JOHN BACON, R.A.
From a Photo. by G. Newnes, Ltd.



STATUE OF SIR CHARLES BARRY, IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.
From a Photo. by G. Newnes, Ltd.

So far, then, the votes for the finest achievement of British sculpture are divided between the respective masterpieces of Alfred Stevens and Alfred Gilbert. But when we come down to single statues we find a greater diversity of opinion. Individual choice has been made of the following:—

"Wilberforce," by Samuel Joseph; "Cromwell," by Thornycroft; "Lord Mansfield," by Flaxman; "Chatham," by Bacon; "Sir C. Barry," by Foley; "Icarus," by Gilbert.

But there is still to be more diversity, for Mr. George Tinworth, a sculptor and designer of peculiar genius and popularity, selects "The Water Nymphs," by Gibson, as the high-water mark of British sculpture.

"We might," he writes, "begin with Flaxman for imagination, Bacon, Foley, Weekes, Brock, and Onslow Ford for monumental work." After Gibson's group, "Water Nymphs," Mr. Tinworth would place Mr. G. F. Watts's "Clytie," in the Tate Gallery, Bates's "Pandora," and Thornycroft's "Teucer." He is fain to add, "If any men

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had the true spirit of the ancient Greek sculptors, it is Watts, Bates, and Gilbert."

Mr. Alphonse Legros is a sculptor who truly would look askance at such judgment. With him it is Alfred Stevens first and last—none others are to be compared with him. "In my opinion there are two works by the same artist, each worthy of the first place as examples of British sculpture. These are the monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral and the marble mantelpiece in Dorchester House, Park Lane, by the sculptor, painter, and architect, Alfred Stevens."

Mr. Albert Toft, who is known for his "Victory" and "Spirit of Contemplation," said, "I have no hesitation in saying that to my mind the finest and most complete piece of sculpture in this kingdom executed by a native—or even by a foreigner—is the Wellington Memorial, by that sublime genius, Alfred Stevens."

This, too, is the opinion of Mr. John M. Swan, R.A., one of the leading sculptors of the kingdom. "Stevens's work is the finest conception and greatest work. As regards the Equestrian Statue," he adds, "much of it is doubtful Stevens—he never lived to complete it."

We have now heard the chief sculptors of the kingdom express an opinion. Should we not now listen to one of the foremost of our art critics? There is perhaps no other writer who has done so much to popularize sculpture amongst the masses as Mr. M. H. Spielmann, editor of the *Magazine of Art* and author of a work on sculpture. Let us therefore hear him on this point:—



"CLYTIE," BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.
From a Photo. by F. Hollyer.

"Assuming, as we must, that the three highest qualities which should characterize the finest works of sculpture are (1) beauty of form, (2) dignity and nobility of conception and sentiment, (3) perfection of execution and craftsmanship, then the work which touches the highest water-mark reached by British achievement is the Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, by Alfred Stevens, even in its present incomplete state. As everyone knows, it is without the crowning group intended for it, and in the future it is unhappily to be 'completed' by the addition of Stevens's rough sketch-model of man and horse, which is to be contrasted with the extremely finished work beneath. But even in its present state it is, in my opinion, our most perfect art heritage in sculpture. It is noble in proportion. It has the qualities of power, grace, and elegance; of mastery of technique; of vigour of modelling; of scholarly refinement in design and workmanship; of perfect appreciation of architectural effect and of the value to sculpture of the sister art; and, finally, of charming ingenuity of arrangement. There may be one or two points that invite criticism, but that, I take it, is not what you desire.

"I find it very difficult to commit myself to a single portrait bust or statue. I think Watts's 'Clytie' is a more 'tremendous' work than 'Hugh Lupus,' though the Lupus is of course conceived, being a group, on a bigger plan. Again, Watts's 'Bishop Lonsdale' is, especially as to the head, unique.

"As to a statue, there is, I think, more in Alfred Gilbert's 'Queen Victoria,' at Winchester, than in any other."

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OLD LACE.

By Mrs Egerton Castwick



"THE bride wore a veil of fine point d'Alençon. . . ."

The words, in the eyes of Miss Harriet Majoribanks, blended with the opening lines of another paragraph immediately beneath:—

"A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Lady Violet Cray, only daughter of the Earl of Craybourne, and——"

The rest of the announcement did not interest Miss Majoribanks.

"A veil of fine point d'Alençon!" The words echoed from shadowed places grown remote, where once had shone such gleams of golden light that the very memory seemed now to blind and confuse her tired vision; also, they were barbed with the points of a recurrent anguish; and, lastly, they recalled and gave shape to a practical consideration, necessary but unwelcome, and hitherto deferred.

Point d'Alençon was evidently very much the mode. She seldom now saw the papers, and this *Lady's Mirror* had been lent to her—was, in fact, a week old; but that would not affect the point at issue. Lady Violet Cray would scarcely as yet have chosen her wedding-veil.

Miss Majoribanks's room did not suggest many valuable possessions, but it bore evidence of an old-world refinement which rendered it a very pleasant apartment. A scent of rose leaves clung to chair-covers and curtains of faded chintz; quaint scraps of old brocades and silk had been fashioned into cushions and table-covers; a few pieces of china decorated mantel-board and shelves; some water-colours—delicate faded things—hung upon the walls. They had been painted by Miss Majoribanks forty years before under the guidance of a master, and the execution suggested wool-work. Miss Majoribanks harmonized with her room. She was sixty years old, and looked it: the sixty of a past generation. A lace cap rested upon hair that was smooth and silvery; the wrinkles in her face were fine, and a faint bloom still mantled beneath a soft, if withered, whiteness in her cheeks.

A black gown was finished by some folds of muslin at the throat and wrists; and the muslin and the cap and the gown were all spotless, like the soul of the woman who wore them.

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Miss Majoribanks presently laid down the *Lady's Mirror* on her table and went into the adjoining bedroom.

Here she unlocked a wooden chest, taking out the contents one by one and laying them upon the bed, until she came to a flat, brown-paper parcel tied with string.

A few minutes later she sat upon the closed and repacked trunk with the brown-paper parcel on her knees, and her hand trembled a little as she undid the knots in the string, it was so many years ago that she had tied them.

At last, the papers removed, was disclosed a cardboard box, whence, on lifting the lid, a faint odour of musk and lavender escaped from long confinement and filled the room.

Miss Majoribanks put aside tissue coverings, and raised upon the back of her hand a single corner of yellowed lace — point d'Alençon of exquisite fineness.

Many folds of the same lay beneath, showing the whole to be a veil of considerable size, and in the corners of the box were two or three small sprays of orange-blossom.

Miss Majoribanks sat very still; the task before her was a hard one.

Poverty she could endure; for many years she had been acquainted with that phase of it which is sometimes called "genteel," without fear or complaint; but now her faithful companion threatened her with more dour experience. She felt herself frail; before her, another winter, possibly, to face.

The lace was, she knew, intrinsically worth a great deal of money; but to her it was worth almost life itself. She had sometimes thought she would like it to crumble away with her in the silence of death; it was the emblem of so much love and hope buried, but which by some miracle might yet live again. Many things, she had always believed, would be made clear in the future life.

The story was a not uncommon one of misunderstanding between two deeply attached people, fostered by those who desired their separation and ending in a broken engagement.

The end had come only a few weeks before the date fixed for the marriage, and Miss Majoribanks's lover had almost immediately volunteered for service in a frontier war and sailed for India.

From that time she had completely lost sight of him; her life had been one of constant employment and some struggle; the old romance was seldom voluntarily recalled, yet never forgotten.

Of all the preparations made for her wedding, the veil alone remained; it had belonged to her mother, a Frenchwoman, and had been given to Harriet in view of her approaching marriage. She had kept it ever since; had thought to keep it to the end.

Now, in the face of actual necessity, she doubted whether she had the strength or the right to hoard it longer. The idea of taking it to a dealer was very painful; but—Lady Violet Cray—the name appealed to her. She would enclose the veil with a little note—asking—what should she ask? Ten pounds? That she knew was far below its actual value, yet she feared to ask too much.

Lady Violet Cray, going to her room to dress for dinner, noticed a parcel upon her writing-table.

"Left this afternoon, my lady, by an old lady who begged, Harker says, that it might be delivered into your ladyship's own hands. But, as you were out driving, of course it couldn't be at the time."

Lady Violet took up the note which accompanied the parcel, saw that the fine writing of the address was strange to her, and broke the seal:—

"To the Lady Violet Cray.

"Dear Madam,—I notice that you are shortly going to be married. I send you a relic of my own youth in the hope that you will purchase it. It is a veil of fine point d'Alençon; I should be willing to dispose of it for ten pounds.

"Yours faithfully,

"HARRIET MAJORIBANKS.

"3, West Villas, Kensington."

Lady Violet was accustomed to begging letters, but something in the direct simplicity of this note touched her. She was, moreover, extremely happy, and happiness in the young is ready to overflow in the direction of generous sympathy.

"Poor old thing! A gentlewoman, evidently! 'A relic of her own youth.' I wonder what she is — a grandmother, perhaps — no; a grandmother's veil would be trimming her daughter's gowns by now. . . . I don't suppose the lace is worth anything—but we'll look at it. Watson, open the parcel."

The lady's-maid did as she was bid. The yellow lace lay there, a still message from the years of a past sorrow to the young girl's heart. The faded orange-blossoms were in the corners yet.

Quick tears from a source she could not define rose to the eyes of Violet Cray; even

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Watson was hushed. She felt, as she afterwards said, as though a face were looking at her through the meshes of the veil.

Reverently Violet raised one corner, slipping her white hand underneath the pattern, as Miss Majoribanks had raised it a few hours before.

"It is exquisite," she said, softly; "worth a great deal more than ten pounds. But we will not disturb it now; I must show it to my father."

"It would be cheap at fifty, my lady," said Watson, as she re-tied the string.

Those autumn days were full of business and pleasure for Lady Violet Cray, and several passed before she remembered, or gained an opportunity, to show the point d'Alençon to the Earl, her father.

She had much beautiful lace in her possession, but none, she thought, so exquisite or so fine as this; she had set her heart upon having it, but she was short of ready money, and the idea of accepting it for ten pounds was not to be thought of.

Lady Violet had had some experience of imposture and shameless begging, but she had no mind to take advantage of ignorance or need for the sake of securing a bargain.

One day, however, when Lord Craybourne took luncheon in his own house and alone with his daughter, she remembered the lace and ordered it to be brought down.

"I really don't know what the value exactly might be," she explained, as she opened the box; "the poor soul asks ten pounds. What have I done with the letter, I wonder? Watson must have put it aside—I forget even her name."

"My dear girl, if you want the lace have it, by all means. How much? Will twenty-five do—fifty? What do you want it for? There's your mother's veil—any amount of family lace."

"None so fine as this, dad, and point d'Alençon just now is *the* thing. Watson says it would be cheap at fifty."

The Earl had risen fussily: a tall, angular man, with a shaven face and a thin jaw, indifferent to everyone except his daughter.

"Very well, very well. But I must be off. I must indeed. I will give you a cheque."

"Look at it, father; there is something rather sad about it."

The Earl glanced down and frowned. "Sentiment——" he began.

Violet lovingly raised the cobweb-like fabric; the orange-blossoms fell from the corners, something else fell from the folds—an old letter, the paper yellowed, the ink faded, but the writing still clear — an old letter, left by mistake, forgotten.

It fluttered to the ground, almost to the feet of the Earl. He stooped and picked it up. Perhaps the exertion reddened his thin cheek, quickened his breath.

He glanced at the letter and at the signature, then said to his daughter, in an odd, unnatural voice:—



"DID YOU SAY A NOTE ACCOMPANIED THIS BOX?"

"Did you say a note accompanied this box?"

"Yes."

"Go and find it; bring it to me. No; don't ring, go yourself."

As she was leaving the room he asked again, in that queer, hoarse voice:—

"Do you remember the name?"

"No, father. March—Marsh—something,

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I think. But I can find the letter; Watson will know where it is."

"Go, then. But bring it to me here yourself."

When the door had closed Lord Craybourne sat down. He was trembling strangely; he had not been so moved for many years, and could hardly understand his own sensations, only was quite sure he wished to hide them.

"Well—to think of it—after all these years—the very letter, too. Could it have been intentional? I think not. She was not that sort. A fool and a scoundrel—that's what you were, sir, a fool and a scoundrel——"

So his thoughts ran, and in the meantime he had put the letter into his own pocket instead of replacing it in the box.

By the time his daughter returned he had decided upon his plan of action, provided the note which had accompanied the parcel rendered his design possible.

"I have been examining this lace," he said, in his most judicial manner, as she entered the room, "and, although no great judge, I am of opinion that it is extremely valuable. Have you the note—ah——"

She handed him Miss Majoribanks's letter, and he read it with an unmoved countenance.

"Ah, yes; quite so. Well, I shall see into this business myself—one must beware, you see, of impostors. Will you kindly have the lace repacked?"

He was himself arranging the disordered folds with exaggerated care, replacing the flowers.

Violet watched him in some perplexity and dismay.

"I have set my heart on having it," she said.

"If money can buy it," said the Earl, "it shall be yours," but he added a few words to himself which she could not catch.

Miss Majoribanks sat in her drawing-room that afternoon, in a frame of mind which, for her, was strangely disquieted. A week had gone by and she had heard nothing of the lace; received no answer to her letter.

Many conjectures sprang in her gentle mind, and she feared that she had been strangely imprudent to entrust her treasure to people of whom she knew only the names.

And then the servants! The carelessness of servants in a great house was proverbial; perhaps parcel and note had never reached the hands of Lady Violet Cray at all. She felt that should no news reach her to-day she must nerve herself to call once more in Grosvenor Square.

She started at every postal knock and every ring. The house was one of a row of small, old-fashioned cottages, such as are still to be found in quiet byways in Kensington, waiting to give place in their turn to red, five-storied blocks of flats; a path through a garden plot led up to the front door, and Miss Majoribanks's windows opened to a little balcony, where in summer a creeper covered the iron railings, and it was possible to cultivate geraniums, nasturtiums, and mignonette.

The first-floor apartments, as the landlady expressed it, were permanently let to Miss Majoribanks; and now the poor lady's heart was sinking lest duty and necessity should compel her to seek a more humble abode.

She heard presently a heavy tread upon the gravel walk, and her anxiety led her to the window. She saw a tall man carrying a brown-paper parcel. Before she could form any conjecture the bell had rung, the door was opened, a heavy tread was on the stair; then the stranger was in the room.

"Miss Majoribanks, I conclude?" The man was a gentleman, evidently; his voice though gruff was cultured, and he bowed, Miss Majoribanks thought, with the grand air she remembered in her youth.

She made her best curtsy; the parcel he carried was certainly her own box. Could this really be, after all, the—butler, perhaps?

"I am Miss Majoribanks, sir. Will you please be seated?" she said, on her guard.

"I have called," said the stranger, somewhat awkwardly, "about a—a parcel you were so kind as to leave for the—er—inspection of my daughter."

His daughter! Good gracious! this was the Earl, then. He had seated himself on a rather low chair and his legs seemed much too long for the little room. He fidgeted them nervously. Miss Majoribanks sat very still; then, as her visitor seemed unable to proceed, came to his help.

"I hope I did not take too great a liberty," she said; and her gentle dignity hedged her round like an impassable fence.

"Liberty? My dear madam, it is we—we—who are obliged—but—ahem—there was a letter. I think you must have forgotten—it must have escaped your notice." He looked at her and saw the colour deepen in her delicate cheeks; his voice was less husky now and she was staring at him with wide-open eyes. His whole manner changed, his head drooped.

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"It was a sorry letter, Harriet," he said. "I remembered it only too well—every word of it—directly I set eyes on it. I thought I had better bring it back to you myself."

Miss Majoribanks had risen, and was standing before him drawn to her full height. But she steadied herself with a hand upon the table.

"A letter? Yes—I had forgotten—it is thirty years ago I put it there—and you—you——"



"SHE STEADIED HERSELF WITH A HAND UPON THE TABLE."

"I wrote it, you see," he said, simply; "and now I have come back—just to ask if you could by any chance—forgive me."

He raised his eyes; the reputedly selfish, hard-natured man was a boy again in the presence of this silver-haired woman.

"Will!" she said—there was an infinite tenderness in her voice. Then she caught her hand to her heart.

They were both very still for a few moments that seemed a long eternity of some approaching joy. A mist was between them, more delicate, more filmy than any tangible veil, woven by the years that had passed. Each knew the other at heart unchanged, and yet so different, so near now to eternity, to the grasp of some chastened passion, of which youth had barely understood the name.

And when that long look was over the Earl too rose and took her hands.

"I am forgiven?"

"You have been loved always."

"It was a madness, Harry, made me leave you."

"I thought it had killed me, Will, but, you see, I lived. And you—you have a daughter."

"My wife was a good woman. She asked of me no more than I could give. She knew I had a heart secret—a lost love hidden somewhere. I told her. She died ten years ago. You will love my daughter."

"The Lady Violet Cray? I never knew; you never told me——"

"That I had the distant prospect of inheriting the Craybourne title, or even that I belonged to the family. No; the chances were so remote that I never gave them a second thought myself, and somehow rather disliked alluding to the connection. The Crays were not friendly. We — the Fosters — were poor and of no account. My mother was only a cousin of the late Earl's father, and her marriage was disapproved of. A strange list of fatalities brought me to the front in 1886."

"Oh," she said, "I was abroad then, living in a place where I saw no English papers, and news from England seldom reached me. After my father's death I was forced to seek employment, and I resided for many years with a family in Poland as governess. The engagement was a good one, and I thought myself fortunate. It was so long since I had heard of you, I thought —I thought——"

"That I must have left this world altogether."

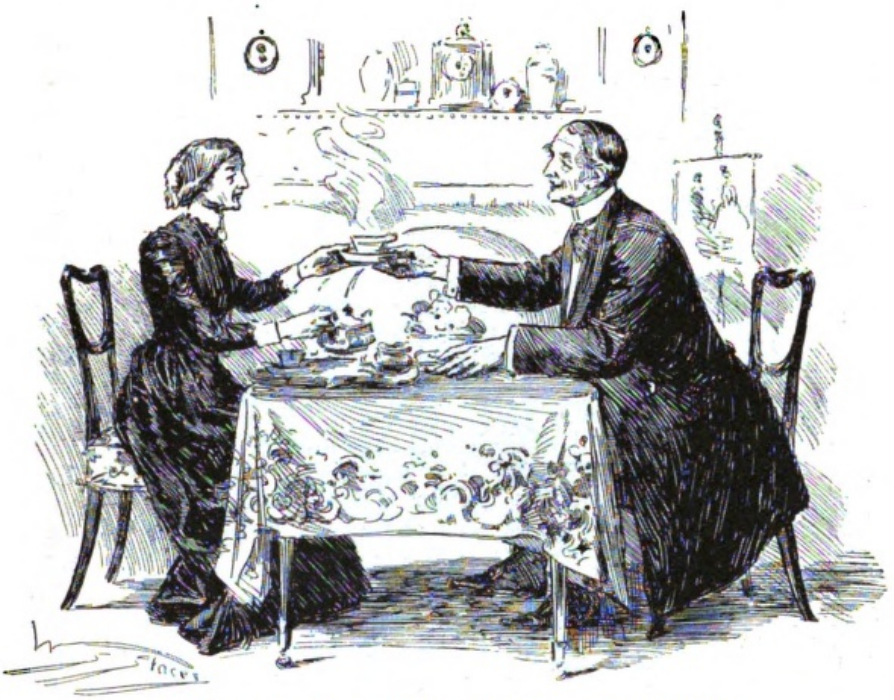
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"Yes; or I think I should have ordered a newspaper to be sent always."

"When I was free, after my wife's death, I went to Witham in search of you, but could get no tidings—your name was remembered, that was all."

"Yes," she said, "I had drifted away. I have not had the heart to return to the old place; we left just before my father died."

The Earl of Craybourne took tea with Miss Majoribanks that afternoon, and enjoyed himself as he had not done for many years.



"THE EARL OF CRAYBOURNE TOOK TEA WITH MISS MAJORIBANKS."

When at length the dusk fell and he rose to leave her, they had told each other all they needed to tell of the years of their separation. Her gentle nature had sorrowed, but she had never condemned him, and she now learned for the first time how much their separation had been due to the machinations of others. As he stood upon the hearth-rug to bid her farewell, he said:—

"You will let me make you a countess, Harry?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"These white hairs——"

"You need no coronet, but it would become you."

"I should be deemed a foolish old woman."

"Would you leave me for that, a lonely old man? Violet is going soon."

"I should like," she said, shyly, "to give her the veil."

"Nay, Harry," said Craybourne, "no one shall wear that but yourself. The meshes of it have endured to bring us together; and to me it is like the love you have borne me—growing more beautiful where things of coarser fibre become unlovely and decay."

Lady Violet Cray was very tender over the old love-story, when in a few words from her father she gathered its import; and shortly before her own marriage she herself helped to arrange the veil upon Miss Majoribanks's grey bonnet with the white marabout tips, allowing the lace to fall just over the face, in a manner, as Miss Majoribanks herself expressed it, "suitable to her years."

The society papers, in recording the second marriage of the Earl of Craybourne, said that the ceremony was an extremely quiet one; but it was noticed that the new Countess wore some exquisite old lace.

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Hoaxes.

HOAXES of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, are one of the most ordinary forms of wit, for the most part dull and stupid enough, but sometimes really clever and amusing. The exploits of Theodore Hook and other great humorists are too well known to bear repetition, but the following article contains several instances which will, it is believed, be new to our readers, especially those quoted from our lively neighbours of France.

But let us begin with the work of an Englishman. One of the cleverest hoaxes ever perpetrated was one invented by Dean Swift and intended for the public good. He caused to be printed and circulated some "last words" of a street robber named Elliston, purporting to be written shortly before his execution, in which the condemned thief was made to say: "Now, as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I ever knew—the names of all my wicked companions, the places where they live, and a short account of their chief crimes, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or house-breaking he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned to send the whole paper to the Government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it." We are told that the Dean's ruse succeeded so well that street robberies were for many years few and far between.

Here is another of these historic facetiæ. It is related that Anne of Austria one day told Bautree—a councillor of State, poet, and member of the French Academy, but famous for his facetiousness—that she desired to see his wife. Bautree promised to present her. "Only, madame," he added, "she is hard of hearing."



"THE TWO LADIES MADE A PRETTY NOISE BETWEEN THEM."

"Never mind that," replied the Queen; "I'll speak loud."

Bautree hurried home and announced this flattering news to his wife, but at the same time told her to raise her voice, even to the pitch of shouting, as Her Majesty could only hear with difficulty. As soon as the Queen perceived Madame Bautree she began to raise her voice and Madame Bautree shouted back with all her might. The two ladies made a pretty noise between them, and the King, to whom Bautree had confided the audacious hoax, held his sides with laughter. One can easily imagine how the scene would "go" in a farce upon the stage.

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Here again is a hoax which was perpetrated in the name of a well-known Frenchman :—

A foreigner, newly arrived at Paris, expressed a wish to see Francisque Sarcey.

"That is my name, monsieur," said a tall, fair young man who happened to be passing.

The stranger, delighted at this fortunate meeting, asked to be allowed to call on him.

"Pray do so," replied the fair-complexioned young man. "I live in the Rue de Douai. But I had better warn you that you will find my secretary, a fat man with white hair and spectacles — a dreadful bore—who will tell you that he is Francisque Sarcey. That is my way of getting rid of troublesome callers. Never mind what he says, but insist on seeing me. If need be, kick him out of the room."

In due course the stranger rang at the door in the Rue de Douai, and was introduced to the only authentic Sarcey. The scene that followed may be easily imagined.

"I wish to see Monsieur Sarcey."

"That is my name, monsieur."

"Oh, nonsense! I know you. Your master put me on my guard. You are only the secretary."

"Monsieur!"

"There, there, that'll do. You see, I know you!"

"But, monsieur!"

"Good heavens, what is the use of being so pig-headed? Don't I tell you I know you?"

"Impertinent rascal!" cried the indignant Sarcey, ringing the bell for the servants. "Get out of my house this instant."

The stranger was turned out of doors neck and crop, and the jovial mystifier, who had been watching outside, was enchanted with the success of his practical joke.



"THERE, THERE, THAT'LL DO. YOU SEE, I KNOW YOU!"

A person of the name of Poinsinet, who lived in the eighteenth century, was afflicted with a credulity the more singular as he was a man of some intellect. It seemed as if Providence had sent him on earth for the especial delectation of hoaxers. Poinsinet had a name, a look, and a smile that attracted hoaxers irresistibly. No one could approach him without at once saying to himself, "Shall I hoax him?" The saints themselves would have yielded to the temptation to take him in. And his friends, who were not saints, gave themselves up heartily to the sport.

Poinsinet, who was a little, fat man, with a rather pointed skull, large, empty eyes, a weak smile, and always wonderfully attentive to all that was breathed into his ears, was one day persuaded (in what way history has not recorded) that he had been appointed tutor to a young Russian Prince. Poinsinet accepted the idea of starting for Russia. But in order to fulfil the function a knowledge of the Russian language was indispensable.

Poinsinet resigned himself to learn Russian and set about to find a professor. He searched for one for a long time, and was at last successful. The professor charged a high price for his lessons, but Poinsinet resolved to make the sacrifice, and laboured away for six months.

"How are you getting on, Poinsinet?" his friends would ask him.

"Excellently. In a very little time I shall be able to converse with the Muscovite Princes!"

Poor Poinsinet! All the time he thought

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he was learning Russian he had, in fact, been learning nothing but low Dutch!

A sort of fantastic and free-and-easy hoaxing flourished greatly in the painters' studios amongst the dare-devil young students.

While the scholars amused one another, they often abandoned themselves to their unbridled imagination. One of them took the fancy into his head of having a calf in his upper-story apartment in the Place de la Boura. As may be supposed, the neighbours complained of the noise made by the animal, and called for the expulsion of the lodger. But the calf had had time to grow, and when the officer came on the scene he found himself faced by a bull that could no longer pass through the doorway. His master opposing his slaughter, he had to be slung and lowered out of the window!

Sometimes a hoax is only another name for a clever swindle. Here is an example:—

At an inn a respectably dressed stranger was dozing on a seat in a corner. A countryman came in for a drink, and was followed by another stranger. These two got into conversation, and the last arrival drew attention to the man in the corner.

"Most people," he said, "would be taken in by a fellow like that. Now, I suppose you think he's a well-to-do sort of chap? I thought so. But it's all show—it's all on the outside. Look at that fine watch-chain. Do you suppose there's a watch at the end of it?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind betting there is," said the countryman.

The bet was agreed to, and the stranger went over to the sleeping man and quietly pulled out the chain. There was a square piece of wood at the end of it. Gently replacing it, he received his money from Hodge and said:—

"You see, my good man, my judgment of character is better than yours. It's because I've seen more of the world. Now, I'll tell you what to do. Wake the fellow up and ask him the time."

The countryman did as he was advised.

"Hi! governor, what's the time?"

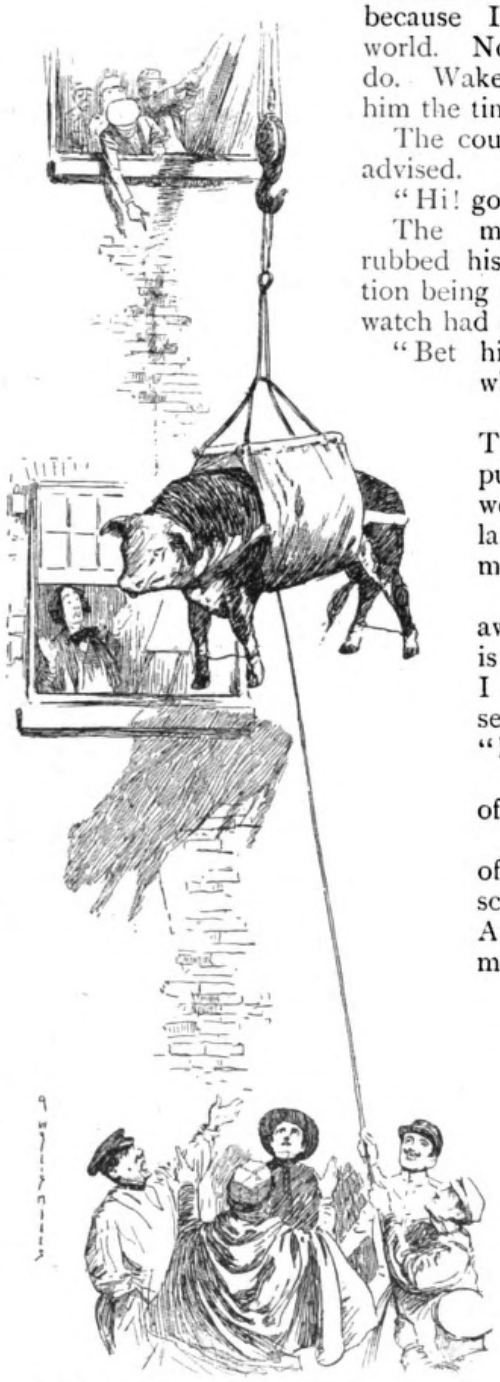
The man stretched himself, rubbed his eyes, and, on the question being repeated, stated that his watch had stopped.

"Bet him he hasn't got one," whispered the other.

Hodge at once did so. The fellow accepted and pulled out the piece of wood. The other two men laughed, and the countryman claimed the bet.

"Not so fast," said the awakened sleeper. "This is only a rough case that I use for protection. You see," touching a spring, "here is the watch inside."

The two strangers were, of course, confederates.



"HE HAD TO BE SLUNG AND LOWERED OUT OF THE WINDOW."

Here is another example of a swindle on a larger scale. An enterprising American named Faxon made a fortune by an absolutely simple hoax which succeeded in attracting thousands of excursionists to Silver Lake, a few miles from Buffalo, U.S.A. Faxon had bought an hotel which threatened to be a failure, until an ingenious friend came along and invented a huge tin snake, which was so arranged in the lake as to open and shut its mouth like a real serpent. The papers printed stories of the snake under big headings, and people visited the place in thousands. The hotel was crowded, and when the fraud was subsequently discovered the hotel proprietor had decamped.

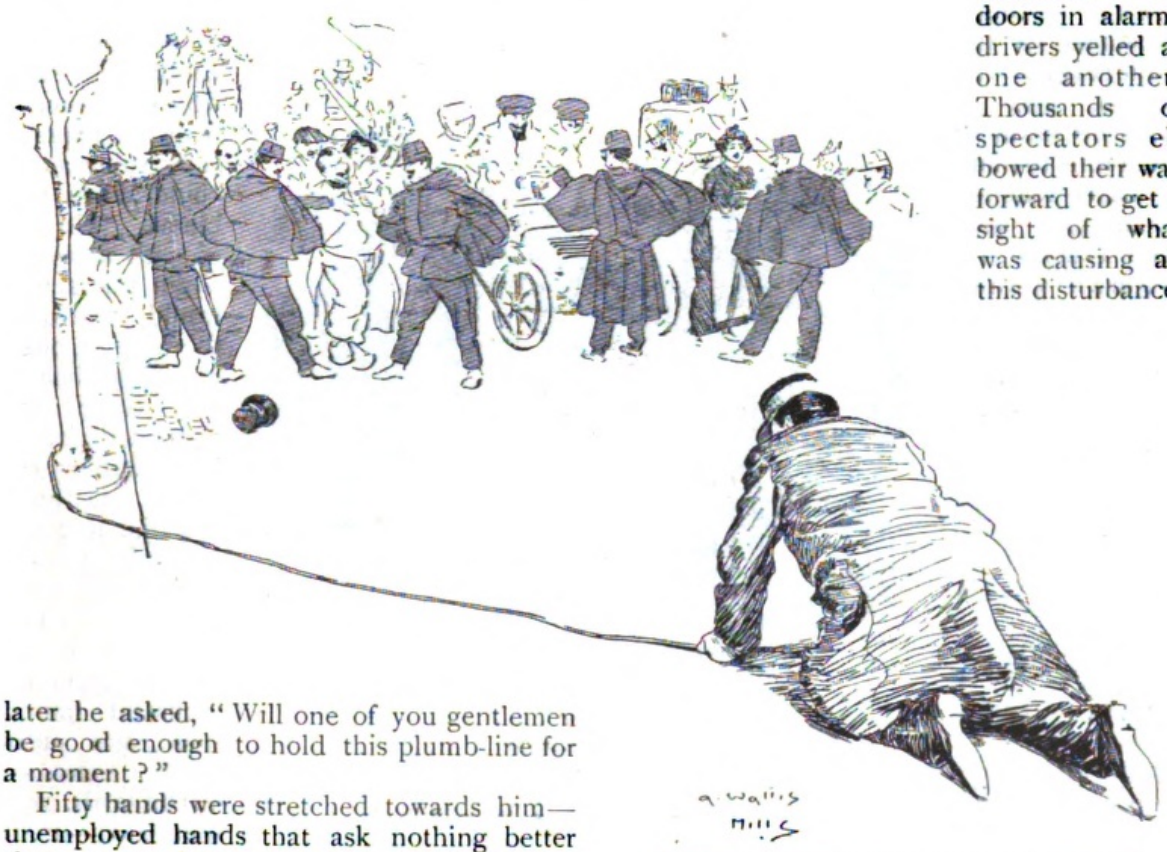
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Sometimes the hoaxer is actuated by no other motive than a sense of mischief and a desire to get a laugh at the expense of other people.

A hoaxer recently took up his station on the Pont Neuf, a celebrated assembling-place for Paris idlers, and in front of the statue of Henry IV. drew from his pocket a water-level and a line with a leaden plummet. Instantly the strollers began to gather about the marvellous line held by this grave man between his fingers, while he muttered some calculations in a low tone. The crowd grew. Questions were put to our hoaxer, to which he replied, without hesitation, "Engineer of the City of Paris, gentlemen." A few minutes later he asked, "Will one of you gentlemen be good enough to hold this plumb-line for a moment?"

Fifty hands were stretched towards him—unemployed hands that ask nothing better than any employment so long as it is useless. The "Engineer of the City of Paris" made his selection: the chosen one blushed with satisfaction and at once became an object of envy to the ever-increasing circle. The hoaxer took advantage of this to effect his escape, while his victim, with extended arm and imperturbable countenance, continued to hold the plumb-line.

Vivier, the famous horn-player, excelled in comedies of this sort. His head decked with a laced cap, and armed with a tape-measure, he once took his way to the Boulevard des Italiens. On arriving there he unwound his tape and, with all the coolness in the world, set to measuring the width of the boulevard. A sergeant coming up and seeing the gold-laced cap, and believing that he had to do with an officer of the Bridges and Highways Department, at once stopped all the vehicles in the road and kept back the growing crowd. Cabs and omnibuses accumulated. Other sergeants hurried to the spot and hastily formed an organized plan for the maintenance of order, while Vivier, absorbed in his labour, continued his land-measuring operations. Vehicles multiplied; wheels grated against each other; passengers standing on the roofs became more and more excited; others put their heads out of the doors in alarm; drivers yelled at one another. Thousands of spectators elbowed their way forward to get a sight of what was causing all this disturbance.



"VIVIER, ABSORBED IN HIS LABOUR, CONTINUED HIS LAND-MEASURING OPERATIONS."

Rumours of a popular outbreak, of an assassination, of a fire, of children run over, began to spread. Vivier plied his tape-measure, wrote down figures in a note-book, thanked the sergeant with a patronizing nod, and retired. And the multitude continued its mysteriously interrupted course.

A senseless hoax of a very different kind caused a sensation at Dover some time ago. People walking along the promenade were suddenly startled to see the figure of a

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soldier fall headlong from the cliffs near the Castle. One lady fainted, and there was great excitement. But on a search being made, it was found that somebody had thrown the effigy of a soldier over the cliffs.

To hoax ignorant people, however, is almost too easy a task. There is more cause for pride in hoaxing a *savant*, though it is sometimes quite as easily done. Without the least disrespect for science, it must be said that *savants* are sometimes too self-satisfied and confident in the excellence of the methods and the virtues of their proceedings. They do not make enough allowance for the sovereignty of reason, and it does no harm if, from time to time, a hoaxer reminds them that they are liable to human weakness

Here is an example. Inscriptions have often played an ill turn to those who have undertaken to interpret them, as in the case of Mr. Pickwick's discovery of "Bill Stumps, his mark." The learned Charles Weiss one day received some much-defaced letters, found, according to the student who sent them, on the coping of an old well :—

RES
ER
VO
IR.

After ripe reflection, Weiss replied : "The well has very probably been used by the Romans, and I am of opinion that the inscription should read as follows : RESpublica ERigere VOluit ad IRrigandum." Two days afterwards the *savant* was brought down from his pinnacle on receiving from the student this second letter : "Monsieur, the Joint Commissioner of the Commune asserts that you have incorrectly explained the inscription, and that it should read :—

RESERVOIR."



"ONE LADY FAINTED, AND THERE WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT."

But the best-hoaxed of *savants* was Michel Charles, the story of which is celebrated. That learned geometrician, for whom ellipsoids and conic sections had no secrets, was overtaken, towards the sixties, with a mania for the collection of autographs. Apparently he thought that the geometrical mind was all-sufficient in itself, and that a mathematician could as easily decipher ancient texts and appraise their value as he could solve problems. He fell in with a certain Vrain Lucas, who would have been the king of hoaxers if his hoaxes had been disinterested and if, while duping the poor academician, he had not pitilessly robbed him as well.

This Vrain Lucas, for a sum of two hundred thousand francs, sold him autograph letters — autograph, remember!—from Cornelia, the widow of Pompey, from Brutus, from Cleopatra to Cæsar, from Vercingetorix, from Clovis. All these illustrious heroes came to life again and conveyed to us, in private letters, their most ordinary and private thoughts. The great *savant* was wonder-struck. One day Vrain Lucas brought him a letter from Mary Magdalen to Lazarus. The good man almost died of joy.

If the poor fellow had only kept his discoveries and illusions to himself! But he sent to the academies a shower of revelations

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drawn from his precious autographs. The great Leverrier immediately detected and denounced the deception, and the poor professor became the laughing-stock of Europe.

To hoax a *savant* is bad enough. But to dupe a whole academy! The Royal Society of London had refused Dr. Hill admission to its body. That person, impelled to avenge himself for the slight put upon him, under the assumed name of a country doctor addressed to the secretary of the society the following communication: "A sailor having broken one of his legs, the idea occurred to me of bringing the two parts together and joining them with pitch. The result of this treatment has been marvellous." Just at that time a famous doctor had published a book on the virtues of pitch. The Royal Society, at one of its meetings, gave a reading to this letter, and some of its most prominent members clearly explained this astonishing phenomenon. The discussion on the subject was printed and about to be published, when a second letter reached the secretary: "Excuse me, but I forgot to say that the sailor's leg was a wooden one!"

Newspapers are peculiarly liable to be hoaxed, especially in scientific matters. However learned an editor and his staff may be, they cannot be experts in all branches of knowledge, and only experts could, in many cases, detect the false in matter carefully prepared to gull the unwary.

On the 31st March, 1864, the *Evening Star* announced that a grand exhibition of donkeys would take place on the following day at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. A great crowd assembled—only to discover, when too late, that the donkeys were themselves.

It is on record that the *Times* itself was once the victim of a German hoax. At the time when Dr. Koch's cure for consumption figured largely in the public prints a German journalist informed the correspondent of an English news agency that the delay in the preparation of Koch's lymph was due to the scarcity of guinea-pigs — not the species known in financial circles. The correspondent took this in, wired it to his agency, and it appeared in the *Times* in the form of a special report. Next day the same correspondent, further prompted by his reliable informant, supplied the *Times* with the exclusive information that "on account of the scarcity of guinea pigs, other animals, even cows, are now being used for the production of lymph." These remarkable and absurd statements seem to have aroused no suspicions, and there was much laughter among the Berlin journalists at having "sold" both the *Times* and the news agency.

Some time ago there appeared in a Chicago paper a professedly circumstantial account of an exposure of the illusions of Indian jugglers. Their remarkable feats were said to be performed by the aid of hypnotism, and the exposure was claimed to have been made by the aid of a camera. When the juggler proceeded to perform one of his common tricks—the planting of a seed which, under his hands, grew in a few minutes to the dimensions of a respectable shrub, with leaves and fruit all complete—snap-shots were taken at intervals, and the plates, when developed, were stated to have shown absolutely nothing besides the performer and his simple apparatus, there being no trace visible of the supposed growing plant; the inference being that the audience were hypnotized and made to see whatever the juggler wished them to see. The camera being, of course, unaffected by the mystic power, showed the deception at once. This apparently simple and straightforward explanation "caught on," and the article, or the facts it professed to narrate, was immediately copied into other journals all over the world.

But a certain shrewd editor on this side, who knew something about hypnotism, saw through the deception, and on writing to the editor of the paper which had first published the narrative, asking for further particulars, and for the sight of one of the negatives which had been taken, received in reply the confession that the article was pure fiction, and had been written round an incidentally-broached idea that hypnotism might prove an excellent explanation of the wonders of Indian jugglery. The whole thing was, in fact, a hoax, cleverly designed and worked out; and though the exposure of the pretended exposure was widely published, it is not at all likely that it received the same publicity as the original story enjoyed. No contradiction, indeed, however convincing and satisfactory, ever reaches the ears of all who take in the first statement.

It is not often, however, that the individual with a distorted sense of humour can successfully bring off such a hoax as was sprung upon several of the leading sporting papers some time ago, and which is never likely to be forgotten. One day these papers came out gravely with the account and results of a race meeting purporting to have been held at Trodmore, Cornwall. The

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details had been supplied by a correspondent "on the spot," and, curiously enough, the various editors saw no reason to obtain a verification before going to press. A few hours later it had leaked out that the whole thing was a myth. There was no such place as Trodmore, no such horses, no such jockeys. The whole account had been supplied by a hoaxer.

Sometimes a hoaxer will spare neither time nor money in showing off his wit. A certain Petit-Puits, a middle-class gentleman, whose father had amassed millions by furnishing the royal armies with spurs, presented himself one morning to M. de Fontenay.

"Monsieur le Chevalier, three days hence I am going to give a grand fête on my estate at Palaiseau. There will be a collation, a ball in my gardens, and fishing in the lake. May I have the honour of your company?"

"You may count on me, monsieur."

De Fontenay was punctual. The guests were numerous, and Petit-Puits swelled with pride in the midst of all those gentlemen and noble ladies whose presence made it seem impossible his father could have dealt in hardware. After the collation the party went to the lake, in which, on the previous night, fishermen had cast their nets. A commencement was made in drawing these up, but a considerable weight held them at the bottom of the water.

"A miraculous draught of fish!" murmured the guests.

"My lake is full of them," said Petit-Puits.

The fishermen, with immense effort, at length drew up the nets. They were full to bursting with spurs of all shapes and sizes!

The Chevalier de Fontenay had had the patience to scour the city for forty-eight hours and buy up all the spurs he could find for sale. He had even had some of extravagant forms specially forged for him, and during the night



"THEY WERE FULL TO BURSTING WITH SPURS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES!"

his lackeys had cast the whole collection into the lake of the unfortunate Petit-Puits, who nearly went out of his mind with rage and mortification. For three months the Court and city amused themselves with the story. The hoaxer had spent his last coin in carrying out his idea. He was ruined—but he had had his joke.

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By E. Nesbit.

IV.—THE BAZAAR.

MOTHER was really a great dear. She was pretty and she was loving, and most frightfully good when you were ill, and always kind and almost always just. That is, she was just when she understood things. But, of course, she did not always understand things. No one understands everything, and mothers are not angels, though a good many of them come pretty near it. The children knew that mother always wanted to do what was best for them, even if she was not clever enough to know exactly what was the best. That was why all of them, but much more particularly Anthea, felt rather uncomfortable at keeping the great secret from her—of the Wishing Carpet and the Phœnix. And Anthea, whose inside mind was made so that she was able to be much more uncomfortable than the others, had decided that she must tell her mother the truth, however little likely it was that her mother would believe it.

"Then I shall have done what's right," said she to the Phœnix; "and if she doesn't believe me it won't be my fault, will it?"

"Not in the least," said the Golden Bird. "And she won't. So you're quite safe."

Anthea chose a time when she was doing her home lessons—they were Algebra and Latin, German, English, and Euclid—and she asked her mother whether she might come and do them in the drawing-room, "so as to be quiet," she said to her mother. And to herself she said, "And that's not the real reason. I hope I sha'n't grow up a liar."

Mother said, "Of course, dearie," and Anthea started swimming through a sea of X's and Y's and Z's. Mother was sitting at the mahogany bureau writing letters.

"Mother, dear," said Anthea.

"Yes, love-a-duck," said mother.

"About Cook," said Anthea. "I know where she is."

"Do you, dear?" said mother. "Well, I wouldn't take her back after the way she's behaved."

"It's not her fault," said Anthea. "May I tell you about it from the beginning?"

Mother laid down her pen, and her nice face had a resigned expression. As you know, a resigned expression on the faces of others always makes you want not to tell them anything.

"It's like this," said Anthea, in a hurry; "that egg, you know, that came in the

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carpet. We put it in the fire and it hatched into the Phœnix, and the carpet was a Wishing Carpet—and——"

"A very nice game, darling," said mother, taking up her pen. "Now, do be quiet. I've got a lot of letters to write—I'm going to Bournemouth to-morrow with the Lamb—and there's that Bazaar."

Anthea went back to X Y Z, and mother's pen scratched.

"But, mother, dearest," said Anthea, when mother put down the pen to lick the envelope, "the carpet takes us wherever we like, and——"

"I wish it would take you where you could get a few nice Eastern things for the Bazaar," said mother. "I promised to get them, and I've no time to go to Liberty's now."

"It shall take us," said Anthea; "but, mother."

"Well, dear," said mother, a little impatiently, for she had taken up her pen again.

"The carpet took us to a place where you couldn't have whooping-cough—and the Lamb hasn't whooped since—and we took Cook there because she was so tiresome, and then she *would* stay and be Queen of the savages. They thought her cap was a crown and——"

"Darling one," said mother, "you know I love to hear the things you make up—but I am most awfully busy."

"But it's true," said Anthea, desperately.

"You shouldn't say that, my sweet," said mother, gently. And then Anthea knew it was hopeless.

"Are you going away for long?" asked Anthea.

"I've got a cold," mother answered, "and father's anxious about it. And the Lamb's cough——"

"He hasn't coughed since Saturday," the Lamb's eldest sister interrupted.

"I wish I could think so," mother replied. "And father's got to go to Scotland. I do hope you'll be good children."

"We will, we will," said Anthea, fervently. "When is the Bazaar?"

"On Saturday," said mother, "at the schools. Oh, don't talk any more, there's a treasure! My head's going round and round and I've forgotten how to spell whooping-cough!"

Mother and the Lamb went away, and father went away, and there was a new Cook, who looked so like a frightened rabbit that no one had the heart to do anything to frighten her any more than seemed natural to her.

The Phœnix begged to be excused. It said it wanted a week's rest, and implored that it might not be disturbed. And it hid its golden gleaming self, and nobody could find it.

And the thoughts of all four dwelt fondly on mother.

"I wish she hadn't gone away," said Jane. "The house is simply beastly without her."

"I think we ought to do what she said," Anthea put in. "I saw something in a book the other day about the wishes of the departed being sacred."

"That means when they've departed farther off," said Cyril. "India's coral—or Greenland's icy, don't you know—not Bournemouth. Besides, we don't know what her wishes are."

"She said"—Anthea was very much inclined to cry—"she said, 'Get Indian things for my Bazaar'—but I know she thought we couldn't—and it was only play."

"Let's get them all the same," said Robert. "We'll go first thing on Saturday morning." And on Saturday morning, first thing, they went.

There was no finding the Phœnix, so they put on their best things to be ready for the Bazaar, and sat on the obedient wish-carpet and said:—

"We want beautiful Indian things for mother's Bazaar. Will you please take us where someone will give us heaps of Indian things?"

The docile carpet swirled the children's senses out of them and restored them on the outskirts of a gleaming white Indian town. They knew it was Indian at once by the shapes of the domes and roofs, and, besides, a man went by on an elephant, and two English soldiers went along the road talking like in Mr. Kipling's books; so after that no one could have any doubt as to where it all was.

They rolled up the carpet and Robert carried it, and they walked boldly into the town. It was very warm, and once more they had to take off their London-in-November coats and carry them on their arms.

The streets were narrow and strange, and the clothes of the people in the streets were stranger still, and the talk of the people was strangest of all.

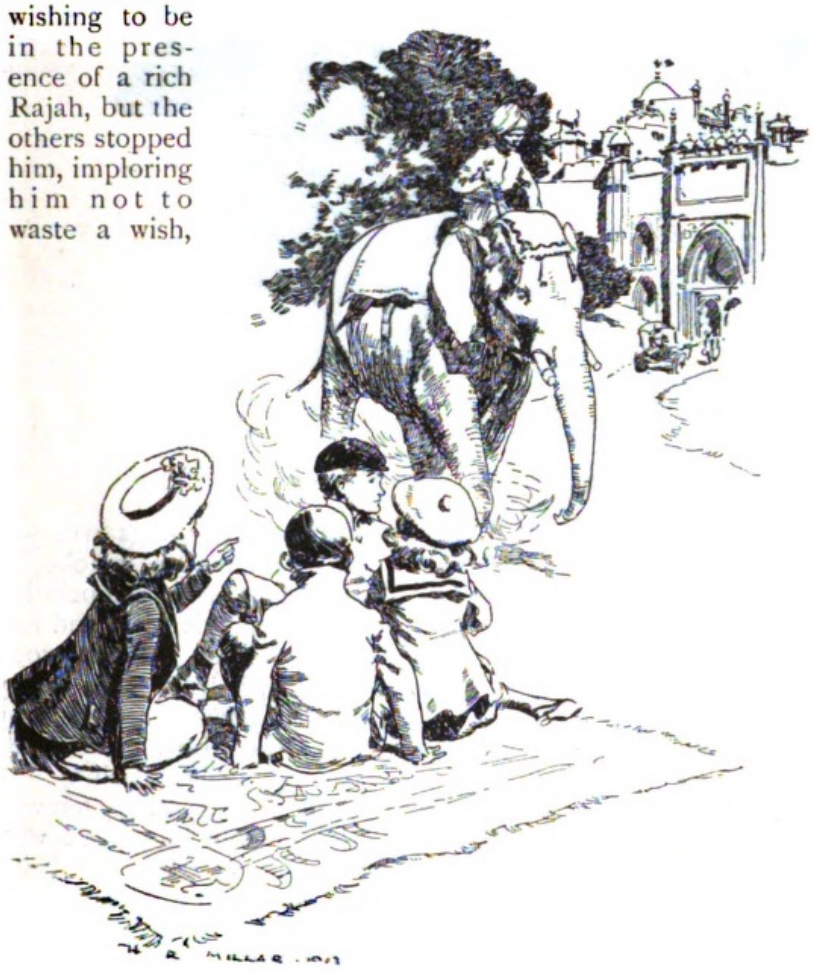
"I can't understand a single word," said Cyril; "how on earth are we to ask for things for our Bazaar?"

"And they're poor people, too," said Jane.

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"I'm sure they are. You oughtn't to ask poor people for anything. What we want is a rich Rajah or something."

Robert was beginning to unroll the carpet, with a view to wishing to be in the presence of a rich Rajah, but the others stopped him, imploring him not to waste a wish, in case there should not be enough left to take them home.



"THEY KNEW IT WAS INDIAN AT ONCE."

"We asked the carpet to take us where we could get beautiful Indian things," said Anthea, "and it will."

Her faith was justified.

Just as she finished speaking a very brown gentleman in a turban and with black and white eyes came up to them and bowed deeply. He spoke, and they thrilled to the sound of English words.

"My Ranee she think you very nice childs; she asks do you lose yourselves and do you desire to sell carpet. She see you from her palkee. You come see her—yes?"

They followed the stranger, who seemed to have a great many more teeth in his smile than are usual, and he led them through crooked streets to the Ranee's palace. I am not going to describe the crooked streets or the Ranee's palace, because I really have never seen Eastern streets or the palace of a Ranee, and Mr. Kipling has, so you can read about it in his books. But I know exactly what happened there.

The old Ranee sat on a low cushioned seat, and there were a lot of other ladies with her — all in trousers and veils, and sparkling with tinsel and gold and jewels. And the brown-turbaned gentleman stood behind a sort of carved screen, and interpreted what the children said and what the Queen said.

The Queen had taken a strange fancy to the carpet, but when she asked to buy the carpet the children said "No."

"Why?" asked the Ranee.

And Jane briefly said why, and the interpreter interpreted.

The Queen spoke—and then the interpreter said: "My mistress says it is good story—and you tell it all through without thought of time."

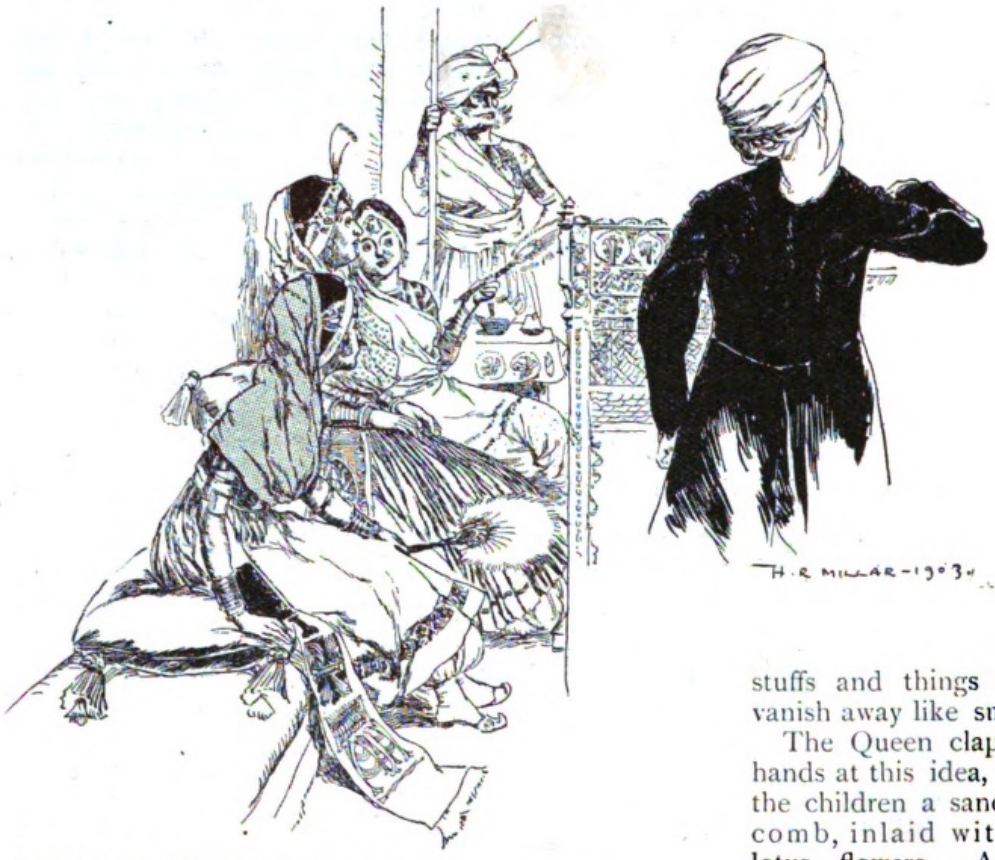
And they had to. It made a very long story, especially as it had all to be told twice, once by Cyril and once by the interpreter. Cyril rather enjoyed himself. He warmed to his work and told the tale of the Phœnix and the Carpet and the Lone Tower and the Queen-Cook in language that grew insensibly more and more Arabian-Nightsy — and the Ranee and her ladies listened to the interpreter and rolled about on their fat cushions with laughter and delight.

When the story was ended the Queen spoke, and the interpreter explained that she had said: "Little one, thou art a Heaven-born teller of tales," and then she threw him a string of turquoises from round her neck.

"Oh, how quite too perfectly lovely!" cried Jane and Anthea.

Cyril bowed several times as well as he could remember how, and then cleared his throat and said:—

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"THE RANEE AND HER LADIES LISTENED TO THE INTERPRETER AND ROLLED ABOUT ON THEIR FAT CUSHIONS."

"Thank her very, very much, please, but I would much rather she gave me some of the cheap things in the Bazaar. Tell her I want them to sell again and have the money to give clothes to poor people who haven't any."

"Tell him he has my leave to sell my gift and clothe the naked with its price," said the Queen, when this was translated.

But Cyril said, very firmly, "*No*, thank you. The things have got to be sold to-day at our Bazaar, and no one would buy a turquoise necklace at a Bazaar in Camden Town. You don't know what Camden Town is like; it is not at all like India. Everybody would think the necklace was sham, or else they'd want to know where we got it, and I don't want to have to say."

So then the Queen sent out for little pretty things, a great many of them, and her servants piled them on the carpet.

"I must needs lend you an elephant to carry them away," she said, laughing.

But Anthea said, "If the Queen will lend us a comb instead of an elephant—which would only be in the way—and let us wash our hands and faces, she shall see a magic thing. We and the carpet and all these brass trays and pots and carved things and stuffs and things will just vanish away like smoke."

The Queen clapped her hands at this idea, and lent the children a sandal-wood comb, inlaid with ivory lotus-flowers. And they washed their faces and hands in silver basins.

Then Cyril made a very polite farewell speech, and quite suddenly he ended with the words:—

"And I wish we were at the Bazaar at our schools."

And of course they were. And the Queen and her ladies were left with their mouths open, gazing at the bare space on the inlaid marble floor where the carpet and the children had been.

"That is magic, if ever magic was," said the Queen; and the incident has given the ladies of that Court something to talk about on wet days ever since.

Cyril's stories had taken some time, so had the meal of strange, sweet foods that they had had while the little pretty things were being bought, and the gas in the schoolroom was already lighted. Outside, the winter dusk was stealing down among the Camden Town houses.

"I'm glad we got washed in India," said Cyril. "We should have been awfully late if we'd had to go home and scrub."

"Besides," Robert said, "it's much warmer washing in India. I shouldn't mind it so very much if we lived there."

The thoughtful carpet had dumped the

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children down in a dusky space behind the point where the corners of two stalls met. The floor was littered with string and brown paper, and baskets and boxes were heaped along the wall.

The children crept out under a stall covered with all sorts of table-cloths and mats, and things embroidered beautifully by idle ladies with no real work to do. They all got out at the end, displacing a sideboard cloth adorned with a tasteful pattern of blue geraniums. The girls got out unobserved, so did Cyril. But Robert, as he cautiously emerged, was actually walked on by a large lady named Mrs. Biddle, who kept the stall. Her strong, solid foot stood firmly on the small, solid hand of Robert—and who can blame Robert if he did yell a little?



"HER SERVANTS PILED THEM ON THE CARPET."

A crowd instantly collected. Yells are very unusual at Bazaars, and everyone was intensely interested. It was several seconds before the three free children could make Mrs. Biddle understand that what she was walking on was not schoolroom floor, or even, as she presently supposed, a dropped pin-cushion—but the living hand of a suffering child. When she became aware that she really had hurt him she grew very angry indeed. When people have hurt other people by accident, the one who does the hurting is always much the angriest. I wonder why!

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure," said Mrs. Biddle, but she spoke more in anger than in sorrow. "Come out. Whatever do you mean by creeping about under the stalls like earwigs?"

"We were looking at the things in the corner."

"Such nasty prying ways," said Mrs. Biddle, "will never make you successful in life. There's nothing there but packing and dust."

"Oh, isn't there?" said Jane; "that's all you know."

"Little girl, don't be rude," said Mrs. Biddle, flushing violet.

"She doesn't mean to be—but—there *are* some nice things there, all the same," said Cyril, who suddenly felt how impossible it was to inform the listening crowd that all the treasures piled on the carpet were mother's contributions to the Bazaar. No one would believe it, and if they did and wrote to thank mother she would think—goodness only knew what she would think. The other three children felt the same.

"I should like to see them," said Miss Peasmarsh, whose friends had disappointed her, and who hoped that these "nice things" might be belated contributions to her poorly furnished stall. She looked inquiringly at Robert, who said, "With pleasure; don't mention it," and dived back under Mrs. Biddle's stall.

"I wonder you encourage such behaviour," said Mrs. Biddle. "I always speak my mind, as you know, Miss Peasmarsh." She turned to the crowd. "There is no entertainment here," she said, sternly; "a very naughty

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little boy has accidentally hurt himself, but only slightly. Will you please disperse? It will only encourage him in naughtiness if he finds himself the centre of attraction."

The crowd slowly dissolved. Anthea, speechless with fury, heard a nice Curate say, "Poor little beggar!" and loved the Curate at once and for ever.

Then Robert wriggled out from under the stall, with some Benares brass and some inlaid sandal-wood boxes.

"Liberty!" cried Miss Peasmarsh; "then Charles has *not* forgotten, after all."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Biddle, with fierce politeness, "these objects are deposited behind *my* stall. Some unknown donor who does good by stealth and would blush if he could hear you claim the things. Of course, they are for me."

"My stall touches yours at the corner," said poor Miss Peasmarsh, timidly; "and my cousin did promise——"

The children sidled away from the unequal contest and mingled with the crowd; their feelings were too deep for words, till at last Robert said:

"That stiff, starched *Pig!*"

"And after all our trouble. I'm hoarse with gassing to that nice trousered lady in India," groaned Cyril.

"The untrousered one is very, very nasty," said Jane.

It was Anthea who said in a hurried undertone:—

"She isn't very nice, and that Miss Peasmarsh is pretty and nice too. Who's got a pencil?"

It was a long crawl under three stalls—but Anthea did it. A large piece of pale blue paper lay among the rubbish in the corner. She folded it to a square and wrote upon it, licking the pencil at every word to make the pencil mark blackly:—

"ALL THESE INDIAN THINGS ARE FOR PRETTY, NICE MISS PEASMARSH'S STALL."

She thought of adding, "There is nothing for Mrs. Biddle," but she saw that this might lead to suspicion, so she wrote, hastily, "From an unknown Donna," and crept back among the boards and trestles to join the others.

So that when Mrs. Biddle appealed to the Bazaar Committee, and the corner of the stall was lifted and shifted so that stout clergymen and heavy ladies could get to the corner without creeping under stalls, the blue paper was discovered, and all the splendid shining Indian things were given over to Miss Peasmarsh. And she sold them all, and got thirty-five pounds for them.

"I don't understand about that blue paper," said Mrs. Biddle; "it looks to me like the work of a lunatic. And saying you were nice and pretty—it's not the work of a



"'EXCUSE ME,' SAID MRS. BIDDLE, WITH FIERCE POLITENESS, 'THESE OBJECTS ARE DEPOSITED BEHIND MY STALL.'"

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sane person at all. And if it is your cousin he ought to be spoken to plainly."

Anthea and Jane begged Miss Peasmarsh to let them help her to sell the things, because it was their brother who had announced the good news that the things had come. Miss Peasmarsh was very willing, for now her stall, that had been so neglected, was surrounded by people who wanted to buy, and she was glad to be helped. The children noted that Mrs. Biddle had not more to do in the way of selling than she could manage quite well. I hope they were not glad, for you should forgive your enemies, even if they walk on your fingers and then say it was all your naughty fault. But I am afraid they were not so sorry for Mrs. Biddle as they ought to have been.

It took some time to arrange the things on the stall. The carpet was spread over the stall, and its dark, bright colours showed up the brass and silver and ivory things. It was a happy and busy afternoon, and when Miss Peasmarsh and the girls had sold every single one of the little pretty things from the Indian Bazaar far, far away, Anthea and Jane went off with the boys to fish in the fish-pond and hear the cardboard band, and the phonograph, and the chorus of singing-birds that was done behind a screen with glass tubes and glasses of water.

They had a beautiful tea, suddenly presented to them by the nice Curate, and Miss Peasmarsh joined them before they had had more than three cakes each. It was a merry party, and the Curate was extremely pleasant to everyone, "even to Miss Peasmarsh," as Jane said afterwards.

"We ought to get back to the stall," said Anthea, when no one could possibly eat any more, and the Curate was talking in a low voice to Miss Peasmarsh about "after Easter."

"There's nothing to go back for," said Miss Peasmarsh, gently. "Thanks to you, dear children, we've sold everything."

"There's—there's the carpet," said Cyril.

"Oh!" said Miss Peasmarsh, radiantly, "don't bother about the carpet. I've sold even that. Mrs. Biddle gave me ten shillings for it. She said it would do for her servants' bedroom."

"Why," said Jane, "her servants don't *have* carpets. We had a Cook from her and she told us so."

"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth," said the Curate, cheerfully, and Miss Peasmarsh laughed and looked at him as though she had never dreamed that anyone *could* be so amusing.

But the others were struck dumb. How could they say "The carpet is ours!" For who brings carpets to bazaars!

The silence was only broken by the whispers of the Curate.

The children were now thoroughly wretched. But I am glad to say that their wretchedness did not make them forget their manners, as it does sometimes, even with grown-up people, who ought to know ever so much better.

They said, "Thank you very much for the jolly tea," "Thanks for being so jolly," and "Thanks awfully for giving us such a jolly time," for the Curate had stood fish-ponds and bran-pies, and phonographs and the chorus of singing-birds, and had stood them like a man.

The girls hugged Miss Peasmarsh, and as they went away they heard the Curate say:—

"Jolly little kids—yes—but what about ——you will let it be directly after Easter. We could go to Italy! Ah! do say you will!"

And Jane ran back and said, before Anthea could drag her away, "What are you going to do after Easter?" Miss Peasmarsh smiled and looked very pretty indeed. And the Curate said:—

"I hope I am going to take a trip to the Fortunate Islands."

"I wish we could take you there on the Wishing Carpet," said Jane.

"Thank you very much," said the Curate, "but I'm afraid I can't wait for that. I must go to the Fortunate Islands before they make me a Bishop. I should have no time afterwards."

"I've always thought I should like to marry a Bishop," said Jane; "his aprons would come in so useful. Wouldn't you like to marry a Bishop, Miss Peasmarsh?"

It was then that they did drag her away.

As it was Robert's hand that Mrs. Biddle had walked on, it was decided that he had better not recall the incident to her mind and so make her angry again.

Anthea and Jane had helped to sell things at the rival stall, so they were not likely to be popular with her.

A hasty council of four decided that Mrs. Biddle would hate the others, so the others mingled with the crowd, and it was Cyril who said to her:—

"Mrs. Biddle, we meant to have that carpet. Would you sell it to us? We would give you——"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Biddle, angrily; "go away, little boy."

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There was that in her tone which showed Cyril all too plainly the hopelessness of persuasion.

He found the others and said, "It's no use; she's like a lioness robbed of its puppies. We must watch where it goes; and—Anthea, I don't care what you say—it's our own carpet. It wouldn't be burglary. It would be—a sort of forlorn hope rescue party—heroic and daring and dashing, and not wrong at all."

The children still wandered among the gay crowd, but there was no pleasure there for them any more. The chorus of singing-birds sounded just like glass tubes blown through water—and the phonograph simply made a horrid noise so that you could hardly hear yourself think. And the people were buying things they couldn't possibly want—and it all seemed very stupid. And Mrs. Biddle had bought the Wishing Carpet for ten shillings. And the whole of life was sad and grey and dusty, and smelt of slight gas escapes, and hot people, and cake and crumbs—and all the children were very tired indeed.

They found a corner within sight of the carpet, and there they waited miserably, till it was far beyond their proper bed-time. And when it was ten the people who had bought things went away, but the people who had been selling stayed to count up their money.

"And to jaw about it," said Robert. "I'll never go to another Bazaar as long as ever I live. My hand is swollen as big as a pudding. I expect the nails in her horrible boots were poisoned."

Just then someone who seemed to have a right to interfere said to them:—

"Everything is over now. You had better go home."

So they had to go out. And they waited on the pavement under the gas lamp, where ragged children had been standing all the evening to listen to the band, and their feet slipped about in the greasy mud till Mrs. Biddle came out and was driven away in a cab with the many things she hadn't sold and the few things she had bought, among others the carpet. The other stall-holders left their things at the school till Monday morning, but Mrs. Biddle was afraid someone would steal some of hers, so she took them in the cab.

The children, now too desperate to care for mud or appearances, hung on behind the cab till it reached Mrs. Biddle's house. When she and the carpet had gone in and the door was shut, Anthea said:—

"Don't let's burgle—I mean, do daring and dashing rescue acts—till we've given her a chance. Let's ring and ask to see her."

The others hated to do this, but at last they agreed on condition that Anthea would not make any silly fuss about the burglary afterwards, if it really had to come to that.

So they knocked and rang, and a scared-looking parlour-maid opened the front door. While they were asking for Mrs. Biddle they saw Mrs. Biddle. She was in the dining-room, and she had already pushed back the table and spread out the carpet to see how it looked on the floor.

"I *knew* she didn't want it for her servants' bedroom," Jane muttered, in triumph.

Anthea walked straight past the uncomfortable parlour-maid, and the others followed her. Mrs. Biddle had her back to them, and was smoothing down the carpet with the same boot that had trampled the hand of Robert.

So that they were all in the room, and Cyril with great presence of mind had shut the room door before she saw them.

"Who is it, Sarah?" she asked, in a sour voice, and then turning suddenly she saw who it was. Once more her face grew violet—a deep, dark violet.

"You wicked, daring little things!" she cried; "how dare you come here? At this time of night too. Be off, or I'll send for the police."

"Don't be so angry," said Anthea, soothingly; "we only wanted to ask you to let us have the carpet. We have quite twelve shillings between us, and——"

"How dare you?" cried Mrs. Biddle, and her voice shook with angriness.

"You do look horrid," said Jane, suddenly.

Mrs. Biddle actually stamped that booted foot of hers.

"You rude, barefaced child," she said. Anthea almost shook Jane, but Jane pushed forward in spite of her.

"It really is our nursery carpet," she said; "you ask anyone if it isn't."

"Let's wish ourselves home," said Cyril, in a whisper.

"No go," Robert whispered back; "she'd be there, too, and raving mad, as likely as not. Horrid thing! I hate her."

"I wish Mrs. Biddle was in an angelic good temper," cried Anthea, suddenly; "it's worth trying," she said to herself.

Mrs. Biddle's face grew from purple to violet, and from violet to mauve, and from mauve to pink. Then she smiled quite a jolly smile.

"Why, so I am!" she said; "what a funny

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idea! Why shouldn't I be in a good temper, my dears?"

Once more the carpet had done its work, and not on Mrs. Biddle alone. The children felt suddenly good and happy.

"You're a jolly good sort," said Cyril. "I see that now. I'm sorry we vexed you at the Bazaar to-day."

"Not another word," said the changed Mrs. Biddle; "of course, you shall have the carpet, my dears, if you've taken such a fancy to it. No, no; I won't have more than the ten shillings I paid."

"It does seem hard to ask you for it after you bought it at the Bazaar," said Anthea. "But it really *is* our nursery carpet; it got to the Bazaar by mistake—with some other things."

"Did it really, now? How vexing!" said Mrs. Biddle, kindly. "Well, my dears, I can very well afford the extra ten shillings, so you take your carpet and we'll say no more about it. Have a piece of cake before you go? I'm so sorry I stepped on your hand, my boy. Is it all right now?"

"Yes, thank you," said Robert. "I say—you are good!"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Biddle, heartily. "I'm delighted to be able to give any little pleasure to you dear children."

And she helped them to roll up the carpet, and the boys carried it away between them.

"You are a dear!" said Anthea, and she and Mrs. Biddle kissed each other heartily.

"*Well!*" said Cyril, as they went along the street.

"Yes," said Robert; "and the odd part is that you feel just as if it was real—her being so jolly, I mean—and not only the carpet making her nice."

"Perhaps it is real," said Anthea, "only it was covered up with crossness and tiredness and things, and the carpet took them away."

"I hope it'll keep them away," said Jane; "she isn't ugly at all when she laughs."

The carpet has done many wonders in its day; but the case of Mrs. Biddle is, I think, the most wonderful. For from that day she was never anything like so disagreeable as she was before, and she sent a lovely silver tea-pot and a kind letter to Miss Peasmarsh when that pretty lady married the nice Curate—just after Easter it was, and they went to Italy for their honeymoon.



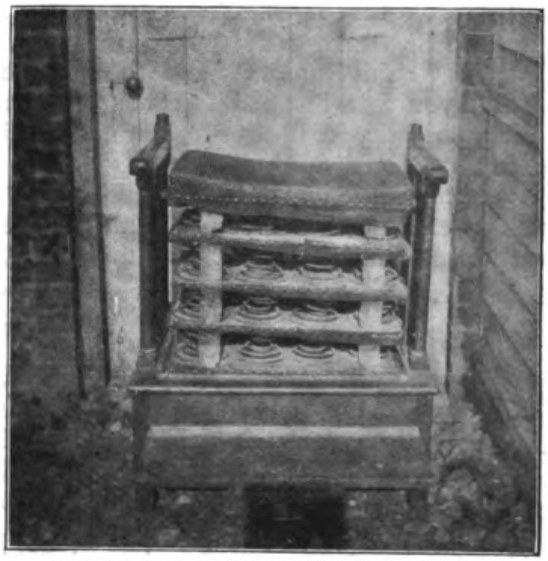
"THE BOYS CARRIED IT AWAY BETWEEN THEM."

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Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

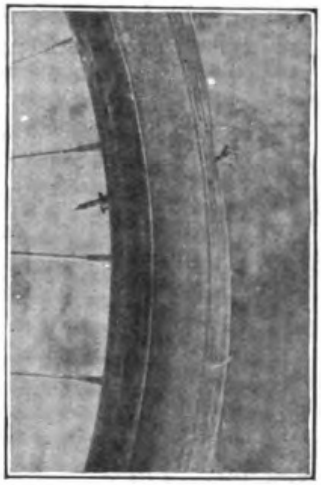
"This photograph represents a peculiar contrivance in use at the beginning of the last century for enabling invalids to take gentle exercise without the fatigue of walking. I came across the original in an old manor house occupied by a friend of mine, who tells me that he remembers seeing it actually in use when he was a boy. Two old ladies, who would if still alive be now considerably above a hundred years of age, were in the habit of using the machine. The person riding on this spring rocking-horse, as it might be called, seats himself and takes hold of the two arms, by means of which he gently works himself up and down."—Mr. P. Le Prevost, Ashdon Hall, Saffron Walden, Essex.

"TILTING THE BUCKET."

"I took this photograph at Leyburn, North Yorks, during the festivities in connection with the Coronation; it represents a form of sport known as 'Tilting the Bucket.' The competitors go in pairs, the one in the wheelbarrow being armed with a long stick, which, while being pushed by his colleague, he endeavours to put through the hole in the board. The board is shown above the bucket in the photo., but it was, of course, originally below the bucket, which stood on the revolving cross-bar, well filled with water. Should the competitor be unsuccessful he strikes the board, and the bucket, swinging over, usually precipitates its contents on to him, as the one pushing the barrow generally manages to draw back when he sees the water descending."—Mr. Wallace E. Heaton, 71, East Street, Brighton.

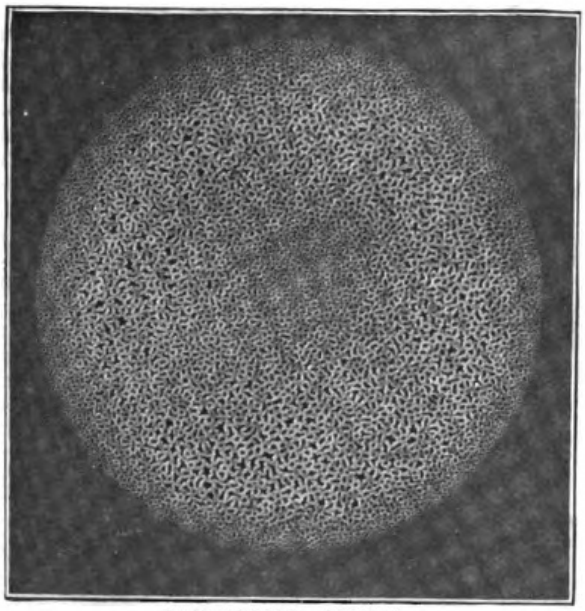
AN EXTRAORDINARY PUNCTURE.

"Each cycling season furnishes its peculiarities in the accident line, but I doubt if a more extraordinary puncture than that shown in the illustration has ever been encountered. In this case a wire nail, three inches in length, was driven through the outer and inner tubes, and finally passed through the centre of the steel rim of the wheel. The burr of the riven metal on the inside of the rim is clearly shown round the penetrating part of the nail. Various conjectures have been made how the nail penetrated so far without turning. A small piece of broken board was found near the accident, and this without doubt originally held the nail. When the nail first caught the tyre the wood in all probability was smartly carried round until wedged instantaneously under the mud-guard. The velocity of the wheel movement would communicate tremendous penetrating power to an instrument like that shown, providing that the least leverage obtained."—Mr. F. J. Waller, 38, Beatrice Road, Leicester.





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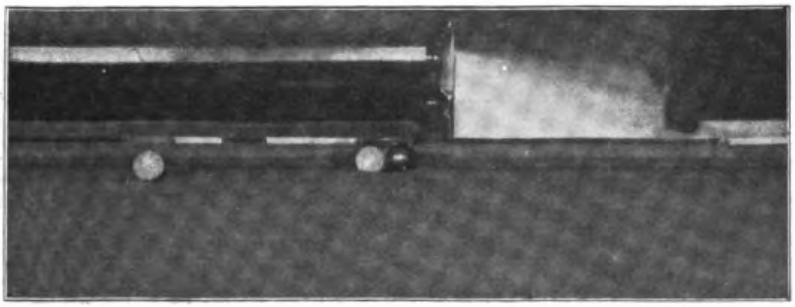


CONDENSED STEAM.

"This photo. was obtained by placing a sheet of glass over a cup of boiling water, letting the glass get damp with the steam, then taking the glass into a dark room and putting bromide paper at the back and exposing by the light of a match."—Mr. Peter D. McEwan, 9, Albert Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow.

A BILLIARD-BALL JAM.

"I send a photo. of the position of two balls after a stroke. A Mr. Aitken was playing in Peter B. Thomson's New Blythswood Billiard Rooms, 80, Mitchell Street, Glasgow, and played from the opposite side of the table to put the red in the middle pocket. The red caught the corner of the pocket, came out and kissed the white, and they then both rolled into the position as shown. The balls are tightly jammed, both being off the bed of the table."—Mr. H. W. Stevenson (ex-champion), Orwell House, 26, Pelham Road, Wimbledon.



FOUR AND FIVE LEAVED CLOVERS.

"The spray of four and five leaved clovers, a photo. of which I send you, is quite unusual. I have never seen another, and I never heard of anyone who ever did. Four and five leaved clovers are usually only found singly. I collected these leaves here in Sandusky, Ohio, pressed them, and still prize them very highly."—Mr. H. M. Norman, care of The Sloane, Sandusky, Ohio, U.S.A.

HOW LOCUSTS STOPPED A TRAIN.

"This is a snap-shot I took with a Bull's-eye Kodak in South Africa. When, with my half-company of Garrison Artillery and four six-inch howitzers, we were being taken from Springfontein to Bloemfontein in April, 1900, the train was brought to a standstill on a slight up-gradient by a swarm of locusts. They had settled down on and around the line, covering an area that could not have been less than from fifty to one hundred acres, making the ground perfectly black. The actual way in which the train was stopped was by their crushed bodies on the line acting as a lubricant and making the wheels of the engine skid. Some of the officers got out, two or three of whom, with the engine-driver, are seen in the distance, and I took the opportunity of photographing an ant-hill, about three feet in height, that was covered about three deep with the locusts. The ant-heap, I may mention, is of smooth-baked mud, and the hay-like appearance is entirely due to the locusts, the place where they settled being almost entirely devoid of vegetation."—Capt. C. R. B. Owen, 99, Eltham Road, Lee, Kent.





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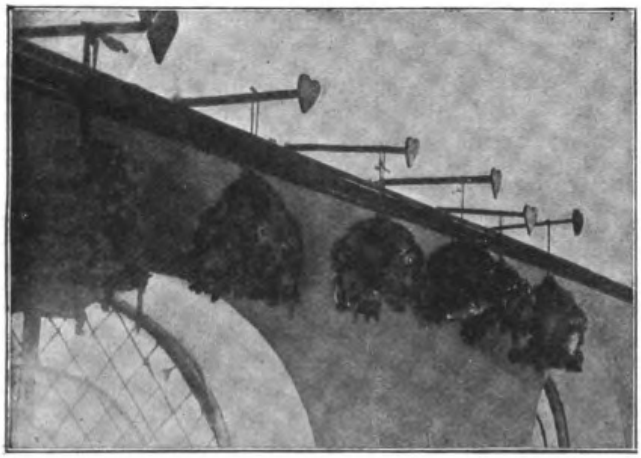


TUG-OF-WAR IN A PUNT.

"This is a tug-of-war on the water at Healy's Lake, Ontario, Canada. The boat is a punt used for 'cadging' baggage in the wilderness; the idea of a tug-of-war on the water was the suggestion of Dr. Joel M. Ingersoll, of Rochester, New York. The occupants of the boat are 'Lafayette, Indiana, Indians.' On the left, Willie Coffroth, Horace De Hart, Fred. Severson, and Frank Wilstach; on the right, Charles Ball, John Sample, Ed. Moore, and Cloxton Wilstach. The left-enders 'walked away' with those on the right."—Mr. T. J. Wilstach, New York.

"MAIDEN GARLANDS."

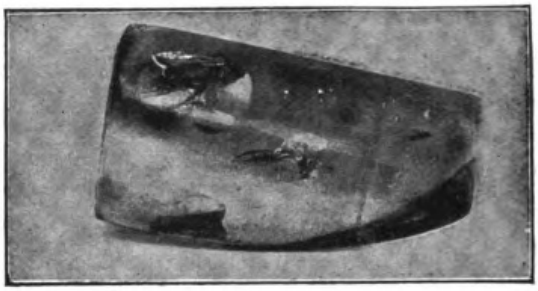
"The village of Minsterly, in Shropshire, must surely have been peculiarly noted as the home of faithful lovers, for in its quaint little seventeenth-century church are preserved seven 'Maiden Garlands,' by far the largest and best preserved collection in the country of these touching relics of an old-world custom. The



so-called 'garlands' are rather in the form of crowns. A light framework is covered and decorated with frills and rosettes of what was once white paper; in the centre of the crown is hung the representation of a pair of white gloves, reproduced in white paper also. The earliest preserved specimen dates from 1726 and the latest from 1794. The tradition that has been handed down concerning the 'garlands' is this: When a maiden, whose betrothed had died before their marriage had been celebrated, was herself at length carried to the grave, still faithful to her early love, one of these crowns or garlands was carried by village girls before her coffin. After the ceremony it was hung up in the parish church, over the place she used to occupy, in honour and memory of her constancy. These garlands now hang just by the gallery on the north wall of Minsterly Church. It need hardly be said that the good people of that charming village are very proud of their carefully preserved mementos of these nameless lovers of a bygone age."—Miss M. Reid, 58, Damington Park, N.W.

FLIES IN AMBER.

"The science of Egypt, in its highest development, did not succeed in discovering a method of embalming so perfect as the simple process taking place in Nature. A tree exudes a gummy, resinous matter in a liquid state. An insect accidentally alights on it and is caught. The exudation continues and envelops it completely, preserving the most minute details of its structure. In the course of time the resin becomes a fossil and is known as amber. The piece of amber shown here will be seen to contain



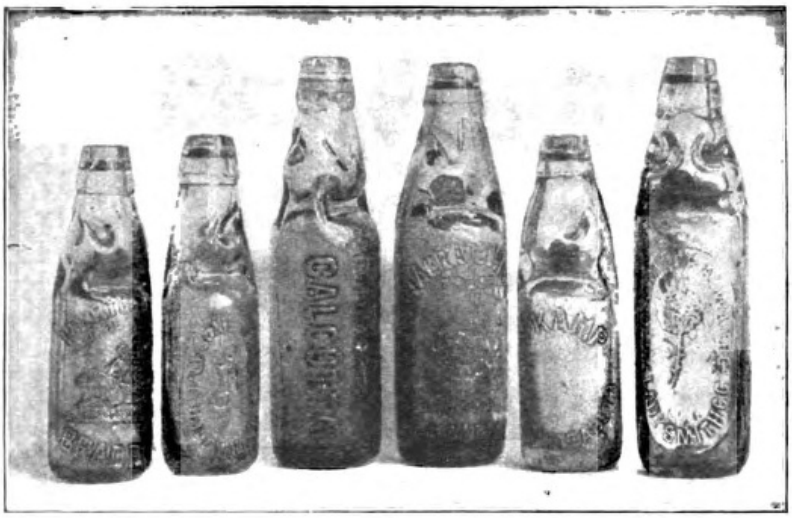
such insects, which, needless to add, are to be seen in a perfect state of preservation."—Miss Meta Henn, 32, Loat's Road, Clapham Park, S.W.

THE SUN AS AN INCENDIARY.

"Readers of Miss Thornycroft's recent novel, 'Fuel of Fire,' will remember that the fire in question was caused by the concentration of the sun's rays by a bubble of glass in a window-pane acting as a lens. That such a thing is not merely the imagination of ingenious writers of fiction is evident from the following curiosity. This is the photograph of an ordinary xylonite developing dish; the hole was burnt in it in a very remarkable manner. A pile of dishes was placed in our window behind a large bottle of coloured water. The sun's rays were concentrated by the bottle of water on to the dishes. The top dish began to burn, and when it was extinguished the second dish was also found to be on fire."—Mr. A. C. Norman, c/o Mr. H. Hargreaves, The Cross, Gloucester.



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HOW MINERAL-WATER BOTTLES TRAVEL.

"These aerated-water bottles have all turned up in the usual course of business at the Arbroath Aerated Water Bottle Exchange, and prove the extraordinary distances these vessels travel, not only all over the country, but all over the world. Reading from the left, the first bottle is from Bradford, the second Haltwhistle, the third Calcutta, the fourth Bombay, the fifth Port Elizabeth, and the sixth from Ladysmith. How these managed to make their way to the North of Scotland, or by what devious routes they travelled, is, of course, a mystery. The photo. is by Messrs. W. H. Geddes and Son, Arbroath."—Mr. L. M. Honeyman, 25, West Port, Arbroath.

HARNESSING A BLAST.

"This is the instantaneous photograph of a blast in Honolulu, Hawaii Islands. An excavation was being made a few weeks ago for a big hotel, and a dozen feet of coral rock had to be removed to give a sufficient depth of foundation. The *débris* was kept from being scattered by an immense chain and wire cable which was laid on the rock to be blasted. The labourers standing so unconcerned, apparently under the falling material, calculated to a nicety the force of the dynamite, and remained on the edge of danger. Mr. Davey, an enterprising photographer, 'caught' the blast in the nick of time."—Mr. Frederick O'Brien, 659, Clay Street, San Francisco.

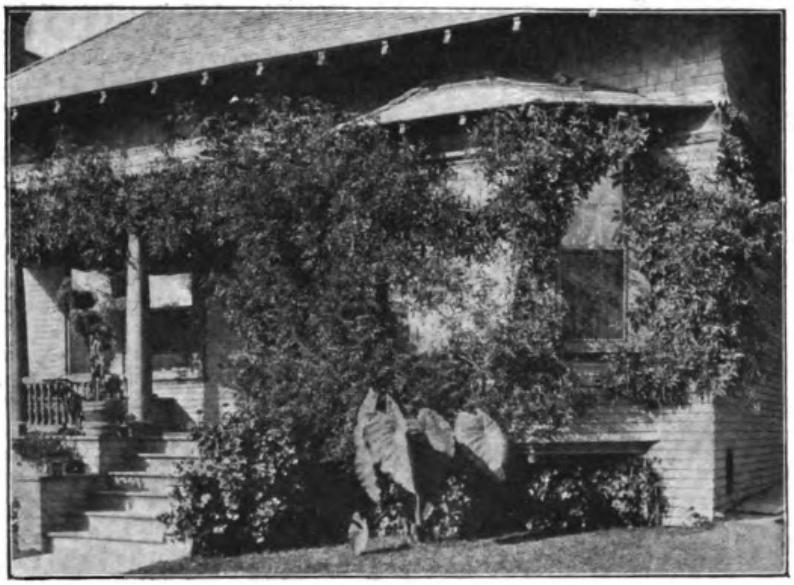


A PECULIAR LAYING-PLACE.

"My photo. shows the result of a curious incident I came across the other day during one of my rambles. You will see by the photo. that it is a bird's egg, fixed securely on the spike or thorn of a branch of a hawthorn bush. The egg was evidently laid before the shell was complete, as it is transparent in places, the yolk and everything being perfect in its mechanism, although the egg is pierced half-way through by a sharp thorn. So hard and firm had the egg set around the thorn that it could not easily be removed. I suppose the bird was in such a desperate hurry to be rid of its load of responsibility that it had not time to build a proper nest, and so laid it in this peculiar manner. Photo. by S. W. Overton, Sleaford."—Mr. F. Bratley, 4, Boston Road Terrace, Sleaford.



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A GIGANTIC TOMATO PLANT.

"The latest and, perhaps, the most remarkable of California's vegetable wonders is a tomato plant that stretches more than seventy feet and is still growing. Last April it sprang up voluntarily in the front yard of Mrs. M. J. Walker, 711, South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, and now, as the picture shows, its two great arms reach half-way round the house, having spread over thirty feet in either direction. The immense plant is in full bearing, and scores of rich, ripe tomatoes, hundreds of hard little green balls, and multitudes of tiny yellow blossoms enhance its attractiveness at the midwinter season. Laid upon the ground the slender sinews of the huge vegetable octopus would measure seventy-three feet, and its numerous side-shoots and their leafy branches would cover half-a-dozen square yards. Tomato plants eight or ten feet in length or height are common in Southern California, but heretofore none longer than twenty feet had ever been heard of."—Mr. John L. von Blon, c/o the *Times*, Los Angeles, Cal.

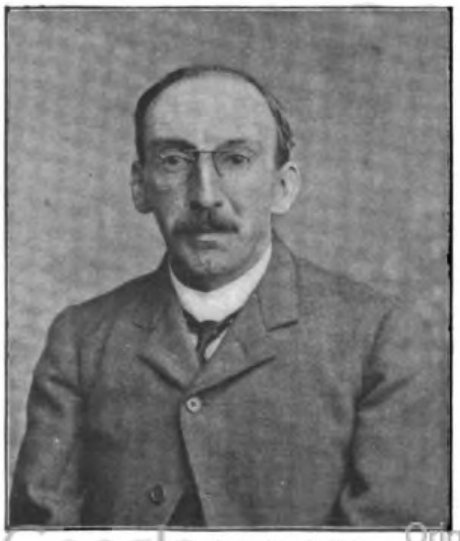
A SEE-SAW SNAP-SHOT.

"The gentleman who is such a conspicuous feature of my photo. was made to sit astride at the extreme end of a sixteen-foot see-saw. I stood at the other end, which I forced down to the ground, and while it was in that position I laid the camera on my end and took a snap-shot, with the curious result shown."—Mr. Henry C. Dickens, 2, Egerton Place, S.W.



THE MAN WHO FOUND THE "TIT-BITS" TREASURE.

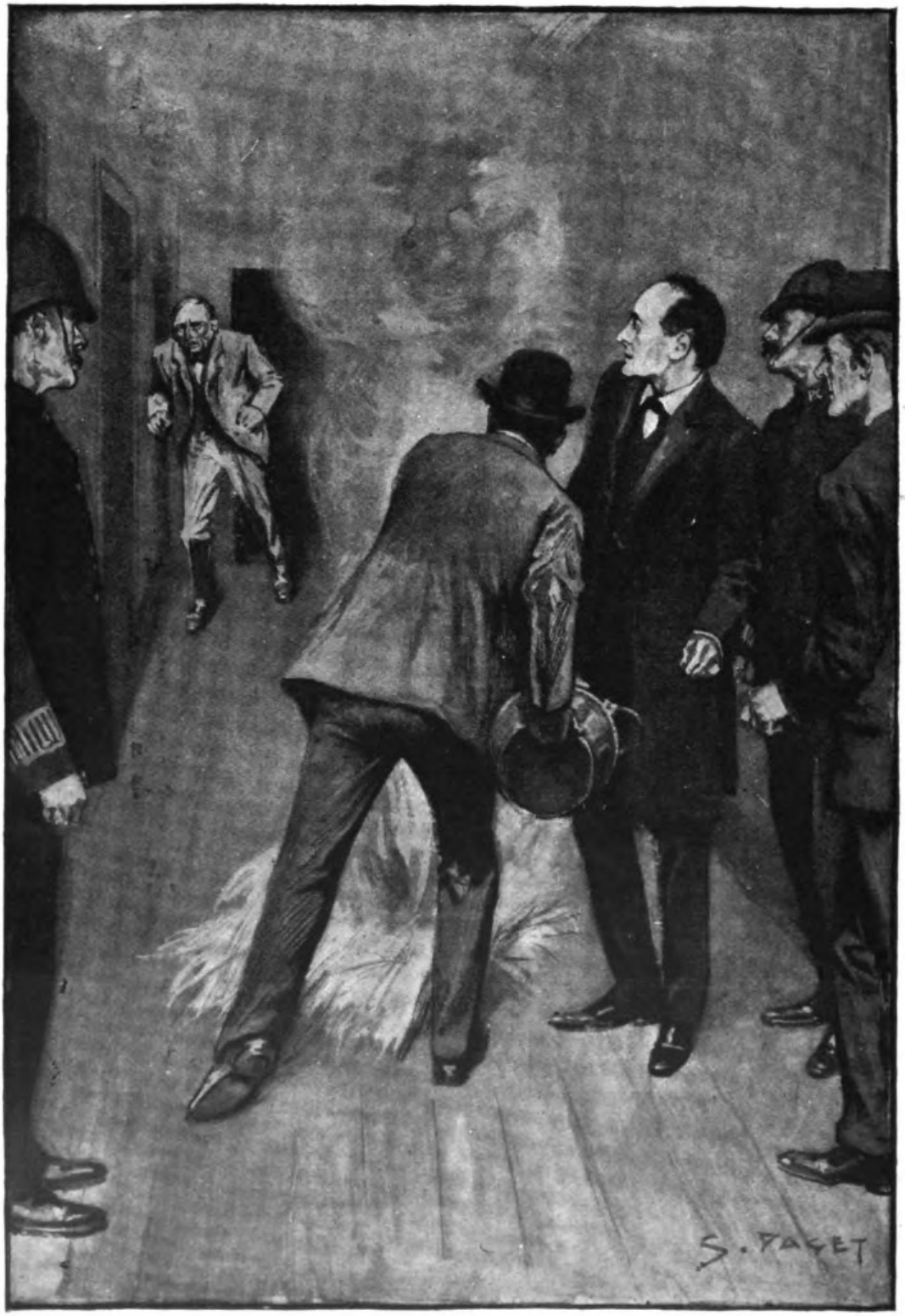
We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of Mr. W. S. Hubbard, of Severn Street, Leicester, who was successful in unearthing the treasure of five hundred pounds in gold which was hidden some time ago by the Proprietors of *Tit-Bits*. The clues whereby the locality of the buried treasure could be traced were to be found in a story entitled "Hidden, Not Lost," which appeared serially in that paper. The articles describing the manner of the burial of the treasure and the finding of it, which appeared in *Tit-Bits* dated 29th August, read more like romantic fiction than the bare truth. The five hundred sovereigns were concealed in two iron tubes, which were driven into the ground near a public highway, so near, in fact, that any passing carman might have flicked, with the end of his whip, the grass that covered them. The finder, however, did not come upon the treasure through any lucky fluke, but by the use of his common-sense and faculties of observation, which enabled him to follow up the given clues with a degree of ingenuity which, as readers of the story will be the first to allow, thoroughly deserved its reward.



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"A LITTLE, WIZENED MAN DARTED OUT."

See page 494.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvi. NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 155.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

II.—The Adventure of the Norwood Builder.

"FROM the point of view of the criminal expert," said Mr. Sherlock Holmes, "London has become a singularly uninteresting city since the death of the late lamented Professor Moriarty."

"I can hardly think that you would find many decent citizens to agree with you," I answered.

"Well, well, I must not be selfish," said he, with a smile, as he pushed back his chair from the breakfast-table. "The community is certainly the gainer, and no one the loser, save the poor out-of-work specialist, whose occupation has gone. With that man in the field one's morning paper presented infinite possibilities. Often it was only the smallest trace, Watson, the faintest indication, and yet it was enough to tell me that the great malignant brain was there, as the gentlest tremors of the edges of the web remind one of the foul spider which lurks in the centre. Petty thefts, wanton assaults, purposeless outrage—to the man who held the clue all could be worked into one connected whole. To the scientific student of the higher criminal world no capital in Europe offered the advantages which London then possessed. But now——" He shrugged his shoulders in humorous deprecation of the state of things which he had himself done so much to produce.

At the time of which I speak Holmes had been back for some months, and I, at his request, had sold my practice and returned to share the old quarters in Baker Street. A young doctor, named Verner, had purchased my small Kensington practice, and given with astonishingly little demur the highest price that I ventured to ask—an incident which only explained itself some years later when I found that Verner was a distant relation of Holmes's, and that it was my friend who had really found the money.

Our months of partnership had not been so uneventful as he had stated, for I find, on looking over my notes, that this period includes the case of the papers of Ex-President Murillo, and also the shocking affair of the Dutch steamship *Friesland*, which so nearly cost us both our lives. His cold and proud nature was always averse, however, to anything in the shape of public applause, and he bound me in the most stringent terms to say no further word of himself, his methods, or his successes—a prohibition which, as I have explained, has only now been removed.

Mr. Sherlock Holmes was leaning back in his chair after his whimsical protest, and was unfolding his morning paper in a leisurely fashion, when our attention was arrested by a tremendous ring at the bell, followed immediately by a hollow drumming sound, as if someone were beating on the outer door with his fist. As it opened there came a tumultuous rush into the hall, rapid feet clattered up the stair, and an instant later a wild-eyed and frantic young man, pale, dishevelled, and palpitating, burst into the room. He looked from one to the other of us, and under our gaze of inquiry he became conscious that some apology was needed for this unceremonious entry.

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"A WILD-EYED AND FRANTIC YOUNG MAN BURST INTO THE ROOM."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Holmes," he cried. "You mustn't blame me. I am nearly mad. Mr. Holmes, I am the unhappy John Hector McFarlane."

He made the announcement as if the name alone would explain both his visit and its manner; but I could see by my companion's unresponsive face that it meant no more to him than to me.

"Have a cigarette, Mr. McFarlane," said he, pushing his case across. "I am sure that with your symptoms my friend Dr. Watson here would prescribe a sedative. The weather has been so very warm these last few days. Now, if you feel a little more composed, I should be glad if you would sit down in that chair and tell us very slowly and quietly who you are and what it is that you want. Yo' mentioned your name as if I should recognise it, but I assure you that, beyond the obvious facts that you are a bachelor, a solicitor, a Freemason, and an asthmatic, I know nothing whatever about you."

Familiar as I was with my friend's methods, it was not difficult for me to follow his deductions, and to observe the untidiness of attire, the sheaf of legal papers, the watch-charm, and the breathing which had prompted them. Our client, however, stared in amazement.

"Yes, I am all that, Mr. Holmes, and in addition I am the most unfortunate man at this moment in London. For Heaven's sake don't abandon me, Mr. Holmes! If they come to arrest me before I have finished my story, make them give me time so that I may tell you the whole truth. I could go to gaol happy if I knew that you were working for me outside."

"Arrest you!" said Holmes. "This is really most grati — most interesting. On what charge do you expect to be arrested?"

"Upon the charge of murdering Mr. Jonas Oldacre, of Lower Norwood."

My companion's expressive face showed a sympathy which was not, I am afraid, entirely unmixed with satisfaction.

"Dear me," said he; "it was only this moment at breakfast that I was saying to my friend, Dr. Watson, that sensational cases had disappeared out of our papers."

Our visitor stretched forward a quivering hand and picked up the *Daily Telegraph*, which still lay upon Holmes's knee.

"If you had looked at it, sir, you would have seen at a glance what the errand is on which I have come to you this morning. I feel as if my name and my misfortune must be in every man's mouth." He turned it over to expose the central page. "Here it is, and with your permission I will read it to you. Listen to this, Mr. Holmes. The head-lines are: 'Mysterious Affair at Lower Norwood. Disappearance of a Well-known Builder. Suspicion of Murder and Arson. A Clue to the Criminal.' That is the clue which they are already following, Mr. Holmes,

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and I know that it leads infallibly to me. I have been followed from London Bridge Station, and I am sure that they are only waiting for the warrant to arrest me. It will break my mother's heart—it will break her heart!" He wrung his hands in an agony of apprehension, and swayed backwards and forwards in his chair.

I looked with interest upon this man, who was accused of being the perpetrator of a crime of violence. He was flaxen-haired and handsome in a washed-out negative fashion, with frightened blue eyes and a clean-shaven face, with a weak, sensitive mouth. His age may have been about twenty-seven; his dress and bearing that of a gentleman. From the pocket of his light summer overcoat protruded the bundle of endorsed papers which proclaimed his profession.

"We must use what time we have," said Holmes. "Watson, would you have the kindness to take the paper and to read me the paragraph in question?"

Underneath the vigorous head-lines which our client had quoted I read the following suggestive narrative:—

Late last night, or early this morning, an incident occurred at Lower Norwood which points, it is feared, to a serious crime. Mr. Jonas Oldacre is a well-known resident of that suburb, where he has carried on his business as a builder for many years. Mr. Oldacre is a bachelor, fifty-two years of age, and lives in Deep Dene House, at the Sydenham end of the road of that name. He has had the reputation of being a man of eccentric habits, secretive and retiring. For some years he has practically withdrawn from the business, in which he is said to have amassed considerable wealth. A small timber-yard still exists, however, at the back of the house, and last night, about twelve o'clock, an alarm was given that one of the stacks was on fire. The engines were soon upon the spot, but the dry wood burned with great fury, and it was impossible to arrest the conflagration until the stack had been entirely consumed. Up to this point the incident bore the appearance of an ordinary accident, but fresh indications seem to point to serious crime. Surprise was expressed at the absence of the master of the establishment from the scene of the fire, and an inquiry followed, which showed that he had disappeared from the house. An examination of his room revealed that the bed had not been slept in, that a safe which stood in it was open, that a number of important papers were scattered about the room, and, finally, that there were signs of a murderous struggle, slight traces of blood being found within the room, and an oaken walking-stick, which also showed stains of blood upon the handle. It is known that Mr. Jonas Oldacre had received a late visitor in his bedroom upon that night, and the stick found has been identified as the property of this person, who is a young London solicitor named John Hector McFarlane, junior partner of Graham and McFarlane, of 426, Gresham Buildings, E.C. The police believe that they have evidence in their possession which supplies a very convincing motive for the crime, and altogether it cannot be doubted that sensational developments will follow.

LATER.—It is rumoured as we go to press that Mr. John Hector McFarlane has actually been arrested on the charge of the murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre. It is at least certain that a warrant has been issued. There have been further and sinister developments in the investigation at Norwood. Besides the signs of a struggle in the room of the unfortunate builder it is now known that the French windows of his bedroom (which is on the ground floor) were found to be open, that there were marks as if some bulky object had been dragged across to the wood-pile, and, finally, it is asserted that charred remains have been found among the charcoal ashes of the fire. The police theory is that a most sensational crime has been committed, that the victim was clubbed to death in his own bedroom, his papers rifled, and his dead body dragged across to the wood-stack, which was then ignited so as to hide all traces of the crime. The conduct of the criminal investigation has been left in the experienced hands of Inspector Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, who is following up the clues with his accustomed energy and sagacity.

Sherlock Holmes listened with closed eyes and finger-tips together to this remarkable account.

"The case has certainly some points of interest," said he, in his languid fashion. "May I ask, in the first place, Mr. McFarlane, how it is that you are still at liberty, since there appears to be enough evidence to justify your arrest?"

"I live at Torrington Lodge, Blackheath, with my parents, Mr. Holmes; but last night, having to do business very late with Mr. Jonas Oldacre, I stayed at an hotel in Norwood, and came to my business from there. I knew nothing of this affair until I was in the train, when I read what you have just heard. I at once saw the horrible danger of my position, and I hurried to put the case into your hands. I have no doubt that I should have been arrested either at my City office or at my home. A man followed me from London Bridge Station, and I have no doubt—— Great Heaven, what is that?"

It was a clang of the bell, followed instantly by heavy steps upon the stair. A moment later our old friend Lestrade appeared in the doorway. Over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of one or two uniformed policemen outside.

"Mr. John Hector McFarlane?" said Lestrade.

Our unfortunate client rose with a ghastly face.

"I arrest you for the wilful murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre, of Lower Norwood."

McFarlane turned to us with a gesture of despair, and sank into his chair once more like one who is crushed.

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"One moment, Lestrade," said Holmes. "Half an hour more or less can make no difference to you, and the gentleman was about to give us an account of this very interesting affair, which might aid us in clearing it up."

"I think there will be no difficulty in clearing it up," said Lestrade, grimly.

"None the less, with your permission, I should be much interested to hear his account."

"Well, Mr. Holmes, it is difficult for me to refuse you anything, for you have been of use to the force once or twice in the past, and we owe you a good turn at Scotland Yard," said Lestrade. "At the same time I must remain with my prisoner, and I am bound to warn him that anything he may say will appear in evidence against him."

"I wish nothing better," said our client. "All I ask is that you should hear and recognise the absolute truth."

Lestrade looked at his watch. "I'll give you half an hour," said he.

"I must explain first," said McFarlane, "that I knew nothing of Mr. Jonas Oldacre. His name was familiar to me, for many years ago my parents were acquainted with him, but they drifted apart. I was very much surprised, therefore, when yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he walked into my office in the City. But I was still more astonished when he told me the object of his visit. He had in his hand several sheets of a note-book, covered with scribbled writing—here they are—and he laid them on my table.

"'Here is my will,' said he. 'I want you, Mr. McFarlane, to cast it into proper legal shape. I will sit here while you do so.'

"I set myself to copy it, and you can imagine my astonishment when I found that, with some reservations, he had left all his property to me. He was a strange little, ferret-like man, with white eyelashes, and when I looked up at him I found his keen grey eyes fixed upon me with an amused expression. I could hardly believe my own senses as I read the terms of the will; but he explained that he was a bachelor with hardly any living relation, that he had known my parents in his youth, and that he had always heard of me as a very deserving young man, and was assured that his money would be in worthy hands. Of course, I could only stammer out my thanks. The will was duly finished, signed, and witnessed by my clerk. This is it on the blue paper, and these slips, as I have explained, are the rough draft. Mr. Jonas Oldacre then informed me that there were a number of documents—building leases, title-deeds, mortgages, scrip, and so forth—which it was necessary that I should see and understand. He said that his mind would not be easy until the whole thing was settled, and he begged me to come out to his house at Norwood that night, bringing the will with me, and to arrange matters. 'Remember, my boy, not one word to your parents about the affair until everything is settled. We will keep it as a little surprise for them.' He was very insistent upon this point, and made me promise it faithfully.

"You can imagine, Mr. Holmes, that I was not in a humour to refuse him anything that he might ask. He was my benefactor, and all my desire was to carry out his wishes in every particular. I sent a telegram home, therefore, to say that I had important business on hand, and that it was impossible for me to say how late I might be. Mr. Oldacre had told me that he would like me to have supper with him at nine, as he might not be home before that hour. I had some difficulty in finding his house, however, and it was nearly half-past before I reached it. I found him——"

"One moment!" said Holmes. "Who opened the door?"

"A middle-aged woman, who was, I suppose, his housekeeper."

"And it was she, I presume, who mentioned your name?"

"Exactly," said McFarlane.

"Pray proceed."

McFarlane wiped his damp brow and then continued his narrative:—

"I was shown by this woman into a sitting-room, where a frugal supper was laid out. Afterwards Mr. Jonas Oldacre led me into his bedroom, in which there stood a heavy safe This he opened and took out a mass of documents, which we went over together. It was between eleven and twelve when we finished. He remarked that we must not disturb the housekeeper. He showed me out through his own French window, which had been open all this time."

"Was the blind down?" asked Holmes.

"I will not be sure, but I believe that it was only half down. Yes, I remember how he pulled it up in order to swing open the window. I could not find my stick, and he said, 'Never mind, my boy; I shall see a good deal of you now, I hope, and I will keep your stick until you come back to claim it.' I left him there, the safe open,

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and the papers made up in packets upon the table. It was so late that I could not get back to Blackheath, so I spent the night at the Anerley Arms, and I knew nothing more until I read of this horrible affair in the morning."

"Anything more that you would like to ask, Mr. Holmes?" said Lestrade, whose eyebrows had gone up once or twice during this remarkable explanation.

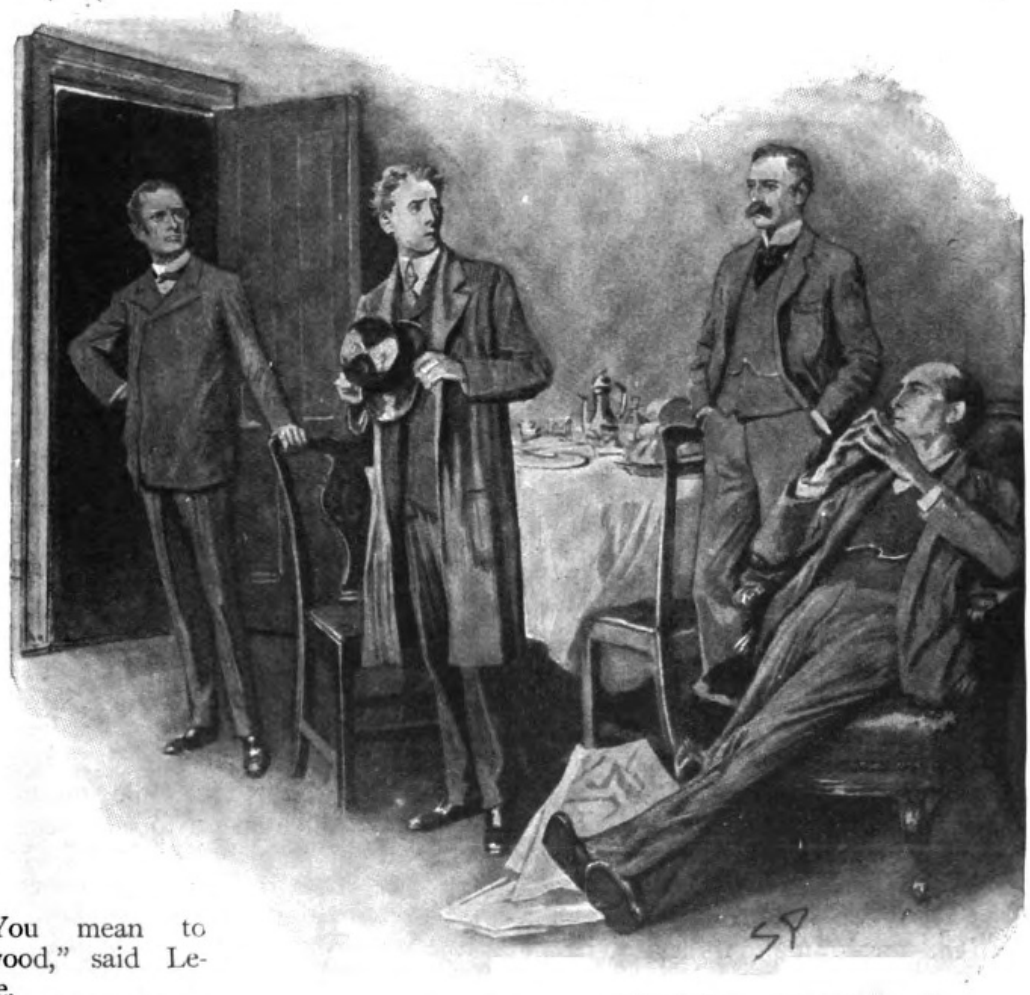
"Not until I have been to Blackheath."

man arose, and with a last beseeching glance at us he walked from the room. The officers conducted him to the cab, but Lestrade remained.

Holmes had picked up the pages which formed the rough draft of the will, and was looking at them with the keenest interest upon his face.

"There are some points about that document, Lestrade, are there not?" said he, pushing them over.

The official looked at them with a puzzled expression.



"THE WRETCHED YOUNG MAN AROSE."

"You mean to Norwood," said Lestrade.

"Oh, yes; no doubt that is what I must have meant," said Holmes, with his enigmatical smile. Lestrade had learned by more experiences than he would care to acknowledge that that razor-like brain could cut through that which was impenetrable to him. I saw him look curiously at my companion.

"I think I should like to have a word with you presently, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said he. "Now, Mr. McFarlane, two of my constables are at the door and there is a four-wheeler waiting." The wretched young

"I can read the first few lines, and these in the middle of the second page, and one or two at the end. Those are as clear as print," said he; "but the writing in between is very bad, and there are three places where I cannot read it at all."

"What do you make of that?" said Holmes.

"Well, what do *you* make of it?"

"That it was written in a train; the good writing represents stations, the bad writing

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movement, and the very bad writing passing over points. A scientific expert would pronounce at once that this was drawn up on a suburban line, since nowhere save in the immediate vicinity of a great city could there be so quick a succession of points. Granting that his whole journey was occupied in drawing up the will, then the train was an express, only stopping once between Norwood and London Bridge."

Lestrade began to laugh.

"You are too many for me when you begin to get on your theories, Mr. Holmes," said he. "How does this bear on the case?"

"Well, it corroborates the young man's story to the extent that the will was drawn up by Jonas Oldacre in his journey yesterday. It is curious—is it not?—that a man should draw up so important a document in so haphazard a fashion. It suggests that he did not think it was going to be of much practical importance. If a man drew up a will which he did not intend ever to be effective he might do it so."

"Well, he drew up his own death-warrant at the same time," said Lestrade.

"Oh, you think so?"

"Don't you?"

"Well, it is quite possible; but the case is not clear to me yet."

"Not clear? Well, if that isn't clear, what *could* be clear? Here is a young man who learns suddenly that if a certain older man dies he will succeed to a fortune. What does he do? He says nothing to anyone, but he arranges that he shall go out on some pretext to see his client that night; he waits until the only other person in the house is in bed, and then in the solitude of the man's room he murders him, burns his body in the wood-pile, and departs to a neighbouring hotel. The blood-stains in the room and also on the stick are very slight. It is probable that he imagined his crime to be a bloodless one, and hoped that if the body were consumed it would hide all traces of the method of his death—traces which for some reason must have pointed to him. Is all this not obvious?"

"It strikes me, my good Lestrade, as being just a trifle too obvious," said Holmes. "You do not add imagination to your other great qualities; but if you could for one moment put yourself in the place of this young man, would you choose the very night after the will had been made to commit your crime? Would it not seem dangerous to you to make so very close a relation between the two incidents? Again, would you choose an occasion when you are known to be in the house, when a servant has let you in? And, finally, would you take the great pains to conceal the body and yet leave your own stick as a sign that you were the criminal? Confess, Lestrade, that all this is very unlikely."

"As to the stick, Mr. Holmes, you know as well as I do that a criminal is often flurried and does things which a cool man would avoid. He was very likely afraid to go back to the room. Give me another theory that would fit the facts."

"I could very easily give you half-a-dozen," said Holmes. "Here, for example, is a very possible and even probable one. I make you a free present of it. The older man is showing documents which are of evident value. A passing tramp sees them through the window, the blind of which is only half down. Exit the solicitor. Enter the tramp! He seizes a stick, which he observes there, kills Oldacre, and departs after burning the body."

"Why should the tramp burn the body?"

"For the matter of that why should McFarlane?"

"To hide some evidence."

"Possibly the tramp wanted to hide that any murder at all had been committed."

"And why did the tramp take nothing?"

"Because they were papers that he could not negotiate."

Lestrade shook his head, though it seemed to me that his manner was less absolutely assured than before.

"Well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, you may look for your tramp, and while you are finding him we will hold on to our man. The future will show which is right. Just notice this point, Mr. Holmes: that so far as we know none of the papers were removed, and that the prisoner is the one man in the world who had no reason for removing them, since he was heir-at-law and would come into them in any case."

My friend seemed struck by this remark.

"I don't mean to deny that the evidence is in some ways very strongly in favour of your theory," said he. "I only wish to point out that there are other theories possible. As you say, the future will decide. Good morning! I dare say that in the course of the day I shall drop in at Norwood and see how you are getting on."

When the detective departed my friend rose and made his preparations for the day's

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work with the alert air of a man who has a congenial task before him.

"My first movement, Watson," said he, as he bustled into his frock-coat, "must, as I said, be in the direction of Blackheath."

"And why not Norwood?"



"'MY FIRST MOVEMENT, WATSON,' SAID HE, 'MUST BE IN THE DIRECTION OF BLACKHEATH.'"

"Because we have in this case one singular incident coming close to the heels of another singular incident. The police are making the mistake of concentrating their attention upon the second, because it happens to be the one which is actually criminal. But it is evident to me that the logical way to approach the case is to begin by trying to throw some light upon the first incident—the curious will, so suddenly made, and to so unexpected an heir. It may do something to simplify what followed. No, my dear fellow, I don't think you can help me. There is no prospect of danger, or I should not dream of stirring out without you. I trust that when I see you in the evening I will be able to report that I have been able to do something for this unfortunate youngster who has thrown himself upon my protection."

It was late when my friend returned, and I could see by a glance at his haggard and anxious face that the high hopes with which he had started had not been fulfilled. For an hour he droned away upon his violin, endeavouring to soothe his own ruffled spirits. At last he flung down the instrument and plunged into a detailed account of his misadventures.

"It's all going wrong, Watson—all as wrong as it can go. I kept a bold face before Lestrade, but, upon my soul, I believe that for once the fellow is on the right track and we are on the wrong. All my instincts are one way and all the facts are the other, and I much fear that British juries have not yet attained that pitch of intelligence when they will give the preference to my theories over Lestrade's facts."

"Did you go to Blackheath?"

"Yes, Watson, I went there, and I found very quickly that the late lamented Oldacre was a pretty considerable blackguard. The father was away in search of his son. The mother was at home—a little, fluffy, blue-eyed person, in a tremor of fear and indignation. Of course, she would not admit even the possibility of his guilt. But she would not express either surprise or regret over the fate of Oldacre. On the contrary, she spoke of him with such bitterness that she was unconsciously considerably strengthening the case of the police, for, of course, if her son had heard her speak of the man in this fashion it would predispose him towards hatred and violence. 'He was more like a malignant and cunning ape than a human being,' said she, 'and he always was, ever since he was a young man.'

"'You knew him at that time?' said I.

"'Yes, I knew him well; in fact, he was an old suitor of mine. Thank Heaven that I had the sense to turn away from him and

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to marry a better, if a poorer, man. I was engaged to him, Mr. Holmes, when I heard a shocking story of how he had turned a cat loose in an aviary, and I was so horrified at his brutal cruelty that I would have nothing more to do with him.' She rummaged in a bureau, and presently she produced a photograph of a woman, shamefully defaced and mutilated with a knife. 'That is my own photograph,' she said. 'He sent it to me in that state, with his curse, upon my wedding morning.'

"'Well,' said I, 'at least he has forgiven you now, since he has left all his property to your son.'



"HE SENT IT TO ME IN THAT STATE, WITH HIS CURSE, UPON MY WEDDING MORNING."

"'Neither my son nor I want anything from Jonas Oldacre, dead or alive,' she cried, with a proper spirit. 'There is a God in Heaven, Mr. Holmes, and that same God who has punished that wicked man will show in His own good time that my son's hands are guiltless of his blood.'

"Well, I tried one or two leads, but could get at nothing which would help our hypothesis, and several points which would make against it. I gave it up at last and off I went to Norwood.

"This place, Deep Dene House, is a big modern villa of staring brick, standing back in its own grounds, with a laurel-clumped lawn in front of it. To the right and some distance back from the road was the timber-yard which had been the scene of the fire. Here's a rough plan on a leaf of my note-book. This window on the left is the one which opens into Oldacre's room. You can look into it from the road, you see. That is about the only bit of consolation I have had to-day. Lestrade was not there, but his head constable did the honours. They had just made a great treasure-trove. They had spent the morning raking among the ashes of the burned wood-pile, and besides the charred organic remains they had secured several discoloured metal discs. I examined them with care, and there was no doubt that they were trouser buttons. I even distinguished that one of them was marked with the name of 'Hyams,' who was Oldacre's tailor. I then worked the lawn very carefully for signs and traces, but this drought has made everything as hard as iron. Nothing was to be seen save that some body or bundle had been dragged through a low privet hedge which is in a line with the wood-pile. All that, of course, fits in with the official theory. I crawled about the lawn with an August sun on my back, but I got up at the end of an hour no wiser than before.

"Well, after this fiasco I went into the bedroom and examined that also. The blood-stains were very slight, mere smears and discolorations, but undoubtedly fresh. The stick had been removed, but there also the marks were slight. There is no doubt about the stick belonging to our client. He

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admits it. Footmarks of both men could be made out on the carpet, but none of any third person, which again is a trick for the other side. They were piling up their score all the time and we were at a standstill.

"Only one little gleam of hope did I get—and yet it amounted to nothing. I examined the contents of the safe, most of which had been taken out and left on the table. The papers had been made up into sealed envelopes, one or two of which had been opened by the police. They were not, so far as I could judge, of any great value, nor did the bank-book show that Mr. Oldacre was in such very affluent circumstances. But it seemed to me that all the papers were not there. There were allusions to some deeds—possibly the more valuable—which I could not find. This, of course, if we could definitely prove it, would turn Lestrade's argument against himself, for who would steal a thing if he knew that he would shortly inherit it?

"Finally, having drawn every other cover and picked up no scent, I tried my luck with the housekeeper. Mrs. Lexington is her name, a little, dark, silent person, with suspicious and sidelong eyes. She could tell us something if she would—I am convinced of it. But she was as close as wax. Yes, she had let Mr. McFarlane in at half-past nine. She wished her hand had withered before she had done so. She had gone to bed at half-past ten. Her room was at the other end of the house, and she could hear nothing of what passed. Mr. McFarlane had left his hat, and to the best of her belief his stick, in the hall. She had been awakened by the alarm of fire. Her poor, dear master had certainly been murdered. Had he any enemies? Well, every man had enemies, but Mr. Oldacre kept himself very much to himself, and only met people in the way of business. She had seen the buttons, and was sure that they belonged to the clothes which he had worn last night. The wood-pile was very dry, for it had not rained for a month. It burned like tinder, and by the time she reached the spot nothing could be seen but flames. She and all the firemen smelled the burned flesh from inside it. She knew nothing of the papers, nor of Mr. Oldacre's private affairs.

"So, my dear Watson, there's my report of a failure. And yet—and yet——"—he clenched his thin hands in a paroxysm of conviction—"I *know* it's all wrong. I feel it in my bones. There is something that has not come out, and that housekeeper knows it. There was a sort of sulky defiance in her eyes, which only goes with guilty knowledge. However, there's no good talking any more about it, Watson; but unless some lucky chance comes our way I fear that the Norwood Disappearance Case will not figure in that chronicle of our successes which I foresee that a patient public will sooner or later have to endure."

"Surely," said I, "the man's appearance would go far with any jury?"

"That is a dangerous argument, my dear Watson. You remember that terrible murderer, Bert Stevens, who wanted us to get him off in '87? Was there ever a more mild-mannered, Sunday-school young man?"

"It is true."

"Unless we succeed in establishing an alternative theory this man is lost. You can hardly find a flaw in the case which can now be presented against him, and all further investigation has served to strengthen it. By the way, there is one curious little point about those papers which may serve us as the starting-point for an inquiry. On looking over the bank-book I found that the low state of the balance was principally due to large cheques which have been made out during the last year to Mr. Cornelius. I confess that I should be interested to know who this Mr. Cornelius may be with whom a retired builder has such very large transactions. Is it possible that he has had a hand in the affair? Cornelius might be a broker, but we have found no scrip to correspond with these large payments. Failing any other indication my researches must now take the direction of an inquiry at the bank for the gentleman who has cashed these cheques. But I fear, my dear fellow, that our case will end ingloriously by Lestrade hanging our client, which will certainly be a triumph for Scotland Yard."

I do not know how far Sherlock Holmes took any sleep that night, but when I came down to breakfast I found him pale and harassed, his bright eyes the brighter for the dark shadows round them. The carpet round his chair was littered with cigarette-ends and with the early editions of the morning papers. An open telegram lay upon the table.

"What do you think of this, Watson?" he asked, tossing it across.

It was from Norwood, and ran as follows:—

"IMPORTANT FRESH EVIDENCE TO HAND. MCFARLANE'S GUILT DEFINITELY ESTABLISHED. ADVISE YOU TO ABANDON CASE.—LESTRADE."

"This sounds serious," said I.

"It is Lestrade's little cock-a-doodle of

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victory," Holmes answered, with a bitter smile. "And yet it may be premature to abandon the case. After all, important fresh evidence is a two-edged thing, and may possibly cut in a very different direction to that which Lestrade imagines. Take your breakfast, Watson, and we will go out together and see what we can do. I feel as if I shall need your company and your moral support to-day."

My friend had no breakfast himself, for it was one of his peculiarities that in his more intense moments he would permit himself no food, and I have known him presume upon his iron strength until he has fainted from pure inanition. "At present I cannot spare energy and nerve force for digestion," he would say, in answer to my medical remonstrances. I was not surprised, therefore, when this morning he left his untouched meal behind him and started with me for Norwood. A crowd of morbid sightseers were still gathered round Deep Dene House, which was just such a suburban villa as I had pictured. Within the gates Lestrade met us, his face flushed with victory, his manner grossly triumphant.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, have you proved us to be wrong yet? Have you found your tramp?" he cried.

"I have formed no conclusion whatever," my companion answered.

"But we formed ours yesterday, and now it proves to be correct; so you must acknowledge that we have been a little in front of you this time, Mr. Holmes."

"You certainly have the air of something unusual having occurred," said Holmes.

Lestrade laughed loudly.

"You don't like being beaten any more than the rest of us do," said he. "A man can't expect always to have it his own way, can he, Dr. Watson? Step this way, if you please, gentlemen, and I think I can convince you once for all that it was John McFarlane who did this crime."

He led us through the passage and out into a dark hall beyond.

"This is where young McFarlane must have come out to get his hat after the crime was done," said he. "Now, look at this." With dramatic suddenness he struck a match and by its light exposed a stain of blood upon the whitewashed wall. As he held the match nearer I saw that it was more than a stain. It was the well-marked print of a thumb.



"LOOK AT THAT WITH YOUR MAGNIFYING GLASS, MR. HOLMES."

"Look at that with your magnifying glass, Mr. Holmes."

"Yes, I am doing so."

"You are aware that no two thumb-marks are alike?"

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"I have heard something of the kind."

"Well, then, will you please compare that print with this wax impression of young McFarlane's right thumb, taken by my orders this morning?"

As he held the waxen print close to the blood-stain it did not take a magnifying glass to see that the two were undoubtedly from the same thumb. It was evident to me that our unfortunate client was lost.

"That is final," said Lestrade.

"Yes, that is final," I involuntarily echoed.

"It is final," said Holmes.

Something in his tone caught my ear, and I turned to look at him. An extraordinary change had come over his face. It was writhing with inward merriment. His two eyes were shining like stars. It seemed to me that he was making desperate efforts to restrain a convulsive attack of laughter.

"Dear me! Dear me!" he said at last. "Well, now, who would have thought it? And how deceptive appearances may be, to be sure! Such a nice young man to look at! It is a lesson to us not to trust our own judgment, is it not, Lestrade?"

"Yes, some of us are a little too much inclined to be cocksure, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade. The man's insolence was maddening, but we could not resent it.

"What a providential thing that this young man should press his right thumb against the wall in taking his hat from the peg! Such a very natural action, too, if you come to think of it." Holmes was outwardly calm, but his whole body gave a wriggle of suppressed excitement as he spoke. "By the way, Lestrade, who made this remarkable discovery?"

"It was the housekeeper, Mrs. Lexington, who drew the night constable's attention to it."

"Where was the night constable?"

"He remained on guard in the bedroom where the crime was committed, so as to see that nothing was touched."

"But why didn't the police see this mark yesterday?"

"Well, we had no particular reason to make a careful examination of the hall. Besides, it's not in a very prominent place, as you see."

"No, no, of course not. I suppose there is no doubt that the mark was there yesterday?"

Lestrade looked at Holmes as if he thought he was going out of his mind. I confess that I was myself surprised both at his hilarious manner and at his rather wild observation.

"I don't know whether you think that McFarlane came out of gaol in the dead of the night in order to strengthen the evidence against himself," said Lestrade. "I leave it to any expert in the world whether that is not the mark of his thumb."

"It is unquestionably the mark of his thumb."

"There, that's enough," said Lestrade. "I am a practical man, Mr. Holmes, and when I have got my evidence I come to my conclusions. If you have anything to say you will find me writing my report in the sitting-room."

Holmes had recovered his equanimity, though I still seemed to detect gleams of amusement in his expression.

"Dear me, this is a very sad development, Watson, is it not?" said he. "And yet there are singular points about it which hold out some hopes for our client."

"I am delighted to hear it," said I, heartily. "I was afraid it was all up with him."

"I would hardly go so far as to say that, my dear Watson. The fact is that there is one really serious flaw in this evidence to which our friend attaches so much importance."

"Indeed, Holmes! What is it?"

"Only this: that I *know* that that mark was not there when I examined the hall yesterday. And now, Watson, let us have a little stroll round in the sunshine."

With a confused brain, but with a heart into which some warmth of hope was returning, I accompanied my friend in a walk round the garden. Holmes took each face of the house in turn and examined it with great interest. He then led the way inside and went over the whole building from basement to attics. Most of the rooms were unfurnished, but none the less Holmes inspected them all minutely. Finally, on the top corridor, which ran outside three untenanted bedrooms, he again was seized with a spasm of merriment.

"There are really some very unique features about this case, Watson," said he. "I think it is time now that we took our friend Lestrade into our confidence. He has had his little smile at our expense, and perhaps we may do as much by him if my reading of this problem proves to be correct. Yes, yes; I think I see how we should approach it."

The Scotland Yard inspector was still writing in the parlour when Holmes interrupted him.

"I understood that you were writing a report of this case," said he.

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"So I am."

"Don't you think it may be a little premature? I can't help thinking that your evidence is not complete."

Lestrade knew my friend too well to disregard his words. He laid down his pen and looked curiously at him.

"What do you mean, Mr. Holmes?"

"Only that there is an important witness whom you have not seen."

"Can you produce him?"

"I think I can."

"Then do so."

"I will do my best. How many constables have you?"

"There are three within call."

"Excellent!" said Holmes. "May I ask if they are all large, able-bodied men with powerful voices?"

"I have no doubt they are, though I fail to see what their voices have to do with it."

"Perhaps I can help you to see that and one or two other things as well," said Holmes. "Kindly summon your men, and I will try."

Five minutes later three policemen had assembled in the hall.

"In the outhouse you will find a considerable quantity of straw," said Holmes. "I will ask you to carry in two bundles of it. I think it will be of the greatest assistance in producing the witness whom I require. Thank you very much. I believe you have some matches in your pocket, Watson. Now, Mr. Lestrade, I will ask you all to accompany me to the top landing."

As I have said, there was a broad corridor there, which ran outside three empty bedrooms. At one end of the corridor we were all marshalled by Sherlock Holmes, the constables grinning and Lestrade staring at my friend with amazement, expectation, and derision chasing each other across his features. Holmes stood before us with the air of a conjurer who is performing a trick.

"Would you kindly send one of your constables for two buckets of water? Put the straw on the floor here, free from the wall on either side. Now I think that we are all ready."

Lestrade's face had begun to grow red and angry.

"I don't know whether you are playing a game with us, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said he. "If you know anything, you can surely say it without all this tomfoolery."

"I assure you, my good Lestrade, that I have an excellent reason for everything that I do. You may possibly remember that you chaffed me a little some hours ago, when the sun seemed on your side of the hedge, so you must not grudge me a little pomp and ceremony now. Might I ask you, Watson, to open that window, and then to put a match to the edge of the straw?"

I did so, and, driven by the draught, a coil of grey smoke swirled down the corridor, while the dry straw crackled and flamed.

"Now we must see if we can find this witness for you, Lestrade. Might I ask you all to join in the cry of 'Fire!'? Now, then; one, two, three——"

"Fire!" we all yelled.

"Thank you. I will trouble you once again."

"Fire!"

"Just once more, gentlemen, and all together."

"Fire!" The shout must have rung over Norwood.

It had hardly died away when an amazing thing happened. A door suddenly flew open out of what appeared to be solid wall at the end of the corridor, and a little, wizened man darted out of it, like a rabbit out of its burrow.

"Capital!" said Holmes, calmly. "Watson, a bucket of water over the straw. That will do! Lestrade, allow me to present you with your principal missing witness, Mr. Jonas Oldacre."

The detective stared at the new-comer with blank amazement. The latter was blinking in the bright light of the corridor, and peering at us and at the smouldering fire. It was an odious face—crafty, vicious, malignant, with shifty, light-grey eyes and white eyelashes.

"What's this, then?" said Lestrade at last. "What have you been doing all this time, eh?"

Oldacre gave an uneasy laugh, shrinking back from the furious red face of the angry detective.

"I have done no harm."

"No harm? You have done your best to get an innocent man hanged. If it wasn't for this gentleman here, I am not sure that you would not have succeeded."

The wretched creature began to whimper.

"I am sure, sir, it was only my practical joke."

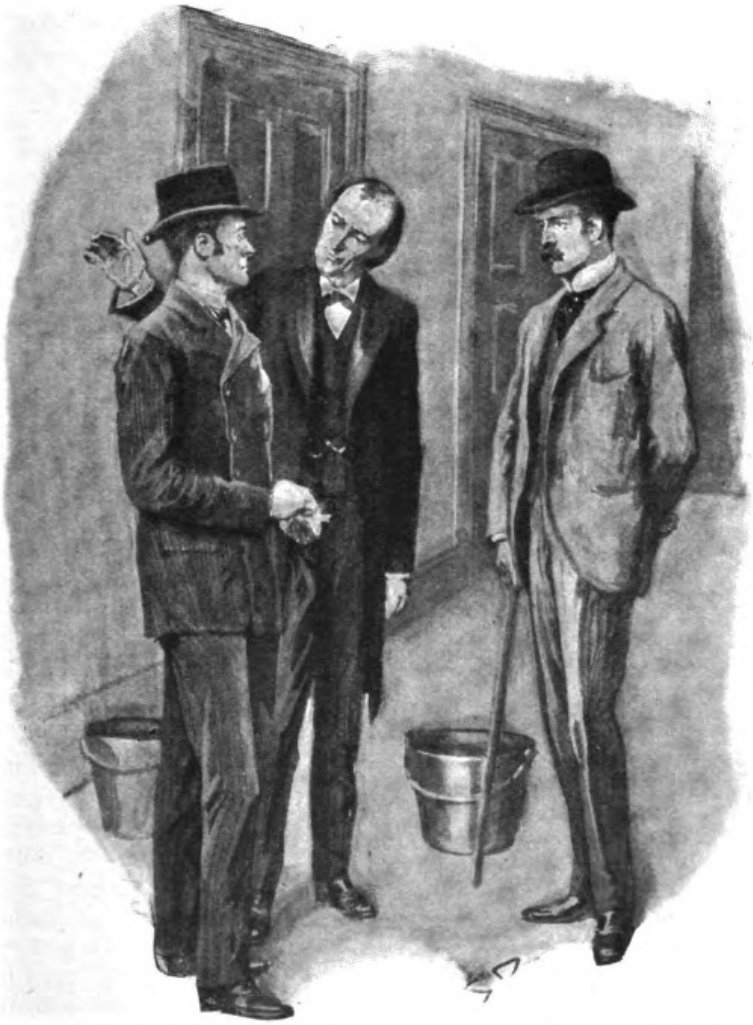
"Oh! a joke, was it? You won't find the laugh on your side, I promise you. Take him down and keep him in the sitting-room until I come. Mr. Holmes," he continued, when they had gone, "I could not speak before the constables, but I don't mind saying, in the presence of Dr. Watson, that

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this is the brightest thing that you have done yet, though it is a mystery to me how you did it. You have saved an innocent man's life, and you have prevented a very grave scandal, which would have ruined my reputation in the Force."

Holmes smiled and clapped Lestrade upon the shoulder.

"Instead of being ruined, my good sir, you will find that your reputation has been enormously enhanced. Just make a few alterations in that report which you were writing, and they will understand how hard it is to throw dust in the eyes of Inspector Lestrade."



"HOLMES SMILED AND CLAPPED LESTRADE UPON THE SHOULDER."

"And you don't want your name to appear?"

"Not at all. The work is its own reward. Perhaps I shall get the credit also at some distant day when I permit my zealous historian to lay out his foolscap once more—eh, Watson? Well, now, let us see where this rat has been lurking."

A lath-and-plaster partition had been run across the passage six feet from the end, with a door cunningly concealed in it. It was lit within by slits under the eaves. A few articles of furniture and a supply of food and water were within, together with a number of books and papers.

"There's the advantage of being a builder," said Holmes, as we came out. "He was able to fix up his own little hiding-place without any confederate—save, of course, that precious housekeeper of his, whom I should lose no time in adding to your bag, Lestrade."

"I'll take your advice. But how did you know of this place, Mr. Holmes?"

"I made up my mind that the fellow was in hiding in the house. When I paced one corridor and found it six feet shorter than the corresponding one below, it was pretty clear where he was. I thought he had not the nerve to lie quiet before an alarm of fire. We could, of course, have gone in and taken him, but it amused me to make him reveal himself; besides, I owed you a little mystification, Lestrade, for your chaff in the morning."

"Well, sir, you certainly got equal with me on that. But how in the world did you know that he was in the house at all?"

"The thumb-mark, Lestrade. You said it was final; and so it was, in a very different sense. I knew it had not been there the day before. I pay a good deal of attention to matters of detail, as you may have observed, and I had examined the hall and was sure that the wall was clear. Therefore, it had been put on during the night."

"But how?"

"Very simply. When those packets were sealed up, Jonas Oldacre got McFarlane to secure one of the seals by putting his thumb upon the soft wax. It would be done so quickly and so naturally that I dare say the young man himself has no recollection of it.

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Very likely it just so happened, and Oldacre had himself no notion of the use he would put it to. Brooding over the case in that den of his, it suddenly struck him what absolutely damning evidence he could make against McFarlane by using that thumb-mark. It was the simplest thing in the world for him to take a wax impression from the seal, to moisten it in as much blood as he could get from a pin-prick, and to put the mark upon the wall during the night, either with his own hand or with that of his housekeeper. If you examine among those documents which he took with him into his retreat I will lay you a wager that you find the seal with the thumb-mark upon it."

"Wonderful!" said Lestrade. "Wonderful! It's all as clear as crystal, as you put it. But what is the object of this deep deception, Mr. Holmes?"

It was amusing to me to see how the detective's overbearing manner had changed suddenly to that of a child asking questions of its teacher.

"Well, I don't think that is very hard to explain. A very deep, malicious, vindictive person is the gentleman who is now awaiting us downstairs. You know that he was once refused by McFarlane's mother? You don't! I told you that you should go to Blackheath first and Norwood afterwards. Well, this injury, as he would consider it, has rankled in his wicked, scheming brain, and all his life he has longed for vengeance, but never seen his chance. During the last year or two things have gone against him—secret speculation, I think—and he finds himself in a bad way. He determines to swindle his creditors, and for this purpose he pays large cheques to a certain Mr. Cornelius, who is, I imagine, himself under another name. I have not traced these cheques yet, but I have no doubt that they were banked under that name at some provincial town where Oldacre from time to time led a double existence. He intended to change his name altogether, draw this money, and vanish, starting life again elsewhere."

"Well, that's likely enough."

"It would strike him that in disappearing he might throw all pursuit off his track, and at the same time have an ample and crushing revenge upon his old sweetheart, if he could give the impression that he had been murdered by her only child. It was a masterpiece of villainy, and he carried it out like a master. The idea of the will, which would give an obvious motive for the crime, the secret visit unknown to his own parents, the retention of the stick, the blood, and the animal remains and buttons in the wood-pile, all were admirable. It was a net from which it seemed to me a few hours ago that there was no possible escape. But he had not that supreme gift of the artist, the knowledge of when to stop. He wished to improve that which was already perfect—to draw the rope tighter yet round the neck of his unfortunate victim—and so he ruined all. Let us descend, Lestrade. There are just one or two questions that I would ask him."

The malignant creature was seated in his own parlour with a policeman upon each side of him.

"It was a joke, my good sir, a practical joke, nothing more," he whined incessantly. "I assure you, sir, that I simply concealed myself in order to see the effect of my disappearance, and I am sure that you would not be so unjust as to imagine that I would have allowed any harm to befall poor young Mr. McFarlane."

"That's for a jury to decide," said Lestrade. "Anyhow, we shall have you on a charge of conspiracy, if not for attempted murder."

"And you'll probably find that your creditors will impound the banking account of Mr. Cornelius," said Holmes.

The little man started and turned his malignant eyes upon my friend.

"I have to thank you for a good deal," said he. "Perhaps I'll pay my debt some day."

Holmes smiled indulgently.

"I fancy that for some few years you will find your time very fully occupied," said he. "By the way, what was it you put into the wood-pile besides your old trousers? A dead dog, or rabbits, or what? You won't tell? Dear me, how very unkind of you! Well, well, I dare say that a couple of rabbits would account both for the blood and for the charred ashes. If ever you write an account, Watson, you can make rabbits serve your turn."

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Sovereigns I Have Met.

By Hélène Vacaresco.

VI.—MARGHARETA DI SAVOIA, DOWAGER QUEEN OF ITALY.

AFTER letting our eyes steep themselves in the pure, abundant light which bathes the Seven Hills, with souls weary from long dwelling in Rome's historic past and dazzled by the splendour of these ancient glories, we return slowly to modern days, and our carriage finds its place amongst the many vehicles wending their way towards the Villa Borghese or the Villa Pamphili.

A sudden motion in the crowd announces an event of such importance that, tired and dazed as we may be, we rouse ourselves and look with eager eye to discover the cause of the commotion. Windows fly open on every side, handkerchiefs are waved, the faces of the passers-by assume an expression of mingled satisfaction and devotion, while in passionate Italian tones ring out the words, "La benedetta Regina!" "La nostra Margharetа!" "Il nostro poi!": "The blessed Queen!" "Our own Margaret!" "Our own flower!" And on the high seat of an immense landau we see the gracious lady whose august yet familiar name resounds above all other noises. Four lackeys in red livery tower above the fair head which moves in unceasing salutation, while a smile flickers upon the parted lips. Her complexion is so pale and clear that every vein may be traced on the temples and firm, rounded cheeks, while the aquiline nose lends a touch of pride to the sweet features. Thus, in passing from the Rome of bygone centuries to the Rome of to-day, a vision comes to send our thoughts back again to the glory celebrated by chronicler and poet.



THE QUEEN-DOWAGER OF ITALY.
From a Photo. by Giacomo Brogi, Florence.

No personage is more eloquent in favour of the strenuous efforts by which Italy has gained her unity and freedom than the niece and daughter-in-law of the great King Victor Emmanuel. Twice a Savoia and twice Italian Princess before becoming Queen of Italy, the only one amongst Royal consorts who had no need to search for a throne in other countries than her own, she alone can speak to her subjects in the language of her childhood. She alone has given them a King of pure native descent. In his splendid History of France Michelet says: "A King's children must always, because of Royal marriages, be the sons of foreign mothers." From this imputation, at least, the King of Italy is exempt.

Everyone knows how beautiful the life of Queen Margharetа has been, and how warmly she is beloved in every corner of her country. I do not seek here to relate the numerous anecdotes told about her, to describe her daily occupations, nor to trace her biography. My chief aim in these pages is to give impressions of Kings and Queens whom I have met and talked with, to render as clearly as possible their characteristics, the very essence of their being, such as were revealed to me on frequent occasions when the august personages with whom I was brought into close contact displayed before the eyes of a writer of poetry sentiments they believed they were exhibiting in the presence of a mere woman of the world.

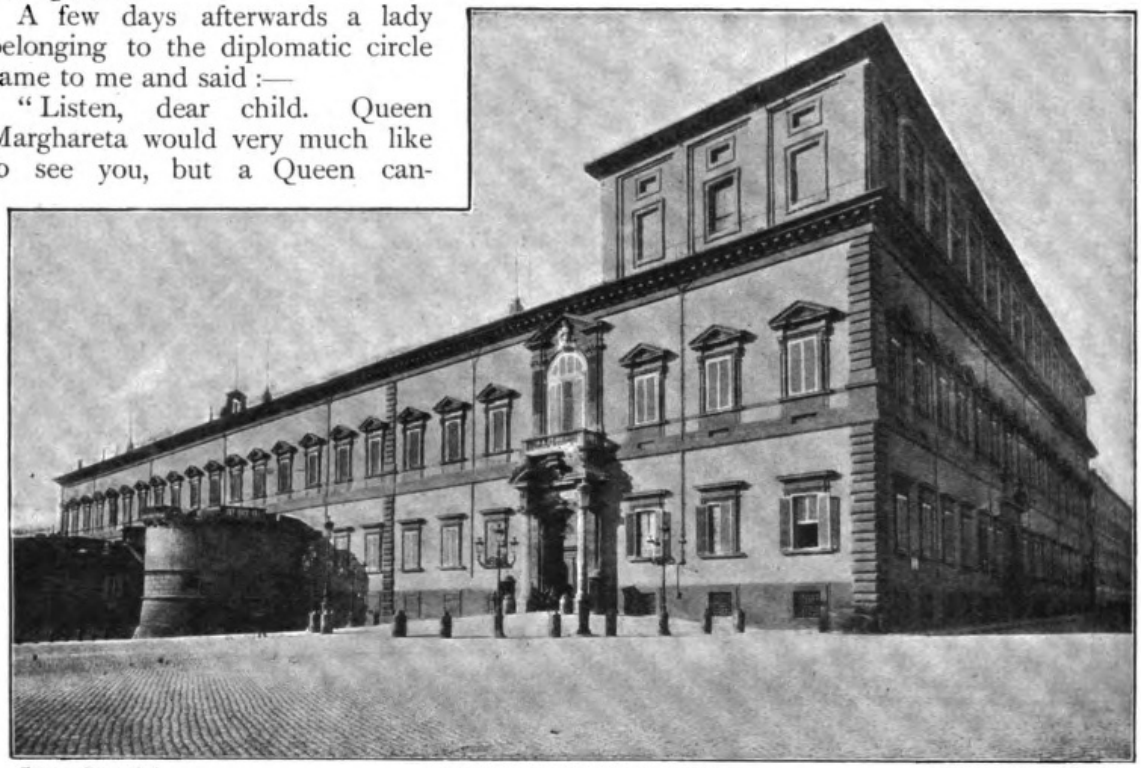
During the few months I spent in Rome—where my parents had passed part of the summer and autumn before my arrival, my father representing his country at the Italian Court—my mother and he often spoke in

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fervent admiration of Queen Marghareta and King Humbert, whom they frequently visited. But the terrible grief, the dire misfortune, which had brought me to our temporary home in the fold of the Seven Hills held my mind aloof from every distraction but my own trouble.* Yet I knew that the Queen desired to show me more than a passing moment's interest, but the sight of the pompous equipage, her rank, even her compassionate glance, thrilled me with a sentiment of pain and stirred all the bitter pangs of memory in my soul. But Queen Marghareta's kindness and Queen Marghareta's will are not easily thwarted. In the early autumn my mother had a long audience with the Queen.

A few days afterwards a lady belonging to the diplomatic circle came to me and said :—

"Listen, dear child. Queen Marghareta would very much like to see you, but a Queen can-



From a Photo. by] THE PALACE QUIRINALE, ROME. *[Mary Spencer Warren.*

not invite people before they ask leave to present their homage to her. You required a hint, did you not? Well, I have come to hint this: Write to the Marchesa di Villamarina and beg the favour of an audience. The Queen will receive you immediately. I speak almost as if I was entrusted with an official message. Believe me, I do not speak lightly. Write."

I wrote to the Marchesa di Villamarina, the Queen's dearest friend, and a lady worthy indeed of the affection and confidence bestowed upon her by her Royal mistress.

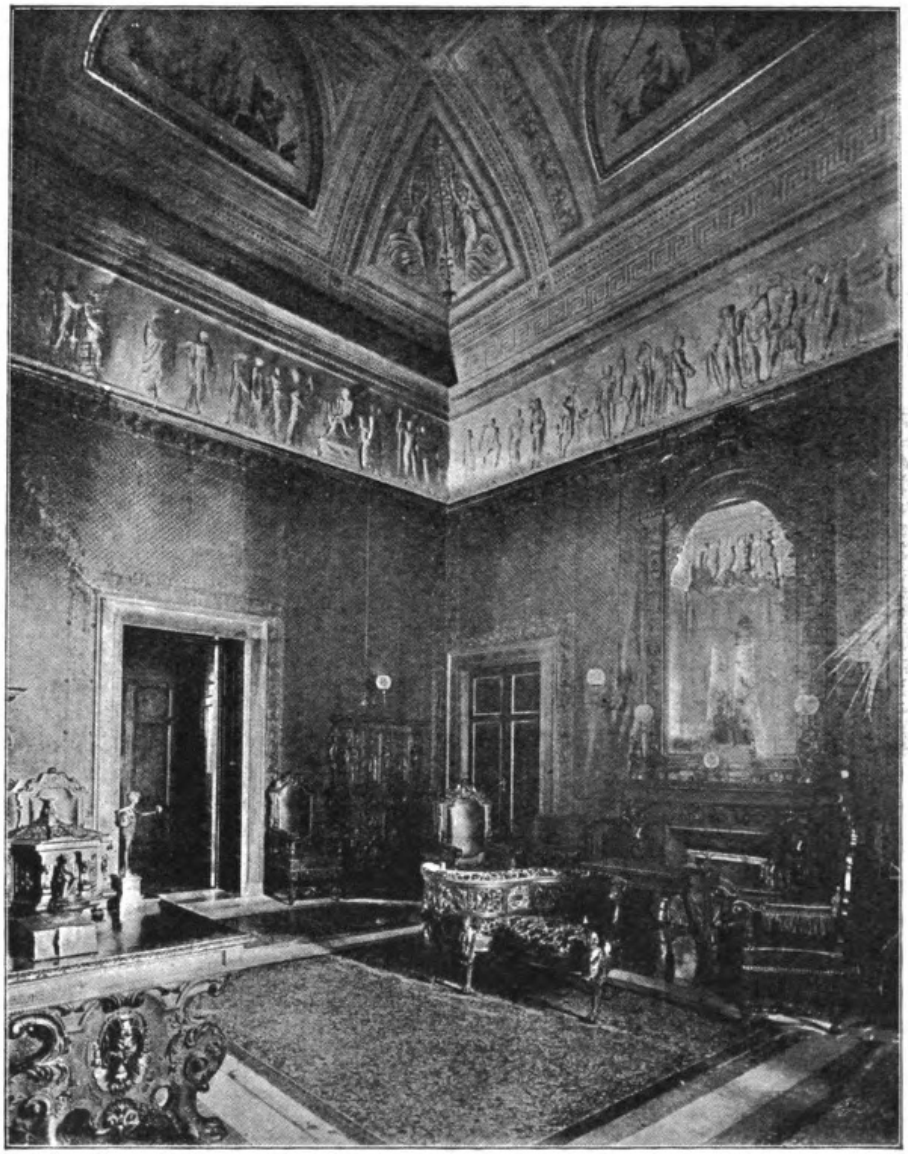
The next day we—my mother and I—were invited to call upon the Queen at two o'clock p.m. This was a somewhat hasty summons, and less conventional than usual. Awake to the emotions of the hour, I considered the situation and curiously tried to guess what the Queen would ask and say. I had been told that she was very fond of asking questions. In what light did she regard me and my thwarted fate? What could the Queen—who was twice a Queen by right of birth and right of marriage, and who always laid such a stress on the right of Royal blood—find to say to one who might have been a Queen without possessing a single one of those rights?

These thoughts, and many of the same kind, busily crossed my brain as we saw the big statues of Castor and Pollux flash past us and entered the large court of the Palace, environed on every side by the huge yellow building, so that one sole beam of sunshine lay along the grey stones like a road of watery light. In the hall a line of tall soldiers with glistening swords and helmets gave us the salute, and we mounted the soft staircase, whose steps were so low and easy under our feet that we scarcely felt the ascent. In the broad wood-panelled antechamber were ten or twelve lackeys clad in the same flame-coloured

* Mlle. Vacaresco is alluding to the breaking off of her engagement with the Crown Prince of Roumania.

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livery that we see on the Royal equipages in Rome and London. A short exchange of polite remarks took place with one of the *principesse romana* who that day was the lady-in-waiting, and who kindly endeavoured to attract my attention to the valuable paintings collected in the blue drawing-room into which we were ushered. Then the Marchesa di Villamarina made her appearance. This was the sign of a favour precious indeed, as the marchesa is very busy and rarely receives the Queen's visitors, yet it was the marchesa herself who beckoned to us and showed us the open door leading to the Royal apartment.



From a Photo. by] THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM. *[Mary Spencer Warren.*

A vision of white and gold dazzled my sight, as if we had suddenly come upon a landscape of sunlit snow, and the Queen's white dress and the Queen's fair hair seemed to throw all around a radiance of white and gold. She held a book in her hand, which she slowly dropped on a stool, and while she signed my mother towards a low arm-chair she drew me to her and placed me on a sofa by her side. Then, with a graceful movement, she swerved backwards to the other end of the sofa and, still holding my hand, said:—

"I want to see you well. I have had so many photographs of you, but not one is like. There is nothing like Nature after all—nothing like the impression of the living individuality."

Her neck and fingers were heavy with pearls and diamonds, and the flash of coloured gems trembled in her hair and descended over her brow; in the folds of her garments and around her the Latin Queen displayed riches worthy of a Byzantine empress. The snowy whiteness of the sunlit chamber, the silk and velvet embroidered with golden flowers and silvery tracings—all the glistening splendour of her surroundings revealed how highly the Queen placed the demands and glory and the attributes of her rank. Yet the contrast was singularly refreshing between such pomp and the pleasant, familiar voice that passed from subject to subject, vivacious and inquisitive, yet tinged with a variety of information and personal experience which showed plainly that her leisure hours had not been given up to idleness. With marvellous ability Queen Marghareta avoided entering into the cause of my grief, yet not one moment did she cease to talk of the sorrow whose tears she had seen on my face.

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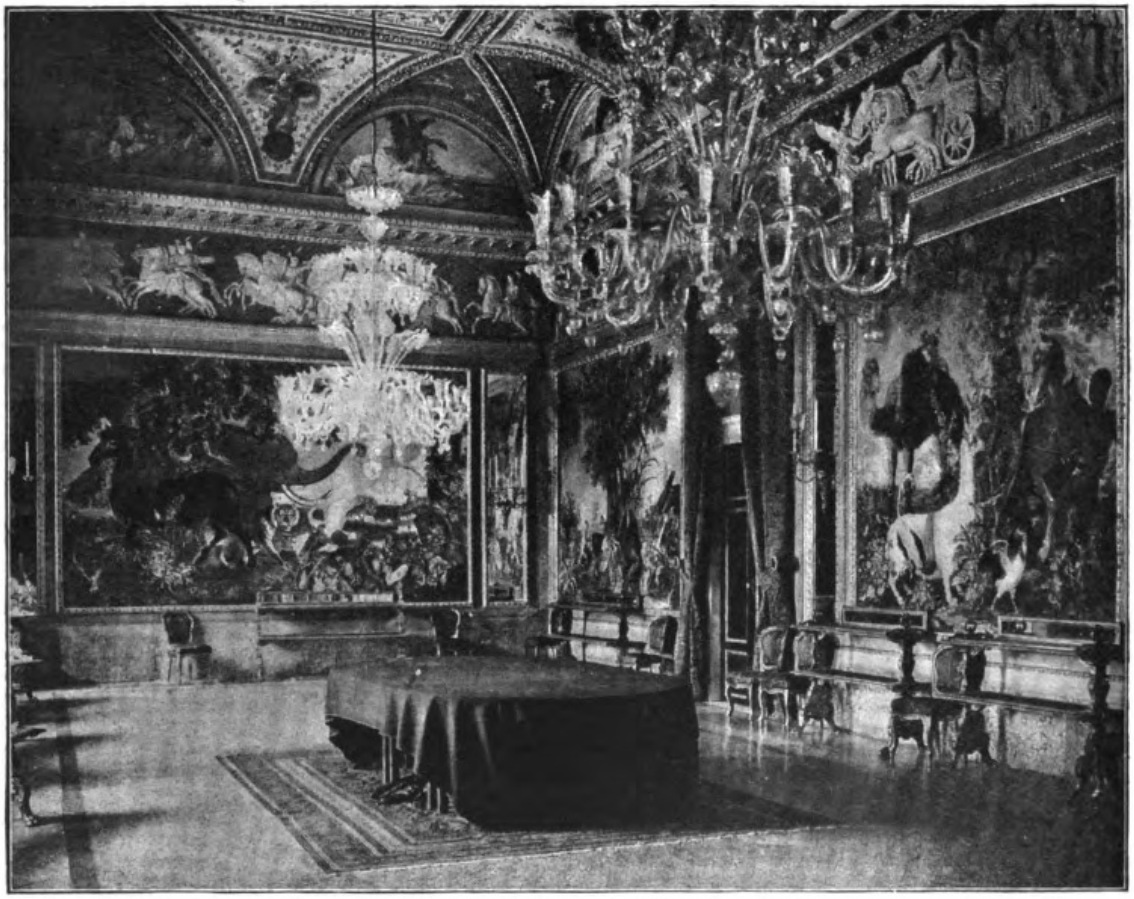
"You should not—oh, you should not be so depressed. You are young, and you are a poet. I love your writings, and so do all who read them. Then is there anything more enchanting for a woman, or more soothing to her soul, than to hear these words murmured as she passes, 'She is a poet'? Do not believe I address myself to your feminine vanity. I speak to your reason—to your soul—to your sense of duty. How often I have vainly wished to be a poet myself! When in the blue vapour of an autumn morning I follow the steep mountain paths which I love, something in me sings a hymn of beauty and of gratitude which I am doomed never to utter in words.

"You love Venice?" she continued. "Venice must make everyone feel a poet. What, then, must a real poet feel in Venice? I followed all your movements while you were staying in Venice with your dear Queen. It was such a pity that I could not join you at the time! Venice is lovely, is it not?"

"Yes, madame. It is the city of joy."

"The city of joy!—and you say so?—you who have suffered and mourned in Venice! Why, there is a breath of unutterable sadness in the breeze along the lagoons, in the slight murmur of the oars as they touch the stone staircases at night. You have not seen Venice with the eyes of Lord Byron."

"No, madame, but with the eyes of Titian, with the eyes of the sun, who seems himself astonished at the gorgeousness which he awakens on the bosom of the waters before he sinks below them. I think one can hear a mellow tone of laughter and of joy that floats along the blue lagoons between the lofty palaces."



From a Photo. by] THE QUEEN'S DINING-ROOM. *[Mary Spencer Warren.*

"Yes; Titian—Veronese—the sun in Venice!—they are elements of joy indeed! And Tintoretto! Oh, I worship Tintoretto, the glorious giant! The Giant's Staircase should be called so because of him. There are so many admirable descriptions of Venice that it seems as if the city sheds its glamour over all who attempt to describe it; but almost best of all others I love Pierre Loti's rendering of Venetian spells, Venetian charm. I read his pages over and over again when he speaks of Venice. He thrills me as keenly as Chateaubriand."

Then she went on to speak of my own Queen.

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From a Photo. by] THE GUARDS' ROOM, PALACE QUIRINALE. *[Mary Spencer Warren.*

"Oh, your Queen; how I love and admire her! I saw her often this autumn in Pallanza. Sometimes I went to pay her a visit quite early, while she was still in bed, and thus spent with her moments so delightful that I shall never forget them. Her sufferings have not altered the sweetness of her nature. You don't know Pallanza, where she stays—a charming little spot? Shall I describe Pallanza to you? Look! Here is the lake, and a long row of hotels stands on this side." And Queen Margharetta, with hands busily engaged in tracing the lines of the distant Italian landscape, succeeded in making every detail of the small town live before our eyes, while her words made such vivid comments on her gestures that I could imagine the colour of the water and the trees, the soft splash of the oars, and the chime of the bells at evening as they glided over the sunlit lake from village to village. Thus, also, I imagined her arrival on the autumn mornings whose softness bathes the Italian lakes in rich and mellow hues. In fancy I could see the fair Queen's barge approach the blue shores and the breeze playing with her hair and veil, the crowds assembled in spite of the early hour, and their hearty greetings; and how she would enter "Carmen Sylva's" bedroom, where the shades of night still lingered; how, dazzled by the light from within, she would at first scarcely distinguish the form of her Royal sister. Thus I could imagine the thoughts exchanged between those two in the course of a *tête-à-tête* such as persons of their rank seldom enjoy, and the gay peals of laughter which would resound throughout the dim chamber.

"You will come back to see me, won't you? Now that you are in Rome I cannot content myself with the pleasure of only reading your works. Do come again. Really, I am sure your visit to me has done you good. There is such a glow on your cheeks, such a light in your eyes. I am an excellent doctor. Come again—come soon."

Notwithstanding these gracious injunctions, I spent many months without expressing a wish to return to the Quirinal, though the memory of the Queen's charm and her kindness dwelt with me and had, indeed, created a pleasant and powerful diversion in my life.

When we made up our minds to leave Rome, as my father desired to return to our Roumanian home, the prospect of our departure was in every way terrible to me.

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Everyone had been kind and compassionate to me, in the highest society as well as in the humble classes, and into the solitude and silence of my life had come such moving sympathy that the very idea of bidding farewell to the places in which my grief had found consolation proved a terrible trial. And I had to say farewell to the Queen. In my farewell to the idol of the nation all other farewells would be comprised.

The Queen knew we had asked for this audience in order to take leave of her. She smiled sadly.

"So you are going? Oh, how I pity you! No one who is able to understand Romecan depart from this glorious city without bitter regret. Every cloud in our skies, every blade of grass under our feet, has a significa-tion of its own. I pity you. Must you really go?"

I had never seen Queen Margharetа look so beautiful as that day. Her eyes really had the violet hue of the Mediterranean gulfs, and her violet dress, be-sprinkled with golden flowers, fell about her like the shades of a Roman twilight on its gardens and terraces.



From a Painting A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN. *in the Palace.*

"Alas! madame," I said, "I have come to your Majesty before our departure. I have craved the honour of this interview, not only from a desire to thank the Queen for her graciousness, but to thank the Italian nation and all the people of this land. I want to thank them in the person of the lady whom the nation adores. Your Majesty is the symbol, the idol of the land. At your feet will I lay my thanks. Everyone has been so good to me—to the stranger who came bearing with her a world of sorrow and despair."

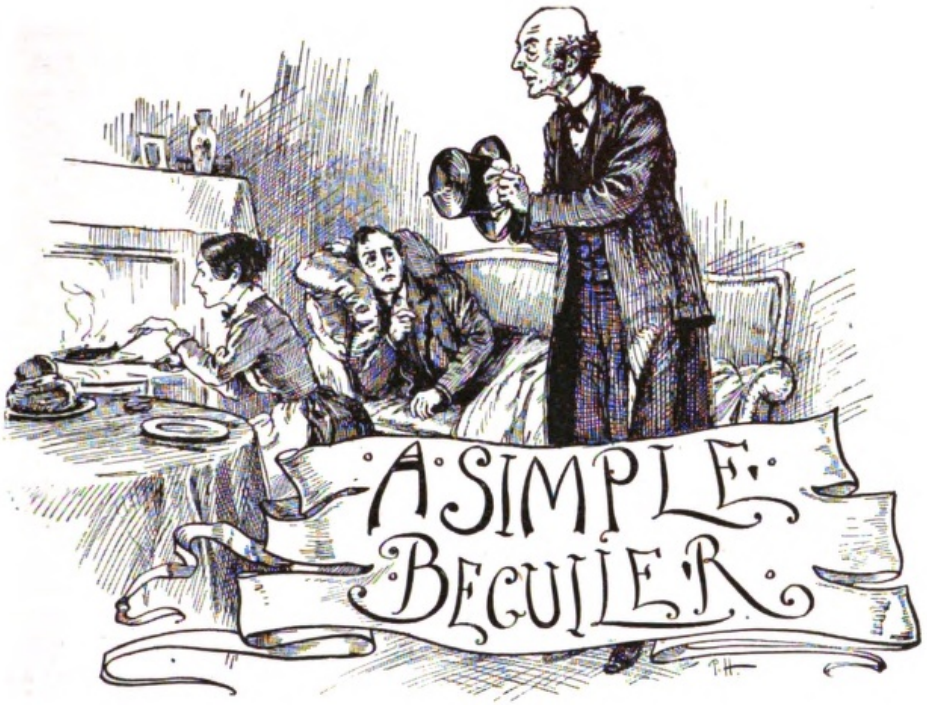
"Yes, I know that everyone has been kind; but this I pray you to remember: Italy has not been kind to you through mere good-nature. Italy is still the land of chivalry and romance. You are a woman and a poet, and you are unfortunate, abandoned, and weak. To become a heroine in our country nothing more is needed than the wounds inflicted by fate and love. Had you come to us in prosperity you would not, perhaps, have been received thus, and might not have been able to understand all the generosity of this nation. But when you are happy again—and you *will* be happy—return to Rome and let Rome see your smile as Rome has seen your tears."

"The King! How can we ever prove our devo-tion and grati-tude to the King? Can we ever for-get his good-ness?"

"Oh, the King! He is the most chivalrous among them all. I will repeat to him all you have said about Italy and himself, and he will be de-lighted, but more pleased on ac-count of Italy than on his own."

The room where white and gold gleamed like sunlit snow was now bathed by the last rays of a dying autumn afternoon. The win-dows were open, and in the silvery haze of the coming twilight the whole city lay; like a fortress St. Peter's dome stood high above all the other church spires, and I thought of its spiritual import and said in my heart that in the Palace also a spiritual force was dwelling. That the Queen who so proudly proclaimed her joy in being the wife of a chivalrous King in a chivalrous land would one day weep in the horror of a tragical hour and see him meet a doom of violence, nothing then seemed to foretell.

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By John Oxenham.

Author of "God's Prisoner," "Rising Fortunes," "A Princess of Vascovy," "Our Lady of Deliverance," etc., etc.

"HE'S late to-night," said Miss Tabitha.

"Two minutes later than last night, and last night he was a minute and a half later than the night before," said Brother Matt, from his sofa. "We must put it plainly to him that this kind of thing won't do, Tabby. He's getting into bad habits, and as the twig is bent—you know. Ah! here he comes now. Phil, my boy," as the bent twig came quietly into the room, "this kind of thing won't do, you know. You are two and a half minutes behind time. Tabby there was getting feverish. Quite two points above normal, I could see by her nose, and I was on the point of coming out to look for you. If you don't want your anxious family on your track, cultivate the grace of punctuality. It is the politeness of princes."

"I'm sorry," said Brother Phil, smiling at them, as he very gently shook some raindrops off his thin overcoat and hung it up behind the door, and then proceeded to wipe his old silk hat very carefully with a red and brown bandana handkerchief.

It was a very watery smile, and yet there was something indefinably sweet about it. The same qualities pervaded him. He was tall and thin and slightly bent, fifty-five if he was a day—Miss Tabitha could have given you chapter and verse for it in a second—and his manner was mild and subdued, as though he were used to being sat upon. His face was clean-shaven, all except a tiny grey whisker below each ear—just a kind of hint that he could beard himself like a Pard if he cared to let himself go. It was rather a long face, very simple and open, and it looked longer from the fact of his brow extending right over the crown to the back of his head. A truly noble forehead, it stood up out of a little bristle of surrounding grey hair like a very big egg out of a very meagre nest. And he had a habit of caressing it with his open palm from front to back whenever he was bothered, as though the gentle friction had a soothing effect on its contents—which it had.

"We were—er—a little later than usual in closing up to-night," he said, as he smilingly finished off the hat, "and the pavements were slippery with the rain."

"Business brisking up?" asked Brother Matt.

"Or have some of your young men been

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asking off early again to go to parties and you stopped to do their work?" said Miss Tabby from the hearth, where she was kneeling devotionally before a frying-pan.

"Or did that wretched little imp miscopy your letters and you had to do them all over again? Come, sir, account for yourself! Why were you kept in?" from Brother Matt.

"Er—no. It was just that we were a bit later than usual in getting through," smiled Brother Phil. "Ah!" sniffing delightedly, as Miss Tabby rose from her knees and placed a hot plate before him, with its golden-brown treasure still sizzling and crackling from her deft manipulations; "if there's one thing I like better than another it's a bloater cooked as you cook 'em, Tabby," and his thin nostrils positively quivered over the scent of the evening sacrifice. "That bit of roe is fit for the Queen! It's really almost too good to eat."

But he ate it with great enjoyment all the same, and by taking very large bites of bread to very small pieces of fish he made an excellent meal.

When he had quite finished he hastened to get out a battered old chess-board and a set of veteran chessmen which needed the intimacy of long acquaintance to distinguish their various relationships, and Matt and he were speedily lost in the thoughtful consideration of their game.

The silence was grateful to Brother Phil to-night. For poor old Blore, the wine merchant in Crump Street, in whose service Theophilus had been since he was fifteen, had cut his throat in his private office that afternoon, owing to his inability to collect the accounts from people in the West-end, who drank wine much quicker than they paid for it. That meant an end not only of himself but of the business, and of the slender salary which had kept three simple souls alive in two small rooms in Vauxhall Bridge Road. And Theophilus of the child-like face had loitered on his way home constructing white lies and rejecting them as being too shady for his conscience.

For, as he said to himself, it would take a little time to wind the business up. And when everything was cleared up, by that time he would have found something else to do. At least he hoped so. And there was no need to worry those at home any sooner than was absolutely necessary.

Of course, he was—well, yes, if he was put into a corner he would have to confess to being over forty. But he was an excellent accountant and trustworthy to the last farthing. And qualities such as those could never go a-begging for long. He would be looking about him while things were being wound up, and it would be pretty odd if he couldn't pick up something or other. He might even get a bit higher salary. And so, by the time he got home, his face was no longer than ordinary, and the two who waited for him saw nothing out of the common in his appearance, and he wrestled with Brother Matt over the dilapidated chess-board, and so kept clear of more delicate ground.

Matthias, you see, had come to grief ten years before, and had been laid on the shelf—or, to speak more correctly, on the sofa—ever since. He had been clerk to a firm of solicitors, and was getting on well when, running down a steep flight of stone steps in the Law Courts one day, he slipped and went bumping to the bottom and damaged his spine beyond repair. He did a little copying now and again when he could get it, and would have done anything in his power to help. But it was his bitter lot to lie still and do next to n thing, which is the very hardest work in the world. All he could do was to try to bear himself cheerfully, and maybe that was a tougher fight than many a more showy one.

But now, by reason of the tardiness of the West-enders and the expedition of Mr. Blore, the narrowly-balanced happiness of the little home was in danger.

Theophilus stoutly maintained the contrary in his own mind, and even argued the family fortunes on to a higher level than they had ever attained before. But deep down in his heart there was a little cold spot of doubt, which he resolutely turned his mental back upon, but which he could not thereby get rid of any more than a man may be quit of a boil on the neck by declining to recognise it as such.

"Fifty-five! fifty-five!" throbbed the little cold spot, and refused to be either ignored or comforted.

The idiosyncrasies of Irish politics and the old chess-board carried him safely through that first night, however, and he was very early at the office in Crump Street next morning, determined to fight to the death for his own hand and place and all that depended on them.

He had himself carried word of the catastrophe to the firm's lawyers the previous day, and they had promptly taken matters in hand. An accountant was to meet him there that morning and go into things, and all the way

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down from Vauxhall Bridge Road he was wondering what kind of a man the accountant would be and how he would get on with him. He had spruced himself up to the very best of his ability, and done everything his simple ingenuity could suggest towards rejuvenation. But after all was done he had to confess that his looks implied the proximity, at all events, of middle age. Still, "Old head on young shoulders" was a good business maxim, and he tried hard to straighten out the bend that years had worked into his back, and stepped out briskly with a view to imparting to himself the impression he desired to produce on the accountant.



"HIS LOOKS IMPLIED THE PROXIMITY OF MIDDLE AGE."

Accountants as a class he did not much favour. At best they seemed a distrustful race, bred on hard facts and harder figures, and inclined to look upon every other figurer as a rogue until they had failed to prove him so. This particular accountant, however, turned out better than he expected. He listened attentively to all Mr. Pook had to say, requested him to draw out a balance-sheet as speedily as possible, installed one of his clerks as Resident in the new protectorate, and went on his way.

The balance-sheet duly made out, Mr. Accountant laid down the law and executed the judgments of necessity. The business could pay twenty shillings in the pound if the debts could be got in. But that "if" made, as it so often does, just all the difference between twenty shillings and something less. It was that "if" which had cut Mr. Blore's throat.

Mr. Pook, consulted, as knowing more about the accounts and debtors than any man now alive, gave it as his opinion that they would need very careful handling, and managed, in the most delicate way imaginable, to convey the impression that he was the very man for the job.

Mr. Accountant listened quietly to all he had to say and then gave it as *his* opinion that, since the business was not to be carried on, leniency was unnecessary, and that the better plan was to put the whole of the accounts into the solicitors' hands to be recovered with such promptness as the rigours of the law could enforce.

The staff would be paid off forthwith, the stock disposed of by auction, and the place closed up.

And Mr. Pook's heart as he tramped home that night beat its "Fifty-five! fifty-five!" like the muffled drums at a funeral march.

He had a month's wages in his purse, and this was so much larger a sum than he was in the habit of carrying on his own account that he walked all the way home with his hand in his pocket, tightly grasping the money, as he always did when he went to the bank, though it was only two steps round the corner in Holborn. And the burden of his wealth made him look askance at everyone he met lest he should have designs upon it.

And he had a month's holiday before him. And then? Ah, well, he must look round without loss of time. And—yes, he thought he would say nothing at home just yet—not, in fact, until he had secured another place. It was no good upsetting them, and if he got—that is, when he got another place, all doubt as to the future would be past and the announcement would have lost its sting.

He would just go on as usual, go down to town at the usual time, come home at the usual time, parry Matt's queries in the way he had grown hardened to, and in town he would see about getting another place. Mr. Accountant was a very decent fellow after all. He had done what was possibly the best thing for the creditors, and he had promised Mr. Pook to remember him if

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anything turned up which he thought likely for him. And Mr. Pook was inclined to think, from the way he said it, that he would be as good as his word. He was not aware of the many thousands of similar promises Mr. Accountant had made in his time, nor of the infinitely small percentage of them that had ever been redeemed. And not knowing anything of this, and knowing for his age—fifty-five!—really very little of human nature and still less of accountants' nature, he had faith in that slim promise and rested his hopes upon it, determining all the same to do what he could on his own behalf, in case Mr. Accountant should have heard of nothing for him within the month.

He boldly told Brother Matt that night that Mr. Blore had gone on a journey, and would be away for some time, and congratulated himself on the brilliancy of the stroke that relieved him of the necessity of white-lying for some days to come, or weeks if he chose to make it so.

He went down the next day as usual, and, so strong is the force of habit, found himself before he knew it outside the well-known door in Crump Street. It was locked, however, and he no longer had the key or the right of entry. So, after gazing solemnly at it for a time, as one gazes at a tombstone, he went on into Farringdon Street and watched the boothmen gather from their roosting-places and begin to spread out their wares.

Small dealers as they were, and grimy and unwashen, they had their regular avocations and their regular places of business, and the sight of them brought home to him with new point the melancholy fact that he was out of work. He bent his steps at once towards Fleet Street and made for the newspaper offices with a vehemence that seemed to imply doubt as to the fixity of their tenures or the stability of their standings.

He turned to the advertisement pages with feverish haste and began a close hunt through their columns, with twisted brow and avidious finger, for the situation which he believed lay lurking there.

The number of people wanting situations was appalling. It made his blood run cold. However, he went steadily through the smaller lists of vacancies, and picked out and made notes of some that seemed possible. None seemed quite what he wanted, and almost every one, with the bluff impertinence of a highwayman of old, bade him stand and deliver as to his age, experience, and salary required. With the two last he would have no difficulty, but to make an explicit statement of his age—either one way or the other—and signed with his name—H'm!—well, it is rather a nasty knock in the face when you are, say, over forty.

He bought some decent paper and envelopes and a pen and a penny bottle of ink, and was for seeking some quiet corner at once in which to write his letters. It was distinctly odd to feel that he had no place to go to where he could write a letter—he who had written letters at one desk for nearly forty—that is to say, for over twenty years. And it made him feel lonelier than he had ever felt in his life before.

There were places within arm's length where he could have gone, but his sphere had been a very limited one and he knew nothing about them.

He thought of going to some small restaurant, and then frugally bethought him that that must entail some expense, even though it were but trifling, and that as he must eat during the day he might as well postpone the writing till the eating time, and so kill two birds with one stone.

And so he wandered about in very melancholy mood, seeing more of the bustling life of the great hive than ever he had had time to see before, and growing more and more depressed as the day wore on and the invigorating effects of his breakfast wore off.

He waited till the rush of midday diners should be over, and then sought out the quiet branch of a huge catering company and slipped into a remote corner and, after careful consideration of the bill of fare, ordered coffee and roll and butter at an inclusive cost of threepence halfpenny and no gratuity to the waitress, by strict order of the board.

He was exceedingly hungry and the food was invitingly good. He dallied over it with enjoyment, and when he had assimilated the final crumbs felt strong enough to tackle his correspondence.

His gentle request for permission to write a letter was graciously accorded by the energetic manageress, and he proceeded methodically to lay out his materials on his corner table and set to work.

The first letter took him a very long time. He began with a rough draft and found himself in difficulties at once.

Where was he to date from? Not from home, or the unheard-of arrival of letters there would arouse suspicion and excite questioning. Not from his present resting-place, for business men do not date business letters from restaurants. He bit an inch off

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the end of his new penholder in the consideration of this matter. Finally he decided to write his letters, and then see the late Resident of Crump Street as to the practicability of having the replies sent to the old address, and of getting a loan of the key each morning for the purpose of obtaining them.

Qualifications and salary required: they were easily set down.

Now as to age! Yes, that was something of a facer. To state the plain fact in all the brutal simplicity of twin curly figures was out of the question. It was to condemn himself unseen and unheard. He consumed another inch of penholder before that matter was settled.

But by degrees and with much corrugation of brow and much restless turning and twisting in his seat—the observant waitresses whisperingly decided that he was writing poetry or an offer of marriage—he evolved a statement which, while it fulfilled two-thirds of the obligations of the usual oath, left the remaining third lagging somewhat in the rear. It was, in truth, the truth and nothing but the truth—but as to the whole truth——! Well, it ran as follows: "In age I am something over forty, though unremitting attention to business duties in the somewhat confined atmosphere of a counting-house for close on twenty years has perhaps made me look somewhat older than I really am. But, in energy and unrelaxing diligence in the performance of all duties entrusted to my care, I can truthfully claim to be in the prime of my vigour. And I need hardly say that the experience gained in a somewhat arduous service would be placed unreservedly at the disposal of my employer."



"THE OBSERVANT WAITRESSES WHISPERINGLY DECIDED THAT HE WAS WRITING POETRY."

Then he crossed out "close on" and carefully inscribed above it the word "over"—over twenty years—by way of impressing the reader with the fact that he was anxious to claim for himself the very utmost length of service possible. Oh, cunning, cunning Theophilus!

Then he carefully transcribed the letter in his very best writing and read it over again, and almost hugged himself with the enjoyment of its neatly-turned phrases and beautifully clear script.

"If that don't fetch 'em," he said to himself, "they're—they're duffers; yes, duffers! But it will. If they all answer I'll go round and see them all and pick out the pleasantest - looking face. I ought to be able to judge a man's face by this time."

Then he made twelve careful copies, and just as stray clerks began dropping in for tea he packed up the remains of his writing materials, wondered vaguely what had shortened his penholder to such an extent, thanked the manageress for her kindness, and sped away to interview Mr. Resident as to the address for his letters.

Mr. Pook was somewhat astonished at the magnificence of Mr. Accountant's offices. His name was taken by a one-armed commissionaire, and presently Mr. Resident came out to him in the waiting-room.

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"Halloa, Mr. Pook!" cried Mr. Resident at sight of him. "What's up now? The old shop on fire?"

"Not that I know of," smiled Mr. Pook. "It was all right this morning. I just looked round——"

"Couldn't keep away, I suppose. Moth and candle and all that. And what can I do for you, Mr. Pook?"

Mr. Pook unfolded his difficulty.

"Don't think I'm doubting Mr. A.'s promise," he was particular to explain as he began. "But there's no harm in my looking round too, and if I should strike anything——"

"Quite right, old man. Your best friend's always yourself. Don't you wait for our old man. He's a good old chap as things go, but if he had to do the half of what he promises to do he'd be a good deal older a man than he will be when he dies."

Mr. Pook could not quite follow the young man's argument, but he had not time to go into it. He was making clear to Mr. Resident his reasons for not wishing the replies sent home.

"You see, I haven't told them anything about it yet," he said, with the deprecating air of a schoolboy desirous of concealing a delinquency. And that was how it struck Mr. R. He laughed out, and asked, "Why, what's the odds? They won't lick you, will they?"

"It's not that," said Mr. Pook, "but, you see, it would upset them so, and my brother Matt, he's paralyzed, and Tabby, that's my sister—well, I'd very much sooner they didn't know anything at all about it till I've got hold of another place."

"I see," said Mr. R., with an incorrigible twinkle in his eye and yet a feeling of quite a different kind down under his waistcoat. "That'll be all right, Mr. Pook. You call here any time you want the key and you can have it as long as we have it, and I hope things'll turn up trumps. I'll jig the old man's memory if I get the chance."

"I'll be very much obliged to you," said Mr. Pook. Then he borrowed a pen and carefully inserted the old address into each of his letters.

"Something should come out of that lot," said Mr. R. "'Gad! I wish I could write like you, old man. They didn't teach us like that where I went to school. Well, so long, and good luck to you!" And, as Mr. Pook shook hands and took his quiet departure, he said to himself, "Poor old chap! he'll never get a place in this world. He's a hundred years out of date."



"IT WAS RATHER EERIE WORK SITTING THERE ALL ALONE."

Mr. Pook did not think so, however, which was all the better for his peace of mind. He went on his way quite jauntily, delivered his letters at the newspaper offices, and went home at the proper time full of belief in the future.

He duly got the key next day from the accountants and let himself into the deserted office. He felt like a ghost slipping into a tomb. He glanced timidly towards the private office and half expected to see Mr. Blore moving about in it. Then he quickly opened the letter-box.

There were two blessed letters for him, each asking him to call, and, fortunately, at different hours. His spirits rose at the prospect. But, just in case nothing should come of these two chances, he very wisely utilized his spare time and his old desk in the preparation of more ammunition for the bombardment of needy employers.

It was rather eerie work sitting there all alone, locked in with all the memories of the past and the possibility of old Mr. Blore's

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spirit taking a look round to see how things were going with the old place. Three several times he heard suspicious sounds from the private office, which turned his back to goose-flesh and set him listening till the drums of his ears cracked with the strain. Then he decided aloud that it was rats and went on with his writing. And once so strong was the impression of a hand on his arm that he whirled off his stool with his hair bristling and his pen at the "present," but found nothing. But it had given him a shake, and he hastily packed his traps into his desk and his letters into his breast-pocket, and set off for a walk before going to keep his first appointment.

The first place was a big tea-warehouse in Mincing Lane. Theophilus felt well-disposed towards it. Tabby was a connoisseur in tea, and doubtless the employés of the house would have privileges in the matter of price and quality. If he liked the principal's face he was half inclined to close with it. But that did not rest with him.

The young man who eventually came to interview him, after he had sent in his name and waited a considerable time in a room containing a table and two wooden chairs and a pervading smell of tea, seemed to him a mere boy.

He was brisk and business-like to a degree, however, and if he rattled Mr. Pook's nerves somewhat by the brusqueness of his manner and the harshness of his northern speech, Mr. Pook's appearance, on the other hand, seemed to kick wide the door of his surprise and to keep it on the jar all the time.

"Mr. Pook?" he asked, as he came hastily in and sat down at the table and stared questioningly at Theophilus.

"Yes, sir!" very briskly, towards the reduction of his apparent age.

"You have been accustomed to keeping accounts, Mr. Pook?"

"I have, sir, for—for—for over twenty years."

"Stammers," said the young man to himself. And aloud—

"By double or single entry?"

"By single according to the custom of the house I was in, but I am, of course, conversant with double."

"And you can balance books and draw out balance-sheets and profit-and-loss accounts and so on?"

"Certainly."

"I think we have your ideas as to salary, and you refer us to Messrs. Ampersand, the accountants, in Lombard Street. Yes, I see. Well, I have one or two applicants still to see, Mr. Pook, and I will communicate with you shortly. Good morning!"

And as Mr. Pook went hopefully downstairs the young manager sat for a moment staring at the chair he had just vacated and murmured: "Good heavens! he must be seventy-five at least." Then he shook off all further consideration of Mr. Pook and started in full cry after his interrupted duties.

After his usual mild refection Mr. Pook preened himself for his second call. He had been rather diffident about the first plunge. But it is the first step that costs, and after his—as he was pleased to consider it—satisfactory experience of the morning he felt bold enough to face a board of directors.

No. 2 was not by any means so brusque in his manner as No. 1 had been. But No. 1's business-like curtness, at all events, veiled his intentions and left room for hope, whereas No. 2's unbusiness-like loquacity left no lurking-hole for doubt.

He was a very large man, with an enormous stretch of waistcoat and a succession of chins running down into it, and his business was that of an advertising agent.

He had just come in from lunch, and the sight of his waistcoat set Mr. Pook wondering what it must have cost to fill it. He was deposited in a very strong oak chair and he was smoking a very strong cigar.

"Pook? Pook?" he said, as Theophilus was shown into his room. "Let me see," and he picked up a bundle of letters and began turning them over vaguely with a pudgy finger. "Remember the name. So like Spook. Can't lay my hand on letter at moment. Saw that ad. in the *Chronicle*, I'll be bound, Mr. Pook?"

"No, sir, the *Telegraph*," said Mr. Pook.

"Right! *Telegraph* it was. Why didn't he say so in his letter? Should always mention name of paper. Well, bring him in, unless you want to say something private about him first."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Pook, much mystified.

"Eh? Why, what's the matter? Come about your son, haven't you? Where is he?"

"My son? Er—no, sir; it's myself I've come about."

"You!" with a choke and a gasping laugh, which sent his cigar tumbling to the ground. "Oh, good heavens, Pook, *don't!*" and he rolled about in his chair as though Mr. Pook had laid violent hands on him and tickled him almost to death. "Shouldn't play practical jokes on a man of my size immediately after

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lunch, Pook," he wheezed, as he mopped his eyes and hung on to the arms of his chair, shaking like a sack of jelly.

"I assure you, sir——" began Mr. Pook, not a little upset and very much in earnest. But the big man took a fresh grip of his chair, as though he feared another spasm, and wagged his head at him and said, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" and so they sat staring at one another.



"YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY PRACTICAL JOKES ON A MAN OF MY SIZE."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Pook," said the advertising man, when he thought he had got control of himself, "that you came after that situation for *yourself?*"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"It's too funny! Why, my good soul—— But maybe you're not so old as you look. Did you state your age, etc., as per advertisement?" and he looked helplessly at the bundle of letters on the table.

"I did, sir."

"Then what the deuce made me——?" and he wagged his head again in amazement. "What did you say you were?"

"Well—er—I said I was—er—over forty; but——"

But here the fat man clucked like a clock about to strike and Mr. Pook stood up to go.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "I really am not so old as I look. The confined atmosphere of a counting-house for close on twenty years has perhaps added somewhat to the appearance of my age; but in energy and——"

"I remember—I remember," gurgled the other. "A beautiful fist you do write—copperplate. But it's altogether a younger man I want here, Mr. Pook. It's possible, though, that I might hear of something that would suit you, and if I do I'll let you know. Lots of ads. pass through my hands, and I'll not forget you. Couldn't if I tried, anyway, and I won't."

"Thank you, sir. I'm anxious not to be out any longer than I can help. I have had only one situation in my life, and I lost it only through the death of my employer and the closing of the business."

"I won't forget you, Mr. Pook," wagged the fat man, and Theophilus was bumping his way among the snags of Fleet Street, regretting his years, but not altogether unhopeful of something coming of his last call, sooner or later, after all.

And so with many variations, but always the same finale, it went on, and Mr. Pook's hopes grew smaller and smaller as the days of his month grew fewer.

Each morning found him at his desk in Crump Street, gloating over a letter if there was one for him, biting his penholder with vexation—it was his third, the other two had been consumed bit by bit—if the letter-box drew blank.

The rest of the day he put in somehow or other. And at night he went home to Vauxhall Bridge Road and spun fairy stories about the hilarious doings of the day in Crump Street, and felt himself an exceeding great sinner.

Keeping up a cheerful countenance at

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home was perhaps the hardest work of this bitterly hard time. If you had seen his face as he wended homewards, melancholy to a degree, pinched with anxiety and as long as a fiddle, and then seen it as he climbed the heavenly stairs of the meagre little home, beaming valiantly with the recollection of the things that had never happened in this world and never would, you would certainly never have recognised him as the same man, but you would, I think, have recognised something in him that was rather out of the common. If Miss Tabby had met him outside she would certainly either have had a fit on the spot or would have passed him as a stranger, which would have been more to his liking.

But time passed and nothing came, and Mr. Pook's heart grew sick at thought of the fast-approaching day when his slender purse would clap its insides together without a solitary coin to keep them apart. And he would have to creep home and make confession; and then—then he supposed they would have to pawn things for a time—till there was nothing left to pawn; and then—then he supposed it would have to be the workhouse.

It was very bitter. Constant rebuffs are the kicks of fate and hope dies under them.

The old book-barrows in Farringdon Street, however, gave him two oddly helpful experiences, one mental—and something more—and one exceedingly practical, both in their ways profitable.

He was passing an hour rooting among the *débris* one morning, when he quite accidentally turned up an ancient little prayer-book, and quite as mechanically read a line where it opened among the Psalms:—

"Nevertheless, though I am sometime afraid, yet put I my trust in Thee."

Its former ancient owner had underlined the words in red ink, and this it was that drew his eye to them.

"Penny each, where you like," said the stall-keeper, suavely.

He closed the little book with a feeling of incongruity at its present position, and his hand wandered on in its search for nothing in particular. But the words had stamped themselves on his memory and they would not lie under. They rattled out from under the wheels of passing vans and hummed in the babel of the crowded street—"I am afraid, yet put I my trust in Thee. My trust in Thee. My trust in Thee." There was no getting away from them, and when he tramped on at last they tramped on with him.

He had never thought very deeply on such matters, not more deeply than most men. Now he thought, and found unlooked-for comfort in the thinking.

He, Theophilus Pook, was afraid. Grim fear rode him night and day. The bleak outlook in front was a terror to him, a black horror. Hope was dead in him, strangled by his grisly rider.

What was that man who wrote those words afraid for? His soul? That, in a general way, was how Theophilus had always thought of it. But suddenly, like the warming of a great fire, it dawned upon him that that other man had known the fear of the future just as he was knowing it. That that other man had known bodily extremity, just as he was knowing it. Worse, perhaps, since sword and spear have sharper teeth than poverty and hunger. And in his bodily fear that other man had cried aloud to God for bodily help and succour. Yes, there was comfort in the thought, and he went on his way thinking about it, and hugging it close to his heart. And, the thought widening, he comprehended, for the first time in all his fifty-five years, that the great heart-cry of the struggling, fighting, stumbling Sweet Singer of old was the cry of a man, like himself, in direst distress, in bodily fear and trembling at the troubles that menaced him. It was a revelation to him, as it has been to many a man, and it gave him a spring of comfort, as it has done many another.

He came to himself in Piccadilly and found himself staring absently into the window of a great second-hand bookshop. And then came his second curious experience—the practical and profitable one, yet infinitely the smaller of the two.

Facing him in the window were a couple of old volumes bound in faded vellum, one open at the title-page, the other closed in order to show the binding. Perhaps it was a fellow-feeling for their forlorn old age that attracted his attention. They were even more out of date than he was, but in their case age had only enhanced their value, instead of discounting it. And as he gazed vaguely at them they seemed somehow to grow familiar to him.

Where had he seen them before, or something like them?

Perhaps in one of the adjacent shops or in some window he had passed in his rambles. He could not remember, but it seemed to him that his acquaintance with them was of a more intimate character than that.

They were entitled, "Some Rare Pieces,

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Privately Printed," by one Theophilus Nuthe, and the price marked on them was five guineas. It was the sight of his own name which had impressed him. It was so seldom that he came across it that when he did so it was like the sudden sight of an old friend after years of absence.

He shook his head at the old books at last and wandered on.

It was when he was meandering homewards through the Green Park that he suddenly remembered. He had seen a volume exactly similar to those other two on one of the Farringdon Street barrows that very day. He was sure of it. He had turned over and looked into scores of books, and among them, unless he was very much mistaken, and he felt sure he was not, was a volume identical with those two in Piccadilly. He remembered the very stall. It had a tarpaulin cover over it and the man had a red worsted scarf round his neck. He turned and made his way back to Piccadilly for another look at the old books and a note of the title, and then into Holborn, and so to Farringdon Street. And now he walked as other men walked—as if something depended on it.

If he was right, and if both the volumes were there, and if they were all right, and if he could get them for a few shillings, why, it might give him another couple of weeks to find a place. It might just make all the difference in the world to all of them.

Quite a goodly array of "ifs," and he walked briskly to meet them.

But he was too late. The weather had gone murky and the owners of most of the barrows, despairing of more business for that day, had shut up shop and sought consolation elsewhere.

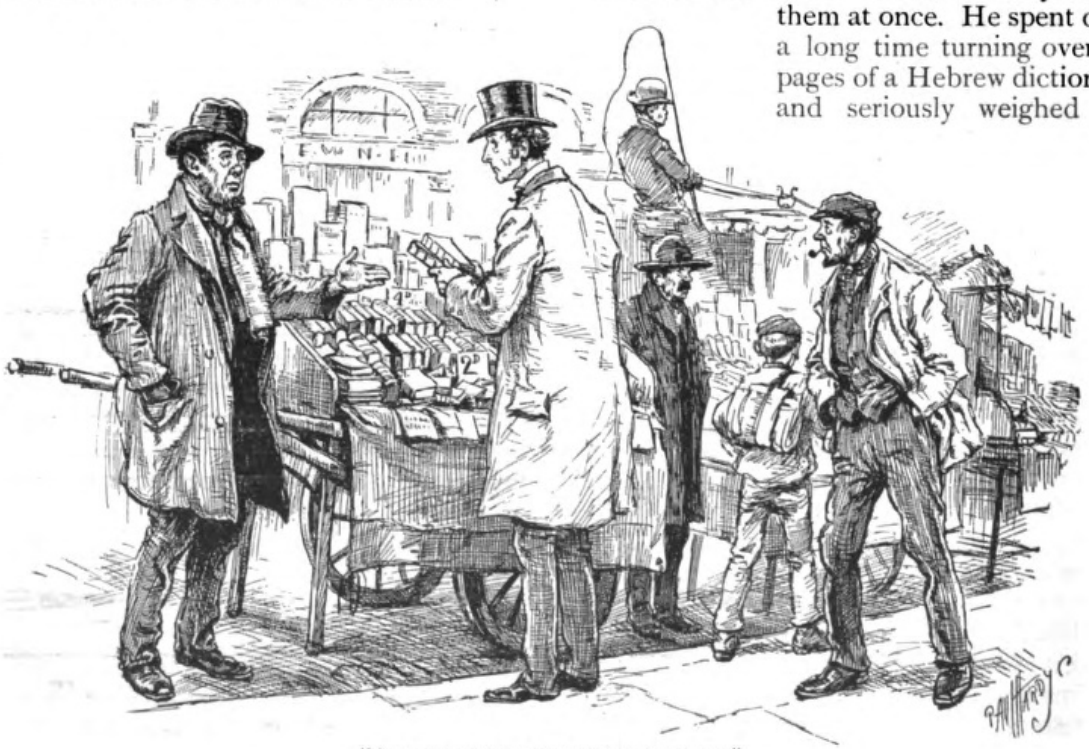
He was so evidently restless and preoccupied that night that Brother Matt challenged him on the subject, and he had to evolve a story on the spot about an order for Doloroso sherry received that day, which it was on his mind was in course of being wrongly filled and must be seen to the very first thing in the morning.

That enabled him to get off a little earlier than usual, and he almost ran all the way from Vauxhall Bridge Road to Farringdon Street, and arrived there to find it still a desert from a literary point of view, and had to cool his heels like a rock in a turbulent stream for over an hour before the barrow-men began to trickle in and display their wares.

He watched cautiously for his man, but kept at a distance and worked slowly down the other stalls towards him, all a-flutter with anxiety lest some other keen-eyed prowler should have swooped down upon his prey.

He got there at last and swept the stall with eyes like newly-pointed gimlets. There they were, both volumes, and as like the ones in Piccadilly—on the outside, at all events—as books could be.

But he was much too clever to jump at them at once. He spent quite a long time turning over the pages of a Hebrew dictionary, and seriously weighed the



"'TWO-AND-SIX THE LOT,' SAID SCARF."

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advisability of investing in a battered Greek Testament, and priced them both, and raised the hopes of the man in the red worsted scarf, only to dash them rudely. But the man in the red worsted scarf was used to that. His life was made up of disappointments and compromises, and he showed no resentment.

Finally, Mr. Pook laid a trembling hand on one of the vellum books and opened it casually, with his heart going eighty to the minute.

"How much for this?" he asked, in a voice that sounded to himself like someone else's.

"Two of 'em. Two-and-six the lot," said Scarf. "Good 'uns, they are. I were asking five bob, and as a matter of fact I sold 'em at that, but he hadn't the money on him and he never come back. They're a bargain at two-and-six—a fair knock-out."

"H'm!" said cunning Phil. "Two-and-six! Say eighteenpence and I'll think about it."

"Eighteen——! Tell you what—seeing as you're a reg'lar customer"—he had never bought a book there in his life, but he had turned over a good many and the man knew his face—"and just to start the day, say we split the difference and call it two bob. That's fair, guv'nor! They're a bargain, I swear. But I've had 'em some time, and t'other chap don't look like coming back, and business ain't over brisk."

And presently, with the precious volumes carefully done up in a bit of old newspaper, Mr. Pook was hurrying westward.

He stopped on the way and bought a sheet of brown paper, and then turned into a small restaurant and ordered a cup of coffee to brace his jangled nerves. He had brought a bit of indiarubber with him, and with this he went carefully over the volumes and removed any undesirable blemishes he could find, and then set out to consummate the adventure and gather in the spoil.

He betook himself, not to the shop which already possessed a copy of his find, but to a rival almost alongside, slowly displayed the contents of his parcel to the young man at the counter, and asked, in the voice that was strange to him, "Can you give me an idea of the value of these books?"

The young man picked them up and looked them over indifferently, and then, without a word, carried them away into a back office.

He came back presently and said, "Will you come in and speak to Mr. Vorles himself?" and Mr. Pook followed him.

Mr. Vorles was a thin, white-haired old gentleman sitting at a table littered with papers, and he had one of Mr. Pook's books in his thin, white hands.

"Do you wish to dispose of these volumes?" he asked, quietly.

"I came to—er—learn what they were worth, sir. But I should have no objection to disposing of them at a price."

"What price?"

"Might I ask what you would be inclined to give, sir? I have an idea of their value, but I may be wrong."

"And what do you consider is their value?"

"About five pounds or so, I should say," said Mr. Pook, boldly, but with inward trepidation.

"How did they come into your possession?"

"Er—is that material to the—er—to the question?" stammered Mr. Pook. "They are——"

"Only that we like to know with whom we are dealing. Books of this character are not picked up out of the street, you know."

Mr. Pook knew better, but did not think it wise to say so.

"Oh, I can satisfy you amply as to my character," he said. "I have held one situation for over forty years. With Mr. Blore, of Crump Street. Why, sir," with sudden recollection, "it never struck me. We had a Mr. Vorles on our books there——"

The old gentleman nodded.

"Ten dozen of the '51 port every year, if I recollect rightly," said Theophilus, eagerly, feeling his foot on its native heath, so to speak.

"Quite right," said the old gentleman, "since the '47 was finished. The '51 is not up to it."

"There never was anything like the '47, sir, and I suppose there never will be now."

"You and I will never see it, anyway. And so poor old Blore's gone? What made him go that way?"

"Worry, sir. Some people, most people I might say, are very thoughtless as regards their accounts, and in our class of trade it was impossible to press them. I was with Mr. Blore for over forty years and found him a good master."

"And what are you doing now?"

"I'm still on the look-out for a place, sir," said Mr. Pook, forlornly, "and——" and he glanced at the books.

"And living on some old favourites," said

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Mr. Vorles. "Well, just put down your name and address on a slip there for my satisfaction. Suppose I offered you three guineas for these two, what would you say?"

"I think I should be inclined to take it, sir. You see—it's a question of waiting till a place turns up—and, to tell the truth, I haven't dared to tell them at home that I'm out. It would upset them so. And it's over a month since——"

"And who is there at home?"

"Only Brother Matt — he's paralyzed through an accident—and Tabby."

"Who's Tabby? The cat?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. My sister Tabitha."

"I see, Mr. ——," and he glanced at the name on the slip. "Why, is that your writing? I've known that writing for — yes, as you say, for forty years, and wondered at it and at its continuance for so long. Sit down a moment, Mr. Pook, and let me think.

"How old are you?" he asked, presently.

"Fifty-five, sir, in actual years, but in energy and——" He was beginning on his circular letter again.

"Now, tell me, where did you lay hands on these books?"

"I bought them in Farringdon Street this morning for two shillings, sir," said Mr. Pook, and Mr. Vorles laughed out with enjoyment.

"That writing of yours is exquisite. Are you diligent in the performance of your duties?"

Mr. Pook was quite too much overcome with a sudden flood of hope to dare to open his mouth. His lips twisted spasmodically in the vain attempt to keep straight. His eyes were very bright, but he did not see through them quite so well as usual at the moment. He wrestled one hand fiercely into his breast-pocket and thrust one of his letters in the direction of the misty Mr. Vorles, who took it and read it very deliberately. There was an occasional flicker of amusement in the corners of his mouth as he read; but Mr. Pook's vision was still too much obscured to notice it.

"A man who can write like that, and who can snap up bargains in books like this," said Mr. Vorles, "ought not to be wandering about looking for a place. What did old Blore give you, Mr. Pook?"

"Two pounds a week, sir," jerked Mr. Pook, through his clenched teeth.

"And you'd be willing to go on again at that—to begin with, at all events?"

"Willing, sir? Oh, Heaven!" and Mr. Pook dropped his long, lean face into his trembling hands and sobbed silently.



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The Making of Stars.

By A. Sarath Kumar Ghosh, F.R.A.S.

ONE of the greatest triumphs of astronomy in recent years has been to establish the wonderful fact that the creation of the world is not yet completed. Far from being worn-out and effete, the created world, taken as a whole, has countless ages yet to live. Astronomy has proved beyond a doubt that even now *stars are in the actual process of formation*. And since from each star a dozen planets may be born, and from each planet several moons, groups of heavenly bodies, each like our own solar system, may even now be coming into existence.

The probable method of the world's creation was first enunciated more than a century ago by Laplace, a distinguished French astronomer; but he could offer no visible proof of his theory. Now that visible proof *has* been supplied. According to his theory, the whole of our system at its beginning was filled with a cloud-like, light-giving substance, which for the want of a better name he called nebula. Under the force of gravitation — that is, the mutual attraction of its particles—the nebula began to shrink. Now, as the external shape of the nebula was irregular, and likewise its internal density, the rate of shrinkage was different in the various parts. Hence this inequality in the forces of concentration imparted to the nebula a twisting motion—which under continued shrinkage became a complete rotation, faster and faster as the shrinkage went on. The rotation caused a series of rings to be thrown off from the outer edge of the nebula. Some of these rings broke up and formed independent masses. Each independent mass in turn began to shrink, to rotate, and then to cast off portions from its own surface; these, in turn, other smaller masses. Thus, from the original cast-off portions, systems of planets and satellites were formed — the original central body becoming the sun. Similarly other stellar systems, with their own planets and satellites.



Fig. 1.—Nebula in Canes Venatici.
The nebula is throwing off a mass from the main body. The cast-off mass, in the course of time, will become a new star.

This, in brief, was Laplace's theory—though, owing to the scarcity of powerful telescopes in those days, he could offer no direct proof of it. Certain cloud-like bodies were, indeed, seen in the heavens, but it was doubtful whether they were very distant clusters of stars or objects of the nature of his supposed nebula. Then the spectroscope in the hands of Sir William Huggins effected a wonderful advance in our knowledge. It proved beyond a doubt what had been only suspected before—namely, that these objects were really huge masses of glowing gas. Finally, when in recent years the photographic camera was fitted to the telescope, the still more wonderful fact was established that some of these nebulæ had forms or shapes irresistibly suggesting that they were really in a state of rotation, and actually throwing off rings of matter!

One of the best examples of such a nebula is shown in Fig. 1. It is distinctly spiral in shape, like a Catherine-wheel, and instinctively suggests a rotary motion. The portion at the lower end is in the act of separation from the main body. In the course of time it will be completely sundered, and then will become the nucleus of a new star. How many thousand or million years it will take that star to come to full maturity is beyond human knowledge; it is sufficient that the

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human mind can see that maturity and realize its full brilliancy even by anticipation. This much at least seems reasonable: the nebula is so peculiarly defined that it will be possible to observe changes in it in the lifetime of many of our readers. The astronomical photographer of the year 1950 will have fresh tidings to give us of this unborn star!

For in the observation of nebulæ photography is of supreme value. Some of the most significant features in nebulæ are invisible to the human eye, even when aided by the most powerful telescope. The human eye can catch impressions of an object only instant by instant; even then it soon gets tired, and the impression it has already received gets feebler and feebler with continued observation. If you stare at a distant object your first impression will be the best; after that it will appear to be fainter and less distinct.

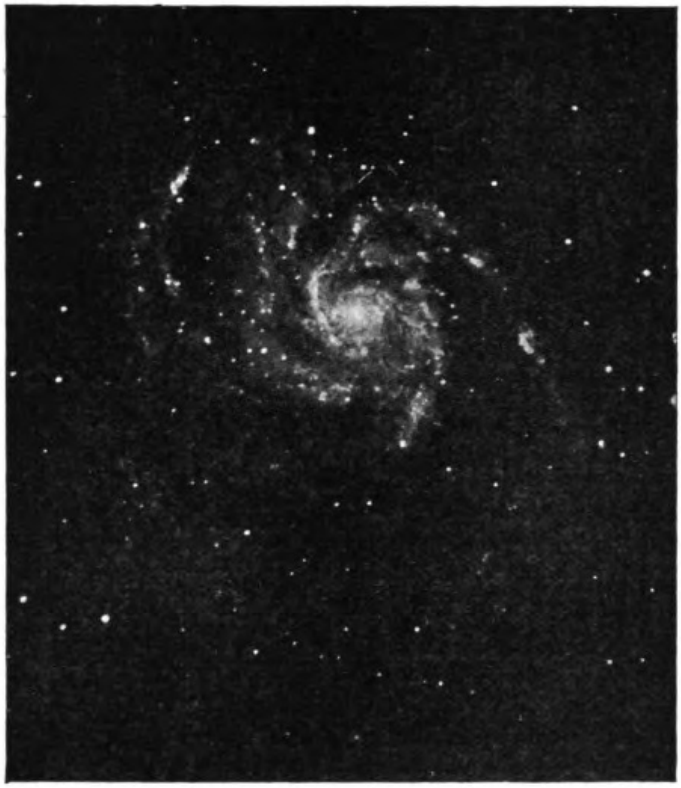


FIG. 2.—NEBULA IN THE GREAT BEAR.
A beautifully formed spiral, showing several masses thrown off simultaneously. The nebula is viewed by us perpendicularly.

Not so a highly sensitive dry-plate (the old-fashioned wet-plate was useless, as it soon lost its sensitiveness). The dry-plate keeps sensitive for any length of time and never gets tired. The impression it receives each second is *added* to that it receives the next, and so on with each second of exposure. Placed in a camera fitted to a telescope, the dry-plate can be exposed to any spot in the sky for several *hours* at a stretch; then the cap can be put on, and the next fine night the plate exposed again; thus for many fine nights in succession—till the plate is able to catch an object too faint to be seen by the human eye even through the most powerful telescope.

In Fig. 2 we see a further phase: several masses are being flung off from the nebula simultaneously; at least three distinctly—one at the top left-hand corner and two on the right. This nebula, situated in the Great Bear, is most fortunately placed with regard to us; our earth is in such a position that we are enabled to view it quite perpendicularly. Scattered at random all over the sky, it was to be expected that the various nebulæ would be seen by us at different angles. This one, perhaps the most beautiful specimen yet obtained by celestial photography, is happily seen with its full surface turned towards us. In Fig. 1 the nebula was inclined at a slight angle, one side being a little nearer to us than the other. In like manner Fig. 3, representing the nebula in Pisces.

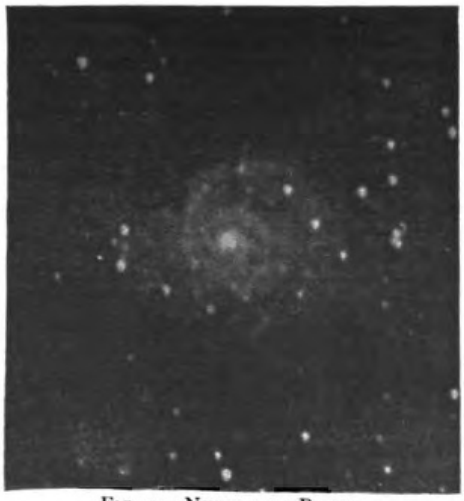


FIG. 3.—NEBULA IN PISCES.
Viewed by us at a slight angle, one side being a little nearer to us than the other.

The oblique angle of our view is far more marked in Fig. 4. This nebula, situated in Andromeda, is of peculiar interest. First, it is sufficiently large and bright in the sky to be seen even by the naked eye. Secondly, it shows two masses completely separated from it, and already far advanced in the process of star-formation. A stage farther—a little more concentration of matter under their own gravitation—and they

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FIG. 4.—NEBULA IN ANDROMEDA.
Visible to the naked eye. This nebula has thrown off two masses, one above and one below, which are already far advanced in star-formation.

We now come to the anomalies among nebulæ. Just as there are "freaks" among human progeny, so among the children of the sky. Fig. 6, which shows the nebula in Cygni, seems to be like an ascending spiral. What peculiar, and perhaps conflicting, causes have combined to produce this shape is at present beyond human knowledge. Here, again, must we wait the flight of time, except that the form is so uncommon that perhaps a far shorter period of waiting will reveal to us distinct changes. Then the accumulation of many evidences, gathered from various parts of the heavens, may, perhaps, enable us to deduce a law of nebular progress.

The shape in Fig. 7 is also singular: the whole of the nebula has gone to form a complete ring around a central body. In its present state its relationship to the central body seems to be much the same as that of a ring of Saturn to

will flash forth upon the world as full-born stars. Already the one on the upper side of the nebula shows a definition of outline that is almost star-like; and though this definition is now lacking in the one on the lower side, the future photographer will have to report to us what progress it has made in attaining full maturity. What exact length of time must elapse before that can happen none can tell; for this particular branch of astronomy is still in its infancy.

Fig. 5 is of importance because of a different reason. The spiral nebula in it is viewed in much the same degree of obliqueness as the one in the former figure. But there is a second nebula in it (at the top left-hand corner) that looks like a mere bar of luminous matter. What does it represent? Let us reason for a moment. A silver plate stuck against a wall and viewed perpendicularly will appear circular in outline; but if it be seen obliquely its outline will appear to be oval in shape. Thirdly, if it be seen edgeways, it will seem to be a mere bar of silver. Now, applying the reasoning to the various nebulæ, we conclude that whereas the one in Fig. 2 was seen perpendicularly—and the spiral nebula in this present Fig. 5 viewed at an oblique angle—the mere bar of nebula in the same photo. is really another spiral, but seen completely edgeways.



FIG. 5.—A PAIR OF NEBULÆ IN THE GREAT BEAR.
This photo. is of singular interest: it shows two nebulæ—the lower one, a spiral, is viewed by us obliquely; the upper one (at the top left-hand corner) is seen completely edgeways, and thus appears as a mere luminous bar.

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FIG. 6.—NEBULA IN CYGNI.
Note the extraordinary shape taken by this nebula. It looks like an ascending spiral. A fresh photo., taken at the middle or end of this century, might reveal distinct changes

that planet. But there is a difference: whereas the rings of Saturn are likely to remain unaltered in shape, in the case of this nebula an alteration is probable—perhaps hastened or intensified by the presence of an outside body (seen on the right of the nebula). In time the ring may break up; and that in itself will hasten its progress in star-formation.

In one sense astronomy is specially a science of prediction—whether the prediction be of eclipses, tides, or sun-spots. But of all the discoveries of astronomy in recent years there are few that form a better subject for such a prediction than the nebula in Fig. 8. It is called the "Dumb-bell Nebula"—from its elongation up and down, with a distinct head at each end. The inference is that this elongation will increase—till the joining bar will get thinner and the two heads larger. Then the latter will begin to rotate round each other—much in the same way that two men may hold a stick and spin over the ground—till suddenly the bar will break and the two heads become separate bodies; yet owing to their initial rotation they will still revolve round each other. Thus this "Dumb-bell Nebula" *will ultimately become a double star.*

The after-history of stars, once fully born, is also of great interest; they all have to pass through various stages—infancy, childhood, youth, full maturity, decline, death. Among



FIG. 8.—"DUMB-BELL NEBULA" IN VULPECULA.
Already it is elongated up and down, with a distinct head at each end. In time the elongation will increase, the bar become thinner, and the heads larger. Then the bar will break off, and the nebula become a double-star.



FIG. 7.—RING NEBULA IN LYRA.
At present it forms a complete ring round the central body (like a ring of Saturn), but in time it may break up and become a star by itself.

the many stars observed by us some are red, some white, others violet. We know the difference between red heat and white heat. Can it then be that the white stars are much hotter than the red? It must be so. Those stars that have just begun to shrink are not very hot; but those in which the shrinkage has continued further are much hotter—because more heat is squeezed out of them from their interior towards their surface. If

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you dip a sponge in a bucket of water, and then lifting up the sponge start squeezing it, gently, gradually, the water will begin to run out at the surface; and if you gradually increase the pressure the larger will be the quantity of water running out at the surface. The same thing happens with a star. As the shrinkage continues faster and faster, more and more heat is given out at the surface. As its upper layers come nearer the centre, heat is mechanically evolved by the terrific pressure and gradually imparted to the surface—in some cases the internal glowing matter actually breaking out in violent eruption through innumerable "craters" at the surface. But when the star can shrink no more it can give out no further heat. Then the star will begin to *cool* by losing its heat to the surrounding space—just as the sponge, after the squeezing is finished, gets dry in the surrounding air. Then the star will be in its decline, its old age. Thus a red star is one that is either in its infancy or in its dotage. And when *all* the heat has been given out it will be dead. For of the actual existence of dead stars there can be no doubt, though we cannot see them. The regularly variable light of the star Algol can only be accounted for on the supposition that it has a dead and invisible companion, which revolves round it and at fixed intervals comes in front of it and partially obscures it from our view.

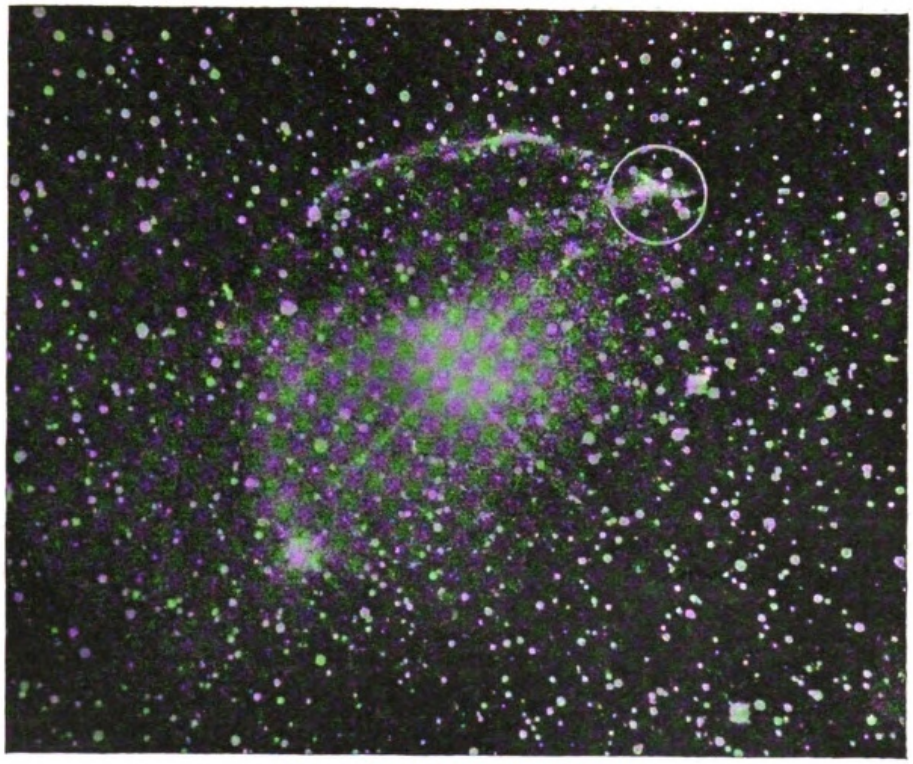


FIG. 9.—THE NEW STAR IN PERSEUS.
Photo. taken on 20th Sept., 1901. The star is in the middle at the cross (the cross being merely due to the telescopic adjustment). The nebula all around the star is dead, but was made visible by the light of the star. In the place indicated by the circle there is a portion of the nebula projecting out to the right between two stars (the circle does not belong to the photo., and is merely inserted to indicate the required place).

Finally, even as we know of dead and dying stars, so also are we sometimes gifted with the vision of the very birth of a new star. There has been no greater sensation in the history of astronomy than that which accompanied the birth of the "New Star of the New Century" (Fig. 9). It blazed out into sight in the early morning of February 22nd, 1901. Its rise was so rapid that, on the night of February 23rd, it reigned supreme as the dominant star of the northern hemisphere—having a brilliancy much greater than that of a star of the first magnitude. At that point it was a white star, having reached an intrinsic splendour eight thousand times that of our sun. Then as suddenly it began to decline; in a few days it became a red star, and red it remained for several months—spasmodically fluttering to regain its lost brilliancy, then gradually fading away. After a brief notoriety, "one crowded hour of glorious life," it sank back to its former obscurity.

How it had come into existence none can tell. Perhaps it was already there as an unborn star; then some sudden catastrophe caused a tremendous shrinkage and outburst of heat and light—some terrific eruption (like that of our own volcanoes) breaking up its surface and revealing the fiery gulf beneath. Or perchance it was a dying star, its surface grown cold and dark, its interior still glowing—even as our own sun will become in the course of ages. Then some wandering body, caught up by its attraction,

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began to fall towards it—reached it, ripped open its surface. Thus was the sudden blaze of heat and light evolved.

Not satisfied with dominating the heavens for a time, this new star in Perseus heralded a new discovery in astronomy. A set of photos., taken *after* the birth of the star, revealed the presence of a nebula all around it. But the same region had been carefully photographed *before* the birth of the star and no nebula had been detected. The deduction was obvious. The nebula was always there, but it was dead. It had lost its own light; for some reason it had failed to become a star—in fact, was stillborn. Then the reflected light of the new star reached it and enabled us to see it. Thus the existence of dead nebulæ was established beyond a doubt — even as that of dead stars had been.

Wonder upon wonder! This consideration led to a stupendous revelation. The photo. showing the nebula (Fig. 9) had been taken on September 20th, 1901. Fifty-four days later, on November 13th, another photo. was taken (Fig. 10). Extraordinary changes had occurred in the nebula! The wisps on the upper regions had vanished! On the other hand, a mass noticed in Fig. 9 had visibly shifted in Fig. 10; for, looking at the top of Fig. 9, on the right-hand side (where a circle is drawn around the part indicated) a little portion of the nebula will be noticed just projecting out between two stars. In the corresponding place in Fig. 10 the nebula has already cleared the stars.

The conclusion is inevitable. Could the nebula travel at the enormous rate of two hundred thousand miles per second? Impossible! But *light* could (to be exact, at the rate of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand miles per second). Imagine a row of snow-clad peaks successively lit up by the rising sun. The *peaks* do not move, but the *illumination* passes on from peak to peak.

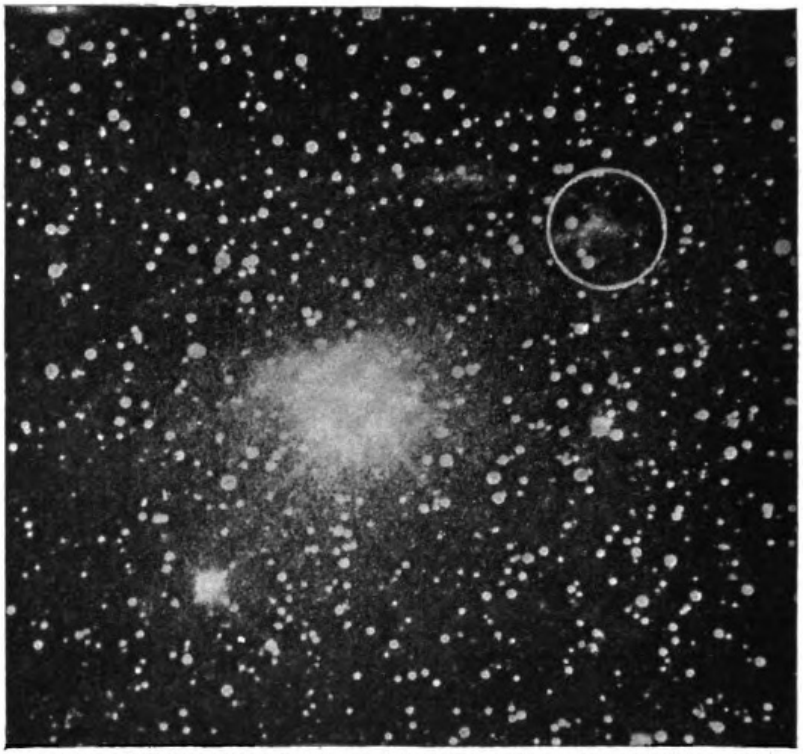


FIG. 10.—THE NEW STAR PHOTOGRAPHED FIFTY-FOUR DAYS LATER (13TH NOV.). The little bit of nebula indicated by the circle has travelled farther to the right, and is now clear of the stars—the length of movement in that seeming bit of nebula being about 800,000,000,000 miles!

In the same manner with the nebula: the light of the new star reached it and made it visible to us. The illumination passed along the nebula from region to region, and as the original blaze died out so also the first-lit regions vanished first. In Fig. 10 the illumination has just reached the elongating mass indicated by the circle.

Final marvel! Measuring the plates and taking the velocity of light into account—also the exact dates of these photos.—we come to the conclusion that, although this star was seen by us in 1901, it really flashed upon the universe in 1605, early in the reign of James I. The star lived and died three centuries ago. We have only just received the tidings!

NOTE.—For permission to reproduce these photos. the author is indebted to the directors of the Lick Observatory, Yerkes Observatory, Dr. Isaac Roberts, F.R.A.S., and Mr. W. E. Wilson, F.R.A.S.

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The Head of the Firm.

By George Makgill.

YES, the war dissolved the only partnership to which I ever belonged. What do I mean? Fill up again and I'll tell you.

In those early days of the fighting many of us could not believe there would really be serious warfare; and when it did come it rather took our breath away. We had plenty of warning, too, had we been anything but blind. I suppose, though, it is always easy to see things afterwards.

On the day before the outbreak I remember seeing fires upon the ranges—not irregular bush-burns, but small, well-defined smokes, sometimes one, sometimes two or three together. In those days I did not know enough to recognise a native telegraph at work; but I recollect thinking it strange, and noticing something peculiar in the eye of the old Maori woman, who had brought a kit of peaches, when she caught sight of those same quick columns of smoke. Nevertheless, I suspected no treachery. There had been an unusual stir among the natives of the *Pa* (fortified village), too, and once or twice, while riding through the tea-trees on the Flat, I heard voices, and the sound of parties of natives passing stealthily.

Some of the older settlers had sent their wives and families down-country; others had carried themselves and all their portable goods into rough blockhouses for safety. But we youngsters laughed at them for a pack of old women and stayed where we were.

We paid dear for our foolhardiness.

It came on a Sunday night. There were Bob Longman, poor chap, who was my partner, Big David Blair, who had the next place to ours, and myself—the three of us playing crib in our little two-room house. Bob was holding good cards and the luck; but he didn't look happy. He seemed un-



"'WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOB?' ASKED BLAIR."

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easy and queer that night, and somehow his manner infected me to some extent. I don't pretend to explain what it was—whether we had any presentiment of what was coming or not. But I know it was an unpleasant sensation.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked Blair, who was always cheery, noticing my partner's depression; "you look as if you were just going to be tomahawked!"

A strange look crossed Longman's face and then he laughed.

"If I got tomahawked it would be rough on Jim," he said, "to lose the *head* of the firm!"

He was quick at an answer and had a lot of dry humour in him, had poor old Bob.

Just as he said that Blair's dog, which was lying on the veranda outside, gave a low growl.

"What's the matter, boy?" asked he, and the dog whined and came and stood in the doorway looking in at us.

"Lie down, Scamp!" said his master.

The dog obeyed and we went on playing.

About ten minutes afterwards the dog began growling again and went snuffing along the veranda with his nose up.

"What's the matter with old Scamp?" I asked. "There must be somebody about."

"He does that sometimes when he hears a strange dog bark," replied Blair. "He's all right; come here, Scamp!"

The dog came in and lay down at his master's feet. He became quiet, but somehow I was not satisfied. I rose and went to the window. There was a bright moon. The house stood on a small rising ground, and the paddock in front fell away clear to the road on the edge of the swamp. The road wound along the low ground and disappeared into the bush on a ridge half a mile away. Not a soul was in sight on paddock or track; but a mob of sheep near the house were standing in a knot, with all heads lifted towards the distant bush.

"The sheep are frightened," I said, as I sat down at the table again. "There must be a strange dog about."

For some time the game went on quietly, and even Longman was becoming cheerful, when on a sudden Scamp, from his place at his master's feet, growled again and raised his head with ears pricked.

He listened a moment; then ran on to the veranda barking furiously.

"Confound that brute!" said Bob, jumping up. "What can be the matter with him?"

He looked out.

"I can see nothing," he said.

And play was once more resumed.

Still the dog kept barking, running up and down excitedly; and at last I got up and went out to quiet him. The night was still—almost unnaturally so, it seemed to me. A very faint air was stirring, and the clouds drifted slowly from the west. In the paddock towards the swamp was no sign of living thing, and I walked round to the back of the house. Before me trotted the dog, growling still. On that side the ground was covered with fern-clumps as high as a man, and sloped upwards to the hills and the thick bush. Everything appeared quiet, yet the dog continued restless, and ran up and down with his hair bristling. In the shadow of the house I must have been invisible from the open ground, and, as I stood there, suddenly a dark fern-clump seemed to stir. I was perfectly still. A patch of shadow behind a bush of bracken moved, then glided swiftly on to the next. And at that across the fern-dotted clearing flitted one dark shape after another, passing silently from clump to clump. The night became filled with soft movement. A dry fern-stick cracked; then all was still. I turned back into the house.

I suppose my face told tales, for Bob dropped his cards and said, "Halloa! anything up?"

Big Blair rose and went to the window, stood a moment looking, then turned to me.

"Have you any guns in the place?" he asked, perfectly coolly.

We had one old double-barrel, and it was loaded, but not another atom of ammunition did we possess. I handed the gun to Blair. He gave a glance at the caps, then blew out the light.

"Things look ugly," said he, "but they may mean no harm. I'll just go out and see."

"They are trying to surround the house," cried Bob, who had been looking from the window.

Big Blair made no reply, but walked as calmly as could be straight into the veranda, and stood there in the full light of the moon. There was a report. A bullet struck the veranda post and sent the splinters flying about his ears. He came back into the house.

"They seem to mean business," said he, grimly, wiping the blood from a slight cut in his cheek. "No use staying here without ammunition. We must make a dash for it before they are ready. Out by the back way we shall get some cover among the fern."

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Outside there was dead silence.

I looked out of the door and could hardly believe there was danger in that peaceful moonlight calm. Yet I knew well we were in desperate case. I made one step out; then I confess my heart failed me. Had we been actually under fire at the moment it would have been easier; but it looked so homelike and safe in the familiar room, and outside were those grim, silent shadows. As I looked the moonlight glinted on a gun-barrel. I had never been under fire, and, to tell the truth, was horribly afraid. To be shot at with any pleasure is a game requiring practice; and the novice does not realize how very seldom a bullet really does any damage. So I hung back. Then Blair pushed past me, gun in hand, and I envied him his coolness and felt ashamed of my own lack of courage.



"WE HAD RUN STRAIGHT INTO ANOTHER PARTY OF THE ENEMY."

"Come on, boys!" he said, and rushed out.

I caught up an axe from the corner and followed. As we emerged from the shadow of the house into the moonlight half-a-dozen fern-clumps flashed fire. The bullets came crackling against the wooden walls of the house behind us, but no one was hit. I ducked my head and ran.

The Maoris set up a wild yell and came tumbling after us, firing as they came. I heard the bullets go ping! ping! past my ears, and the thuds as they struck the ground all about us. We headed uphill. Our only hope was in reaching the bush, where was some chance of eluding our attackers. Blair was leading; Bob next; and I brought up the rear. We were all fair runners, but against the half-naked enemy had little chance. I heard the drum of their heavy tread behind me, and the thud of bare feet draw out from the crowded sound and come nearer. Then suddenly Blair turned, dropped on one knee, and, as I shot past him, fired. I heard a yell behind; and up he came, caught and passed me in a few yards, and was soon at the side of Bob again.

The sounds of pursuit grew fainter. We had nearly reached the bush, and I was beginning to think we had shaken off our assailants, when in a moment the fern all about us sprang into dark life. We had run straight into another party of the enemy.

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I have only the vaguest idea of what happened. I saw Blair fire full in the face of the nearest Maori and in an instant fell another with the butt. I heard Bob say, "Oh, Heaven!" Then a big Maori came towering over me; and I felt the axe I held go crunch into something. A black mass pitched headlong towards me, wrenching the axe-haft from my grip, and rolled at my feet. Then I turned and ran for life down the hill to my right. The natives followed hot-foot. In pushing through the high fern a heavy dew had soaked my clothes, and while I was clogged by their weight the Maoris were almost naked, and ran barefoot. They were armed, too, and even my axe was gone. My wind began to fail me. I heard their tread come up on me and their heavy breathing was in my ears. I began to wonder how a tomahawk in one's brain felt and whether it hurt much. A cloud came up over the moon. I recollect being struck by the beauty of the sky effects.

The thud of naked feet was close upon me; then, suddenly, I crashed through a fringe of fern and fell head-first into an open drain. Although dazed by the shock I was not much hurt. I had turned over as I fell and had landed on the broad of my back, and as I lay there looking up a big, dark mass flew across the narrow strip of sky above me. I held my breath. Another dark figure bounded over the drain, and another and another. In the darkness the natives had not seen me fall, and thought I was still ahead of them. I was just blessing my luck and beginning to wonder how Big Blair had fared when my piece of sky was suddenly obscured, and with a guttural grunt a great Maori came down face-first on top of me.

Then began a strange fight. The man had a tomahawk in his right hand, but so narrow was the drain that he could not get his arm back to strike. In spite of his huge size and strength and of my being under him I had the advantage. For I was slim and could use my arms to some purpose, while his great shoulders were jammed in the drain.

I caught his wrist with my left hand, and with my right groped for his windpipe. He threw back his head and tried to rise, but I got my legs about his and held on. If he gave a cry I was done for. I found his throat, got a good grip, and hung on. He struggled and tried to wrench his tomahawk free; but I stuck to him with all my might, and presently felt his wrist slacken, felt him weaken and sag forward upon me. Still I held on, for I dared not let go. The smallest sound might tell the other natives where I lay, and my life depended on my grip.

How long I lay there I do not know. But I had at last relaxed my stiffened fingers from the man's throat, and had set to work cautiously to drag myself from under him, when a smell of burning caught my nostrils. Then smoke began to roll in dark coils across the sky above. I heard the crackle of advancing flames, and realized that the enemy had fired the fern, hoping to drive me into the open. The roar of the fire drew nearer and nearer. The smoke clouds overhead grew ruddy and throbbed to the leap of the flames. The air came in fiery whirls through the narrow space where I lay, and the heat grew intolerable.

At length I could endure it no longer. It seemed better to die in the open than to be burned alive in that hole. I dragged myself from under the dead man, seized the tomahawk from his hand, and stood up. As I did so the flames came licking through the ferny covering of the drain. I gasped as I drew in the red breath of the fire; and the hair frizzled upon my head as I turned and ran along the drain.

That was a wild race. At the place where I had fallen into it the ditch was about five feet deep; but I knew it shallowed to a foot or two at the end to which the fire was driving me. Behind were the long marching ranks of flame, in front the watching enemy. But I had not time to realize the difficulties of my position. The fire flew before a rising wind, and I could do no more than just keep ahead of it.

And then another glare and smoke broke out in front of me. For a moment I thought that they had lighted the fern in that direction also, in order to have me between the two. But, no—they had set the house on fire.

Strange as it may seem to say so, that gave me comfort. Not four miles away was camped a party of the Mounted Rifles, and, although the fern-fire might attract little attention, the sight of a burning house must be noticed. Even in my extremity I almost laughed as I thought how the Maoris had themselves given the alarm.

But I was in a pretty strait. The drain was shallowing every foot. Already I had to bend nearly double to keep my head below the ground-level, and at every stride concealment became less possible. I dared not stop, for the fire was behind. It drove me on yard by yard. The drain scarcely covered me to the waist. I went down

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and crawled upon hands and knees, with my head among the fern, and heard the fire roar behind me as it gained.

Then, when the ditch was no more than two feet deep, I suddenly found myself in open ground, with the glare of the burning house full on my face. And at the same moment I heard the sound of voices talking in Maori, and apparently not twenty yards away.

I threw myself flat on my face. At least I was safe from the fire there, and for some moments lay with pulses drumming in my ears, and all about me the roar of flames, the crackle of burning fern, and the wandering voices of the natives searching the scrub for me. I suppose I had lain there five minutes—though it seemed an hour—when the tail of the fire coming up close behind drove me on. I dared not raise my head, but wriggled along the bottom of the ditch on my stomach, stopping at every yard or two to listen intently for any sound of the enemy. But save for the noise of the fire not a sound broke the midnight silence. I began to think the natives had given up the chase and gone, and had cautiously raised my head to look about me, when at my back came an outburst of loud laughter. I turned. And there, looking down at me, were half-a-dozen great, strapping young warriors, stripped to the skin and painted with red ochre, which glowed like blood in the lurid glare of the blazing house.

They had been following me quietly, amusing themselves with watching my elaborately cautious movements.

Fight was hopeless; they were six to one, all with firearms. Escape was just as impossible. At the first start of my surprise I had leapt to my feet, tomahawk in hand, with some desperate instinct of fight—only to find myself covered by a row of grim muzzles.

There is a point beyond which fear itself cannot go. The very hopelessness of my position seemed to dull my nerves. What prompted me to do so I know not, but there, under the very muzzles of their muskets, I sat down on the side of the drain and began to fill my pipe, as many an old smoker does when thinking out some puzzle. I suppose the natives were surprised, for they lowered their gun butts and stood looking down at me for a moment.

That second or two saved me.

Even as I sat in the dull apathy of despair, pressing down the tobacco into the bowl, I heard a sudden stir and a murmur among my captors, and, looking up, saw that all were gazing toward the bush beyond the house.

A single shot cracked. And then the whole black front of the forest spat fire, and a volley of bullets came pattering like hailstones about my ears. There was a yell from the knot of Maoris, and two out of the six rolled over. Three wheeled and ran, but another of them fell before he had made a yard. The last one, cooler than the rest, turned upon me.



"THEY HAD BEEN FOLLOWING ME QUIETLY."

I shall not readily forget the seconds that followed. In dreams that picture comes back to me across the peace of thirty years. Behind me was the blazing house; before me the burning fern-ridge; and against the

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glare towered up the huge bulk of the Maori, in his right hand a long tomahawk raised to strike, in his left a dark rounded thing, which I was to recognise later. The light from the flaming house, mingled with moonlight, fell full on his face, and never shall I lose the fiendish expression of it—the tattooed skin like brown carved wood, the white rows of teeth, the fierce glare of the wide, glittering eyes. He came at me with a howl of fury, swinging his tomahawk. Standing knee-deep in the ditch, I saw the axe-blade flash as he struck, ducked to the left, and as I did so instinctively, with a left-handed swing of the tomahawk in my hand, aimed full at his legs. Down he came headlong with a screech that mingled in my ears with a ringing British cheer and a rattle of musketry. Something flew from the man's hand as he fell and struck me on the chest. I seized it as I rolled over with his axe broken in my right shoulder-blade.



"HE CAME AT ME WITH A HOWL OF FURY."

The next thing I remember is finding myself sitting on the side of the ditch in the midst of a ring of white faces. Big Blair was supporting me, and I was staring stupidly at an object that I held upon my knees.

And then suddenly my eyes seemed to clear, and I saw the pallid, wide-eyed face of poor old Bob looking blindly up at me. At my feet lay the body of the Maori who had killed him, my tomahawk buried in his thigh, and—well, the troopers did not always give quarter in those days.

Do you see that group of pine trees on the ridge there? To the left is a little pile of grass-grown bricks that marks the spot where the old house stood, and just at the back of the plantation you'll find a white stone, and under it lies the "Head of the Firm."

Ah, well, well! How the old days come back when one starts yarning! And it was thirty years ago!

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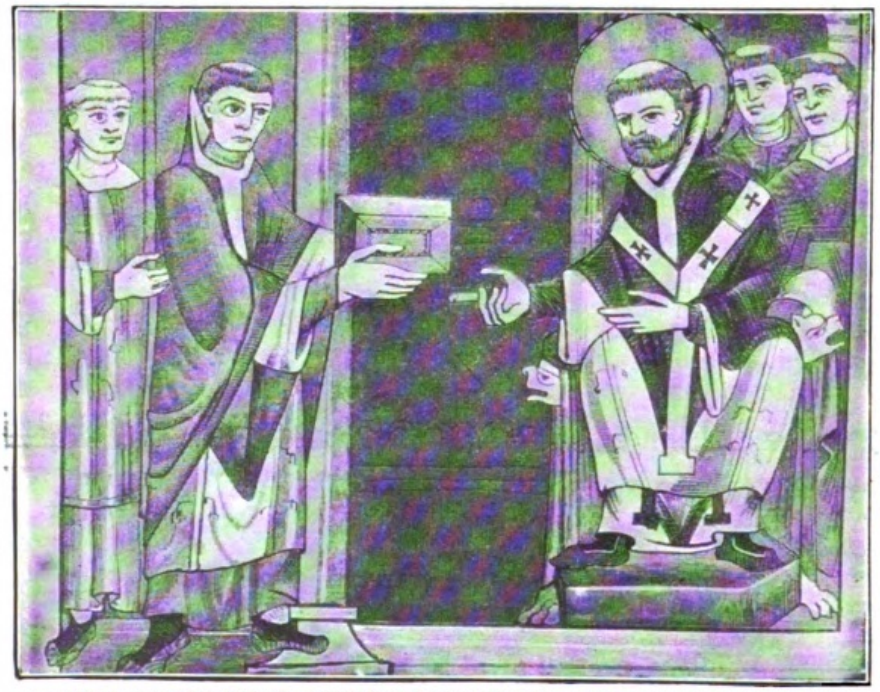
An English Judge's Dress.

ON one of the few warm days of the past summer Mr. Justice Phillimore, one of His Majesty's judges of the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, with the assistance of his valet and his private secretary, attired himself with historic scrupulosity in his official robes, summoned a four-wheeled cab, and appeared in all the majesty of scarlet and ermine, sash, sable cap, stole, and full-bottomed wig before eight-and-forty young ladies at a school in York. When the astonishment of the fair pupils had partially subsided, the learned judge explained that he had not appeared thus amongst them, instead of in a frock-coat and top-hat, for the purpose of creating a sensation. "Judges' robes," he said, solemnly, "are never worn for the sake of dressing up, but to impress both himself and others with the awe and majesty of the law."

Albeit he may not have suspected it, Sir Walter Phillimore was only repeating in this instance the sentiment of a certain cleric of the Middle Ages who, when a foreigner, struck by the parti-coloured raiment of our serjeants-at-law, asked why they should "resemble King's jesters abroad, one-half blue and the other half yellow," replied that it was done "to command respect for the majesty of the law." And no doubt in those days of florid and even grotesque civil attire a uniform of alternated blue and mustard-colour was sufficiently simple, sober, and imposing. Colours, indeed, continued to be worn by the gentlemen of the long robe down to 1714. In that year the whole Bar went into mourning for Her Majesty Queen Anne and—never came out, but continue to mourn to the present day!

Few subjects of such a nature are more fascinating than the origins of our official dress. By the courtesy of a distinguished light in the legal world, who has made an entertaining collection of old prints and MSS., we are able herewith to point out to our readers, item by item, the evolution of that judicial costume of which the English Bench is so proud.

"Unhappy are the people," once remarked Mr. Gladstone, "who cut themselves off from their past." And what a lengthy and interesting past is symbolized in our judges' dress! It goes back to the Dark Ages. "The judges' robes," as Sir Walter Phillimore reminds us, "were originally priests' garments, the priests of early days being the only men of sufficient learning to act as judges in cases too difficult for the great barons." We have an illustration of this in an old illumination of an abbot and St. Augustine (1). The saint is here depicted in closed cope, chasuble, dalmatic, stole, tunic, and alb—all articles of ecclesiastical attire, together with the girdle, or cincture. Yet take away the nimbus from behind the saint's head and replace it by the full-bottomed wig which Charles II. brought into vogue, and we have something more than a suggestion of a Chief Justice of to-day. Indeed, the closed cope has remained faithful to the Bench, or the Bench faithful to the cope, through all vicissitudes and revolutions.



1.—ABBOT ELFNOTH AND ST. AUGUSTINE; SHOWING THE RESEMBLANCE OF THE ANTIQUE PRIESTLY GARMENTS TO MODERN JUDICIAL DRESS.

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Whatever alterations of colour and texture it may have suffered, its general resemblance to the priestly cope remains unimpaired.

The earliest representation we have of the official costume of the Bench is in the seal of Robert Grimbald, a justice of the time of Henry II. He is depicted in a long tunic and mantle, with a round cap on his head and a sword in each hand. There is little doubt that these robes were already scarlet, although the exact period when the Bench had adopted scarlet in its official dress is not known to us. It has, it is true, been suggested that they wore green in the reign of Edward III., but this was only in virtue of their being likewise knights, green being the badge of knighthood. Even at that early period the robes seem to have consisted of a long tunic or colobrium reaching to the ankles, surmounted by a cope. This latter was originally a cloak with a hood to it worn by the clergy, still worn on certain occasions in lieu of the chasuble. In the fourteenth century the cowled frock of the friar was called a cope. In an illumination of the fifteenth century representing the coronation of Henry IV. (2) all the bishops are arrayed in copes instead of chasubles, but that the cope was not wholly restricted to the clergy and the judiciary we see in an engraving depicting the funeral of Elizabeth (3), where certain courtiers are shown in "magnificently embroidered copes—a strange mixture of Popish, Protestant, and secular costumes." Gradually the closed cope came to be the distinctive dress of the judges.



2.—TUDOR BISHOP IN THE COPE FROM WHICH THE PRESENT JUDICIAL COPE IS DERIVED.

The earliest notice of the robes of the judges occurs in a Close roll dated 1292, where the keeper of the Great Wardrobe is ordered to deliver to the King's judges, "for their summer vestments for the present year, half a short cloth and one piece of fine linen silk, and for the winter season another half of a cloth colour curt, with a hood and three pieces of fur of white budge." "Colour curt" here merely means, according to one authority, "colour short," but no other explanation is forthcoming.

In an illumination of the time of Henry VI. we see the parti-coloured gowns and clothing of the serjeants, officers of the Court of Chancery, and others represented with great exactness. There are two judges in scarlet robes trimmed with white badger or lambskin, one of whom is uncovered and tonsured, as becomes a priest, the other, the Lord Chancellor and a layman—perhaps the first layman who had held that office—wearing on his head a kind of brown cap. This suggests the very natural query, When did judges and lawyers first think it necessary to cover up their heads during professional hours? It probably coincided with the evolution of the lawyer from priest or deacon to layman, and was originally designed to conceal his character, which would have been revealed by the tonsured scalp, from the litigants and spectators. The general head-covering before the days



3.—THE COPE IN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

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4. — COURT OF CHANCERY, 1520; DEPICTING THE COSTUMES OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

of wigs was the coif, which, like the periwig of later times, enjoyed a vogue amongst laymen in the thirteenth century. When they abandoned it it was continued by the priests and lawyers. It was originally of white linen, and tied under the chin like a child's night-cap. In the fifteenth century picture given above (4) its resemblance to a modern wig on the heads of the three serjeants at the bar is very striking. The judge's coif was naturally of heavier material—in this case it appears to be of dark brown fur—but the use of the white coif succeeded the heavier judge's coif, taking the shape of a dark skull-cap, which became black in Elizabeth's reign. Over it on occasions of great ceremony the hood was drawn, until in time it



5.—LORD CHIEF BARON OF THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER, UNDER HENRY VII.; SHOWING SIZE OF CAP.

became detached and developed into a large full bonnet (5). The coif appears to have undergone little alteration until the advent of wigs at the Restoration. Then, as we shall see, it suddenly dwindled in size until to-day it is represented by an absurd black patch on the crown of the wig. A good example of the judicial coif, as tied under the chin, is furnished by the effigy of Sir John Spelman in Narburgh Church, Norfolk (6).



6.—JUDGE IN COIF, FROM TOMB OF SIR JOHN SPELMAN—THIS COIF IS NOW REPRESENTED BY THE LINING OF THE WIG.

When we reach the time of Charles I. we have more precise information of the judge's costume, including his head-dress. It is curious that mourning for James I. had caused the introduction of black or violet robes for the judges.

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7.—SIR JOHN HOLT; SHOWING THE BLACK PERIWIG.
Photo, by Walker & Cockerell. From the Painting by Richard Von Bleeck.

"The judges in term times," runs an order of 1635, "are to sit at Westminster in their black or violet gowns, whither they will, and a hood of the same colour put over their heads, and their mantles above all, the end of their hood hanging over behind, wearing their velvet caps and coiffes of lawn, and cornered caps. The facing of their gowns, hoods, and mantles is with changeable taffeta, which they must begin to wear upon Ascension Day, being the last Thursday in Easter Term, and continue those robes until the Feast of Simon and Jude; and upon Simon and Jude's Day the judges begin to wear their robes of white minever, and so continue that facing until Ascension Day again. Upon all holy days which fall in the term and on all hall days, the judges sit in scarlet faced with taffeta when taffeta facing is to be worn and with furs or minever when furs and minever are to be worn. When the judges go to church," it is added, "they ought to go in scarlet gowns, hoods and mantles, and sit in their caps." From all which we see that the gown or tunic, whether black, violet, or scarlet, was on all occasions of ceremony covered with the mantle or cope of scarlet.

Although periwigs were worn in England before the time of Charles II., yet it was not till they had been adopted by the "Merry Monarch" and his Court that they became "an indispensable adjunct to the attire of an Englishman of fashion." At first they were not adopted by either Bench, or Bar, or clergy, either in or out of professional hours; nor is it known whether Judge Jeffreys or Sir George Treby first took his seat on the Bench with a full-bottomed wig in lieu of the coif and cap. But the change was inevitable when the full-bottomed wig, as distinct from the more frivolous kinds, became associated with learning and gravity. Farquhar, in his comedy of "Love and a Bottle" (1698), says that "a full wig is imagined to be as infallible a token of wit as the laurel." The head of old Sir John Holt (7), the Chief Justice to William III., in particular was celebrated for the size and stateliness of its periwig, although the colour continued black, or deep brown, until the close of that reign. The light grey judicial wig is seen in the portrait of Lord Tenterden (8). Yet it must not be supposed that

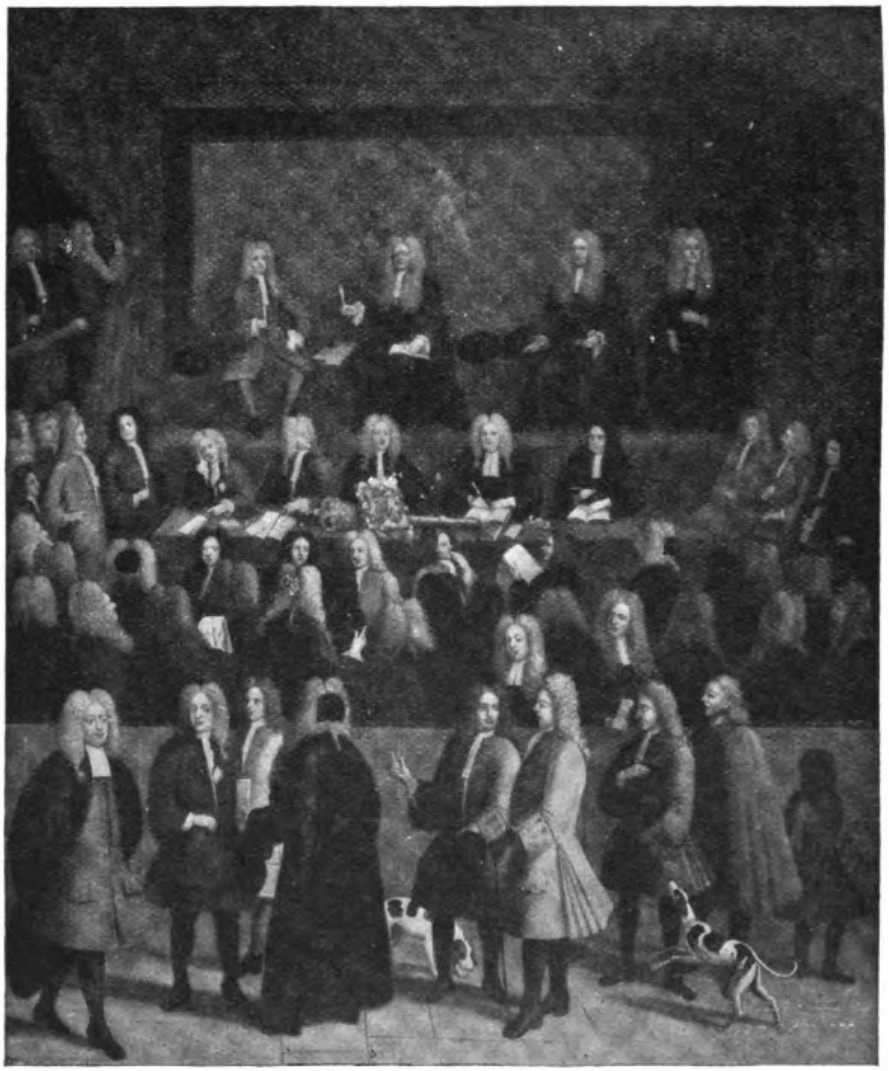


8.—LORD TENTERDEN IN GREY FULL-BOTTOMED WIG.
Photo. by Walker & Cockerell. From the Painting by John Hollins, A.R.A.

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because the periwig was adopted both by Bench and Bar that the ancient sable summit or pinnacle of the dome of legal learning altogether vanished from the courts of law. Over the wig—vast and imposing as it grew to be—the coif and cap, both in theory and practice, still survived. Gradually, however, owing to the heat and discomfort occasioned by the wig, the black cap was much reduced in size, until it assumed the dimensions of a large black patch on the hinder parts of the perruquier's creation.

Thus the reader may see a representation of the Court of Chancery in 1730, wherein both Bench and Bar are accurately depicted (9). The serjeants and King's counsel may readily be distinguished by the black patch on the rear of their wigs, an interesting survival of the white coifs of the fourteenth century, which changed to black on the death of Queen Anne. As for the judges who are facing the Court, naturally the black patch is not visible, but in order to guard against any show of disrespect either to the Bar or to the traditions of the nation, it was usual for the occupants of the Bench to provide themselves with sable head-coverings of more generous dimensions, which they deposited beside them ostentatiously at the opening of the Court and kept in full view during the whole of the proceedings. The reason these were not worn, we are told, was on account of the great heat and discomfort of the wigs; but if the business of the day happened to be of a ceremonious nature or one demanding greater dignity and formality, the cap would be assumed over the wig and the remnant of the coif beneath. Gradually the occasions for this formal covering grew rarer, until at last they became narrowed down to two only: the solemn sentencing of a condemned prisoner to death or when meeting the Lord Mayor of London. After the Revolution, it may be added, it was considered derogatory to the independence of the judges to exhibit unwonted formality in the presence of the Sovereign or of Royalty, and so the assumption of the cap came to be dropped. But the wig — although its doom was prophesied — remained, for the simple reason that it "lent a certain stateliness and dignity to even the meanest countenance." Fashions in wigs succeeded one another rapidly during the reign of Queen Anne and the first two Georges. We hear of black riding-wigs, bag-wigs, and nightcap-wigs. The celebrated Battle of Ramillies introduced the Ramillies wig, tied with a great bow at the top



9.—THE COURT OF CHANCERY, 1730.
Photo. by Walker & Cockerell. From the Painting by B. Ferres.

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and a smaller one at the bottom, and in 1736 a Royal order went forth that thereafter military officers were to don Ramillies periwigs. Then came tie-wigs, pigtail-wigs, and bob-wigs, each smaller than the other, until, with the ascent of George III. to the throne, the fate of the wig with laymen was sealed. But Bench and Bar, having once adopted the peruke, were much too conservative to follow any changes of fashion. The Church, too, continued faithful to this Carolean head-dress, and it was not till well on in Victoria's reign that the last Anglican bishop laid aside his ecclesiastical wig. Yet more faithful were and are two other personages than the legal and judicial, the coachmen to the Sovereign and the Lord Mayor of London. We cannot fail to note, however, a marked tendency to diminution of size in the wigs of both judges and barristers within the last two or three decades, until many have expressed the fear that they may finally come, by the process of evolution, to disappear altogether.



10.—SIR EDWARD COKE IN BLACK CAP AND RUFF.
Photo. by Walker & Cockerell. From the Painting by C. J. Van Ceulen.

The white neck-band worn by our judges and barristers to-day is all that is left of the mighty ruffs of Elizabeth's reign.

His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met.

It is singular to note that the bishops and the judges, who were the last to succumb to the fashion of ruff-wearing, were also the last to lay it aside. The long hair and periwigs of the reign of Charles II. made it impossible to wear ruffs, but before they had been cast aside by the Bench His Majesty's judges, as may be seen by the portraits of contemporary Chief Justices, had gone as far as any of the laity in the extent and intricacy of the ruff. As has been seen in the case of the periwig, the larger the ruff the greater the dignity. This may be seen in the accompanying portrait of Sir Edward Coke (10).

As the tunic beneath the cope of the English judge was originally the dalmatic of the priest, so our judicial dignitary still retains another interesting fragment of clerical attire in the deacon's stole. This is an embroidered band, or scarf, worn about the neck, the ends of which are visible beneath the dalmatic in nearly all representations of early priests (11). Besides the stole our judges still retain in the black girdle, or sash, the ancient cincture of the clergy, which was a prescribed portion of the ecclesiastical attire during church service. A bishop wore a double sash, but this is now only worn by the Pope. Although laymen girt themselves with all manner of cinctures, even gold and silver, and the Serjeant-at-law in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" is described as wearing a girdle of silk, barred or striped with different colours, the black girdle gradually became



11.—EARLY DEACON IN DALMATIC AND STOLE; STILL RETAINED BY ENGLISH JUDGES.



12.—ANCIENT SS. COLLAR FROM WHICH IS DERIVED THE PRESENT COLLAR OF THE JUDGE.

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reserved to the judges, and so continues to our own day.

There is still another indispensable and attractive adjunct to the costume of our higher judicial personages, which we have not yet adverted to. It is fully as ancient as the textile portion of the "C.J.'s" official attire. No one has yet correctly ascertained the origin of the collar of the SS. or Esses, but it probably appeared first in the reign of Henry IV. The earliest description we have is in a wardrobe account of 1391, in which there is an entry of one collar of gold with seventeen letters of S made in the shape of feathers, with inscriptions on them. In the south aisle of Southwell Minster there is a piece of sculpture of the fourteenth or early fifteenth century showing a regal personage wearing a collar of the SS. (12), and in a window of old St. Paul's Church there was formerly a representation of such a collar, accompanying the arms of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. A drawing of it is now in the British Museum. The collar, which is now bestowed by the Sovereign, was anciently described as "the collar of SS. in England, wherewith esquires be made." The letters S are, as will be seen by the portrait of Sir Edward Coke, linked together by knots and terminate with two portcullises and a pendent rose. It may be added that this identical collar of Coke's was in the possession of and worn by the late Lord Coleridge on the bench.



THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL IN FULL JUDICIAL DRESS.
From a Photo. by Barraud.

We cannot close this article on the modern dress of an English judge without alluding to a prevalent disposition on the part of one or two occupants of the Bench, aided and abetted perhaps by those irreverent members of the Bar to whom ancient custom and historic continuity of dress mean little, to sweep aside wig and robes as archaic encumbrances. The surviving remnants of cope and colobrium, coif, priest's cincture and deacon's stole, the stately perukes of Hardwicke and Mansfield, are not, however, lightly to be swept away. Too much history is concentrated in them, and the best testimony in favour of the traditional costume has been furnished by foreigners, and particularly by American jurists. Daniel Webster, Judah P. Benjamin, and Rufus Choate (uncle of the present American Ambassador) have each rendered their tribute to wig and gown. A modern American lawyer has openly stated, "I consider the advantages arising from the use of a distinctive costume by judges and counsel, in its effect on the public who are in court, and the feeling of responsibility it produces in the wearers, to far outweigh its disadvantages, if it have any, in the shape of personal discomfort."

So that we may take it that amongst the institutions which the American Bench and Bar would most willingly import (free of duty), along with English legal precedents and decisions, is that "distinctive costume" with which Mr. Justice Phillimore lately startled the eight-and-forty young ladies of the school at York.

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By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S.

II.

ALTHOUGH in the previous article under this heading I was dealing with the more or less familiar whale of the Arctic regions almost exclusively, I could not help feeling, when I had reached the limit of my allotted space, how much of mystery still remained enveloping even those timid and easily investigated mammals. After all the centuries of close acquaintance with them enjoyed (or otherwise) by an immense number of intelligent seamen, there are still many things about them which are as unknown to naturalists as if they were denizens of another planet. The average age to which they live, their rate of growth, what they do with themselves in the winter when their chosen waters are congealed for a depth of many feet: all these are points needing, and likely to need, elucidation for all of us.

But if this be so with regard to such an accessible sea-citizen as the Greenland whale, how immensely is it intensified in the case of the spermaceti whale, the cachalot, or pott-fisch, according as you speak of him in English, French, or German! Here the difficulty of the study is increased so greatly that it is doubtful if we shall ever know more about him than we do now, and that is by no means imposing in amount. Unfortunately, with but three or four exceptions, those who might be considered best qualified to teach from personal acquaintance with the subject cannot be said to have done much else but add to the confusion already existing.

That the sperm whale, as a distinct and dangerous, if valuable, species of whale, was unknown to the early whalemen, and only caught at rare intervals by some fortunate accident, may be abundantly proved from all ancient writings upon the subject. It was reserved for a new nation—that is to say, a remnant of an ancient people founding a new nation in a newly-discovered continent—to begin a calling which demanded in its turn quite as great an accession of courage as did the primitive operations of the Biscayans and Norwegians alluded to in the former article.

Driven by religious persecution from his home in Massachusetts, whither he had emigrated from England in 1640, Thomas Macy settled in the Island of Nantucket in 1659, where he and a few others established farms and fought doggedly with the stern climate for daily bread. Like their prototypes long before on the shores of Europe, they found the harvest of the sea far more generous and dependable than that of the land, and aided by the friendly Indians they gradually established a lucrative fishery in those prolific waters, under very similar circumstances to the Biscayans of several centuries before. But they had the advantage in that the use of iron and

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steel was well known, and accordingly it is told of them that they invented harpoons and lances, with which they successfully attacked and killed whales. So lucrative did this new industry become that it easily swallowed up all others, until it might truly be said that the sole interest of the inhabitants of that coast was whale-fishing. For a long time, however, their operations were confined to the immediate vicinity of the land and to the well-known members of the mysticetæ, or toothless whale family. They worked methodically and carefully, so much so, indeed, that it is recorded that for seventy years, during which the industry was growing, not a single white man was killed or drowned. Then there came a day, during the year 1712, when a whale of extraordinary shape and terrific aspect was found stranded and dead upon the south-west shore of Nantucket Island. It caused the utmost excitement among those shrewd sea-hunters, for they were but a very brief time in discovering how valuable its oil was as compared with that of the whales with which they had hitherto dealt. It was a sperm whale of medium size, and it needs no very vivid imagination to picture the sensation it must have caused among the whalers. We do not read, though, that they evinced any fear at the prospect of encountering so terrible a foe as it appeared to be. Rather did they become stimulated in their previously arrived at determination to seek their prey farther off shore in vessels able to keep the sea for days at a time. They felt that in doing this they would be realizing the fulfilment of a prophecy made by one Ichabod Paddock in 1690, who, looking seaward from the top of Folly House Hill, and seeing the whales spouting and sporting with each other, had said: "There is a green pasture where our children's grandchildren will go for bread."

History contains the name of the doughty champion who first attacked and killed the monarch of the deep, the terrible sperm whale. Christopher Hussey was the warrior's homely title, but if high courage and undaunted perseverance be prime factors in the making of a hero, then surely he might claim the highest honours. This was in 1712.



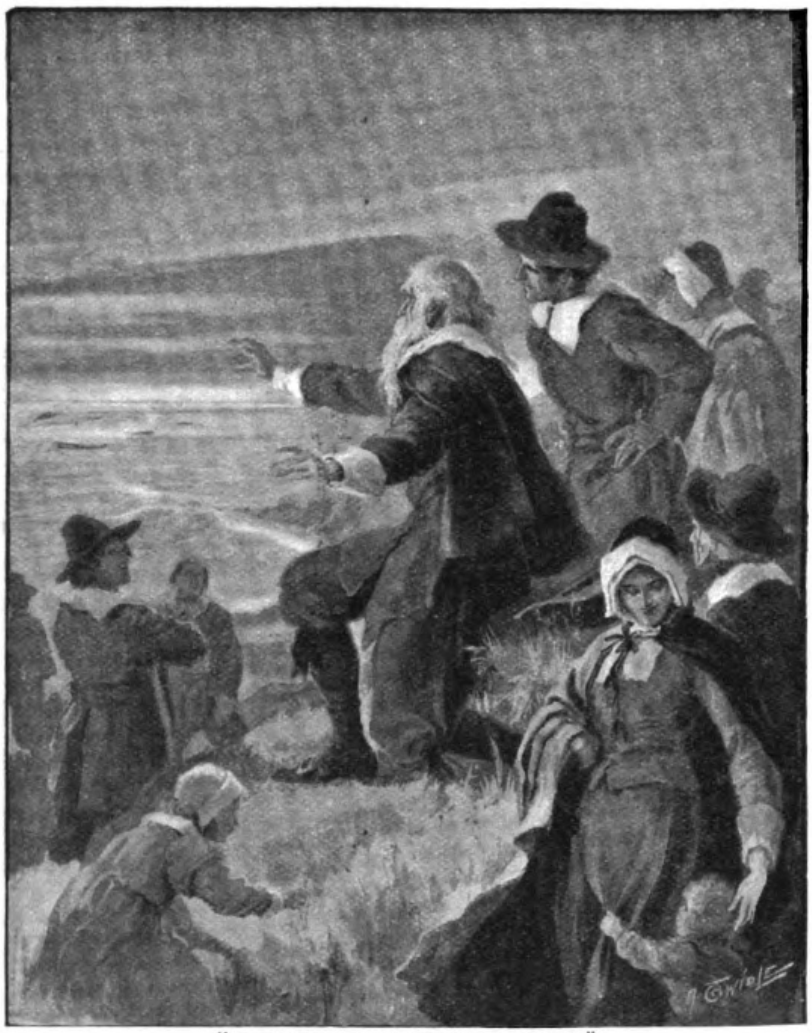
"A WHALE OF EXTRAORDINARY SHAPE AND TERRIFIC ASPECT WAS FOUND DEAD UPON THE SHORE."

It has been settled satisfactorily that the sperm whale's favourite haunts are as follows:—

New Guinea and parts adjacent.
Off any part of the King's Mill Group.
On the Equator between the meridian of 168deg. to 175deg. East.
Off Ellis's group of islands.
Off Rotumah.
Off the eastern coast of Australia from 25deg. to 34deg. South and along the north-west coast.
All round New Zealand.
Practically the whole of Polynesian waters.
From Fanning's to Christmas Island, North Pacific.
Off the whole west coast of North and South America from 50deg. South to 50deg. North and for a thousand miles to the eastward.
Practically the whole of the Indian Ocean and the waters of the East Indian Archipelago.
The coast of Japan and the vicinity of the Bonin Isles.
China Sea.
Red Sea.
Persian Gulf.

So that it will at once be seen how small a part of the oceanic surface of the world is

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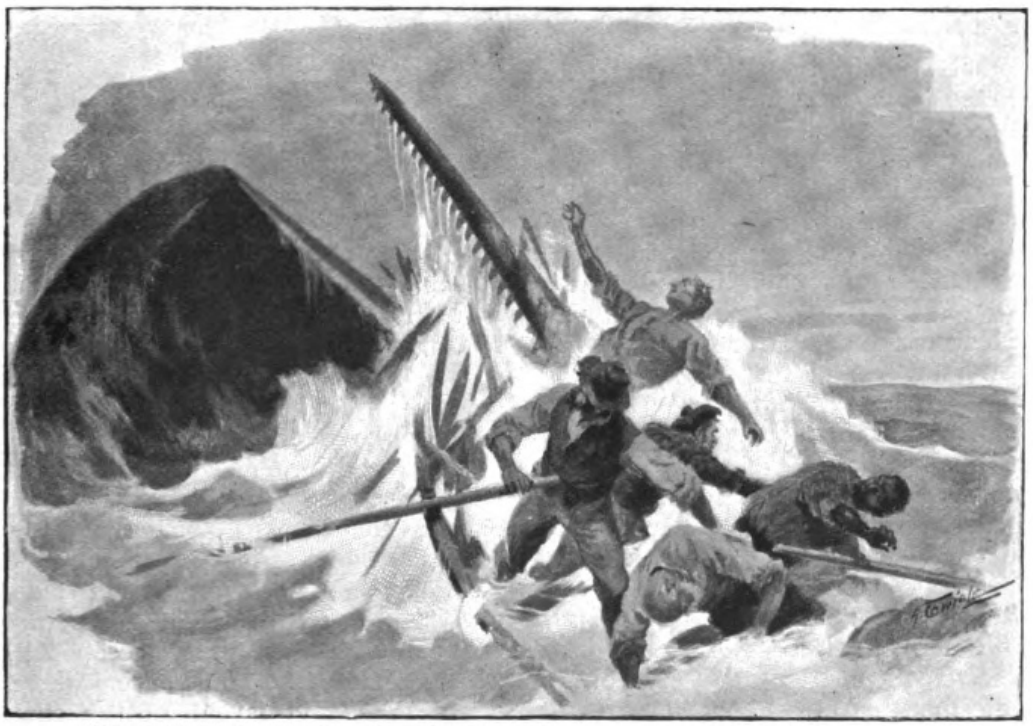
"THE PROPHECY OF ICHABOD PADDOCK."

left that does not form a resort for the sperm whale. This wonderful range of habitat of so vast a creature cannot fail to impress even the most careless student of Natural History, while at the same time it puzzles the most careful and well-read. For why, one naturally asks, has this great mammal so thick a covering of blubber all over his body? The reason of such a protecting envelope of fat in the Greenland whale is at once apparent—a warm-blooded mammal must needs be well clad to keep up his circulation in so bitterly cold an element as is the Arctic Ocean. But the sperm whale, whether his route lie among the scented isles of the South Sea or the tepid waters of the Persian Gulf, is just as warmly clad, his blubber or outer layer of fat being from twenty inches thick on the neck to nine inches on the belly and six inches on the "small." The enormous reservoir of fluid spermaceti in the head is easier to understand, something of the kind being needed to bring the leviathan speedily to the surface when he ceases to swim downward after his prey; but why an all-embracing coating of such warmth should be needed for an animal that usually shuns all cold must, I suppose, ever remain a profound mystery. Not more so, however, than many other things connected with him, as, for instance, the tiny orifice behind the eye which does duty for an ear. It is really too small to admit an ordinary lead-pencil, and the aural tube is non-existent. There is a huge ear-shaped piece of bone, it is true, lying immediately inside the external opening, but that has evidently nothing to do with the power of hearing, the communication with the brain being absent. It would really seem—perhaps I ought rather to say it is certain—that, finding the sense of hearing of little value to him, the powers that develop and evolve the various characteristics of animals have allowed it to fall into desuetude; it has atrophied and has quite disappeared. In its place there has arisen a sense of keenest receptivity of vibration either of air or water, which doubtless stands the cachalot in excellent stead of the sense both of hearing and seeing. The rattle of an oar upon the gunwale of a boat on a calm day is amply sufficient to startle a cachalot at a distance of two miles; the throb of a propeller would, I should imagine, do the same thing at a distance of fifteen. And the agitation set up by a suddenly-attacked whale will be communicated simultaneously to his or her fellows over an area so vast as to be almost incredible except to those who have witnessed it. Then, again, the eyes. That such a monstrous animal should have an eye no larger than that of an ox, and that, owing to its position, *i.e.*, just above and behind the angle of the mouth, be only usable in a most restricted manner, seems ludicrously out of all proportion—would seem so, indeed, if the creature were always in the upper daylight. But spending, as he does, so large a propor-

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tion of his time far below the surface of the sea, where the light rays are so feeble that nearly all the denizens are noticeable for their greatly enlarged pupils, enabling them to utilize even the weakest glimmer, it is impossible to understand of what use his rudimentary eyes are to him at all.

It might reasonably be suggested that perhaps his sense of smell is very keen, and thus he is enabled to do without seeing while engaged in that greatest business of all animal life—the pursuit of food. But the suggestion would be without the faintest shadow of basis. There is no evidence that he possesses any sense of smell at all. He has but one nostril, or what in the absence of anything else of the kind must be called a nostril, and through it he does all his breathing. It is only in use while at the surface; when he is beneath the water it is closed by a beautifully-fitted valve, closed so tightly that not even the pressure of about 1,400lb. to the square inch, to which he is subjected at the greatest depth to which he goes, can force it open. Being thus tightly plugged, smelling by that nostril becomes an impossible function, even if it were possible when the nostril was open. So, then, purblind, deaf, and without smell, the poor cachalot would seem to us to lead but a very incomplete sort of an existence. And as if to crown the sum of his deficiencies he is astonishingly wanting in brains. The enormous bulge of the head, giving one the idea of water on the brain in its highest expression, is doubtless, as before hinted at, for the purpose of bringing the vast body swiftly to the surface in an upright position, or so that the spout-hole may first come in contact with the air, but it has nothing whatever to do with the size of the brain. It is filled with spermaceti, a bland oily substance which, while the creature is alive, is exactly like very clear oil, but as soon as he becomes cold in death it solidifies into a white wax. Hidden underneath and behind the great tank which contains the spermaceti is a modest little corner hollowed out of the skull, and in it nestle the brains—such a tiny quantity, very slightly larger in amount than that possessed by an ox, and yet the bulk of one hundred and fifty large oxen are comprised within the carcass of a full-grown sperm whale. There is a like curious disproportion between the size of an elephant's brain and that of its body, although not so great. What makes the matter deeply interesting is that no one knowing anything of the animals would hesitate for one moment to say that both whale and elephant were vastly more intelligent than any ox. The elephant, indeed, is often credited with being the wisest of all the brute creation. Perhaps both whale and elephant, being gifted with an immense quantity of spinal marrow, utilize that, as well as the exiguous quantity of cerebral substance they carry in their heads,



"IN ORDER TO CLOSE THE LOWER JAW THE GREAT ANIMAL MUST TURN COMPLETELY OVER."

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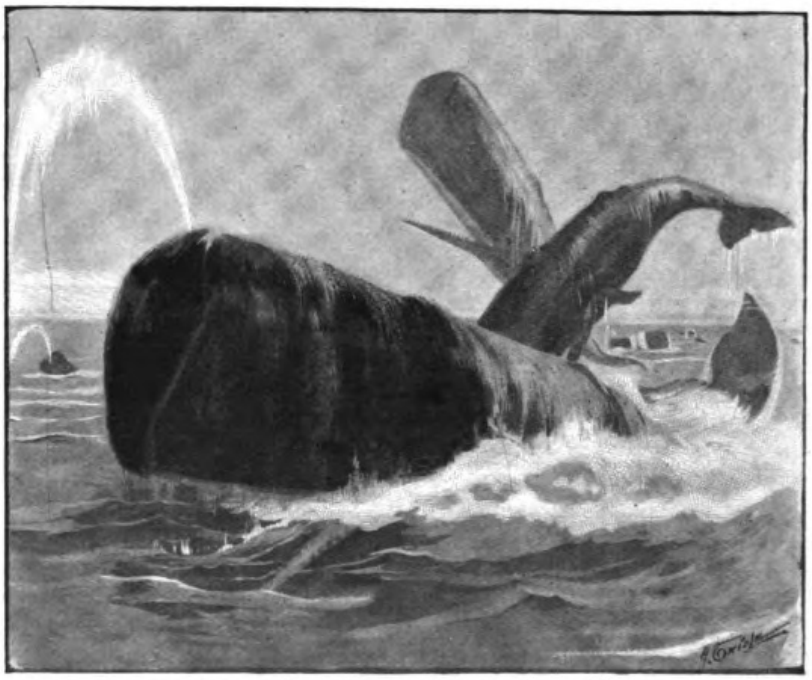
for the service of their intelligence department.

The foregoing list does not, however, exhaust the disabilities, or seeming disabilities, under which the sperm whale labours. One would think that with so small a proportion of the usual faculties granted him it would be difficult for him to get a living, even if he were not hampered by a body running up to seventy feet in length and so unwieldy in front as to be comparable to nothing else but a railway-car. Yet, in addition to that, the shape of his mouth is so peculiar as to demand attention at once. The lower jaw is a slender shaft of bone, say a foot square at its thickest, and it lies almost hidden in a groove of the immense upper jaw when it is closed—which is, one may say, never. Never, that is, for more than a minute at a time. And in order to close it the great animal must turn completely over, when the long white mandible comes into its groove with crushing force. Even then, as if it should not be too formidable, it finds no teeth in the upper jaw to oppose those sparsely arranged in the lower. They fit each into a socket like a carpenter's dowels, and being several inches apart it requires some thinking before one can realize what service they can be to the animal at all.

So the whale swims along under water with this long, slender lower jaw hanging down at an angle of about forty-five degrees, disclosing a gaping cavern of a mouth lined with a pearly white skin that gleams brilliantly in the half light of the depths where he prowls. The vast body behind that palely glowing grotto looks shadowy, impalpable; it is a mouth and nothing more. And there is no shade of doubt that fish of many kinds do genially find entrance therein, swimming down between those shining walls with all ease and confidence, since their presence in the stomach of recently killed whales sets the matter beyond controversy. They *must* swim down his throat, for in no other way could he catch them. How they pass or are passed into the stomach without the water—indeed, how the water is kept out of the stomach at all—is another mystery, and one that will probably never be solved.

Of the principal food of the sperm whale, the food that he alone of all the sea-denizens seems able to deal with, I cannot say much here, having dealt with the matter so fully in another paper. Just in passing, however, it may be permitted to notice that in spite of all his admitted drawbacks and disabilities, when it comes to dealing with the gigantic squid or cuttle-fish, the sperm whale rises to the occasion nobly and at once takes his unassailable position as the monarch of the deep.

Normally, in time of peace, the sperm whales collect in what are technically known as "pods," or small schools of about a dozen,



"THE SPERM WHALES COLLECT IN 'PODS.'"

whereof the leader is an elderly bull of great size and long—who knows how long?—experience. He is the guide, philosopher, and friend, as well as husband and father, of the party. For the other members consist of cows and young bulls who have grown up from calfhood, and who will presently, after making a determined effort to usurp the leader's place, go off by themselves to join one of the immense bands of bulls that are occasionally met with, or else will form harems of their own. In the disparity of size between the sexes the sperm whale is unique amongst the cetacea. All other whales have the difference, where any exists, slightly in favour of the cow; but

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among the cachalots the female adult is less than half the size of the male and is timid, almost as timid as a right whale. They are very affectionate towards their mates, the chosen sultana of a pod accompanying the leader wherever he goes so closely that they can hardly be distinguished apart at a little distance. Nor does their companionship abruptly cease when man comes on the scene. Such a pair will refuse to be parted except by death. Although one may be left entirely free to go whither he or she likes while the other is being done to death, the old instinct of self-preservation seems for the time to be in abeyance, to have given place to an overmastering desire to be near the loved one, a desire that overtops all natural fear. So that all through the combat, the whirl and flurry of the hunting, the whale-fishers will be closely beset by the "loose" whale, and it often happens that such an attendant is killed simply because it will *not* go away, and not at all because it can be dealt with at such a time.

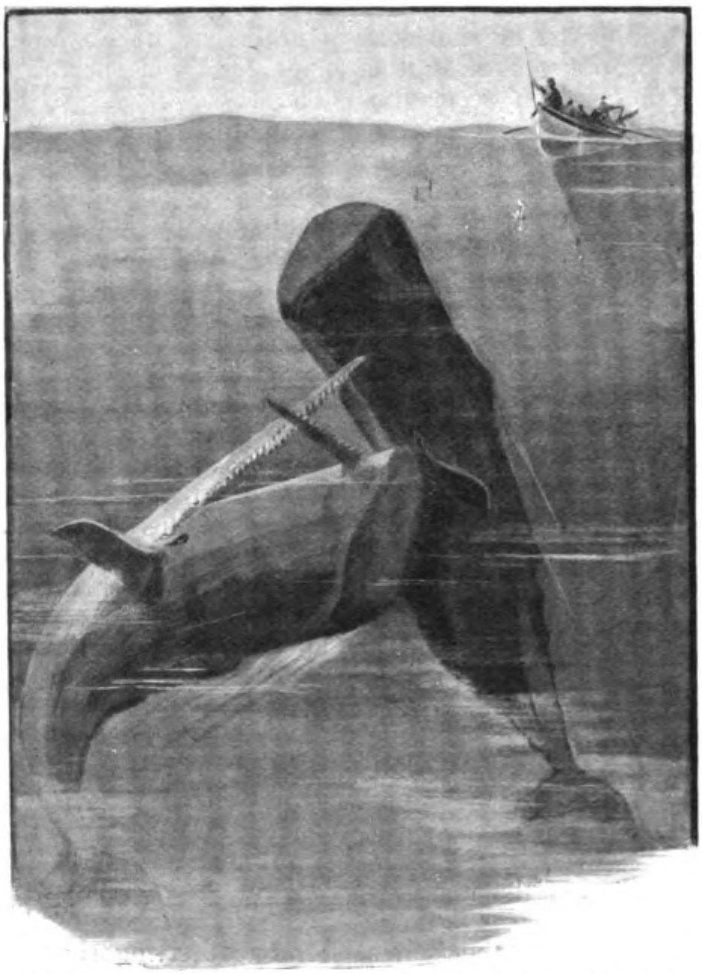
Yet, strange to say, they seem to be without natural affection for their young. Every other kind of whale will guard its young with its own life, and if the little one be accidentally killed will run amok, doing terrible deeds in a wild effort at revenge. But the cow cachalot does not seem to consider her young at all. In a moment of panic she will leave it—a helpless calf of a few days old—to fall a most easy prey to the first prowling gang of sharks that happen along. This also is quite unexplainable, more especially when the undoubted affection of the adults for one another is remembered.

As among mammals everywhere—with, perhaps, the sole exception of the unwieldy right whale of the Arctic seas—the male cachalots fight furiously among themselves for supremacy. The flanks of the largest bulls are seamed and scored with lengthy scars where they have withstood the attacks of savage rivals, holding their own proudly at the head of their harem for generations, until the inevitable day comes when a stronger aspirant for the leadership puts in his claim and, after a battle that often lasts throughout the twenty-four hours, succeeds in making it good, driving his rival forth from the school and proudly taking his place with all honours and emoluments attaching thereunto. Henceforth the defeated one roams solitary, never again joining himself unto his kind, holding proudly and sullenly aloof for the rest of his career, lasting no one knows how long. These "lone" bulls grow to an enormous bulk, one that we killed at the entrance to Foveaux Straits startling everyone on board by the magnificence of his proportions when, lying quietly alongside, we were able to get a fair view of them. It has been a source of lasting regret to me that I was not able to get some accurate measurements made of this, by far the largest whale ever seen by any of our ship's company. The only definite thing that I can say about his proportions is, unhappily, most indefinite to shore-folks, but such as it is I must give it. The lower block of the cutting-in tackle when at its highest limit brought the edge of the strip of blubber being ripped from the round of the body up to about six feet below the main-yard, which would give a generous twenty feet drift between it and the edge of the next cut. Three lifts like that only rolled the body completely round once, thus making the girth of our prize at least sixty feet. I *believe* it was not less than seventy, but I know of a certainty that it was well over sixty. Sixty feet in girth is indeed heroic size. Another peculiarity of this same prize was the number of weapons that were buried in his blubber in various places. Following an invariable custom pursued in American whale-ships, we did not examine these pieces of iron closely, lest we should find stamped upon them the name of the ship from which they originally came. For if we *knew* that a certain ship had been fast to a whale subsequently captured by us, we were legally bound to report the matter and hand over a certain portion of the proceeds. Therefore, to avoid all trouble, any strange iron found embedded in a whale's blubber was cut out and dropped overboard at once without examination. This was a great pity, for by observing such things a fairly good idea might have been obtained as to the length of a whale's life.

Another thing more noticeable about this gigantic whale than any other that I have ever seen was the number and mass of parasites with which he was laden. Hanging down from the lower jaw was a fringe of barnacles quite two feet in length, many of which had their bases actually planted between the teeth, as if they grew upon an inanimate thing. As he swam leisurely about during his slaying—for at no time did he appear capable of making any vigorous exertion—this quaint beard of barnacles waved to and fro, the long gelatinous stems and the glistening white shells at their ends glittering in the water like jewels. And all along the

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belly of the monster were barnacles, which, though they were shorter, grew in large numbers, while in between them clung limpets, hummocky shells as large as a horse's hoof, and adhering so firmly that they appeared to be part of the creature himself. Here and there a remora, or sucker-fish, clung tenaciously to the universal host, and in other places there were weedy growths such as you find upon the bottom of slowly-crawling ships after a long passage. Among these things crabs darted busily to and fro and small white, many-legged things—like exaggerated woodlice in shape—wandered. All this attendant world of life attached to one living animal, who was, let it be remembered, fat with an abounding richness of blubber, but who looked like some Rip Van Winkle of the whale tribe that had thus been taken possession of and overgrown while sleeping away a generation or so in some cosy ocean cave.



"ONE OF THE COMBATANTS SEEKS TO GRIP THE OTHER BY THE JAW."

But I have lingered over-long with my champion whale, and must pass on to remark that, while the battles of men and sperm whales have a grandeur, a spice of primitive derring-do, about them such as I believe attaches to no other sport whatever, the battles of sperm whales with one another have a dread fascination for all who witness them much as might cling to a conflict of the Titans: the sudden implacable rush along the surface to meet one another, the collision of the two stupendous masses of flesh and blood with a violence that hurls them both half out of the water, so that they form for a moment a V-shaped arch, with the great jaws downhanging between, the blows of the enormous flukes that, like flexible Nasmyth hammers, essay to crush the foe beneath their strokes, and the wary manœuvring beneath the surface when one of the combatants seeks to grip the other by the jaw. This latter move is often successful, for it is not at all uncommon to catch a sperm whale with the lower jaw wrenched round at right angles to its normal direction, to be for the rest of the animal's life a curse to him in all his goings. How such maimed whales succeed in obtaining food at all is another mystery—a mystery no less profound than the former ones quoted, since they must be totally unable to grapple with a big squid at all, and must depend upon such fortuitous contributions as those I have already alluded to as swimming down the pearly white cavern of the throat in questing innocence.

Finally, and with the utmost brevity, since the subject does not lend itself to popular literature, ambergris. This product, once essential in all magical operations, and even to-day credited by Easterns with mystical powers, is secreted only by the sperm whale. Not by every whale, and even when present never found but by accident. This uncertainty keeps the price up, assisted by its undoubted value in chemistry. Its properties and its chemical components are, however, no longer a mystery, any more than is its place of origin. But a passing mention of it seems to be the most fitting close to a paper upon the mysterious sperm whale.

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John Bull Through Foreign Spectacles.

By Serge Nelidoff.

THREE years ago there was held in Paris a most interesting gathering of foreign journalists, at which the writer was present. Not the least notable feature of the occasion was that it brought together for the first time several eminent comic draughtsmen and political caricaturists, amongst whom may be mentioned "Caran d'Ache," of the *Figaro*, Mr. F. Graetz, an Austrian, and Mr. Jan Braakensiek, a Dutch cartoonist. In the course of the evening, and with the advent of coffee and cigars, a most diverting conversation took place on the subject of international amenities as interpreted in international caricature. Someone — an English journalist—inquired of M. Poiré (as the talented "Caran d'Ache" is called in private life) why it was that the emblematic figure of John Bull was represented in his cartoons in such fluctuating and manifold guises: sometimes fat, sometimes thin, mild and stern, flattering and repulsive.



THE ENGLISH NOTION OF JOHN BULL.
From a Sketch by the Author.

"Because," was the reply, "I haven't made up my mind about your John Bull. There are times when I do not think he represents the genius of *la race Anglaise*. And so, at such times, though I am grateful for having the invention of your Gillray and Rowlandson ready to hand, I prefer to follow my own bent."

It was, nevertheless, generally agreed that the figure of John Bull as imagined by Gillray, in spite of deviations and adaptations, was almost the only national prototype accepted to-day by the Press and people of all European countries. *Almost*, we say, for Uncle Sam is another emblematic figure upon which modern international caricaturists appear agreed. France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, and Holland are each and all diversely represented, although a generation or two ago "Cham's" famous Zouave in the pages of *Charivari* seemed destined to immortality as typical of the Gallic nation.

But although John Bull has, with certain exceptions, been adopted by most foreign caricaturists as representing England, or rather Great Britain, yet it must be confessed it would prove rather a sorry task for any future antiquary to attempt to decipher his original lineaments from the mass of evidence tendered by Continental journals. Indeed, it may be said that as each nation has its own idea of England and English institutions, so each nation's caricaturists have their own notion of John Bull. In England itself one has only to turn over the pages of *Punch* from the days of Leech to those of Tenniel and Sambourne, the caricatures of Messrs. Gould, Proctor, and Bryan, in order to perceive instantly what a noble, dignified figure Mr. Bull cuts at home. And if one is to believe the testimony of numerous



BULL AS A HIGHLANDER.
FROM A DRAWING BY CHAM IN "CHARIVARI," 1863.

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English writers there is no consistency here, for it is at home that the virtues of the nation most shine. But, speaking as a friendly and yet impartial observer, it is not to be expected that foreigners would instantly fasten on those traits which are so noticeable on the domestic hearth. Besides, satire would be pointless were it not tipped with malice.

To begin with the French caricaturists and their presentments of John Bull, it deserves to be noted that Mr. Bull is by no means an ancient institution on the French side of the Channel. Thirty years ago he was all but unknown. The famous "Cham" represented England invariably as a Scotchman! The towering Glengarry bonnet, kilt, sporran, and bare legs took the popular fancy, and it was thought no incongruity that this Highland private should be sporting a pair of opulent whiskers of Dundreary pattern. It was to Gavarni that the famous *favoris rouge* — without which even to-day no stage representation of an Englishman is complete in France—owe their origin; and to the same hand Continental caricature is indebted for the generous dental equipment which soon afterwards became a feature of the John Bull of Continental manufacture. Caran d'Ache has made several valiant attempts to break away, not merely from this particular tradition, but also from the original type of John Bull, but he always returns to it. In the accompanying sketch will



THE GROTESQUE FRENCH IDEA.
FROM "LE GRELOT."



ANOTHER GROTESQUE FRENCH EXAMPLE.
FROM "LA SILHOUETTE."



TWO WIDELY-DIFFERING CONCEPTIONS OF JOHN BULL.
BY CARAN D'ACHE IN "FIGARO."



AS A BEARDED FIRE-EATER.
BY FERTOM IN "LE PILORI."



A GAVARNI TRADITION.
FROM "LA SILHOUETTE."

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be found two totally dissimilar prototypes of England; but although the whiskers are retained in the improved edition, there are others from the same hand in which the legendary side-whiskers are replaced by a moustache and even by a beard. But these are only temporary divagations — Caran d'Ache is merely coquetting; not even his genius is likely permanently to withstand so standard and sterling a national prototype as has been built up by the combined efforts of a century of British caricaturists. Several French draughtsmen, including M. Fertom, *dessinateur attitré* of *Le Pilori*, have tilted for some years at the traditional John Bull, essaying to represent England by a curious semi-military figure with full beard and moustache, as in the drawing shown opposite, but with indifferent success. There is no permanence in it; such beards have not been worn in Albion since the time when "Ouida's" heroes first burst upon the scene, whereas in France beard-wearing has become a prevalent fashion.



A GERMAN CONCEPTION.
FROM "ULK," BERLIN.



SLY JOHANN BULL.
FROM "ULK," BERLIN.

To gaze upon the designs of Pépin in *Le Grelot* leads unalterably to the conviction that John Bull's amiable qualities, as they occur to Messrs. Tenniel, Sambourne, and Gould, have not crossed the Channel. Yet it must be confessed that Pépin is one of the most sardonic of all draughtsmen, and depicts all countries, especially Russia, in the most hideous guise. Two things will not fail to be observed in the French caricatures of John Bull: the prominent—nay, the Gargantuan — teeth (a Gallic invention, as we have already seen) and the tendency to equip him with any kind of head-gear — the forage-cap being a favourite—rather than the regulation square-topped beaver. A pith helmet is the favourite device of many, including "Stop," of the *Charivari*, who also endows John Bull with a baggy tweed knickerbocker suit; while it is



BULL'S PRETENDED SLUMBER.
FROM "KLADDERADATSCH."



BULL AS HE SEES HIMSELF.
FROM "KLADDERADATSCH."



BULL'S SERENADE.
FROM "UNSER GESELLSCHAFT."



A GROTESQUE ELF.
FROM "ULK."

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BULL AS SEEN IN VIENNA.
FROM "DER FLOH."



BULL'S FATUOUS SMILE.
FROM "DER FLOH."



THE AUSTRIAN IDEA.
FROM "WITZBLAD."

certain that the forage-caps of Willette, Pépin, and others are of a character utterly unknown to the British military authorities.

When we cross the frontier into Germany and scan the German newspapers we find John Bull more closely approximate the British idea—as may be seen from the examples on page 543—save that he is a far sharper and shrewder personage than Cruikshank or Leech would have given him credit for. One may add that on the other side of the Rhine he invariably wears a tall white hat. He is no longer uncouth and ferocious; his ferocity he has sacrificed with his long Dundreary whiskers, and is now only a monster of cunning. The great value of caricature is its ability to seize hold of the salient traits of a person or a nation, and represent these in a broad, convincing fashion. To Englishmen, and, indeed, to impartial observers of any race, sharpness and dissimulation are the last qualities for



ALWAYS A SAILOR IN HUNGARY.
FROM "BOLOND ISTOK."



FROM "IL PAPAGALLO."



FROM "L'ASINO."



FROM "PASQUINO."

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THE SWISS ANGLOPHILE BULL.
FROM "LE CARILLON," GENEVA.

which they can justly be distinguished. The late Max O'Rell — one of the most candid of friends—said that the English were the frankest and most good-humoured of races—even if he did add that there was a dash of stupidity in the national character. But in Germany no one apparently can convince the caricaturists that John Bull is not personified guile. He is always going about, in the columns of *Kladderadatsch*, the *Ulk*, and *Lustige Blätter*, with a grin of complacent, and even pompous, dissimulation. A favourite inscription beneath these representations is, "John Bull up to his tricks again." A German caricaturist—who afterwards became famous on the other side of the Atlantic—Mr. Joseph Keppler, once confessed to me that the German idea of John Bull was not believed in by its followers as typical of the British national character, but that they could not represent him in any other way. "There is to us no other way of accounting for England's success," he said, "at least in the eyes of the average German, except that he overreaches everybody. So we have turned the English John Bull into a sly old fox, and thus he will probably remain until our Deutscher Michel is able to triumph over John Bull. But it is hard to get away from a fixed type; France is still represented by Germans as an infantryman of the Empire, although no longer fierce and truculent."



ANOTHER SWISS CONCEPTION.
FROM "NEBELSPALTER," ZÜRICH.

Austria, which will be found represented on page 544, presents us with an altogether different conception of John Bull. The caricaturists of Vienna have borrowed the prominent teeth of the Gallic cartoons, but they are no longer revealed in a sinister expression. Whether in the character of soldier, sailor, or tourist, the Austrian idea of John Bull is that of a highly good-natured, somewhat fatuous personage. His physical proportions, too, have notably dwindled. Perhaps the presence of a large body of Scotchmen in the dominions of the Emperor Francis Joseph explains an invariable Scotch cast of countenance, not to mention the Tam o' Shanter and other articles more commonly found north of the Tweed. The *Witzblad* caricature is by Mr. Graetz, one of the most famous of Vienna artists in black and white. A common way of depicting John Bull in Austria is as a meddlesome physician, who is for ever prescribing his nostrums to unwilling patients, but always with a bland, disinterested air, as if he were doing it for their own good. Hungary has her own notion of John Bull—there he is almost invariably a sailor (see the centre illustration on page 544); on the whole, a not unnatural conception on the part of an inland people, even though the repre-



A GERMAN-SWISS CREATION.
FROM "LE COURRIER," ZÜRICH.

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sentation be not always flattering to the original.

As will readily be seen from the next caricatures (reproduced on page 544), taken from the three leading Italian comic papers, Italy has also a quite distinct notion of the physical appearance of England's national prototype. The natives of the peninsula being a comparatively diminutive race, the Englishman's stature impresses them, and so John Bull is usually tall, and, what is more, slender, in his Italian portraits. Another feature not commonly found in excessive proportions in the caricatures of other countries is his nose, which in Italy is unduly large and aquiline. Compare the nose of the Italian John Bull with the snubbed proboscis of the Austrian-Hungarian delineations!



SPAIN'S SATURNINE IDEA OF BULL.
FROM "CAMPANA DI GRACIA."

The Russian caricaturists—many of them able and gifted draughtsmen, but unluckily restricted by the fear of the Imperial Censor—in their rare cartoons dealing with international politics usually depict England as a mariner with drooping whiskers or Krugerian beard, bearing little resemblance to John Bull as we of other countries have come to know him.



HOLLAND'S JOHN BULL ("DOWN ON HIS LUCK").
FROM "WEEKBLAD."

As befits a country of such mixed race as Switzerland, we must expect to find England's prototype variously displayed (as will be seen by a glance at page 545). In the Anglophile *Carillon*, of Geneva, he appears as a tall and imposing dragoon, who might, perchance, be John Bull, Junior, but has small likeness to the old gentleman himself, who, historians of caricature tell us, was compounded of George III., Squire Western, and Charles James Fox, with an added touch of the bluff Sailor King, William IV. For a blend of these qualities, plus the malicious exaggeration of the foreigner's pencil, we should go to a paper like the *Nebelspalter*, of Zürich, where we see John Bull, a monster of choler, strength, and obstinacy, confronting us. No English artist would dare to draw him so, and yet there is no mistaking the figure—even with the hands and attitude of the common or bear-garden bruiser.

Quite another Swiss type, but very popular withal in the German cantons—is the dwarfish, elfish John Bull, with head preternaturally large and limbs preternaturally small—a laughable, ogling, prying figure in a footman's hat, with cockade in front, and footman's garb. This pictorial worthy never opens his mouth save in order to display six gigantic teeth. His customary walk is a prowl. But it would be a mistake to infer from these, as from other caricatures of a not



"THE WORLD IS MINE."
FROM "WEEKBLAD."

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very complimentary order, that they are incited by Anglophobia, for the simple reason that in these same prints other countries are represented in similar vein. Exaggeration runs riot in the domain of caricature, but yet through all these abnormal manifestations there can still be detected the essence of truth—in other words, the conception of England by this or that nation. To the French-speaking Swiss John Bull is young and stalwart, even chivalrous; to the German-speaking he is eccentric—Quixotic; but to the Cantons at large he is pugnacious J. Bull, master of a third of the universe. And it is this latter conception, as we shall see, which prevails in the majority of the comic prints of America, and is also beginning to replace the more unconventional prototypes current in European countries.



"THE CORPULENT COACHMAN."
FROM "LIFE," NEW YORK.

Spain, for example, which used to represent England in the Gavarni fashion, has now generally adopted the familiar corpulent figure, whose countenance, however, has never a shade of humour and who never unbends by a smile: as shown in the example on page 546. But, after all, there is excellent warrant for this heavy, taciturn mien, which the reader may see throughout all the caricatures of John Bull in the Spanish Press. John Bull rarely smiles in his own home—in the pages of *Punch*. There he is often indignant, benevolent, astonished, complacent—but I cannot remember his laughter. Even more taciturnity, if possible, than in the Spanish marks him in the Portuguese journals.

The Dutch John Bull, who is portrayed in two caricatures given on the opposite page, very much resembles the English type—save that he is much more energetic. He is for ever striking an attitude — probably as a protest on the part of the more phlegmatic Hollanders against the unnatural English activity.

Englishmen are too familiar with American delineations of John Bull to need to have the peculiarities of the latter explained. There is this to be said: John Bull was an entity from the first days of American caricature, but has undergone many transformations to adapt himself to the national temper. His old unwieldy bulkiness, his underhung jaw and plebeian visage have gradually given place to a new and—save here and there—a more courteous type. In noting the evolution of John Bull in America, we must remember that the founders of *Puck*, Messrs. Keppler and Swarzmann, were Germans. With Mr. Bunner, the editor, the writer long had a personal acquaintance at a time when *Puck* was a leading factor in American politics. He told me that all his influence was needed with Keppler, Graetz, Zimmerman, and the rest to keep John Bull in, and the Queen and Prince of Wales out of, the paper as prototypes of England, and his occasional failures he regretted. The chief caricaturists of *Judge*—twenty years ago—were Messrs. Gillam and Wales, both, I believe, Englishmen, so their caricatures approximated to the *Punch* type, but with a truculence which will not be found in the leading American journals since America's own excursions into militarism.



THE COLONIAL IDEA.
FROM "SYDNEY BULLETIN."

Of John Bull as he is seen by the British Colonists there is only room for the appended from the *Sydney Bulletin*, which gives a fair sample of the comic Australian idea.

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By Tammers' Camp Fires.—VI.

By K. and Hesketh Prichard.

TAMMERS AND HIS LUCK.

THIS story does not take you into the glow of the camp fire, for after that almost incredible feat of endurance when he marched for six days in the burning African sunshine, first with the rapidly-moving forces of the Emir, and afterwards during his escape alone across the desert to catch up with the column under Colonel Christopher, Tammers was obliged to leave Africa for a time.

He had been carried into camp delirious, well-nigh dead, by the scouting party who found him. I went through an anxious time getting him back to Cairo. His iron health had given way at last under repeated strains, and given way very completely. He was invalided, and told in the plainest language that if he wished to live he must return at once to England for at least six months to recruit.

A spell of ill-luck seemed to have seized upon Tammers. For while we waited at Cairo letters reached him with the worst possible news about the investment in which he had sunk practically the whole of the savings gained by fifteen years of hunting and ivory-trading.

"I'd be on the ground, Anson, but for the Government money," he said. I remarked that he would not be able to do much recruiting on the generous sum of forty pounds. I was making my first acquaintance with the method in which a munificent Government deals with the just and the unjust, or, in other words, with those who have served it well or ill.

We were hard up, very, both of us. My purse, never a heavy one, had been lightened by various outlays during my wanderings with Tammers. Altogether, by the time we had bought civilized outfits for the return voyage to England and paid for our tickets, our means were at a very low ebb. Even the proceeds of the diamonds we had traded on our rather memorable trip which culminated among the Bahongas—an adventure I have already written of—had dwindled away.

To tell the truth, I was a good deal worried about the state of Tammers' finances, far more so than he was himself. Never had I admired him more than at that time. Hard-hit in pocket, with his splendid health and iron constitution temporarily broken down, it was a moment when, if ever, the shallows of most characters would have been laid bare. But it was not so with him. He faced the situation cheerfully, and seldom spoke of it.

"I'll have to go on another trading trip, that's all," he would say.

I reminded him that six months' rest must come first, otherwise the doctors gave a disheartening prospect of the future. "It is scandalous that the Government won't help you," I added.

"I've had my rights there," Tammers contended, stolidly. "They kept to their bargain. I can't ask more than that, you know, Anson."

Knowing his record I differed from him, but I said no more on that subject. But when I urged—as any man in my place must have done—that any little money I had or might earn was as much his as mine, his gratitude was almost pathetic.

"That's all right, Anson," he said, and solemnly shook hands with me. "You're a good comrade, and I'm proud to know you, Anson."

But in the bottom of my heart I was terribly afraid that, once we landed in England, Tammers would be hard put to it before I could bring him to allow me to share expenses with him.

This conversation which I have briefly referred to above took place on board the *Koobian*. It was close upon a week since we started, and the Mediterranean had treated us to wretched weather, a series of chilly, rainy days, that on board ship produce a quite peculiar sense of discomfort and depression.

Tammers and I turned out during a break in the downpour. The unseen sun was setting somewhere beyond the curtain of

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clouds that seemed to be dropped close upon the white tumble of waves ahead. We were on the lower promenade deck, where they allow the second-class passengers to take exercise. It was wet and empty, and little puffs of spindrift lashed in at us as the steamer rode stormily over the rising swell.

Tammers walked up and down beside me, his shoulders square, his hands deep in his pockets. We had not assimilated with our fellow-passengers, chiefly because Tammers was out of health and I was out of spirits.

As we paced up and down, down and up, I looked at my friend in the dull evening light. I could hardly recognise this emaciated man as the hardy scout I had known in Africa. His even tan of complexion looked discoloured, pouches had gathered under his eyes, and his corded, square hands stood out from lean wrists.

"It will be a good long time before you are ready for any trading trip," I said, in the severe tones people are apt to use to spirited invalids who wish to forestall recovery.

Tammers faced me as we turned; his half-smile almost nettled me.

"The Rothschilds, hot on a big European loan, aren't in it with you, Anson," he remarked, with elementary directness. "I promise I'll borrow from you — if I want cash."

I grunted crossly, and implied that it was just the one subject on which I knew his judgment would be at fault.

"I'll pull round in no time. I've never been ill before in my life."

"That is why you don't understand anything about it," I said, conclusively. "Come, you're looking tired. Let's go to the smoking-room."

Tammers looked from the darkening sky to the swift-running seas.

"We're spinning," he remarked, with satisfaction; "we'll pass Gib to-morrow."

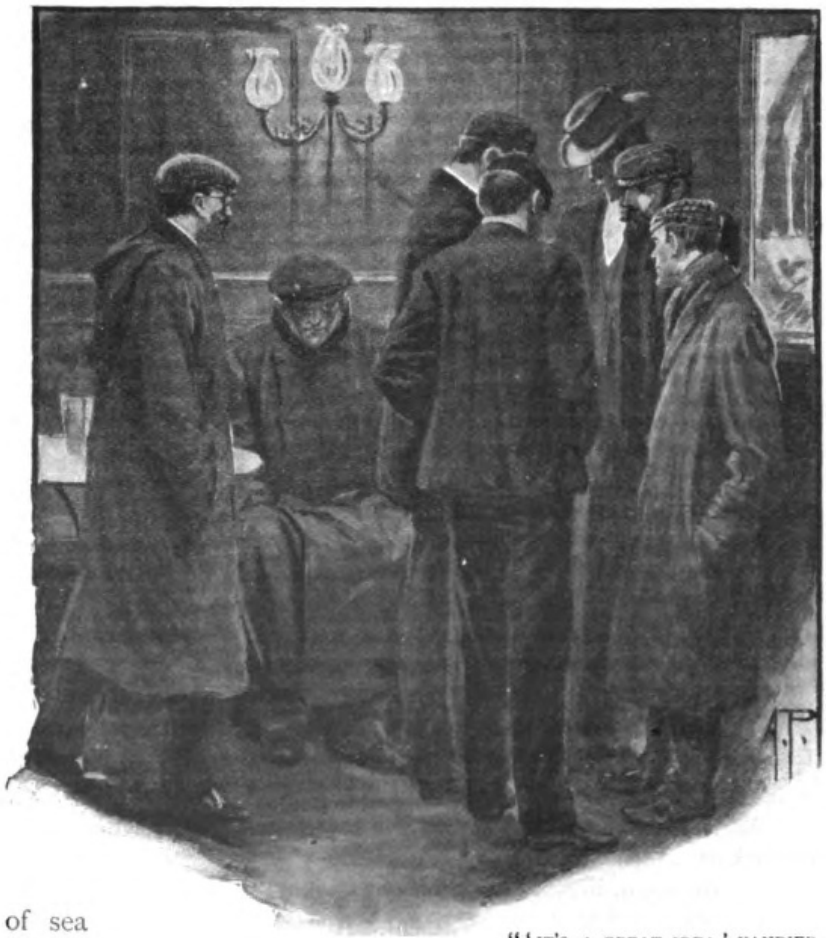
Tammers hated and loathed the imprisonment of sea life, as do all hunters.

It was growing dark and very cold as I followed Tammers aft. He swung himself up the ladder and opened the smoking-room door. The blaze of electric light blinded me for the moment; then I saw that all the sofas were occupied, and in a recess to the right a group of men were talking excitedly. Although the season was mid-January the ship was unusually crowded: Christmas tourists from Palestine and Egypt, and the usual sprinkling of Army men and Australians.

The fabric of the ship creaked and groaned with every roll; the wind was battering at woodwork and cordage with the shrill, passionate scream one hears only at sea.

"It's a great idea," Vandier was saying as Tammers dropped into a seat behind him. "Oh, for mercy's sake, close that weather door, steward. It's cold enough, anyway."

Vandier was a tall, gaunt man, energetic and nervous, quite the leading spirit of the second saloon. Whatever his business in life may have been, it appeared to take him up and down the Mediterranean a dozen times a year. He had acquaintances everywhere and in every class of life, most of



"'IT'S A GREAT IDEA,' VANDIER WAS SAYING."

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whom he called by a friendly abbreviation of their first names.

At his order the smoking-room steward paused in his accounts and shut the door on the blustering night outside. The steamer vibrated as she dipped heavily through a beam sea.

"It is a great idea," said another man, repeating Vandier's words assertively. "I've never put in so slow a time on a voyage before. Feel the screw racing? By Jove! it seems a month since I came aboard. I tell you it is a great idea. It'll kill time. Each ticket to include five miles, eh? Say, Vandier, what's your notion of a price for the tickets?"

"Five pounds a mile. Twenty-five pounds for the ticket," suggested an American.

"That's 'igh for second saloon," objected a pallid, dirty-looking man, with a red muffler wound about his throat.

"Guess we mean square biz! We want some excitement for our money. Least, it's what I've got a craving for—excitement right here."

Vandier looked at the American.

"That's so," he agreed. "Five pounds is highish for some of us, but the prize must run into three figures. As I was saying, my proposal is that the tickets be drawn, not sold; we won't have them sold. And any gentleman who does not care to stake twenty-five pounds can chip in with others of his own weight. Two, three, or five to one ticket. If it wins they can divide the prize."

"That leaves room for every spook in this crowd," commented a drummer, affably. "I'll take two tickets myself."

"One for me!"

"I'll go a tenner. Who'll join in?"

"Here you are!"

"I'll put all I'm worth on it but a five-pound note," called out a young officer, who was smoking on a distant settee. "But I suppose you will not limit it to second saloon, Vandier?"

"By no means. The more the merrier. But perhaps the bloated millionaires forward won't care to take part in a scheme that has its inception among the twenty-five-guinea fares. They had a sweepstake on yesterday's run. Who won, steward?"

"First prize was fifty pounds, sir, I heard. A lady won it, sir—Mrs. Merrow."

"Ah! widow to Merrow's Spiced Tongues," remarked someone. "Always the way. Money draws money."

"Colonel Scales took second, sir," added the steward.

"I say, mister, look 'ere." The man with the red muffler pushed his way to the front and stood leaning forward with two discoloured thumbs hitched on to the edge of the table. "I 'aven't caught the 'ang of yer trick yet. Supposin' you tell us 'ow it's worked, and see wot present company will tune up to on the chawnce. If it's a good thing, let's keep all we can of it 'ere, where it's most wanted."

"We're none of us as rich as we'd like to be, I dare say," replied Vandier. "Some of us are being sent home invalided, and more of us are going home to have a good time as long as the money lasts. My idea was that if one fellow was to sweep in the lot of our surplus cash, it would give him some fun anyhow. So I suggested we might get up a big sweepstake on to-morrow's run. The winner to scoop in the whole pool. Do you see?"

"Yer suggestion, as yer calls it, ain't no different to any other gamble, as far as I know," objected the Cockney, in contemptuous disappointment.

"Perhaps you don't happen to know that very often—mostly, in fact—in these ocean gambles on the day's run, a man chooses his fancy figure and buys it; in which case the price of a likely mileage is considerably more than that of an unlikely one. A poor man, like you or me, could only afford a precious bad chance. Under my system it is different. Every man stands in to win on his own luck. Each ticket will cover five miles—two hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty-five—the numbers will be written on pieces of paper, folded up and put in the hat, and the ticket-holders will draw in turn."

"'Ow will they draw?"

"In what order, do you mean? In alphabetical order, of course."

The pallid man grinned suddenly, and a hectic spot blazed out on his cheek. He pulled the muffler loose at his throat.

"'Ooray! That's one bit of luck for me! I'll 'ave first draw! 'Ooray, I say! My name's Habchick—begins with a hay! Put me down, mister, for one ticket. And will any gentleman like to 'alve it with me? Don't all speak at once!"

He dropped back panting, and took a seat in the background while the talk went on and details were discussed.

"Now, gentlemen, will you kindly listen?" Vandier spoke again. "What was to-day's run, steward?"

"Three hundred and twenty-five, sir."

"And what is the *Koobian's* record?"

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"'OORAY! THAT'S ONE BIT OF LUCK FOR ME!

"Three eighty-five, sir."

"All right; thanks. Now, gentlemen, we will head the tickets with the number three hundred and eighty-five and run down as far as may be necessary. For the sake of argument, let us suppose that thirty tickets are taken up at twenty-five pounds each, and the man who draws the mileage nearest to fact to win the whole sum. Call it seven hundred and fifty pounds. I hope I have made myself clear? It is only the usual lottery, but on a higher scale."

In a few minutes he was seated with pen and paper, taking down the names of those disposed to share tickets or to buy whole ones.

"Three shares for me, Mr. Vandier."

"One for me, sir; I can't run to more."

And so on. Vandier booked the tickets methodically. But it took some time to settle details, especially in the cases of shared tickets, as to which of the joint owners was to be empowered to draw. Abchick shuffled his way to the table in his turn. He brought down his thin fist on it and looked round to see if he caught general attention, before he announced: "Has for me, Mr. Vandier, I'll go one full chawnce on the deal. I wasn't born Habchick for nothink. It's a natural advantage, that's wot I calls it. And why shouldn't I take it?"

"Quite a providential arrangement," agreed Vandier, politely, as he wrote down Abchick's name. Presently in a pause he turned to Tammers.

"We have about cleared out the second saloon, I think. No use asking you to join us, sir?" he said. "I can't call to mind that you have risked a shilling in any of our little sweeps on the day's run since you came aboard. Gambling not in your line, perhaps?"

"Not much," said Tammers, quietly. "But as this gamble's on another level to your sweeps of yesterday and the day before, I'll have a ticket."

I looked at him, but could not catch his eye. I was remorsefully sure that my insistence in the matter of needing money for a good long spell in England had driven him to risk pretty nearly all he had.

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"One?" asked Vandier, thrusting out his under lip. "You are not a born gambler, Mr. Tammers."

"No," replied Tammers, amiably. "Just now I'm a pauper."

Vandier gave him a second look.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "No offence, I hope?"

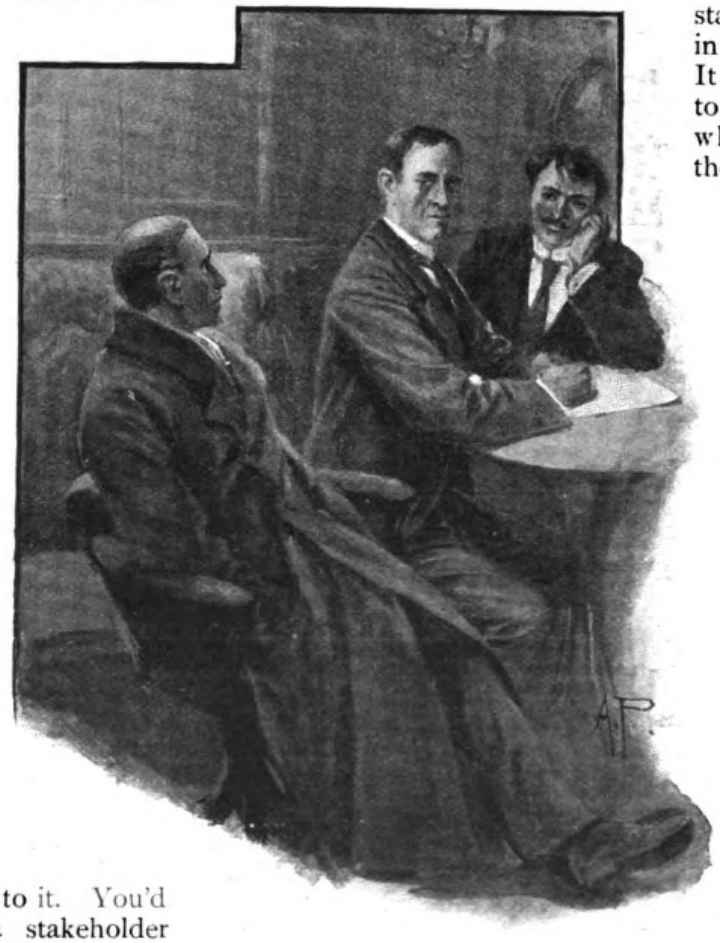
"None to speak of. Pray don't mention it," replied Tammers, rising from his chair. "There's that poor consumptive chap that begins with an A shouting at you."

"Look 'ere, mister, there's got to be a stakeholder."

"Present company excepted," promptly added the drummer.

Vandier passed his pencil rapidly down the paper he held in his hand.

"We have only taken up twelve tickets and three-quarters among ourselves here. Now I'll go along and see what the first saloon people say to it. You'd better appoint a stakeholder for yourselves, and the first saloon can name another," Vandier said, as he went down the companion. Immediately a loud hubbub of talk broke out and the smoking-room stewards grinned. If the first saloon took it up, it promised to be the biggest gamble the old *Koobian* had seen for many a day.



"JUST NOW I'M A PAUPER."

Tammers had made his way to my side, and sat down looking very spent. I felt I had done mischief enough, and in any case could not well allude to the matter of the ticket he had taken. We exchanged a few words, but for the most part listened to the talking about us; stories of luck and ill-luck predominated. Nearly every man had some wonderful instance to relate.

We had heard a good many of these when Tammers turned to me.

"Luck is like an old horse, Anson. It don't do to depend on him for any long time, but he may serve your turn now and again for all that." Soon after he said he thought he'd turn in, and went off to his cabin.

Vandier, one of whose principal assets in life appeared to be, as I have said, a limitless acquaintance, easily had his sweepstake started by a friend in the first saloon. It is not necessary to set down here by what subterfuges they got round the legal difficulties which might have defeated their project. It is enough to say that the first cabin rose magnificently to the bait, and the subscription could have been quadrupled in less than an hour. Later on the stakeholders were nominated and the drawing of the lots was fixed to take place on the following morning in the main saloon at ten o'clock.

Most people are familiar with the sweepstakes on the day's run common to all liners—that is, on the distance covered between nine o'clock one morning and nine o'clock the next morning. Vandier's suggestion only varied the usual procedure, and lent to it an added interest.

The next morning dawned bleak, blue, and windy, over a stretch of white-lipped seas. At both breakfast-tables nothing was spoken of but the sweepstake. The first saloon entered into the thing with zest, and a meeting was held in the smoking-room to arrange details.

There was a head wind and the barometer was falling slightly, whereby the opinion of

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experts spread abroad the rumour that the most likely mileage would be three hundred and forty to three hundred and forty-five, or thereabouts. Consequently, the ticket which included these numbers became the one most desired.

To tell the truth, I became far more anxious than Tammers as to the results of the drawing. He took it as all in the day's work, so to speak. After breakfast he and I with the rest went forward to the main saloon. It chanced that Abchick stood beside us. He was not only excited, but elated.

"You look about as sick as I do myself, mister," he remarked, looking at Tammers' hollow face. "But London air and this bit of luck's going to set me on my legs again."

"Feel lucky this morning?" asked Tammers.

"I do that. Luck's coming my way to-day, you see if it don't! It's 'ealth and strength to me, this is."

On his name being called first, he stepped forward to the table with a self-confident smile. Taking his cap from his damp hair, he looked into the row of faces, bowed, and cleared his throat stridently.

"Lydies and gents, I feel myself in a proud position to-day—at the 'ead of this fashionable gathering," he began, in a husky voice.

The stakeholders would have silenced him, but the first saloon laughed and said, "Hear, hear."

"As I was saying, lydies and gents, this is the proudest day of my life. My name's Habchick, and I tops the list. Lord Kitchener 'imself, if 'e wos 'ere, would foller a long way behind that. Lydies and gents, I 'ave much pleasure in declaring this bazaar open."

The laughter and cheers that followed this speech delighted him. He laughed and immediately coughed painfully, wiping his glistening forehead with the end of his muffler. Then he put his shaking hand into the basket and took out the little folded grey-blue slip that meant so much to him. The passengers drew closer as he opened it—his manifest state of excitement was contagious.

He stared at the paper and began to tremble violently.

"Lord 'Arry! I've drorn it!" He raised his eyes with a stifled shout, as if demanding the sympathy of the crowd.

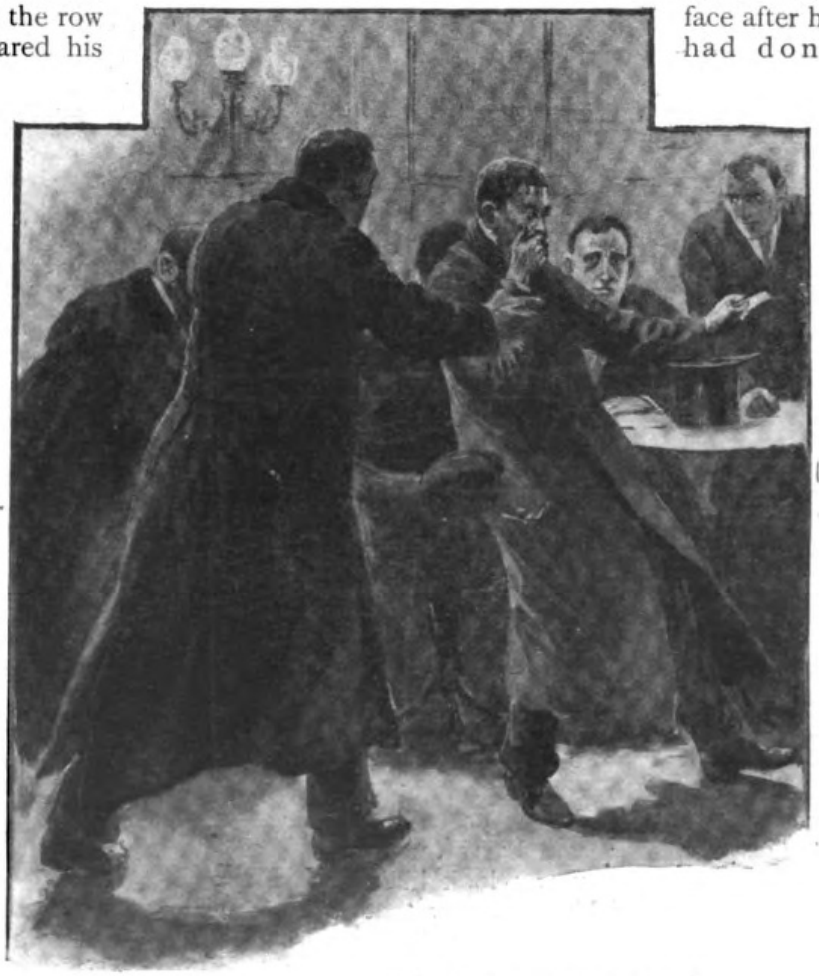
There was a second's hesitation; then, it must be owned, they responded heartily enough.

With blazing hollow eyes he faced them, his face contorted between difficulty of breathing and an intoxication of hope.

"Lydies and gents, I call this 'andsome, I——" He clapped his hands to his mouth, as Tammers sprang forward and almost carried him through the people behind.

We took him aft, while a steward ran for the ship's doctor.

"Broken a blood-vessel." The doctor looked down at the pinched unconsciousness of Abchick's face after he had done



"TAMMERS SPRANG FORWARD."

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what he could for his comfort. "I'm afraid he's going to pay too high for his prize if he wins it."

They sent for Tammers when his turn to draw came. He picked up his slip of grey-blue, but did not open it at once. He went out and stood in the eye of the wind. There he read the numbers chance had dealt out to him: two hundred and twenty to two hundred and twenty-five. The lowest and—under the prevailing conditions or, indeed, under almost any conditions—absolutely the worst draw in the hat.

He smiled slightly as he refolded the slip into its original creases with unnecessary care. He had gone into the matter with a very level notion of the smallness of his chance, and now characteristically he did not blame himself. He had taken his luck, and it had turned out to be bad luck. He dropped the ticket into his pocket-book and turned back into the saloon where the drawing was still going on.

A well-dressed young woman with a piquant face stood at the door. She had singularly pretty eyebrows and hazel eyes.

"Guess you've selected the wrong numbers," she said, both voice and accent proclaiming her nationality.

Tammers looked round at the pretty American who stood at his elbow.

"I don't know about selecting, but I've got 'em anyhow, ma'am," he answered, good-humouredly.

"I'm real sorry for you. How bad is it?" she asked.

"About as bad as it can be—it's the lowest of the lot: two hundred and twenty to two hundred and twenty-five."

"It don't seem as if your luck amounted to much this quarter, anyhow," she remarked, glancing at his face. "Been very sick, too? I've had Indian fever myself touring round."

"Fever here, too," said Tammers; "nothing to speak of, though."

"Well, I'm real sorry for you. Guess I'm all right with my ticket. Look here: three hundred and forty-five to three hundred and fifty. I'll get it, you bet. I'm always lucky. I don't want the money. I suppose that's why it always turns down my corner of the road. I say!" A sudden light came into her wonderful hazel eyes as she laid a light touch on his arm and led him a little apart from the others. "You look like as if you wanted some picking up after that fever of yours. Do you want to oblige me right here?"

"Just put a name to it, ma'am."

A charming shyness came into her frank gaze.

"I'd like to feel I cared a bit about this lottery," she said. "I don't now. But if you'll oblige me I'll not eat or sleep, I'll be so keen till to-morrow to know who's going to scoop in the dollars. Let's swop tickets. I want to see if my luck's good enough to carry me through, even if I have the worst chance."

Tammers shook his head.

"It's very kind of you, ma'am; but I couldn't do it."

Mrs. Merrow pouted. Her generous desire to give the sick man at her side a chance of winning was not easily to be thwarted. She tried persuasion, a pretence at anger, and finally acknowledged that it would make her happier if she knew he had won the sweepstake and could have the money to use in England until he got strong again. She had heard of him—an officer on board had, in fact, told her something of Tammers' career. But Tammers stuck to his point: he "was very grateful, but he couldn't do it."

Soon the story of his ill-luck leaked out, and he came in for much entirely unappreciated sympathy. Tammers told me he felt like the smallest boy in a street fight; nobody was jealous of him and everybody hoped he would win, because they thought such a thing almost beyond the bounds of possibility.

In the first flush of feeling, Vandier, who had drawn a likely number himself, went so far as to offer solace in the form of champagne.

But Tammers would none of it.

"It isn't time for the funeral yet," he remarked. "You haven't won and I haven't lost—not by a round of the clock."

"Talking of funerals, you're better off than the consumptive who drew the first favourite in the way of numbers. They say he's very bad, eh, doctor?" turning to the ship's doctor, who had just come in.

"Pretty low," was the answer.

"Broke a blood-vessel through excitement at his good luck, wasn't it?"

"Yes, something of the sort," said the doctor, passing on.

By evening the *Koobian* had made one hundred and sixty-nine miles, and nearly half the time was over. The favourites were still Abchick—who lay unconscious in an empty state-room—and Mrs. Merrow. The weather had improved, which was considered by some to give the lady the greater chance, for the *Koobian* was making an eighth of a

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knot better speed. The sympathy for Tammers had visibly abated—he and his ill-luck were alike forgotten.

Half the second saloon were going to sit up all night, and time after time the cherub log was consulted by the light of a lantern. Tammers did not trouble himself. At ten o'clock he turned in, and was only with difficulty persuaded not to sit up with Abchick during the small hours that the doctor might have some rest. However, I managed to settle the matter to his satisfaction by arranging to take that part of the watching myself. The ship was going easier by this time, and I fell into my first sleep with the long roar of the water in my ears and the tireless pulsation of the screw.



"WHAT HAS HAPPENED? WHAT IS IT?"

I awoke with a start in the completeness of darkness, and for a bewildered minute was aware only of something I missed.

The *Koobian* was rolling fiercely in the trough of the sea. Then suddenly I almost shouted as I tumbled on my coat and trousers over my pyjamas. I shook up Tammers in his berth. There could be no mistake about it. The ship was hove to, the propeller had ceased to revolve, and in the unwonted stillness a distant hubbub reached our ears. We ran through the dark passages and up the companion into the alley-way. The *Koobian* lay under a serene sky, rolling heavily over a black turmoil of water.

We felt our way along to the engine-room skylight and looked down. Dark figures were passing in and out of the glow-worm reflection below. Above the decks were crowded with terrified people.

"What has happened? What is it? For Heaven's sake, what is wrong? Is there danger?" The note of fear, now thin, now sharp, was to be heard in the medley of voices that struck upwards to the stars.

A burly figure in oilskins brushed past Tammers. Even in the gloom we recognised the first officer. He began to descend the ladder into the engine-room.

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"Maybe it's me you're looking for, Mr. Green?" asked a hoarse whisper from below.

"Oh, that you, Mr. Roche? The captain wants to know what the damage is?"

A low-pitched consultation between Mr. Green and the chief engineer followed. The last question only reached us.

"How soon do you think?" asked the first officer.

"I'd not like to pledge myself," slowly replied the chief, "but as soon as I can."

"Is there danger? Must we take to the boats?" a woman's voice cried out shrilly on the cold air.

The answer came at once. The captain was speaking from the bridge:—

"There is no danger whatever. Nothing has happened but a slight temporary breakdown in the engine-room, which can be put to rights in a short time. I would advise you, ladies and gentlemen, to go below at once and, for that matter, back to bed. There is not the smallest cause for alarm. Mr. Roche, I'll be obliged if you will step up here."

The crowd filtered away by degrees, and Tammers felt the chief engineer step out on the deck somewhere beside him in the dark.

"One word, Mr. Roche," said Tammers. "Is there any chance that this delay may detain us until after nine o'clock to-morrow morning?"

The chief muttered something about the brazen curiosity of passengers, and was moving off when apparently an idea struck him. He drew up. "And what might your name be, sir? It's just come to my mind that it might be Tammers."

"Yes, I'm Tammers."

The chief laughed in the dark.

"I thought it might be," he said. "Well, I'll not undertake to say but what you're seemingly a very lucky man."

By eight-thirty next morning the screw began to vibrate gently, tentatively, as if almost afraid of its own vehemence; then, gradually gaining confidence as it seemed, the motion quickened to the familiar grinding plunge. By nine o'clock the mileage was something a little over two hundred and ten. Tammers had won the sweep.

Mrs. Merrow met him as he hurried away from the first saloon.

"My luck tore on the cross this time," she said, "but yours went slick with the selvedge. Guess you're glad you didn't swop?"

Tammers halted in his stride.

"It was very kind of you, all the same, ma'am. I can't forget that."

Then he passed on to the cabin where Abchick still lay insensible. The afternoon was growing to dusk, and the sidelights had long since been burning, when Tammers turned from the sick man's bunk and spoke to the ship's doctor, who was writing at the table.

Dr. Malone glanced round at the shaded form on the berth.

"Recovering consciousness, is he? Hope not," he said. "He'd be sure to ask about that confounded sweepstake. He is going fast. It would be better if he could die as he is, knowing nothing."

In the interval that followed a rush of feet passed overhead, and the wind dashed a spatter of rain against the port.

Presently the figure in the bunk moved ever so slightly.

"'Oo are you? Oh, lor', I do feel bad." The weak voice lost itself in a cough.

Tammers bent down and arranged the pillows.

"This is Dr. Malone," he said; "I'm only one of the passengers. Don't talk, it will only hurt you."

"I remember now. I was took sick when I drored the favourite. Doctor sitting with me? Oh, my! That mean's I'm going. Move the shade till I can see the faces of you." He strained his gaze upon the two men. "That'll do." Another fit of coughing tore him. "That'll do. I'm going!"

When all that could be done for him was done, and he was somewhat at ease, he began again:—

"It's no use telling me to shut up. I must speak. I'll never see 'ome no more. I drored the best chawnce in the pack, I did. But I'll not live to see 'oo wins. Mister"—his eyes were raised to Tammers' face—"there's something you can do for me."

Tammers sat down on the edge of the bunk.

"Go ahead," he said.

"Listen! Just you tike that ticket of mine and sell 'im—auction 'im. They'll let you sell it when they knows I'm so bad. It'll fetch a 'undred pounds. They'll buy it fast enough. A 'undred pounds, I tells yer!"

Abchick was growing visibly weaker; his face gleamed in luminous pallor against the greasy red handkerchief under his cheek. The ship rolled and the man groaned breathlessly. "Auction it," he repeated, eagerly, trying to find his voice, "and send the price of it to Mrs. 'Ubert Habchick, 9½, Landers Road, Acton. 'Urry up, or I'll be gorn, perhaps, and I'd like to know if I've left 'er and the kids somethink."

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Malone got up and looked down at the sick man. It was a pity, but he must be told. It was clear that Abchick was entirely unconscious of the time that had elapsed since he had been taken ill. Tammers kicked Malone furtively.

"How much should you say your chance was worth?" he asked, before the doctor could speak.

"It's worth a 'undred pounds — maybe more."

"In case we shouldn't be able to auction it in a hurry, I'll give you that amount for it," offered Tammers.

Abchick's eyes glistened into cunning.

"Something's 'appened since I was took sick, or you wouldn't be so glib to catch me up. Wot's happened? I say, wot's happened?" He grew pitiably excited. "Don't go for to cheat a pore dying man! You'll be cursed if you do. Wot's the time?"

"Half-past five — almost six," replied Malone.

"'Ow many miles 'ave we done since morning?"

"I have no idea." It was Tammers who spoke this time.



"IT'S HARD TO DIE HERE, MISTER, FUR THEY THINKS A LOT O' ME AT 'OME."

"Why? 'Aven't you been looking same as I'll bet the rest of 'em has?" he asked, suspiciously. "Wot's wrong with you?"

"I drew the worst chance of the lot—two hundred and twenty to two hundred and twenty-five. See?"

"Ho, that's it, is it? You wos soon put out of your pain, then," said Abchick, with a ghastly attempt at pleasantry. "Well, 'ere, I'll make you an offer, old man. Make it a 'undred and fifty. It's dirt cheap at a 'undred and fifty."

Again the ship's doctor made as if to speak, but Tammers stopped him.

"All right, I'll take it at that," he said.

"Now we won't be long! Let 'em all come! They liked to 'ear me talk at 'ome. Aw, yes, I always made 'em larf. I was born 'umerous, and I'll die 'umerous. Tell 'em I died 'umerous, and they'll say, ''Ubert, he would 'ave his joke wotever, 'e would,' they'll say. They'll be sorry, though, when they 'ear I've crorst the river," he ended, triumphantly; then, again, "It's 'ard to die here, mister, fur they thinks a lot o' me at 'ome." He turned his face to the wooden partition, murmuring, "They thinks a lot o' me—at——"

Before he had time to finish the life in him flickered away.

The ship's doctor stood up.

"Poor beggar! These hard cases often snuff out like that," he said.

"I'll hand the one hundred and fifty pounds to you, Dr. Malone, and perhaps you'll be good enough to see that Mrs. Abchick gets it. I'll look her up myself, of course, some day."

Malone nodded.

"But that bargain of yours," he said. "Of course, we cannot let it stand. We'll send round the hat for Mrs. Abchick, and you can make up the balance to one hundred and fifty pounds if you like. This sort of people"—he indicated the bunk—"are incapable of understanding. He thought you wanted to cheat him."

"Poor chap!" said Tammers, awkwardly, for the words were still in his ears, "They thinks a lot o' me at 'ome." "You'll oblige me greatly, sir, if you'll say nothing of my bargain with Abchick to the other passengers. Because, if they knew, it would interfere with their giving when we send round the hat for his wife, and—and—we'll do that in any case, don't you know?"

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Some Hunting Mishaps.

By J. Crawford-Wood.

"OH, dear! oh, dear! *Where* do they find these dreadful places?" once cried Lord Wilton during a dinner at Egerton Lodge, on hearing some of his guests narrate their deeds of valour. I do not echo the inquiry, for my difficulty in reviewing "dreadful places" is somewhat after the manner of Cicero's praise of Pompey—it is not where to begin, but to know where to end.

As an observer of fox-hunting it is but natural that I mark the predicaments into which from time to time my fellow-men fall; and it is little less than marvellous that the crowds of horsemen which sweep across the country, composed, as they often are, of every class of rashness, daring, and ignorance, should emerge at the end of forty minutes with but a few mud-stained coats and silk hats crushed beyond all semblance of their original shape.

Still, accidents of a serious nature do occur, and I fancy few surgeons in a hunting country can complain that they never have the opportunity of attending a hunting accident.

We vastly underrate the courage and intelligence of the horse when we arrogate to ourselves the credit of safely crossing the country in a fast scurry of thirty minutes. Let us but retrace our steps and note the thousand pitfalls into which a blundering steed might have thrown us. A walk along the line you rode yesterday will show you how clever the merely average hunter is in surmounting difficulties and keeping out of scrapes. Concerning his courage, I always think there can be no greater proof of it than the way he faces a bullfinch—the hedge peculiar, I believe, to the shires; this obstacle may be ten or twelve feet high, the lower part is firm as a stone wall, but the upper works, consisting as it does of thorn-brake more or less thick and dense, the horse can jump through it. You can bend your head, or even use an arm to guard your eyes, as you crash through. The horse has to take the thorns where they come. Really one can understand the feelings of that foreigner, guest of a certain noble sportsman, who, having been lent a hunter by way of a treat, returned it with the exclamation, "Morbleu, milord, votre chasse est une chasse diabolique!"

Every hour of the day has its danger. A certain good sportsman was jogging home on a moonless night through the driving rain, when suddenly his horse, having wandered to the side of the road, fell with a crash down the steep bank of a rivulet which runs under the road ten or twelve feet below. The horse "brought up" in the streamlet just at the mouth of the low tunnel or culvert which carries its waters under the embankment along which the road runs, and in falling contrived to shoot off his rider into the culvert. Having accomplished this feat he rested contentedly against the opening, regardless of the detail that he was blocking his master in. The unfortunate man, dazed by such a fall in the dark, first became aware that one of his feet was jammed between the horse and the stonework, but only when he tried to get upon his feet did he discover that he was in a tunnel, comparable for height and width to the doorway of a large dog-kennel. He tried to rouse his horse, which, more by feeling than by sight, he found was blocking the entrance; but in the narrow space he could not use his whip nor bring any persuasion to bear, and the horse, having had a long day, seemed perfectly satisfied with the situation and declined to stir. It was a considerable time before the prisoner grasped the important fact that there are two ends to every culvert, and when he did so he crawled painfully on hands and knees in the water right to the farther end of the tunnel.

Of all men who ride to hounds I think the soldier stands pre-eminent for pluck or reckless daring. The Iron Duke is popularly supposed to have said that hunting was the finest education for a soldier. Far be it from me to attempt to dispute the veracity or to disparage the potency of the statement, but it has inspired within the breasts of young officers a very laudable feeling that riding to hounds is a portion of their duty to the State, and fulfils certain requirements which, if not found within the Army regulations, at any rate are implied by the law of custom. This conscientiousness involves the determination to get over, under, or

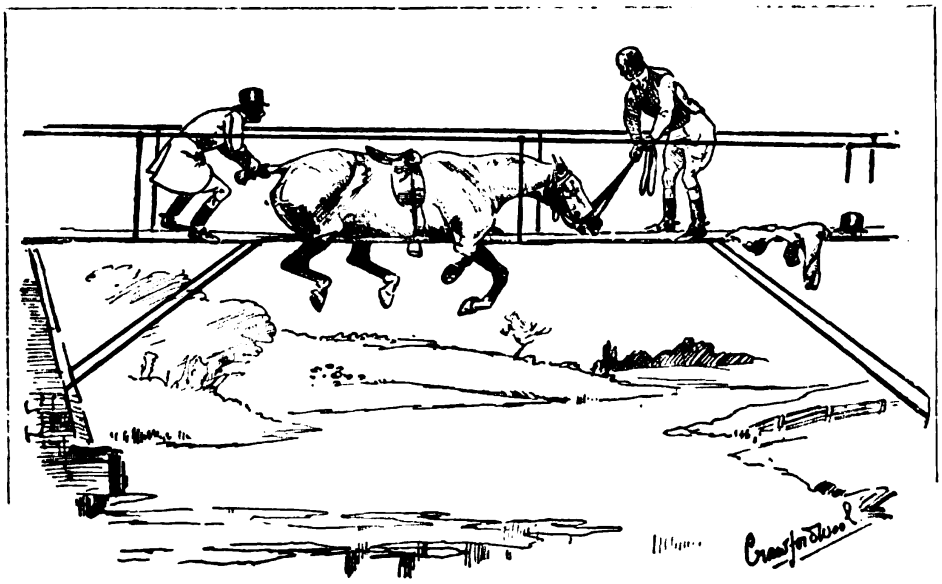
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through any obstacle which Nature or the art of man may devise, whether in the shape of brook or fence. The quick decision necessary for the man who means to ride well up with the hounds is, I think, of the greatest service in military education; hence the soldier is ever buoyed up by the knowledge that he is combining business with his pleasure.

A little scene I recall which befell two officers of Artillery, who were stationed at Weedon, rather points the moral of resourcefulness, for the ill-success of their daring was greatly mitigated by the adroitness with which they saved the situation.

They were hunting with the Pytchley, and the hounds were following the fox through the village of Floore and along the water meadows which border the Nene—a river just swelling into fair proportions. The fox thought fit to swim across the water, and in due course hounds followed him. Now, the Pytchley men are not celebrated for their daring when facing broad streams—there are few such in the country and brook-jumping is seldom necessary—and on this occasion they made haste down the stream to a ford, leaving but two of their number considering the possibility of crossing an iron footbridge, scant and frail. Deeming it feasible to cross the bridge on foot, Captain the Hon. George Stanley led his horse over and was followed by his subaltern, Mr. R. H. Peckham. The latter was but half-way over when his horse slipped on the smooth plates, and in another second was fairly lodged astride the narrow footway. To the ordinary mortal such a catastrophe would have presented insuperable difficulties, but men versed in the art of hauling guns into all manner of inaccessible positions solved the problem after taking thought. In a word, they hauled and pulled and pushed at that horse until the animal was fairly overbalanced and fell with a splash into the waters below. They lacked neither advice nor encouragement, for their fellow-sportsmen, having waded through the ford, forsook the chase and returned to watch—and chaff—them. What good wit a man in a safe position can ever summon at the expense of the unfortunate who lies beneath the buffers of fortune! I never see a man on the wrong side of a brook, exercising his brain in badinage for the benefit of one who wallows in the stream, without thinking that he who is on dry land because he did not try the jump cuts a more ridiculous figure than he who boldly tried and failed.

I remember once in the Grafton country standing by, I think, Captain Herewald Wake, while his horse struggled in the mud in the backwater of a mill-race. A group of rustics had gathered, as they always do on such occasions. It was a bitter winter's day, with the thin ice freezing the edges of even running streams. The horse was blown, and was fast losing spirit from his unsuccessful attempts to free himself from the mud, and we were waiting to let him get his wind before the final effort was made, when rustic No. 1, after sundry shifting of his ponderous feet, said, "He'll die," whereupon his companion rejoined, "He'll die, sure, for he's got cramp. Mister, shall I fetch a gun, for he will die far easier?" The gun was not wanted, for eventually, with the help of four stirrup-leathers buckled together and a little assistance from the bystanders, we succeeded in dragging a very dilapidated-looking animal from the slough.



"THE HORSE WAS FAIRLY LODGED ASTRIDE THE NARROW FOOTWAY."

Not least amongst the curious accidents of the hunting-field must I place one which befell myself. It is now six seasons ago, and occurred in the Lichborough Vale, in the

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Grafton country. I was riding a young but sensible horse, who was a particularly good timber jumper, and I think it was an unwarrantable trust in his intelligence and jumping abilities that led me into the scrape, which appears upon cool reflection to be both stupid and foolhardy. We were running a fox from Stowe Wood, and were close upon the lady pack, who were racing away on a hot scent over the turf of this vale.

It became necessary to reach the road which runs from Farthingstone to Castle Dykes, but there was a difficulty in the shape of a "bottom"—a deep chasm with an overgrown, tangled bullfinch on the far side, whose straggling mass reached across the brook to my bank. With one's blood well warmed prudence was lacking, and on nearing the bottom I found a narrow, two-plank bridge with a single hand-rail. Now, with a clever horse it was not impossible to cross such a bridge, and a stile on the far side was so low that the horse could jump it or tumble over it, whichever he listed, for all the difference it was likely to make to his rider. "The devil tempted me," and disdaining even to dismount and lead the horse along the planks I rode him on to them. He had no objection to the narrow planks and crossed over readily, but he stolidly refused to jump the stile; and there we were, unable to turn round, with only a two-inch plank between us and the gulf below.



"I GAVE PERMISSION TO THE LOCAL HERCULES TO TRY HIS AXE."

What had seemed so easy now appeared the height of madness. My one thought was to get over the stile, and dreading lest the horse should put a hind foot off the plank I tried, with one fierce dig of the spurs, to surprise him into bounding over the stile. The effect of this was prompt, but not what I had hoped. He breasted the hand-rail, reared, wheeled round on his hind legs, and, with a mighty plunge, bounded into the arms of a well-grown ash tree. Luckily, my legs, although bruised, were not pinned, but scrambling out of the saddle I fell down to the depths below, whence I surveyed my steed, high and dry some ten feet overhead —not a soul about:—

. . . . And so I stood alone
While the merry chase went heedless sweeping by.

Like vultures who scent the carrion from afar, however, numbers of rustics soon came hurrying to the scene. On such occasions the field hands are always promptly on the spot, attracted by the chance of reward, for hunting men at such times pay liberally, according to the severity of fortune.

From the first moment it was evident that there were but two solutions to the problem of rescue: one was to haul the horse up with ropes and the other was the axe or saw. The village carpenter very kindly and very naturally backed his weapon against all comers; but, as I found that in sawing the arm of the tree he was very likely to amputate a limb of my steed, I gave permission to the local Hercules to try his axe. Presently the tree fell with a crash, and my horse scrambled up on the bank, slightly lame, but most fortunately without more serious hurt.

I have been overwhelmed since with advice as to the correct mode of rescuing a horse from a tree; indeed, it would appear, from the wealth of practical suggestion, that tree-climbing by horses in the Midlands is sufficiently common to have produced a long series of tested recipes for encompassing

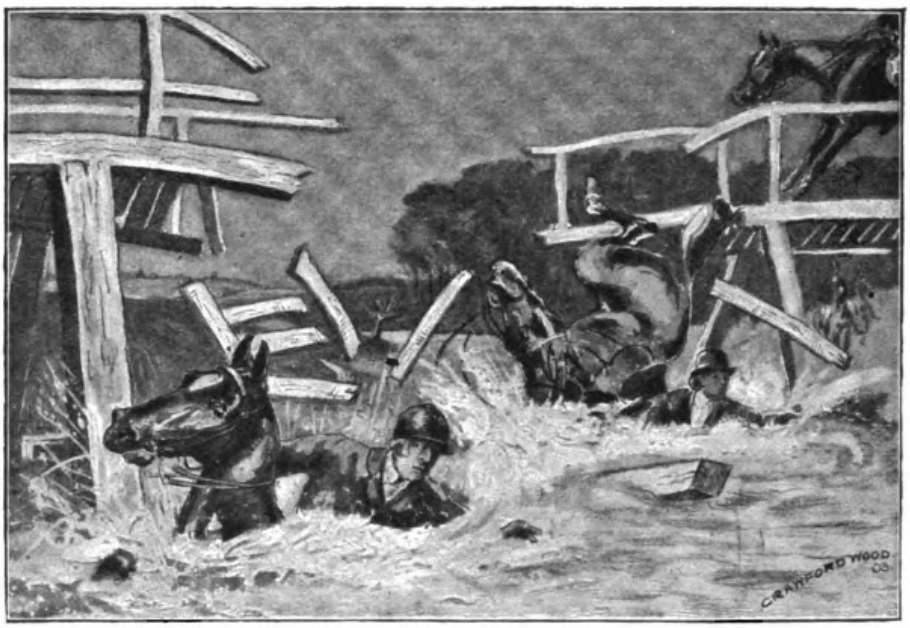
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their safe descent. I have pigeon-holed these for future use, but have never succeeded in getting a horse into the like position. With a horse in pain, the best thing to do is to accept the means which the gods may be good enough to place at your hand.

Strange indeed was the scene some four seasons ago at Stamford Hall, in the Pytchley country, when three hundred horsemen crowded around the narrow wooden bridge which spans the Avon. How eagerly and skilfully each manœuvred his horse into the crowd, bent on getting forward! The followers of this famous pack appear to pride themselves upon their adroitness in passing a given point in the least possible time. The old bridge has creaked and groaned under the pressure of many a crowd of horsemen, uttering warnings disregarded by the too eager sportsmen. It would be unfair, even discourteous, to suggest that the weight of the bravest welter of the Midlands supplied the last straw; nevertheless, it was at the moment when Sir A—— M—— reached the centre of the bridge above the swollen waters of the Avon that the crazy old structure gave way. Not only did Sir A—— dive into the flood, but Mrs. Burns, a daughter of Colonel Anstruther-Thomson, and one of the best lady riders to hounds in the country of the "White Collars," followed suit. The situation for the moment was serious, for the horses were struggling viciously in the water, and not until danger had passed and the twain separated, the one for the Northamptonshire and the other for the Leicestershire shore, was any word uttered but of sympathetic encouragement and advice. Then the audience gave way to peal upon peal of merriment. Many a helping hand was extended to the aid of the half-drowned riders, and quite a host of flasks flashed out of their cases. The unanimity with which flasks are produced on such occasions would horrify an advocate of teetotalism; but many chills in the hunting-field have been averted by the timely application of their contents.

Mr. Leonard Elger was the last to cross the bridge in safety; as for the rest of us, we were securely cut off from hounds, who pursued their way to the distant Hemploe.

Such aquatic feats were in those days comparatively rare, but now, of course, we may witness them any evening at the Hippodrome. Indeed, it may be that this little scene furnished the idea for those stirring acts beneath the limelight. None were the worse for the accident, and the only words I can recall were from the worthy baronet, who said, "Thank goodness, I always ride horses of quality; an under-bred one would have sulked in the mud for an hour," before he clapped spurs for Dunsmore, to shortly reappear on a fresh horse and in dry raiment.



"THE HORSES WERE STRUGGLING VICIOUSLY IN THE WATER."

Lord Braye has now erected an iron bridge across the Avon to replace the ruins of the old one.

You would think from these various stories that fox-hunting is all danger. Nervous ladies upon reading these lines may entreat their husbands not to crawl through drains, sway from tree-tops, or endanger their lives in turbid floods. Serious accidents do occur in the hunting-field, of course, but for the most part a little arnica or a mustard-plaster puts matters to rights. Maybe it is this sense of insecurity which brings so great a host of "habits" to the covert-side. One lady confessed to me that from four o'clock onwards she rang the bell every half-hour to know if her husband had returned. I

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"A GOOD MARE WAS WRAPPED IN THE COILS OF BARBED WIRE."

dreadful scene I once witnessed above Winwick Warren, when a good mare of Captain Pennell Elmhirst's was wrapped in the coils of barbed wire. We, all helpless to wrest her free, stood round, impotently waiting for "wire-nippers," while she, in the madness of pain, with terror in her eyes and heaving flanks bathed in sweat, was struggling in an agony of fear. It was a sad and wicked sight—too sickening to dwell upon.

The subject of wire reminds me of a lucky escape of Molyneux, the huntsman of the Burstow for I take it he was never nearer a sudden end than the day when, riding well up with his hounds, he noticed wire ahead.



"POOR MOLYNEUX CAME DOWN WITH A CRASH."

was not cruel enough to comfort her by the assurance of how truly undeserving that same husband was of the imputation of rashness. He happened to be one of those who never take risks.

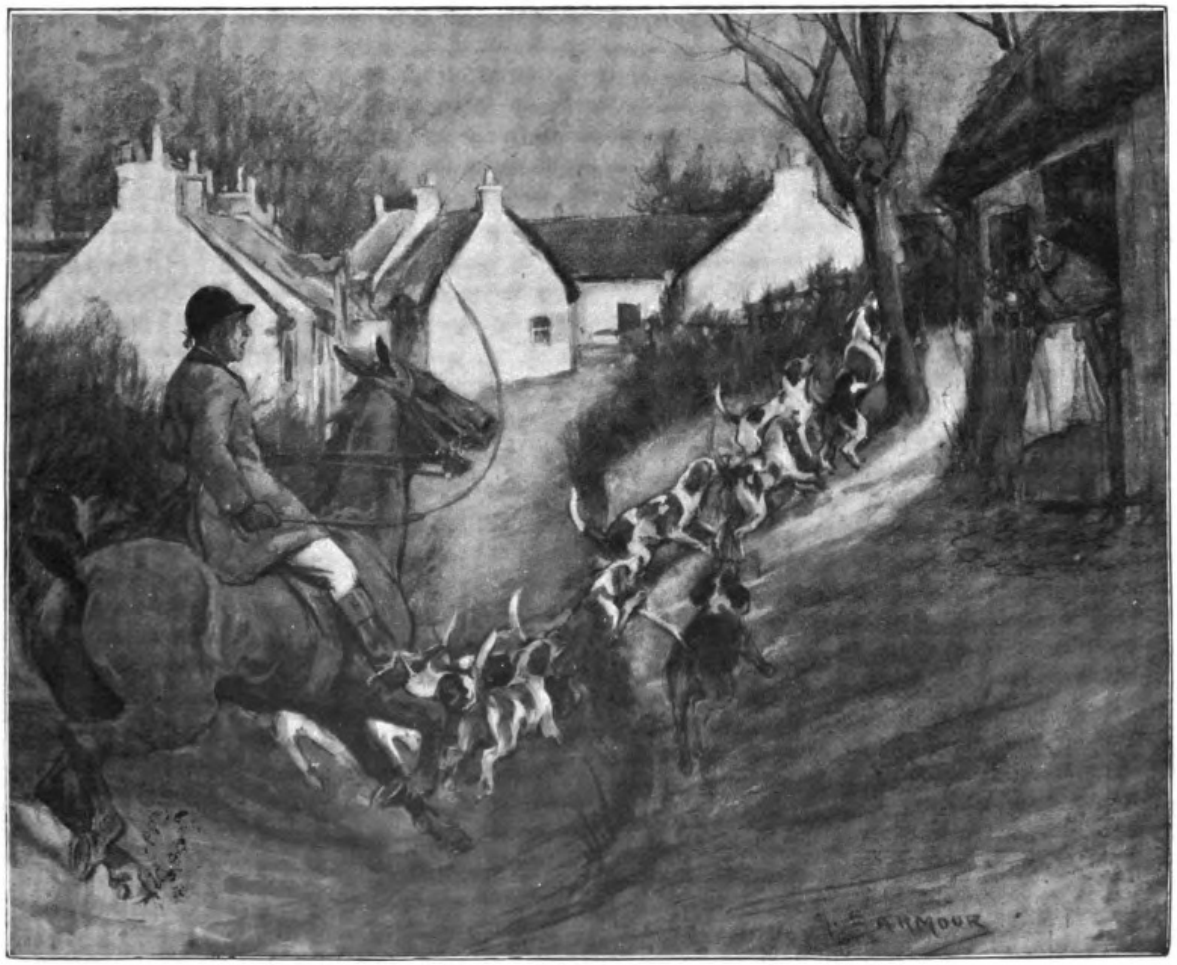
That the boldest spirits are quailed by a haunting dread is, alas! the one blot in the glories of the chase. Wire—that deadly and insidious snare which creeps through or along the quickset hedge and twines round the binders in the vale — stops the boldest horseman. Men who do not know the meaning of the word "fear" learn what it is at its worst when they hear the warning, "'Ware wire!" And can you blame them if you have once seen a generous steed sacrificed, torn and maimed by the sharp teeth of barbed wire?

It is all too fresh in my memory, the

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Raising his arm and turning his head he shouted a warning to those who followed. He was at that moment going a tremendous pace; and while his thoughts were wholly occupied with the danger in front, his horse put his foot in a rabbit-hole and poor Molyneux came down with a crash which was perfectly appalling. His horse turned somersault after somersault, and to this day I cannot understand why he was not battered to pieces. It was one of the worst falls which can possibly come to a man, and if huntsmen were made of the same material as other men he must certainly have met his death.

I hesitate to tell the story of the "cat hunt," yet he tells it against himself, and it is a little more cheerful than my past theme. He will doubtless forgive the recital, since it bears only upon his salad days. Molyneux was whipper-in to a certain pack of hounds, and in performance of his duty stole "forrard" to get a "view" at the end of a covert. He was young then, and his thoughts doubtless wandered to some other scene; but he was suddenly conscious, out of the corner of his eye, of some brown fur flitting past a gateway. He galloped forward for a further "view," but the animal had vanished. "A fox for a hundred," said he, and straightway turned his head and pealed forth a "view halloa," "Forrard away!" stopped a few leading hounds, and then gave his huntsman the tip. Up the hedgerow old —— clapped his hounds on in a bunch, and they streamed away on a very tolerable scent, the field meanwhile cramming and craning in the rear. It was but a brief scurry, but they ran up to their quarry right gallantly, and then—and then—"the cat was out of the bag," for hounds brought up in front of a shepherd's cottage and, looking up a tree, discovered a fine tom-cat in the branches, showing every hair in his sandy coat to them. An old woman emerged during the proceedings and was vastly indignant at "they dogs" chasing her cat. History is silent of subsequent events, and one can but murmur, "To err is human, to forgive divine."



"SHOWING EVERY HAIR IN HIS SANDY COAT."

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Conductors and Conducting.

By Hugh Scott.

"WHAT is the most difficult instrument in the orchestra?" asked a friend once of Dr. Richter, who knows and can play them all. "This one," replied immediately Dr. Richter, holding up the bâton which he had in his hand. And without a doubt he was right. Yet it is actually within the memory of musicians still living that, in England at all events, either the conductor or the conductor's bâton has become a permanent feature of the orchestra. Spohr, as a temporary expedient, first used a stick with which to beat time when conducting the Philharmonic Society's orchestra in 1820. But the members of the orchestra were horrified at the innovation, and it was not till twelve years later, namely, in 1832, that the practice became finally and permanently adopted in connection with the same concerts and at the opera.

Abroad the conductor as a distinctive functionary was known much earlier. There is even in existence an ancient illustration showing Heinrich von Meissen, a German minnesinger who died in 1318, conducting with a long bâton a choir of singers and players. Again, in a book published in Nuremberg in 1719 one reads that "one man conducts with the foot, another with the head, a third with the hand, some with both hands, some again take a roll of paper, and others a stick"; and much other evidence, both literary and pictorial, is available to the same effect. In France, for instance, it was the use of the bâton which led to Rousseau's scathing remark: "The Opéra in Paris is the only theatre in Europe where they beat the time without keeping it; in all other places they keep time without beating it." But none the less the conductor as he is known to us—as an interpreter of the work performed, that is, and not merely a time-beater—is a comparatively modern product both at home and abroad.



RICHARD WAGNER.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

To-day, of course, the conductor takes rank among the most important of all executant musicians. His renown vies with that of the eminent vocalist, pianist, or violinist; he travels from capital to capital in a blaze of glory, and his fame extends unto all lands. It is a striking development which has resulted from the smallest beginnings. Yet looking back it is quite impossible for the modern musician to understand how any decent performances of such works as Beethoven's symphonies, or even of Mozart's or Haydn's, could have been obtained under the old conditions. In those days the conductor, as a rule, did the best he could sitting at a piano or harmonium, now gesticulating, now playing, as he thought best, but with results which Spohr thought exceedingly unsatisfactory. And his influence was still further lessened by the fact that his authority was divided more or less with that of the leader of the orchestra, or chief violinist—*chef d'attaque*, as he is known nowadays.

From this illogical arrangement absurd differences occasionally resulted, and a well-known story is told of one such incident arising when Handel was directing affairs, an incident which might have lost the world one of the greatest of composers. Handel was conducting the opera "Cleopatra" of his friend Matheson on the occasion in question, at Hamburg, the composer himself playing the part of Antony. At that point in the play where the hero dies it had been Matheson's custom to return to the clavecin and thence to direct the remainder of the performance himself. Handel, however, objected to this arrangement, and flatly refused to resign his place in favour of the resuscitated Antony, and the outcome was a duel between the two musicians, in

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the course of which Matheson's sword was only prevented from entering Handel's body by a button on the composer's coat which happily turned it aside. Other times, other manners. Musicians nowadays, if they fall out, go for one another with their pens.

Then, again, of Beethoven many stories are told in this connection—some, alas! more pathetic than amusing, though not without their humorous side. When Beethoven conducted he became for the time like one demented. At the pianissimo passages he would crouch down nearly to the ground. As the music grew louder he rose higher and higher until, when it reached the climax, he would leap right off his feet, while in other ways his proceedings were eminently unconventional. But, unfortunately, in consequence of his deafness, the players too often failed to follow his beat, and confusion prevailed.



M. JULLIEN.
From an Engraving in the Rischgitz Collection.

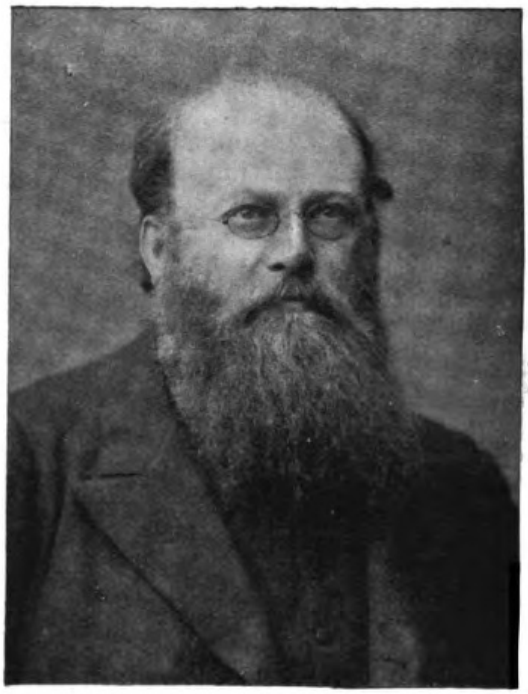
Perhaps the real father of modern conducting, as he was the originator of that other modern institution, the analytical programme, was Richard Wagner. He was one of the first of the great composers—Spohr and Weber were others—to insist upon the supreme importance attaching to the manner in which the works of the great masters were performed, and as conductor at various German opera-houses in his younger days he carried his principles into practice with unlimited enthusiasm. At Beethoven's symphonies especially Wagner laboured, and compelled his subordinates to labour, in a manner which until that time had been absolutely unheard of. Another of Wagner's innovations was conducting without score—a practice which called forth, of course, much criticism and opposition from old-fashioned people, who could not understand that, as von Bülow used to put it, it is better to have the score in your head than your head in the score. So much so, indeed, that when he conducted for the Philharmonic Society in London Wagner consented, in response to the protests of his critics, to have the score in front of him. Whereupon his opponents found the performances greatly improved until one of them, chancing to look at the music in question, was mortified to discover that it was not the score of the work which had been played at all.

It was at one of these same concerts that Wagner is said to have indulged his love of satire at the expense of Mendelssohn by producing a pair of white kid gloves and pulling them on in the presence of the audience before conducting one of that composer's works. Now the practice of conducting without score is common enough, and Richter directs the performances of entire operas in this way. At the same time, some eminent conductors—Mr. H. J. Wood, for instance—still prefer to have the score before them, even when handling the most familiar compositions. In his later years, when he had long devoted himself almost exclusively to composition, Wagner lost to some extent his great powers as a conductor, and the performers used to find themselves less at home with him than under the direction of such men as Richter, von Bülow, and others of his lieutenants. But in the history of conducting Wagner's name must always hold a distinguished place.

Of the old school of conductors was Jullien, who did some good work in his time, though some of his little ways would provoke amusement nowadays. All pieces by Beethoven, for instance, were conducted with a jewelled bâton and in a pair of clean white kid gloves, which were solemnly handed to him on a silver salver by a uniformed attendant. In some of his famous "Quadrilles" as many as six military bands were added to his immense permanent

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orchestra, in front of which huge body of instrumentalists the "Mons" — as *Punch* dubbed him—with coat thrown widely open, white waistcoat, elaborately embroidered shirt-front, wristbands of extravagant length turned back over his cuffs, a wealth of black hair and a black moustache—itself a startling novelty in those days—wielded his bâton, encouraged his forces, and repressed the turbulence of his audience with indescribable gravity and magnificence, finally sinking back exhausted by his Titanic labours into his gorgeous velvet chair.

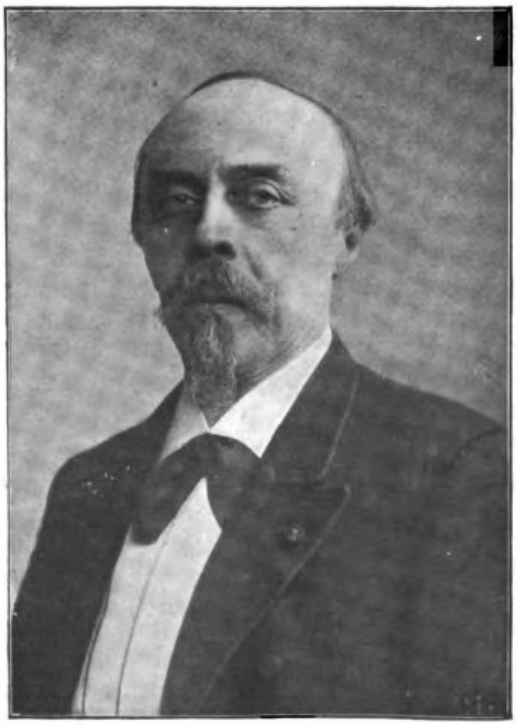


DR. HANS RICHTER.
From a Photo. by Barraud.

Among modern conductors the most renowned is, of course, Dr. Richter, of whom Manchester is now the proud possessor. He is said to have practical knowledge of every instrument in the orchestra, and on one occasion, it may be added, he even appeared on the stage in the unexpected absence of a singer, and took the part of Kothner in "Die Meistersinger."

Mr. Morrow, the famous trumpet-player, tells an anecdote of Richter which is eminently characteristic. Once in the "Flying Dutchman" overture he came in a bar too soon, but as he touched one note only and the conductor appeared to take no notice, he congratulated himself that his slip had escaped attention. During the interval, however, he felt a hand on his shoulder and heard Richter ask, "What happened in the 'Dutchman,' Mr. Morrow?" "A little carelessness on my part, Doctor," Mr. Morrow frankly acknowledged. Richter, whose knowledge of English is not quite perfect, shook his head, however, at what he evidently regarded as a miserable subterfuge, and replied, "No! No! No! It was a wrong note." Richter's knowledge of English, by the way, has given rise to more than one funny story. On one occasion, for instance, wishing to explain that his wife was subject to fits of giddiness, he astonished his hearer by remarking that "When she's not lying she swindles!" "*Es schwindelt sie*" (she becomes giddy) was, no doubt, the German phrase which he had in view. He used to be fond, too, of telling his violinists to play "with the meat of their fingers."

Another characteristic Richter anecdote relates how at a rehearsal of "Tristan," where the 'celli had a passage which should be rendered with much warmth, he stopped the performers with the remark, "Bravo, 'celli! quite correct; but you play like married people; a little more like young lovers, please."



HERR VON BÜLOW.
From a Photo. by C. Brasch, Berlin.

Richter was trained by the composer of "Tristan," whose copyist he was in his early days, so that of Wagner's works his readings are in the fullest sense of the word authoritative.

A conductor of the first order who had the benefit of Wagner's training was von Bülow. His account of his early experiences in Zürich is amusing. He tells us that there were two bassoonists in the orchestra—both amateurs—who were his special anxiety. "If they had anything to play I was

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in a state of terror that they might come in too soon, and I was constantly warning them 'not yet,' but if they really had to come in I had not the courage to give them the sign, and I warned them as before." An amateur kettle-drum player, on the contrary, who received honourable mention by von Bülow must have been a perfect marvel of a time-keeper, for when he had long rests he used to pay little visits to an adjoining *café* without in the least endangering the *ensemble*, as he always got back to his post in time for the next entry.



HERR WEINGARTNER.
From a Photo. by the Atelier Hertel.

Next to Richter, perhaps the most famous conductors of the present day are Nikisch, Weingartner, and Mottl, all of whom have appeared more than once in London. Mottl summed up rather neatly, if not very helpfully, the secret of conducting in the reply which he gave once to a question on the point: "You go up to the desk, and if you can do it—why, you can." *("Wenn man's kann, kann man's.")* Mottl is famous for the sledge-hammer character of his style; he revels in large outlines and massive effects. Nikisch, on the contrary, is of a more mercurial temperament, and in some respects is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all conductors now living. His influence over his players is quite extraordinary, so that he has been said even to hypnotize them, and the result is conveyed through their playing to the audience. He leaves a good deal to the impulse of the moment, and in this respect he is not the easiest of conductors to follow. But the wonderful influence which he wields ensures triumphant results.

Weingartner, in his turn, shines more particularly in Beethoven, and no one who heard them will ever forget the wonderful series of performances which he secured at the Queen's Hall during the Beethoven Festival a few months ago. As a composer, too, he has another string to his bow. Richter, when he definitely took to conducting, made a bonfire of all his scores, and in a general way he will usually be the greatest conductor who gives himself wholly to the work. But Wagner is, of course, only one of many who, like Spohr, Weber, and Mendelssohn, have done both well. Schumann, on the other hand, was an instance of a composer who was no good at all as a conductor. His dreamy, poetical nature was altogether lacking in the requisite alertness and decision. Even to give the tempo and start at all was repugnant to him sometimes, so that some enterprising instrumentalist would often begin without waiting for the signal, and thus solve the difficulty.

Among our native conductors none is better known, to Londoners at least, than Mr. H. J. Wood, who has



MR. HENRY J. WOOD.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

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made such a brilliant reputation for himself as head of the Queen's Hall orchestra. Another excellent practitioner of the conductor's art is Dr. Cowen, who directs the performances of the Philharmonic Society and any number of concerts in the North. Still another who has done excellent work is Sir A. C. Mackenzie, while Sir Joseph Barnby and Sir A. Sullivan may be named among British musicians of the past who have wielded the bâton with good effect. Barnby excelled more particularly in dealing with the chorus, to whom he had the knack of saying just the right thing. On one occasion during a rehearsal of "Elijah," when the choir began to sing "Thanks be to God" a trifle sluggishly, he stopped them with the observation, "Ladies and gentlemen, you have been without water for three years. Now you have to show your gratitude." He could convey his wishes very concisely, too. If he wanted a particularly powerful effect, for instance, he would call out "Slog!" or if it was a smooth, sinister passage he would instruct them "Slimily!"



HERR NIKISCH.
From a Photo. by Gerschel, Paris.

Conductors differ considerably in their action and manner. Mr. Wood's vigorous gesticulations and gyrations are known to all. Much more dignified in all his movements is Dr. Richter, in whose massive back alone a clever scribe once found material for a brilliant sermon on musical solidity. It is even Dr. Richter's practice on occasions to lay down his wand of office altogether and, ceasing entirely to direct affairs, to leave his orchestra to prove how well they can get along when put to it without his help at all. In that famous five-four movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, for instance, he seldom fails to pay his band this pretty compliment; although, of course, there are always humorists ready to express surprise on these occasions that Dr. Richter does not know how to beat five in a bar.

If Dr. Richter is dignified and stately, there is something not less impressive, although in a totally different way, about the methods of Herr Nikisch, whose Slavonic temperament comes out in the alternate languor and energy of his motions. At one moment the tip of his bâton scarcely moves a hair's breadth; the next no gesture seems too violent to express his meaning. His left hand, too, employed now to check and now to encourage, is possessed of an eloquence all its own.

Another figure entirely is Mottl. Big, burly, downright, straightforward, going direct for what he wants and seeing that he gets it, there is nothing very subtle or suggestive about his methods; he is typically Teutonic. German, too, is Weingartner in the directness and unaffected simplicity of his style, though the amount of energy which he displays is at times almost unequalled. And unaffected also, though in a different way, is Richard Strauss. Strauss is the Richard Wagner of his day, but if anything were needed to convince his critics that at least he is no charlatan or poseur it should be the modesty and simplicity of his bearing on the platform.



HERR MOTTL.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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The New Sculpturing Machine.

By M. Dinorben Griffiths.

ITALY—the cradle of Art, and also its treasure-house—has awakened to the value of the masterpieces, ancient and modern, which fill her cities, and has learned to guard them against the gold-filled hands that covet them. Her ghost-world of marble, bronze, and stone is free to all to explore, to admire, and to envy.

To-day, owing to a new discovery—a marvellous invention—all who wish may possess replicas of these treasures, which will be as perfect in every way as the originals.

This invention was introduced to England by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. W. G. Jones, a sculptor who, though English born, has done most of his best work in America, and who came to England in 1900 to execute commissions for the late Ameer of Afghanistan and his Secretary of State, and for the Prince Harnam Singh of India. Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. W. G. Jones have purchased the British patent rights.



SIGNOR AUGUSTO BONTEMPI, THE INVENTOR OF THE SCULPTURING MACHINE.
From a Photo. by B. Lauro, Naples.

From the earliest times the sculptor's conception has had to be evolved in a manner as primitive and as old as the art itself. Rough blocks of stone or marble have to be dug out of the bowels of the earth, quarried, and conveyed from their mountain home to the workshop. There, with hammer and chisel and much tedious and heavy labour, the artist's dreams become realities and things of beauty, which, from the time of their creation and through intervening centuries up to the present, have aroused wonder and an admiration akin to awe. Sculpture may be justly termed a divine art requiring no stage trappings to enhance its splendour; colour, wonderfully arranged backgrounds, and artistic accessories which assist the painter in *his* art are not for the sculptor, whose work must stand on its own merit, pure, cold, and perfect from all points of view. His work *has* nothing, needs nothing, but the brain and hand of genius to make it immortal.

The sculptor is so conservative and so jealous of innovations of any kind that his method of working is almost the same as in the days of Phidias. Numerous inventions from time to time have seen the light that were intended to make the mere mechanical part of sculpture easier and more rapid. These included compasses, reglets, plumb-lines for perimetric measurings, and other devices calculated to help the eye and to assist in executing an exact reproduction of the model.

More ambitious machines were in the early part of the last century constructed. One by Watt for busts and statues and another by Hawkins were much spoken of, but no attested practical results from either are on record.

The turners' wheel for portraits met with some favour, and several variations and improvements of the latter are still used in the Italian and French studios.

None of these machines were of any real use to the sculptor, the reasons being that one and all of them were of too complicated a nature and too liable to get out of order.

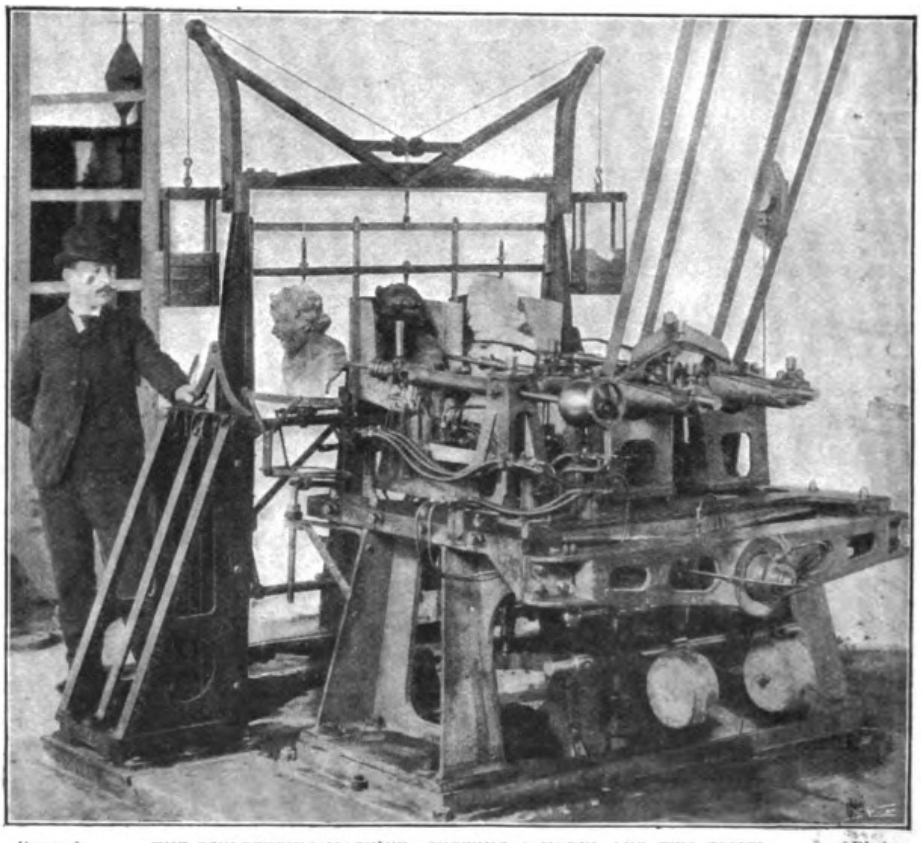
The problem of mechanical sculpture seemed for years too difficult to solve. A solid, simple machine, rapid and easy to manipulate, was essential for success. Such a machine is now an actuality and not an experiment.

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It is the invention of Signor Augusto Bontempi, a native of Parma, the first Italian that ever competed in this field. At an early age he entered the Italian army, where he soon attracted the attention of his superiors by his inventive and constructive skill. He revised the war-maps of Southern Italy and, although still quite a young man, has won distinction as a clever engineer.

His latest invention—the *Meccaneglofo*, or sculpturing machine—is of great interest and value. It will revolutionize the art world and mark an era in artistic and industrial history. It cost thirteen years of thought and labour to perfect; but at last it satisfies its inventor and all the many sculptors, artists, and scientific men who have seen it at work.

It is infinitely simple, exact, and practical, without a single superfluous part. So simple is it that it is difficult for the uninitiated to believe that it can accomplish all that is claimed for it. With this machine the operator, even if he knows nothing of the plastic art, can easily turn out complicated copies of artistic work in fewer hours than the days it would take for the same work if done by hand.



From a] THE SCULPTURING MACHINE—SHOWING A MODEL AND TWO COPIES. *[Photo.*

The acting tools in all sculpturing machines have always been a species of drill in the form of a steel rod, with various cutting edges which carry away the waste material from the object carved both sideways and at the point.

To regulate the work of these tools a guide-point or index similar to the drills, but with a perfectly smooth point, is used. The drills accomplish their crosswise action by a rotary motion obtained by steam, hydraulic, or electric power.

It was necessary, in order that this machine should not share the failures of its predecessors, that there should be a perfectly simultaneous movement of the index and drills. This assured, the workman only has to pass the index over the surface of the model to be certain that the drills have moved or are moving in exactly the same way over the blocks to be carved, consuming in their revolving course the intervening material.

If the material to be carved is sufficiently soft, such as wood or very soft stone, it is quite possible to use an apparatus in which the index can be guided by hand, overcoming at the same time the resistance offered by the material to be cut away by the drills. In fact, many wood-carving machines are constructed on this principle.

But the difficulty begins when the medium to be operated upon is Carrara marble or any other live stone, which offers a resistance impossible to overcome by the arm of the workman without giving rise to shocks, rebounds, and deviations, which would render the work laborious and slow, inexact and poor.

Bontempi was convinced that a very important element of success was to give perfect stability to the drills, so he conceived the novel idea of carrying on the manœuvre of

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the index by means of screws set in motion by handles and pedals.

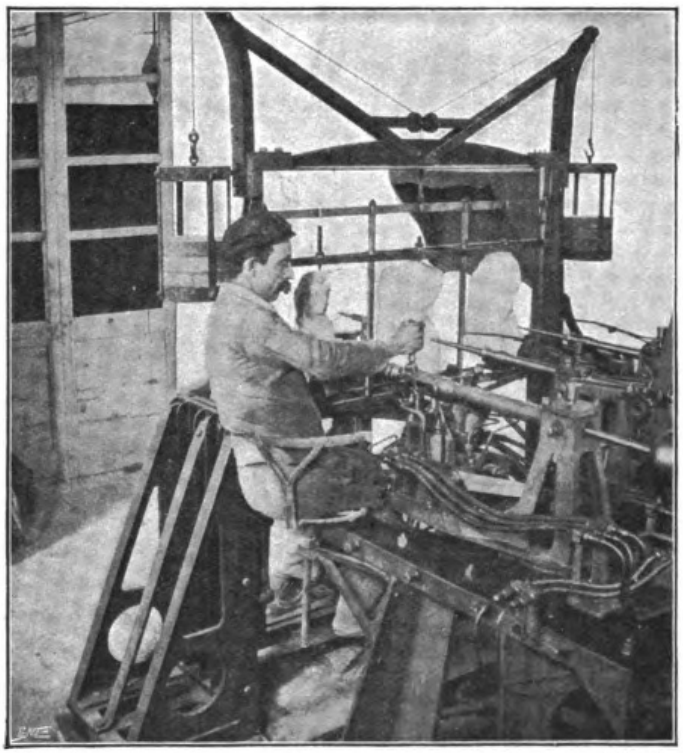
His first model was constructed in such a way as to place at the disposal of the workman the gigantic power of the screw, while the screws themselves, acting as brakes, hold the block in a fixed position impervious to any shocks from gouge or drill.

The index is fixed in front of the model, while in front of the blocks to be carved—which may be two or any number up to twenty—revolve the drills upon an equal perfect plane of action. Experiment has proved that a workman can readily work the machine and turn out products in the proportion of twenty to one over hand work. The index has an independent centred movement which can be utilized in any and every direction within a given sphere, and the drills can only move in obedience thereto.

The oscillating motion caused by the hand of the operator when guiding the index over the lines of the model unconsciously displaces by means of light and carefully - calculated levers three small pistons in communication with three large distributing hydraulic cylinders. When the index is not touched all the orifices remain closed and the machine stops. When the index is moved in any direction the corresponding orifice in one or other distributor is opened, the liquid under pressure acting instantly on the hydraulic cylinders, moving the pistons up and down in the various parts of the machine. They are in direct connection with the index and drills, the movement communicated being perfectly synchronous.

The fact that the drills cannot move without the index and that the index cannot continue to move unless the drills have done their work is of great importance, as it prevents any inaccuracy in the copy.

The power used in the machine can be increased enormously, allowing also a proportionate increase in the number of copies worked at the same time; the difference to its manipulation is only trifling, just what is needed to overcome the slight friction of the piston and of the minute fulcrums of the levers. Another most important element of success in the use of the machine is the extreme sensitiveness of the index. In the case of lack of attention or skill on the part of the operator it prevents error by itself. If it strikes lightly at any point the surface of the model, which may be of any material, soft or hard, the whole working is stopped automatically and instantly. The back movement produced by contact shuts off the communication between the distributors and the hydraulic cylinders.



From a] HOW THE OPERATOR DIRECTS THE MACHINE. *[Photo.*

Being perfectly mobile the workman can guide the index over every curve and line of the model with unsurpassed precision and speed, while at the same time the drills follow every line and motion of the pointer without shocks, but with perfect steadiness, every rotation showing the fidelity of the copy to the model.

In the new machine (photo. No. 2) the model and blocks stand firm, making only an occasional turn on their basis while the index and drills move. This will be, with the exception of, perhaps, a few improvements and accessories, suited to special work, the model machine that the Sculptrix Company will construct.

The favourable verdict already passed by sculptors on the Bontempi machine predicts a wonderful success in the near future. It is not a lowering of the ancient art, as a few croakers maintain, nor can it supersede the

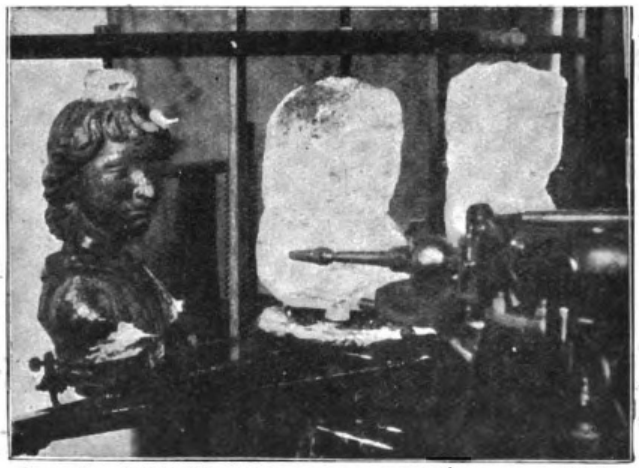
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sculptor. He has always been compelled to resort to mechanical first aids and appliances in his work—to employ chisellers, and they in turn have to resort to a slow and careful system of measurements to approximately reproduce a facsimile of the model.



From a] THE MACHINE STARTING ON THE ROUGH BLOCKS—THE MODEL, AN ANGEL BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA, IS ON THE LEFT. [Photo.

With the most skilled workman accidents often happen: undiscovered flaws, owing to the numerous strata of marble; others due to defects in blasting, technically termed "quarry threads"; inequalities in the stroke of the chisel; over-heating of the instruments and consequent deterioration of the material. These are a few out of the many trials of the sculptor—who is by no means a happy man. His work is costly and demands large preliminary outlays, the progress tedious, and results not always satisfactory to the artist.

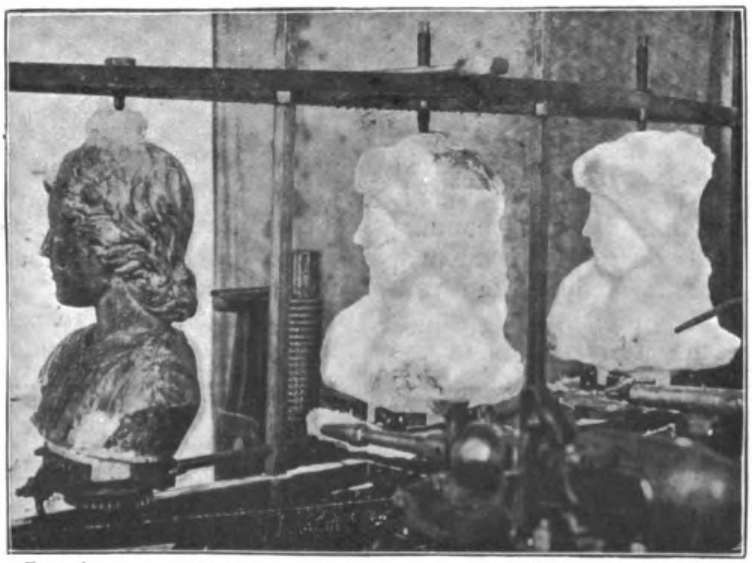


From a] THE SAME AFTER THIRTY MINUTES' WORK. [Photo.

Bontempi's invention is a boon to the sculptor, for it guarantees him mathematical precision, rapidity of execution, delicacy of finish, and economy.

He can superintend the carrying-out of his work at the now established workshops in London, and finally retouch and stamp with his own personality, after the bust or statue has been mechanically and faultlessly finished to within a sixteenth part of an inch of the size of the model. The first gouges are naturally large and strong, but finer and finer tools are used, until at the finish the drill is only the size and thickness of a bodkin.

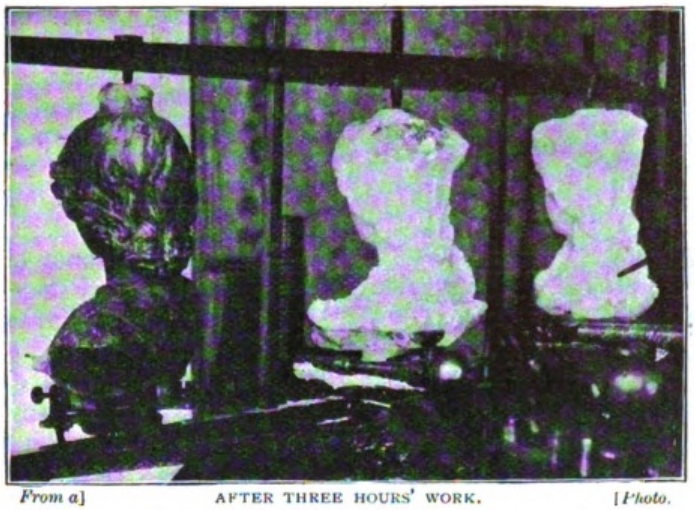
The wonders of the invention do not cease here. It works on any material, marble, silver, bronze, ivory, stone, steel, wood, jasper, porphyry, alabaster, mother-of-pearl, and Tuscan serpentine stone. The machines run in all sizes from fifty centimètres up to four mètres. It can carve a tiny cameo or a statue of heroic size. The following branches of industry it is ready to cater for: naval work in steel, constructions in metal, frescoes, sculptures, and reproductions of world-famed models, monumental sculpture, architectural carving, gargoyles, caryatides, masks, cornices, and friezes. In cabinet work its power is equally great for external or



From a] THE SAME AFTER ONE HOUR AND A HALF. [Photo.

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internal decorations. In short, for decorative carving in all its branches its use will be invaluable, and it has many other latent possibilities.



From a] AFTER THREE HOURS' WORK. *[Photo.*

The power of the machine can be so increased that twenty copies can be executed at once. It is no specialist, but a Jack of every branch and a master of all. The inventor himself has hardly as yet gauged the power of his iron baby.



From a] AFTER FIVE HOURS' WORK. *[Photo.*

The cost of a machine, according to size, ranges from £60 to £500, and it is guaranteed a life of ten years as the minimum; but it is expected to reach the mature age of fifteen before its working days are over.

His Britannic Majesty's Consul at Naples, the Hon. Neville Rolfe, states that the machine "cut marble as if it were cheese, and that with enormous speed"; and that it could do as much in three hours as one man could do in six days. This gentleman also makes special mention of the delicacy of the work executed. "Heads and statues finished to the last degree of fineness may be seen at the works, and the undercutting of such things as the ears, bits of drapery, and so on leaves nothing to be desired." In his presence two busts were executed in seven hours that would have required six weeks' work by hand. Another very important point in favour of the use of this machine by sculptors and others is that the operator will not suffer in any way from the minute flour-like particles of dust which are known to cause and aggravate pulmonary diseases, for owing to the jets of water which continuously flow over the tools and material to keep them cool the refuse flows away in a milky, fluid state. That fact alone is worthy of consideration.



From a] AFTER SEVEN HOURS' WORK—THE FINISHED STATUES. *[Photo.*

Signor Augusto Bontempi did not have a rosy time of it during the period he was experimenting with and perfecting his invention. This speaks well for its utility—a bungler is neither feared nor hated. When the signor set up his first machine at

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Florence the workmen arose in a body against him, and so violent did they become that they threatened his life and the destruction of his machine, and he had to be guarded by the police day and night. He finally set up his workshop in Naples, where he had only to contend against envy and jealousy, but had no fear of personal violence. Now they understand that instead of depriving them of work it creates a new demand, and the use of the machine is welcomed by employer and employé.

The technical working of the machine is practically the same in every branch of work, but naturally the points of the tools differ according to the size of model and material worked upon.

The inventor anticipates that the greater profits will be obtained from architectural decoration, the amount of work of this kind being almost unlimited and the output immense. It has been calculated that forty-five yards of cornice 1ft. deep could be executed by the machine in one day. Blocks that are very heavy are transported on rolling trucks and placed on the machine in such a way as to be worked on all sides.

In sculpture the record is equally remarkable. Two feet of round artistic sculpture in marble requires about ten hours of work by the machine. A statue of human size is completed in three days, while a statue 10½ft. high would take seven days. All work under 2ft. is reckoned as if of the largest size, for the reason that there is less matter to get rid of, consequently more care in manipulation is needed. Wood, alabaster, and all soft materials can be worked in half the time taken in working marble.



A FINISHED COPY—SHOWN ON THE MACHINE ON PAGE 570. [*Photo.*
From a]

Important to the sculptor is the fact that the machine need only proceed as far as he desires. He can commence his own re-touching at any stage he wishes. Another desirable feature is that his blocks of material and his model can be worked in the company's workshops under his own superintendence, and at a very moderate cost compared with that of employing skilled hand labour. Then an additional advantage: when a copy has to be enlarged or reduced — by hand — the cost is nearly double, but by machinery it makes no difference whatever.

The invention occupies a field hitherto totally untrodden, being not merely a slight improvement on former invention, but a radical and practical revolution in the art of automatic sculpture. The scope is unlimited, for it can be used not only in original but also in reproductions, which will oust common, vulgar so-called ornaments out of the market, and bring real works of art within the reach of everyone.



A FINISHED COPY OF A PORTRAIT-BUST OF THE QUEEN OF ITALY. [*Photo.*
From a]

The cost of the working of duplicate copies becomes less with each one executed, the sixth or seventh copy amounting to little more than the cost of material. In the first process of the machine—outlining the copy from the rough block—the surplus material is cut off so clean that in many cases the waste can be utilized for small statuettes and ornaments. The sculptors of to-day and of the future will consider that the inventor has been true to his name and successfully striven to give them a good time.

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A MOTOR IN THE BULL RING

By R. B. TOWNSHEND



"AH, you do not like the sight?" said the marquesa, with a flash of her dark eyes. "You have no taste for our *toreros*."

There was a touch of supercilious coldness in her tone that stung the American. "It is the horses, marquesa," he said, briefly. "I can't stand that."

He was sitting in the marquesa's box in the bull-ring, envied of most men, for the marquesa was as difficult as she was beautiful, and her victims were more in number than those of the most celebrated *torero*. Perhaps it was a sort of fellow-feeling that made the beautiful woman so fond of her national sport. Perfect skill and perfect courage might win anything in the ring, and only such qualities could find favour in her eyes—and both in the bull-ring and in the marquesa's drawing-room it was *væ victis!*

The visitor turned to face her with his back to the plaza. Out there in the sunshine one of Spain's most distinguished *espadas*, with the red cloak in one hand and his long, straight sword in the other, was coolly luring a sullen bull to his death. The marquesa put up her fan as if to shut off a view of a part of the bull-ring where three horses were lying.

"Oh," she answered, indolently, "life is not long enough to let one dwell on the disagreeables. If you look for them," she shut her fan with a click, "you can find them in the house as well as out there—but why look for them?"

It was rumoured that the lady had learned philosophy during the life of the late lamented marquis, who had not been a model husband.

"But, my friend," she continued, "the skill and the courage of the man, can you not even admire them?"

"Oh, the men, of course," returned the American. "I'm not saying anything against

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them. They're all right. Besides, it's their trade, anyway; and I will say they're real smart—quick as cats, and their nerve just splendid."

"Well," she took him up quickly, "what more would you have? What is there more admirable than address and courage? And where can we see it as in the bull-fight?"

A thrill passed through him at the proud challenge in her eyes.

"What would I have?" he answered, quickly. "I'd have them show their courage by something better than forcing blindfolded plugs only fit for the knacker on to a bull's horns. I'd have them come in on fancy cow-ponies and beat the bull at his own game of twisting and turning. That's worth doing, and I guess our Texas cowboys could do it, too."

"Ah, I knew you were right at heart," she smiled, with a look that for the first time seemed to admit him to the secret intimacy of her soul. "You should have been here when our King was crowned. Then the proudest nobles in Spain themselves rode their best steeds into the ring and met the bull with the lance in full career. Ah! that was a truly splendid sight!"

"Did they, by gum?" said the Transatlantic millionaire. "Wal, I'd have given a thousand dollars to see that. Wish I'd been here. Why, if I'd only known it was on I'd have hired Colonel Cody's best vaqueros to enter for the show and keep our end up."

"You would not then have ridden in the ring yourself?" she said, with a drop of her eyelids. "Before the King no one was allowed to ride but the nobility—no vaqueros could have entered. I suppose you great millionaires are the nobles of America?" she added, with a tinge of malice.

He flushed darkly. "No," he answered, "I'm no nobleman; we don't keep a nobility in my country. And I don't brag that I'd have ridden in the ring myself. I was raised in New York and didn't get much of a chance to ride when I was young. If I'd been raised a cowboy out in Texas, it would have been different with me. You see, I wasn't born rich, and I didn't inherit any millions. I had to rustle around and make them for myself, every solitary cent."

"It appears, then," she insinuated, "that in America the men who make the millions are too busy to be heroes, and so it is your cowboys who have the horsemanship and the—how do you call it?—nerve?"

"I guess in America a man without nerve don't gather many millions," he retorted. "And if our city folks don't ride much they kin drive. It takes some nerve to drive a two-twenty trotter, and heaps more to drive a sixty horse-power motor. Nerve!" he laughed, scornfully. "There's more kinds of nerve than one, but they all mean that a man's got grit."

"Someone said you had a stable full of motors," she observed. "Do you, then, guide them yourself, or sit beside your chauffeur and let him steer the teuf-teuf?"

"Wal, that's as may be," he returned. "Sometimes one drives and sometimes the other. But if you ask me what I really like it's a sixty horse-power Panhard, a clear track, and a mile every fifty-five seconds. And I prefer my own hand on the steering-wheel every time."

He was interrupted by a roar of cheers from all round the ring. The gaily-harnessed mule-team had already dragged out the carcass of the bull whom the *espada* had duly dispatched and also those of the three horses who had fallen in the fray. Was it not Théophile Gautier who said of the steeds slain in the bull-ring, "They are not carcasses; they are corpses"?

Ringing cheers greeted the advent of a second bull, full of fire, who dashed round the ring like a tornado, sending the gold-bespangled *toreros* flying to the barrier.

"Ah, what a lively bull!" cried the lady, her eyes sparkling. "He moves like a whirlwind. Even your Texas cowboys might find it hard to evade his swift rush—that is, supposing they had the nerve to enter and challenge him." He met her eyes, as hard as steel and as bright, and found there a challenge to his nation. Was there a personal one to himself, too? A sudden inspiration darted through his mind.

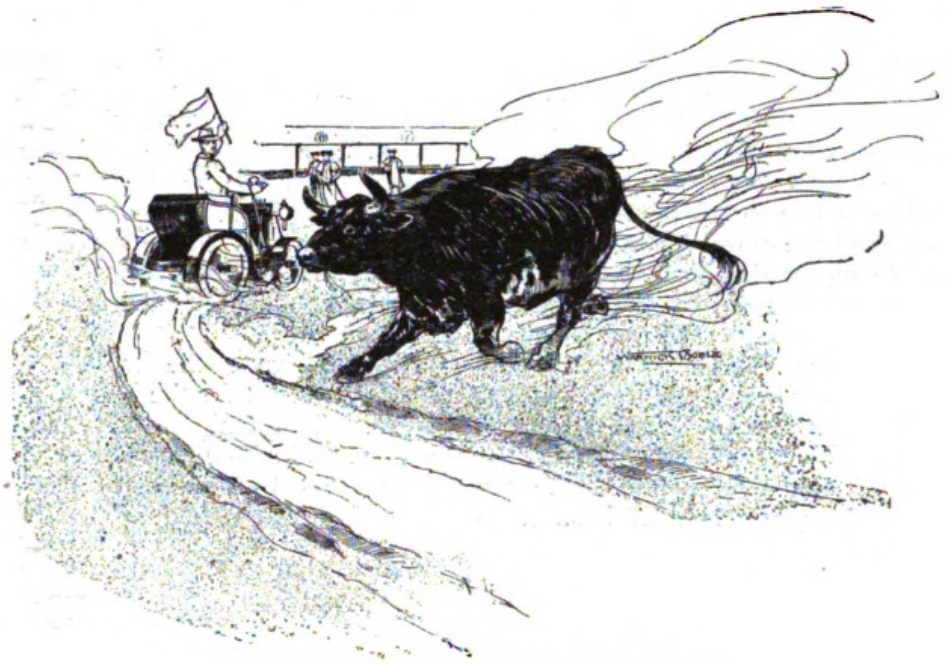
"I can rack that little ten horse-power Daimler round and turn it on a blanket just as good as a cow-pony. And a golden key, they say, opens any gate in Spain, including even that of the *Toril*. B'gosh, I believe a thousand dollars wadded at the man who keeps the door will let me inside, and, once in, I guess I can find the nerve for the rest of the show. 'Twill take lightning steering, but I reckon I can show her a thing or two, if I am a New Yorker." He was watching the sharp rushes of the bull as the *toreros* called him and played him with their dexterous turns and twists. "Anyway, there's no great chance of my wheels skidding on that sandy surface, and I'll gamble I can do the quick turning and dodging as well as those fancy-dressed

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fellers." He turned to the lady. "Marquesa," he said, aloud, "I've got to ask you to excuse me a few minutes. See you again soon. What's the pretty phrase you have? '*Hasta otra vista*,' and '*Beso sus manos*.'" And like a flash he was gone.

Five bulls had entered one after another the floor of that wide amphitheatre, round which rose to the sky row upon row of eager faces and bright costumes, and after their brief madness of rage and desperate fighting had in turn sunk on the sand before the unerring thrust of the great *espada*.

But as the sixth and last bull bounded from the darkness of his pen into the bright arena and stood there a moment bewildered by the light, the circling crowd, and the cheering, a new thing happened. Another door was hastily half opened and then closed again, and through it in that half-second there darted in, not a gaily caparisoned *torero* on horseback, but a very small motor-car with a single occupant. The swiftly whirling wheels were so low, and the whole machine so tiny, that the man, who held a red flag in one hand and the guiding-wheel in the other, seemed almost as exposed as if he had been on a bicycle. As he rushed past the bull his hooter gave three loud, derisive toots, the motor swung swiftly round the centre of the arena, and then came back full speed straight at the astonished beast. A great clamour went up from the no less astonished audience, some shouting "*Fuera, fuera*" ("Out with him"), indignant at this most unheard-of innovation on the sacred traditions of the great national institution of Spain; while others yelled "*Olé! Bravo! viva!*" ("Well done, bravo, hurrah!") cheering the novelty of this entirely unexpected turn given to the performance. The puzzled *toreros* ran this way and that, for they were more taken aback than the bull. They were used to bulls, but not to a wild motor driven by a mad American. An enraged *banderillero* made a spurt for the car as if actually meaning to plant his barbed darts in the bold charioteer; but avoiding him by a rapid swerve the American left him behind as if he were standing still, and the yells and cheers of the audience changed in a moment into a burst of laughter. It tickled the spectators to see how the skill of the *torero*, trained solely to baffle the bull, had been as skilfully baffled in turn by the adroitness of the intruder. And now again the laughter ceased and the audience held their breath as the little motor, heading for the bull, speeded straight on to what seemed certain destruction. It came close, the red flag shot out at arm's length to the left, the bull charged blindly at the flag, and with the least possible swerve to the right the motor sped triumphantly past, and again swung round in swift obedience to the guiding hand of the American, now safe in the rear of the outmanœuvred bull.



"HIS HOOTER GAVE THREE LOUD, DERISIVE TOOTS."

Round the edge of the barrier were being held hasty and excited conferences of the *toreros*. Taken at a disadvantage like this they hardly knew what to do. The laws of

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the Spanish bull-ring have come down from antiquity as sacred and as inviolable as those of cricket in England; doubtless there may indeed have been certain variations tolerated in bygone days, such as the use of bulldogs, nay, even of the lasso. But this dreadful intrusion of the motor-car was a thing utterly beyond precedent. What was to be done? It was all very well to say, "Arrest the intruder," but to run in between a motor going thirty miles an hour and a furious bull was like running in between the devil and the deep sea.

But while the *toreros* hesitated, the audience made up its mind. It had been used to seeing six bulls killed, in the regular fashion, once a week from time immemorial, and it had seen five so killed to-day Now there was offered the novel chance of seeing an up-to-date motor demolished by a bull. and the audience rose to the occasion. Shouts of "*Bravo, motorero; bravo, motorero,*" rent the air. The childish pun in "motorero" caught their fancy, and their laughter was as loud as their cheers. The American *motorero* had succeeded in tickling the imagination of the people, and those ten thousand shouts spoke their decision in his favour. In Spain, above all places, it is a dangerous thing to thwart the fancy of the people, and the much and justly irritated authorities (authorities are always irritated by a change of programme) saw that the people must be allowed to have their way.

As the American swung his "teuf-teuf" round in a large circle on the far side of the arena he divined in a flash the new feeling towards him that had come over that great multitude of spectators, and steering for a moment with his left hand he took off his hat and bowed right and left. The cheers were redoubled, and he heard innumerable cries of "*Otra vez! que se repita!*" ("Encore, encore"), while the jesters of the audience encouraged his car with the Madrid cab man's cry of "*Arre, arre!*" ("Gee up!") Never before in his life had Mr. Elihu P. Hanks performed on the public stage, and the effect on him of these cries was curious. He suddenly was aware that he, by nature the most masterful, self-controlled, and independent of men, was rapidly becoming the mere slave of a crowd. He was conscious of an insane desire to obey—yes, to please them, to do any mortal thing they wanted. Individually he rather despised, or even disliked them—all but one; as a mass, they set alight in his heart a new fire—the love of applause; and he half-hated himself for feeling it.

Round swung the car till it once more headed straight for the bull and at its highest speed. The bull saw it coming, knew his enemy, and with a savage roar charged headlong forward to meet it Swiftly the gap between them closed up, as the gap might close between two locomotives encountering on a single rail: but just before the crash came the motor-car slowed up, swerved, and curled away to the left. But the bull, not hampered this time by the flag in his face, turned almost as quickly, and in a moment was galloping right at the tail of the little car. The American, with one hasty glance over his shoulder, gave her full speed again, and a desperate race ensued. For fifty yards



"THE AMERICAN GAVE HER FULL SPEED AGAIN, AND A DESPERATE RACE ENSUED."

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there was nothing in it, and the bull, barely two feet behind, was furiously trying to gore the petrol tank at the rear. The little car was one of those for only two people, where both sit right in front. But inch by inch the car drew away and the American signalized his success by a volley of derisive toot-toot-toots on his hooter. Nearing the barrier the car swerved sharp to the right and the bull dashed past it and almost into a stately but startled municipal guard who, hesitating between his duty as a public official and his extreme disgust at this monstrous irregularity, had ventured inside the barrier. He was absolutely grazed by the unexpected swerve of the car, but a quick leap aside saved him by a hair's breadth, and springing to the barrier he went up it like a lamp-lighter, having had quite enough of the unwonted combination, while the bull, who had suddenly turned after him, roared with disappointed rage as he dashed his horns against the solid wood just below the fugitive.

At this same instant the bull was astonished to find himself spanked from behind with a flag. The American had turned instantly to succour, if need be, the hunted official, and, seeing him already safe, dashed past the bull's heels and flapped him as he went by. A round of cheers greeted the neatness of the trick, which the American acknowledged by another volley of toots; to the bull it seemed as if those toots were the challenge of a rival, and, forgetful of the municipal guard, he sped once more after the motor. For a moment it seemed as if he must catch the audacious *motorero* this time. The motor was running in a circular course close to the barrier, and the bull, who cut straight across and ran on the inner circle, had the advantage of a shorter track, an advantage which practically more than equalized their speeds. Now, now, he was all but up with the motor, which was, as it were, penned between the bull and the barrier, when lo! on went the brake hard, the car stopped within twice its length, the bull shot helplessly past, and the car glided gracefully out behind him into the middle of the arena. The *motorero* had scored again.

Then at last the American ventured to take his eyes from the ring and glance up at the box where he had been sitting half an hour before. The marquesa had risen and come forward and was leaning over the edge of the box. He had interested her. She would not hint again that American millionaires had no nerve. And yet was she pleased? Was not that look upon her beautiful face one of mere expectancy, as if she were waiting for the real business to begin? Could it mean that she was unsatisfied because the final business of the *espada*, the death of the bull, was lacking? Did she expect him to produce a weapon and thrust home with it to win her favour? If so, he would be no *matador*—she might expect.

But while he thus debated in his own mind other people were active. The *espada* himself in particular was furious at this invasion, and his first wrath had fallen upon the unlucky wight at the gate, on whom he fixed the responsibility of having admitted the stranger and whom he trounced soundly therefor. Now, followed by his whole *cuadrilla*, he sprang into the ring, determined at once to stop the unseemly performance and to take ample vengeance for what he looked on as an insult to himself and his profession. But before he and his men could reach the middle of the arena there was a startling change. Hanks had started off after the bull again and had been waltzing round him in a sort of secure ecstasy. He had now found out exactly how near he could shave a collision without being caught; the car flickered this way and that under his sure touch on the steering-wheel, and the exhibition of his amazing dexterity brought cheer after cheer from the crowd. He had skilfully drawn the bull to the far side of the arena just below where the marquesa sat, and proud of his success glanced up at her once more. But just in front of him there stood one of the sweepers, those humble servants of the arena whose inglorious duty it is to rake smooth the sand and hide the gory traces left by the last victim. Theirs is no fancy gold and velvet costume; they win no plaudits from the excited crowd. They only sweep the floor. The man sprang aside to avoid the car, and in so doing put himself right in the path of the bull.

In a moment the unhappy victim was tossed high in the air, and as he fell the furious animal turned, to gore him through and through as he lay. Hanks heard the stricken man's cry of despair and, whirling his car, took in the situation in a flash. The *toreros*, as he perfectly well understood, had entered the arena after him and not after the bull, and in any case they were too far off to be of any use for a rescue. There was only one thing to be done and he did it. Without an instant's hesitation he headed the car full speed straight at the bull, and this time there was no swerving aside. He had

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no sword, no lance in his hand; but to save the life of the poor *chulo*, imperilled by the American's rash action, he would dare the uttermost. Right headlong into the bull he drove the car full smash, just as the terrible horns were within a yard of the prostrate sweeper. There was a terrific thud as they collided. The bull's legs were knocked clean from under him, and his great body crashed heavily down upon the car and its occupant. The farce had ended in a tragedy. The petrol from the burst tank caught fire and a great tongue of flame and smoke went up as from a holocaust.



"RIGHT HEADLONG INTO THE BULL HE DROVE THE CAR."

The *toreros* darted to the spot, eager now not to punish, but to save. Some bore away the unconscious sweeper, others hastened to put the crippled but struggling bull out of his pain with the puntilla or dagger before they were able to drag out from under him and from under the burning wreck of the shattered car a piteous figure.

As they disengaged the stricken man with careful swiftness and raised him from the ground, his hanging head and nerveless limbs filled them with dismay. These men had spent their lives in the bull-ring and were familiar with the presence of the King of Terrors. Was he not claiming this rash foreigner as his own? One man shook his head, another shrugged his shoulders, as they skilfully raised the senseless form to bear it out of the ring. "It is possible," said one to the other; "he is tough; he still breathes; by a miracle he may live. But I do not believe it. Look at his face"; for indeed the ghastly pallor that overspread it was but too like the ashen hue of death.

The marquesa watching from her box saw it, and the ring of admiring young Madrileños who were gazing at her feared for a moment that her cheek grew paler.

Then she furled her fan languidly.

"I think, on the whole," she said, "that the old fashions please me best. They are more artistic."

Yet some people ventured to doubt the marquesa's artistic taste when, three months later, she petrified society by giving her hand to a bridegroom with a cork leg; but the disappointed gallants finally consoled themselves by swearing that she did it for the honour of Spain, for no one could doubt that it needed more daring to marry a mad Americano than even to take a motor into the bull-ring.

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Threescore Years and Ten.

THE big dining-room of Aylesmere Castle is panelled in priceless oak, black with time, and the carved roof is studded with the shields and arms of various branches of the great house. On the walls are portraits of various Earls of Aylesmere. Here is a Holbein, a figure of virile strength, painted in maroon velvet, studded with gems, a man with a square chin who might be Calvinist or Catholic, but which ever he was assuredly that he must have been utterly, and with all his soul. By the fireplace a Lely, an Earl of less austere type with a weak mouth and vaguely handsome face, toying with a spaniel and becomingly dressed in black, with high brown riding-boots and a wide, white collar. Over against that door is a Rubens, an older man full of the zest of life. He had been an Ambassador and had tried to plunge two nations into war to make a scornful beauty regret him. The massive sideboard, covered with gold plate, is flanked on each side by an ancestor depicted by Reynolds and Gainsborough. The former is an Earl, weighty with years, in a full wig and with the ribbon of the Garter over his broad bosom. A two-bottle man at dinner, and one who swore by Church and King and hated everything French except the brandy. The latter is a young fellow with wistful eyes and chiselled countenance, pure of outline and with the majesty of his birth writ large across it. Men said that Pitt took counsel of this Earl when he was First Minister before he was thirty. The Earls of the nineteenth century were only two. The elder, a sensualist who had made one in the debauches of Byron, had sat to Shee. The younger had been painted by Millais, as a giant full of athletic vigour, a very Esau among men.

That same Earl sat at the head of his table, stiff and erect, despite the fact that he had passed the patriarchal limit of threescore years and ten by fourteen hoary winters. Yet life was no burden to him.

Confronting him at dessert, after the ladies had left the room, was his heir and grandson, a ruddy, healthy lad of fourteen, who had completed his first term at Eton.

"Many changes since I was your age, Neville."

"I believe you, grandfather."

"Why, look at Eton. To-day you can walk down the High Street bold as brass and touch your hat to any master you meet. Whereas we had to skulk and run into doorways, while a good-natured master suffered from sudden ophthalmia and a beast used to take our names."

"What happened?"

"Swished, of course. The Head used to swish forty to fifty boys every day at twelve, and it was five shillings each in their bill. Why, it was more lucrative to swish than to teach."

"They don't do that now."

"In my time we did nothing but Latin verses and Greek construe. But then we fagged; and fagging was something in those days."

"It's not much now."

"More's the pity. It was a splendid thing for an English gentleman to have to black another's boots literally and actually. Taught him not to be uppish."

"You've seen a lot, grandfather."

"I can go back seventy-nine years to 1824 and remember seeing my mother burst into a flood of tears at the news of Byron's death. I can just recollect the tone of my father: "Because he sinned in rhyme all women will regret him!" And it seems like the next day, though it was nearly two years later, that the crash of the joint-stock banks was brought home to me by the wailing of my nurse over the loss of her savings. I know I brought her my money-box and asked if she had lost more than that, because if not she might console herself with it."

"That was like a brick, grandfather."

"I remember the Duke of York staying here just before he died. He was an atrociously bad general. And when the column was put up to him in Waterloo Place it was said he had been stuck at the top to keep him out of the way. He could never open his mouth without an oath; but everybody swore until the Queen came to the throne. She was devoted to Lord Melbourne, but even in her presence he could not reply without using swear words now and then, to which she always retorted, 'I do not understand strange tongues, my lord.' As for the Duke of York, and, still more, William IV., they roared oaths as though they were shouting to sailors at the masthead."

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"What sort of a Johnny was William?" asked Neville, intensely interested.

"A heavy lump of a man. When he was here he stumbled against my mother's train, and said to her, 'I trust, Lady Aylesmere, you will have your winding-sheet wound tighter round you!' He played cards by the light of wax-candles and always snuffed them with his fingers. He hated all his Ministers and distrusted everybody. I think he always fancied that the Duke of Wellington would usurp the throne."

"Did you ever see the Duke of Wellington?"

"My boy, when you are my age, I hope you will be able to say that you never missed an opportunity of meeting a prominent man. Of course I saw the victor of Waterloo. He stayed here several times, usually in winter, when there was a meet, for he rode pluckily to hounds. A very saturnine man, who unbent only to children. He would talk freely to me alone, and relapse into a cynical silence directly an older person came near us. His language was on a par with that of the rest. But he could speak some French, whereas most men knew none in those days. Once there was an English Cabinet in which only one individual could even understand French, so he had to be Foreign Secretary. After all it is not much worse than the fact that only now has a Colonial Secretary ever been to a colony."

"I shall go, grandfather, when I am a man."

"Neville, I consider a journey to our chief colonies is to-day as imperative for an English peer who has a voice in the government of the Empire as the grand tour was for a nobleman when I was a boy. Australia is to-day more accessible from London than Athens was in my boyhood. Journeys were no joke, let me tell you, with highwaymen all over England. Post-chaises were fairly comfortable, though horribly expensive, but every peer used to journey in his own chaise. One Irish peer having seven children travelled all over the Continent with his wife, offspring, nurses, and valet to see the world and give the little ones a general education. They travelled in three carriages half over Europe, and the children used to draw lots which could avoid sitting in the paternal coach."



"HE WOULD TALK FREELY TO ME ALONE."

"Why, I'd be awfully glad of your company."

"Thank you, Neville"—with a grim smile—"but the times have changed a good deal. You have no idea how we had to treat our elders. We always stood up when our parents entered the room and said 'sir' to my

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father. I remember once he sent for me and, muttering 'So you stole those plums,' knocked me down with a prodigious box of the ear. I picked myself up very ruefully and said, 'I didn't, sir.' Whereupon he sent me down on the other side with an even bigger buffet, thundering, 'How dare you contradict me?' After that he proceeded to mete out justice. But he was as good a father as any other."

"He does not sound like it, anyhow."

"You cannot judge. We used all of us to be caned or birched for the least offence. I remember my aunt telling me that when she was having her wedding-dress tried on she argued about some detail with her mother, who thereupon birched her soundly and said she was ashamed to send such a hussy to the altar. When I was a lad of eight or nine learning to ride, my father used to belabour me with his hunting-crop if I did not sit down in the saddle. Tutors and governesses were as bad."

"Like their cheek," said the boy.

"My sister hated mutton fat. So she left a large piece at dinner one day. It was brought up for supper and she was told she should have nothing else until she ate it. She refused and went to bed famished. Up the filthy thing came at breakfast, and then she succumbed. I often spent a day either in a cupboard or in the coal-cellar, and no one gave me even a word of condolence. You all get a better time now."

"I should think so," with a grin, helping himself to some fruit.

"Sunday in my youth was a terrible day. In many households in Scotland, up to only thirty years ago, the blinds used never to be pulled up between Saturday night and Monday morning. That reminds me of the mourning of the Queens of Navarre, who when they were widows had to lie in bed for six weeks in a room lighted only by candles, after which they resumed life in any way they pleased. I remember Mr. Gladstone telling me that he thought very badly of a man who only went once to church on Sunday."

"We've to put in two chapels at Eton," said the boy.

"But I don't see many attendances at worship in the holidays, I am sorry to say," retorted his grandfather. "In my young days people did and caused no unnecessary work on a Sunday. A walk to the stables or the home farm in the afternoon was the only decorous diversion."

"You should see the crowd on the river in the summer, grandfather; heaps of them playing cards in backwaters, and motors toot-tooting on every road."

"In my young days we had no motors. I remember when I was about your age going abroad with my brother and a tutor. We went down to Dover in our own coach, saw it shipped on to a sailing vessel, reached Calais next morning, and drove off again, posting towards Paris. Why, when the first railway engines were started, country folk used to stand looking at them and saying that they were the work of the Evil One, while in the House of Commons itself a member said it was tempting Providence to try and go twenty miles an hour. In those days a young fellow going into the Indian Service took leave of his family. If he lived, he might come back with a liver and a pension in five-and-twenty years' time. But by then he would know no one in England except a few cousins and some Indian chums on half-pay. He would ally himself to these cronies at the Oriental and eat hot curries, curse the climate, and play incessant rubbers of very bad whist. To-day it seems to me young men don't like the club-life of their elders. A club was a home to some of us, but these young men belong to three or four, into which they leisurely stroll when they have nothing else to do. They rarely feed there, preferring restaurants, which are a purely modern invention."

"When Uncle George took me to the Savoy I thought it clipping fun," put in Neville.

"At the times I best remember, the first of chop-houses had sanded floors, and tables with coarse, unclean cloths. The waiter served you a steak done to a turn, followed by a prime piece of cheese. You might have beer, though it was vulgar, but if you wanted a bottle of good wine you could get it, which is more than you can say to-day in many of the most expensive establishments. We all drank claret and burgundy in those days. Champagne was very sweet, and there was an air of rapidity about you if you drank it. Whisky was unknown."

"And a good job, too," said the boy, pouring himself out a second glass of port, an action to which his grandfather paid no heed.

"There was more distinction between the classes. You'll be a great peer, Neville, when you succeed me. It's your inheritance just as it was mine. But you'll have to make yourself respected, whereas I was respected because of my position. Indeed, a little wickedness was

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pardoned in a fine nobleman. When you read the first novel of the nineteenth century you will find that Lord Steyne had everybody to Gaunt House, though he was such an old reprobate, and there were more to match him. Not that the peerage is immaculate to-day. Only then the nobility flaunted their vice, whereas now they discreetly conceal it among their own set."

"What has caused the difference, grandfather?"

"Women, my boy. The women of my young days were sweet, good, and alluring. But they were not well educated. They could be protected and pampered or be ill-treated and neglected. But they were never on an equal footing with men. Much of the emancipation was due to the Queen; a good deal to George Eliot, who wrote in reprobation of what she had herself done—a thing you'll hear of later in life."

"Ladies were different then."

"They were exotics; to-day they are hardy annuals. A girl when I was young might occasionally ride and might go out with a powdered-headed footman walking two paces behind her. But she was generally at her mother's heels, and at the least thing she used to swoon in graceful attitudes. I never hear of anyone fainting now, and if one did, she would be whisked off to a heart specialist and then sent to do a cure at Nauheim."

"I should think girls have a much better time to-day."

"We don't yet know if it will make them better wives and mothers. Certainly the children of to-day are dull, spoilt, and indifferent. They are loaded with expensive toys which bore them, and are the victims of artificial schemes of education from which they learn nothing. Children to-day dislike sweets and hate dancing. We rarely had sweets, and perhaps one evening party a year, whereas you go to one every night in the Christmas holidays."

"Oh, they are not bad fun, don't you know," returned the boy, "if you can get a nice girl with her hair done up to sit out half the evening with you."

"She'd be packed off to a maiden aunt in the country next morning in disgrace if she had lived seventy years ago, and you would not have sat down comfortably for three weeks."



"AT THE LEAST THING SHE USED TO SWOON IN GRACEFUL ATTITUDES."

"Jolly hard lines," retorted Neville; "it's no harm."

"'No harm' is the cry of to-day, just as 'No Popery' was the watchword fifty years ago. Then a lord was a lord, and the richest speculator could not elbow his way into society. The people on an estate looked up to their landlord in a patriarchal way. There were abuses, of course, but he knew about them all; his wife dispensed soup and coals in winter, while his daughter visited at every cottage and never entered without knocking, but taught in the Sunday-school, read by sick-beds, and nursed the babies. Yes, the old order has changed."

"How did it go, grandfather?"

"Well, I think it slipped away with Protection, and certainly the much-abused bribery at elections did put a lot of money in poor people's pockets. Except Georgina Duchess of Devonshire, few women meddled much at electioneering until Lady Randolph Churchill set an example, followed by the dames of the Primrose League. In my

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time a lady served her husband's party by giving dinners to his chiefs and 'routs' to their following."

"What was a 'rout,' grandfather?"

"A 'rout' was an evening party without the expensive refreshments now regarded as necessaries. Everybody hung about, staring at no one in particular, but the men were dressed as dandies. That struck Mr. Gladstone most of all, the continuous cheapening of fashionable dress so far as men were concerned. Women always dressed superbly, vying with one another. It is a mistake to suppose women dress for men, because the latter never know a fashion until it is out, and really prefer simplicity. But they show off their frocks against one another."

"Yes, I've seen that at the Opera."

"That has gone on all my life. Always the fashion and always the despair of really musical people. A few superb singers and all the rest excruciating. But it has been a lounge, and as silly as the rest of our customs. Fancy a couple of thousand people cooping themselves up for hours in a fœtid atmosphere on the hottest nights of the year."

"Seems rummy, does it not?"

"You'll do the same, lad; it's all custom."

"Ever seen Dickens, grandfather?"

"Once I went to one of his readings. But neither Dickens nor Thackeray were ever in Society. Bulwer Lytton was affected, grandiloquent, but with a spark of talent in him. He was modelled on Count D'Orsay, who was admired because he had the ill-luck to escape being horsewhipped before he became the fashion. Disraeli was another novelist before he became a politician. I can see him now with his bare head, looking as though it were covered with raisins instead of hair, though the latter hung in greasy curls round his absolutely pale, sphinx-like countenance. His dress was outrageous—a canary-coloured waistcoat with three watch-chains, a velvet coat, and a walking-cane with a huge knob. Very different was the last time I saw him. An old man in a tall hat and long black overcoat, leaning on the arm of his devoted friend, Monty Corry. Disraeli was supposed to be an enigma, but the key was so obvious that it nearly always escaped detection."

"What was it?"

"From start to finish he was a Jew, with a marvellous Oriental eye for effect—a marvellous aptitude for calculating. The Queen detested him at first, but at the end she liked him better than any Minister of the Crown. Why? Because all the others had thought of her as Queen. Dizzy alone remembered she was a woman."

"Ever seen a man hanged, grandfather?"

"It used to be a regular social event for the young bucks. We would hire a window opposite the gallows and spend the night carousing, after we had wrenched off a few door-knockers and hustled a few sleepy watchmen. It was great sport to creep behind a drowsy sentinel at St. James's Palace or the Horse Guards and overturn his sentry-box. There he was, helpless on the ground, no more able to get the wooden thing off his back than a tortoise can rid himself of his shell."



"IT USED TO BE A REGULAR SOCIAL EVENT FOR THE YOUNG BUCKS."

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"But the execution," persisted the boy.

"Oh, the execution was a holiday for the crowd, who used to shout and sing below the gallows. As a rule, the culprit was indifferent to his fate. A good many were drunk when they came to the gallows, and very few paid any attention to the mechanical ministrations of the chaplain. The murderer was generally given a bunch of flowers, and for the hour was a popular hero—the theme of doggerel ballads, which had a ready sale in the throng. The ceremony was brief. There was always a hush of absolute silence during the short proceedings, and then the crowd broke leisurely up, discussing the demeanour of the deceased, just as folk talk of the actors as they leave a theatre."

"Rum go it must have been," was Neville's appreciative comment. Then he added, "Wonder what the chaplain thought of it?"

"Took it as part of his daily business, I should think. There is no class of men in England who have so enormously improved as the clergy — aye, and the dissenting ministers too, I believe, for the matter of that. The parson in my youth was a plethoric, selfish sort of man, who had a dozen written sermons, one of which he droned off every Sunday. Week-day services were unknown, and choirs were always led by the clerk, who gave out the note after getting it on a tuning-fork. The sermon was always preached by the clergyman in a black gown, and the apathy of the congregation was something which only Hogarth could adequately have depicted. But in those days everyone except a rake went to church. We all sat in high-backed pews, many of them square, above which our heads just peered when we stood up for the Psalms. There



"SERMONS USED TO BE VARIED BY THE RESOUNDING WHACKS OF THE BEADLE'S STICK."

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was a fireplace in the pew of our family chapel, and directly the clergyman had exceeded forty minutes in his sermon my father used to take up the fire-irons and make an unbearable clatter with them until the blessing was uttered. Sermons used to be punctuated by audible snores from the most respectable members of the congregation, and varied by the resounding whacks of the beadle's stick coming forcibly upon the shoulders of any boys he detected cracking nuts or eating sweets."

"They never do that to us at Eton, but give us pœna."

"Games have enormously improved since I was your age. Cricket has become a fine art, a popular source of interest, and also a profession, not only for honest professionals, but for more lavishly remunerated amateurs. I remember Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's when everybody participating wore tall hats, and there were not fifty spectators Football was always a rough village amusement, but it had few rules except brute force. Over horses thousands ruined themselves, and the history of the Turf in my long life seems to me green with the graves of those it brought to shame and poverty. Polo was unknown, but later on some ladies used to be thought very unfeminine because they went in for archery."

"Not bad sport, I should think."

"As for the dress of the fair sex, the hoops and crinolines were finally cured by the caricatures in *Punch*. They were amazingly uncomfortable and there was no exaggeration in saying that a woman swam or glided into a room. Of course to your eyes the fashions would be as ugly as the furniture, which was solid and most uncomfortable. Easy chairs were supposed to be the prerogative of old age, and all the family possessed in the way of ornamental boxes, woolwork, and other atrocities used to be arranged on one big round table in the centre of the drawing-room. The only light was from lamps which smelt and candles which guttered. Gas caused much alarm at its introduction. As for laughing gas, which you will associate with visits to the dentist, it used to be inhaled as an exhilarating pastime at village fairs, when a crowd of bucolics used to explode in loud guffaws at the contortions of the victims."

"I think it's a jollier England to-day than then."

"There are compensations for the losses, certainly. Of course, women have gained most. Their liberty often surprises me to-day, but it is partially due to the greater safety and convenience of conveyances. You cannot imagine what a filthy old vehicle a hackney coach used to be with stinking straw at the bottom and a drunken jarvey in a huge felt cape, who would shout profanity at a lady or fight a male fare for an extra sixpence. Omnibuses when they came in charged threepence for the shortest fare in the vilest discomfort. Penny postage and the expansion of the Press are the two great agents for modern improvement, added to the facilities of international communication, trains and telegraphs putting connecting links with the uttermost parts of the earth."

"It's a lot to think of," said Neville.

"If you live to be my age you will see far more startling changes."

"In what direction?"

"I imagine electricity will render steam obsolete, and that we shall travel by flying machines. The pressure of existence will become so great that there will be a revolt against it. Warfare will become a matter of mathematical destruction at a mutual distance of many miles, and when our strange civilization seems as artificial and as great as possible, it is quite probable that the yellow race may overrun the West and reduce modern Europe to the same state of deserted oblivion as the once gorgeous empires of Babylon, Nineveh, and Mexico."

"Whew!" said the boy, drawing his breath hard.

"And now let us join the ladies, for we have exhausted their patience while I have been painting Past as compared with Present. But in each age, Neville, England expects every man to do his duty, and the obligations of nobility become more onerous and more valuable."

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V.—THE TEMPLE.

"IF I were you," said the Phœnix, thoughtfully, "I should give that carpet a rest. Besides, you'll lose the use of your legs if you go everywhere by carpet. Can't you take me out and explain your ugly city to me?"

And the next moment it was perched on the window-ledge, opening and shutting its radiant wings and flapping out its golden feathers in such a flood of glorious sunshine as you sometimes have at sunset in autumn time. People said afterwards that there had not been such sunshine in December for years and years and years.

"And now," said the bird, "we will go out into the city and you shall take me to see one of my temples."

"Your temples?"

"I gather from the carpet that I have many temples in this land."

"I don't see how you *can* find anything out from it," said Jane; "it never speaks."

"All the same, you can pick up things from a carpet," said the bird; "I've seen *you* do it. And I have picked up several pieces of information in this way. That papyrus on which you showed me my picture, I understand that it bears on it the name of the street of your city in which my finest Temple stands, with my image graved in stone and in metal over against its portal."

"You mean the fire insurance office," said Robert. "It's not really a Temple, and they don't——"

"Excuse me," said the Phœnix, coldly, "you are wholly misinformed. It *is* a Temple, and they do."

"Don't let's waste the sunshine," said Anthea; "we might argue as we go along, to save time."

So the Phœnix consented to make itself a nest in the breast of Robert's Norfolk jacket, and they all went out into the golden sunshine. The best way to the Temple of the Phœnix seemed to be to take the tram, and on the top of it the children talked, while the Phœnix now and then put out a wary beak, cocked a cautious eye, and contradicted what the children were saying.

It was a delicious ride, and the children felt how lucky they were to have had the money to pay for it. They went with the tram as far as it went, and when it did not go any farther they stopped too, and got off. The tram stops at the end of the Gray's Inn Road, and it was Cyril who thought that one might well find a short cut to the Phœnix Office through the little streets and courts that lie tightly packed between Fetter Lane and Ludgate Circus. Of course, he was quite mistaken, as Robert told him at the time, and afterwards did not forbear to remind

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his brother that he had said so. The streets there are small and stuffy and ugly, and crowded with printers' boys and binders' girls coming out from work; and these stared so hard at the pretty red coats and caps of the sisters that they wished they had gone some other way. And the printers and binders made very personal remarks, advising Jane to get her hair cut, and inquiring where Anthea had bought that hat. Jane and Anthea scorned to reply, and Cyril and Robert found that they were hardly a match for the rough crowd. They could think of nothing nasty enough to say. They turned a corner sharply, and then Anthea pulled Jane into an archway and then inside a doorway, the boys quickly followed, and the jeering crowd passed by without seeing them.

Anthea drew a long breath.

"How awful!" she said. "I didn't know there were such people, except in books."

"It was a bit thick; but it's partly you girls' fault coming out in those flashy coats."

"We thought we ought to, when we were going out with the Phœnix," said Jane, and the bird said, "Quite right, too"—and incautiously put out his head to give her a wink of encouragement. And at the same instant a dirty hand reached through the grim balustrade of the staircase beside them and clutched the Phœnix, and a hoarse voice said:—

"I say, Urb, blowed if this ain't our Poll parrot what we lost. Thank you very much, Lidy, for bringin' 'im home to roost."

The four turned swiftly. Two large and ragged boys were crouched amid the dark shadows of the stairs. They were much larger than Robert and Cyril, and one of them had snatched the Phœnix away and was holding it high above their heads.

"Give me that bird," said Cyril, sternly; "it's ours."

"Good arternoon, and thankin' you," the boy went on, with maddening mockery. "Sorry I can't give yer tuppence for yer trouble—but I've 'ad to spend my fortune advertising for my vallyable bird in all the newspapers. You can call for the reward next year."

"Look out, Ike," said his friend, a little anxiously; "it 'ave a beak on it."

"It's other parties as'll have the Beak on to 'em presently," said Ike, darkly, "if they come a-trying to lay claims on my Poll parrot. You just shut up, Urb. Now, then, you four little gells, get out er this."

"Little girls!" cried Robert; "I'll little girl you!" He sprang up three stairs and hit out. There was a squawk—the most bird like noise anyone had ever heard from the Phœnix—and a fluttering, and a laugh in the darkness, and Ike said, "There now, you've been and gone and strook my Poll parrot right in the fevvers."

Robert stamped with fury. Cyril felt himself growing pale with rage and with the effort of screwing up his brain to make it clever enough to think of some way of being even with those boys. Anthea and Jane were as angry as the boys, but it made them want to cry. Yet it was Anthea who said:—

"Do, *please*, let us have the bird."

"Dew, *please*, get along and leave us an' our bird alone."

"If you don't," said Anthea, "I shall fetch the police."

"You better!" said he who was named Urb. "Say, Ike, you twist the bloomin' pigeon's neck; he ain't wuth tuppence."

"Oh, no," cried Jane, "don't hurt it. Oh, don't; it is such a pet."

"I won't hurt it," said Ike; "I'm 'shamed of you, Urb, for to think of such a thing. Arf a shiner, miss, and the bird is yours for life."



"BASH HIM OFF, URB!"

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"Half a *what?*" asked Anthea.

"Arf a shiner, quid, thick 'un — half a sov, then."

"I haven't got it—and, besides, it's *our* bird," said Anthea.

"Oh, don't talk to him," said Cyril; and then Jane said, suddenly:—

"Phœnix—dear Phœnix, we can't do anything. *You* must manage it."

"With pleasure," said the Phœnix—and Ike nearly dropped it in his amazement.

"I say, it do talk, suthin' like," said he.

"Youths," said the Phœnix, "sons of misfortune, hear my words."

"My eyes!" said Ike.

"Look out, Ike," said Urb, "you'll throttle the joker—and I see at wunst 'e was wuth 'is weight in flimsies."

"Hearken, oh, Eikonoclastes, despiser of sacred images — and thou, Urbanus, dweller in the sordid city. Forbear this adventure lest a worse thing befall."

"Luv' us!" said Ike, "ain't it been taught its schooling, just!"

"Restore me to my young acolytes and escape unscathed. Retain me —and——"

"They must ha' got all this up, case the Polly got pinched," said Ike. "Lor' lumme, the artfulness of them young 'uns!"

"I say, slosh 'em in the geseech and get clear off with the swag's wot I say," urged Herbert.

"Right O," said Isaac.

"Forbear," repeated the Phœnix, sternly. "Who pinched the click off of the old bloke in Aldermanbury?" it added, in a changed tone. "Who sneaked the nose-rag out of the young gell's 'and in Bell Court? Who——"

"Stow it," said Ike. "You! ugh! yah!—leave go of me. Bash him off, Urb; 'e'll 'ave my bloomin' eyes outer my 'ed."

There were howls, a scuffle, a flutter; Ike and Urb fled up the stairs, and the Phœnix swept out through the doorway. The children followed and the Phœnix settled on Robert, "like a butterfly on a rose," as Anthea said afterwards, and wriggled into the breast of his Norfolk jacket, "like an eel into mud," as Cyril later said.



"PRESENTLY THE CHILDREN CAME TO A GREAT HOUSE IN LOMBARD STREET."

"Why ever didn't you burn him? You could have, couldn't you?" asked Robert, when the hurried flight through the narrow courts had ended in the safe wideness of Farringdon Street.

"I could have, of course," said the bird, "but I didn't think it would be dignified to allow myself to get warm about a little thing like that. The Fates, after all, have not been illiberal to me. I have a good many friends among the London sparrows, and I have a beak and claws."

These happenings had somewhat shaken the adventurous temper of the children, and the Phœnix had to exert its golden self to hearten them up.

Presently the children came to a great house in Lombard Street, and there, on each side of the door, was the image of the Phœnix carved in stone, and set forth on shining brass the words:—

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE.

"One moment," said the bird. "Fire? For altars, I suppose?"

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"*I* don't know," said Robert; he was beginning to feel shy, and that always made him rather cross.

"Oh, yes, you do," Cyril contradicted. "When people's houses are burnt down the Phœnix gives them new houses. Father told me; I asked him."

"The house, then, like the Phœnix, rises from its ashes? Well have my priests dealt with the sons of men!"

"The sons of men pay, you know," said Anthea; "but it's only a little every year."

"That is to maintain my priests," said the golden bird, "who, in the hour of affliction, heal sorrows and rebuild houses. Lead on; inquire for the High Priest. I will not break upon them too suddenly in all my glory. Noble and honour-deserving are they who make as nought the evil deeds of the lame-footed and unpleasing Hephæstus."

"I don't know what you're talking about, and I wish you wouldn't muddle us with new names. Fire just happens. Nobody does it—not as a deed, you know," Cyril explained. "If they did the Phœnix wouldn't help them, because it's a crime to set fire to things. Arsenic, or something, they call it, because it's as bad as poisoning people. The Phœnix wouldn't help *them* — father told me it wouldn't."

"My priests do well," said the Phœnix. "Lead on."

"I don't know what to say," said Cyril, and the others said the same.

"Ask for the High Priest," said the Phœnix. "Say that you have a secret to unfold that concerns my worship, and he will lead you to the innermost sanctuary."

So the children went in, all four of them, though they didn't like it, and stood in a large and beautiful hall adorned with Doulton tiles, like a large and beautiful bath with no water in it, and stately pillars supporting the roof. An unpleasing representation of the Phœnix in brown pottery disfigured one wall. There were counters and desks of mahogany and brass, and clerks bent over the desks and walked behind the counters. There was a great clock over an inner doorway.

"Inquire for the High Priest," whispered the Phœnix.

An attentive clerk in decent black, who controlled his mouth but not his eyebrows, now came towards them. He leaned forward on the counter, and the children thought he was going to say, "What can I have the pleasure of showing you?" like in a draper's, instead of which the young man said:—

"And what do *you* want?"

"We want to see the High Priest."

"Get along with you," said the young man.

An elder man, also decent in black coat, advanced.

"Perhaps it's Mr. Blank" (not for worlds would I give the name). "He's a Masonic High Priest, you know."

A porter was sent away to look for Mr. Asterisk (I cannot give his name), and the children were left there to look on and be looked on by all the gentlemen at the mahogany desks. Anthea and Jane thought that they looked kind. The boys thought they stared, and that it was like their cheek.

The porter returned with the news that Mr. Dot Dash Dot (I dare not reveal his name) was out, but that Mr. ——

Here a really delightful gentleman appeared. He had a beard and a kind and merry eye, and each one of the four knew at once that this was a man who had kiddies of his own and could understand what you were talking about. Yet it was a difficult thing to explain.

"What is it?" he asked. "Mr. ——"—he named the name which I will never reveal—"is out. Can I do anything?"

"Inner sanctuary," murmured the Phœnix.

"I beg your pardon," said the nice gentleman, who thought it was Robert who had spoken.

"We have something to tell you," said Cyril, "but"—he glanced at the porter, who was lingering much nearer than he need have done—"this is a very public place."

The nice gentleman laughed.

"Come upstairs, then," he said, and led the way up a wide and beautiful staircase. Anthea says the stairs were of white marble, but I am not sure. On the corner-post of the stairs, at the top, was a beautiful image of the Phœnix in dark metal, and on the wall at each side was a flat sort of image of it.

The nice gentleman led them into a room where the chairs, and even the tables, were covered with reddish leather. He looked at the children inquiringly.

"Don't be frightened," he said; "tell me exactly what you want."

"May I shut the door?" asked Cyril.

The gentleman looked surprised, but he shut the door.

"Now," said Cyril, firmly, "I know you'll be awfully surprised, and you'll think it's not true and we are lunatics, but we aren't and it is. Robert's got something inside his Norfolk — that's Robert, he's my young brother. Now don't be upset and have a fit

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or anything, sir. Of course, I know when you called your shop the Phœnix you never thought there was one; but there is—and Robert's got it buttoned up against his chest!"

"If it's an old curio in the form of a Phœnix, I dare say the Board——" said the nice gentleman, as Robert began to fumble with his buttons.

"It's old enough," said Anthea, "going by what it says, but——"

"My goodness gracious!" said the gentleman, as the Phœnix, with one last wriggle that melted into a flutter, got out of its nest in the breast of Robert and stood up on the leather-covered table.

"What an extraordinarily fine bird!" he went on. "I don't think I ever saw one just like it."

"I should think not," said the Phœnix, with pardonable pride. And the gentleman jumped.

"Oh, it's been taught to speak! Some sort of parrot, perhaps?"

"I am," said the bird, simply, "the Head of your House, and I have come to my Temple to receive your homage. I am no parrot"—its beak curved scornfully—"I am the one and only Phœnix, and I demand the homage of my High Priest."

"In the absence of our manager," the gentleman began, exactly as though he were addressing a valued customer—"in the absence of our manager, I might perhaps be able—— What am I saying?" He turned pale, and passed his hand across his brow. "My dears," he said, "the weather is unusually warm for the time of year, and I don't feel quite myself. Do you know, for a moment I really thought that that remarkable bird of yours had spoken and said it was the Phœnix, and, what's more, that I'd believed it."

"So it did, sir," said Cyril, "and so did you."

"It really—— Allow me." A bell was rung. A porter appeared.

"Mackenzie," said the gentleman, "you see that golden bird?"

"Yes, sir."

The other breathed a sigh of relief.

"It *is* real, then?"

"Yes, sir, of course, sir. You take it in your hand, sir," said the porter, sympathetically, and reached out his hand to the Phœnix, who shrank back on toes curved with agitated indignation.

"Forbear!" it cried; "how dare you seek to lay hands on me?"

The porter saluted. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, "I thought you was a bird."

"I *am* a bird—*the* bird—the Phœnix."

"Of course you are, sir," said the porter.



"'FORBEAR!' IT CRIED; 'HOW DARE YOU SEEK TO LAY HANDS ON ME?'"

"I see that the first minute, directly I got my breath, sir."

"That will do," said the gentleman. "Ask Mr. Wilson and Mr. Sterry to step up here for a moment, please."

Mr. Sterry and Mr. Wilson were in their turn overcome by amazement—quickly followed by conviction. To the surprise of the children everyone in the office took the Phœnix at its word, and after the first shock of surprise it seemed to be perfectly natural to everyone that the Phœnix should be alive, and that, passing through London, it should call at its Temple.

"We ought to have some sort of ceremony," said the nicest gentleman, anxiously.

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"There isn't time to summon the directors and shareholders — we might do that to-morrow, perhaps. Yes, the Board-room would be best. I shouldn't like it to feel we hadn't done everything in our power to show our appreciation of its condescension in looking in on us in this friendly way."

The children could hardly believe their ears, for they had never thought that anyone but themselves would believe in the Phœnix. And yet everyone did; all the men in the office were brought in by twos and threes, and the moment the Phœnix opened its beak it convinced the cleverest of them, as well as those who were not so clever. Cyril wondered how the story would look in the papers next day.

He seemed to see the posters in the streets :—

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE.
THE PHŒNIX AT ITS TEMPLE.
MEETING TO WELCOME IT.
DELIGHT OF THE MANAGER AND EVERYBODY.

"Excuse our leaving you a moment," said the nice gentleman, and he went away with the others, and through the half-closed door the children could hear the sound of many boots on stairs, the hum of excited voices explaining, suggesting, arguing, the thumpy drag of heavy furniture being moved about.

The Phœnix strutted up and down the leather-covered table, looking over its shoulder at its pretty back.

"You see what a convincing manner I have," it said, proudly.

And now a new gentleman came in and said, bowing low :—

"Everything is prepared—we have done our best at so short a notice; the meeting — the ceremony—will be in the Board-room. Will the Honourable Phœnix walk—it is only a few steps—or would it like to be—would it like some sort of conveyance?"

"My Robert will bear me to the Board-room, if that be the unlovely name of my Temple's inmost court," replied the bird.

So they all followed the gentleman. There was a big table in the Board-room, but it had been pushed right up under the long windows at one side, and chairs were arranged in rows across the room—like those you have at schools when there is a magic lantern on "Our Eastern Empire" or on "The Way We Do in the Navy." The doors were of carved wood, very beautiful, with a carved Phœnix above. Anthea noticed that the chairs in the front rows were of the kind that her mother so loved to ask the price of in old furniture shops, and never could buy, because the price was always nearly twenty pounds each. On the mantelpiece were some heavy bronze candlesticks and a clock, and on the top of the clock was another image of the Phœnix.

"Remove that effigy," said the Phœnix to the gentlemen who were there, and it was hastily taken down. Then the Phœnix fluttered to the middle of the mantelpiece and stood there, looking more golden than ever. Then everyone in the house and the office came in—from the cashier to the women who cooked the clerks' dinners in the beautiful kitchen at the top of the house. And everyone bowed to the Phœnix and then sat down in a chair.

"Gentlemen," said the nicest gentleman, "we have met here to-day——"

The Phœnix was turning its golden beak from side to side.

"I don't notice any incense," it said, with an injured sniff.



"THEN A MATCH WAS APPLIED."

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A hurried consultation ended in plates being fetched from the kitchen. Brown sugar, sealing-wax, and tobacco were placed on these, and something from a square bottle was poured over it all. Then a match was applied. It was the only incense that was handy in the Phœnix office, and it certainly burned very briskly and smoked a great deal.

"We have met here to-day," said the gentleman again, "on an occasion unparalleled in the annals of this office. Our respected Phœnix—— "

"Head of the House," said the Phœnix, in a hollow voice.

"I was coming to that. Our respected Phœnix, the Head of this ancient House, has at length done us the honour to come among us. I think I may say, gentlemen, that we are not insensible to this honour, and that we welcome with no uncertain voice one whom we have so long desired to see in our midst."

Several of the younger clerks thought of saying "Hear, hear," but they feared it might seem disrespectful to the bird.

"I will not take up your time," the speaker went on, "by recapitulating the advantages to be derived from a proper use of our system of fire insurance. I know, and you know, gentlemen, that our aim has ever been to be worthy of that eminent bird whose name we bear and who now adorns our mantelpiece with his presence. Three cheers, gentlemen, for the winged Head of the House!"

The cheers rose, deafening. When they had died away the Phœnix was asked to say a few words.

It expressed in graceful phrases the pleasure it felt in finding itself at last in its own Temple.

"And," it went on, "you must not think me wanting in appreciation of your very hearty and cordial reception when I ask that an ode may be recited or a choric song sung. It is what I have always been accustomed to."

The four children, dumb witnesses of this wonderful scene, glanced a little nervously across the foam of white faces above the sea of black coats. It seemed to them that the Phœnix was really asking a little too much.

"Time presses," said the Phœnix, "and the original Ode of Invocation is long, as well as being Greek, and, besides, it's no use invoking me when here I am; but is there not a song in your own tongue for a great day such as this?"

Absently the manager began to sing, and one by one the rest joined:—

Absolute security!
No liability!
All kinds of property
Insured against fire.
Terms most favourable,
Expenses reasonable,
Moderate rates for annual
Insurance. . . .

"That one is *not* my favourite," interrupted the Phœnix, "and I think you've forgotten part of it."

The manager hastily began another:—

Oh, Golden Phœnix, fairest bird,
The whole great world has often heard
Of all the splendid things we do,
Great Phœnix, just to honour you.

"That's better," said the bird.

And everyone sang:—

Class one, for private dwelling-house,
For household goods and shops allows;
Provided these are built of brick
Or stone, and tiled and slated thick.

"Try another verse," said the Phœnix, "farther on."

And again arose the voices of all the clerks and employés and managers and secretaries and cooks:—

In Scotland our insurance yields
The price of burnt-up stacks in fields.

"Skip that verse," said the Phœnix.

Thatched dwellings and their whole conten..
We deal with—also with their rents;
Oh, glorious Phœnix, look and see
That these are dealt with in class three.

The glories of your temple throng
Too thick to go in any song;
And we attend, O, good and wise,
To "days of grace" and merchandise.

When people's homes are burned away
They never have a cent to pay
If they have done as all should do,
Oh, Phœnix, and have honoured you.

So let us raise our voice and sing
The praises of the Phœnix King.
In classes one and two and three,
Oh, trust to him, for kind is he!

"I'm sure *you're* very kind," said the Phœnix; "and now we must be going. And thank you very much for a very pleasant time. May you all prosper as you deserve to do, for I am sure a nicer, pleasanter-spoken lot of Temple attendants I have never met, and never wish to meet. I wish you all good day!"

It fluttered to the wrist of Robert and drew the four children from the room. The whole of the office staff followed down the wide stairs and filed into their accustomed places, and the two most important officials stood on the steps bowing till Robert had buttoned the golden bird in his Norfolk

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"'TRY ANOTHER VERSE,' SAID THE PHŒNIX."

bosom, and he and it and the three other children were lost in the crowd.

The two most important gentlemen looked at each other earnestly and strangely for a moment, and then retreated to those sacred inner rooms, where they toil without ceasing for the good of the House.

And the moment they were all in their places — managers, secretaries, clerks, and porters—they all started, and each looked cautiously round to see if anyone was looking at him. For each thought that he had fallen asleep for a few minutes and had dreamed a very odd dream about the Phœnix and the Board-room. And, of course, no one mentioned it to anyone else, because going to sleep at your office is a thing you simply *must not* do.

The extraordinary confusion of the Board-room, with the remains of the incense in the plates, would have shown them at once that the visit of the Phœnix had been no dream but a radiant reality, but no one went into the Board-room again that day; and next day, before the office was opened, it was all cleaned and put nice and tidy by a lady whose business asking questions was not part of. That is why Cyril read the papers in vain on the next day and the day after that; because no sensible person thinks his dreams worth putting in the paper, and no one will ever own that he has been asleep in the daytime.

The Phœnix was very pleased, but it decided to write an ode for itself. It thought the ones it had heard at its Temple had been too hastily composed. Its own ode began:—

> For beauty and for modest worth
> The Phœnix has not its equal on earth.

And when the children went to bed that night it was still trying to cut down the last line to the proper length without taking out any of what it wanted to say.

This is what makes poetry so difficult.

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Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

IT SAVED A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

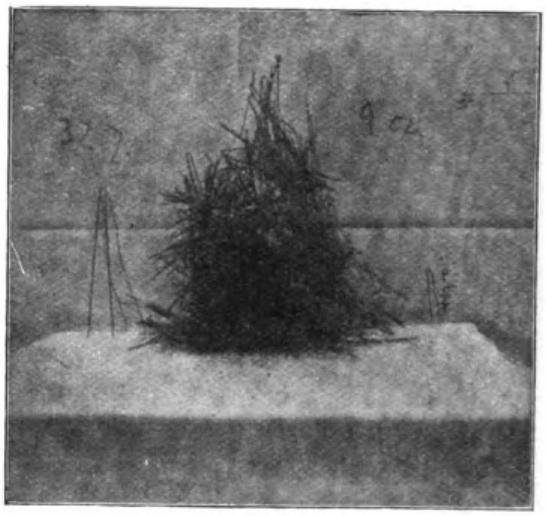
"The accompanying photograph is of a Testament owned by Mr. J. W. Allen, of Mansfield, Louisiana. It was carried by Mr. Allen during the Civil War in America, from 1861 to 1865. He belonged to Company H., 19th Louisiana Regiment, which composed a part of the brigade commanded by General R. L. Gibson. At the Battle of Chickamauga, on September 29th, 1863, it was struck by the bullet



shown in the illustration, which would otherwise have penetrated the owner's heart and caused immediate death. The bullet has never been removed from its lodging-place, and after forty years it is still to be seen securely resting in the position shown in the illustration."—Mr. J. S. Kendall, the *Daily Picayune*, 326-328, Camp Street, New Orleans.

GOOD FOR HAIR-PIN MANUFACTURERS.

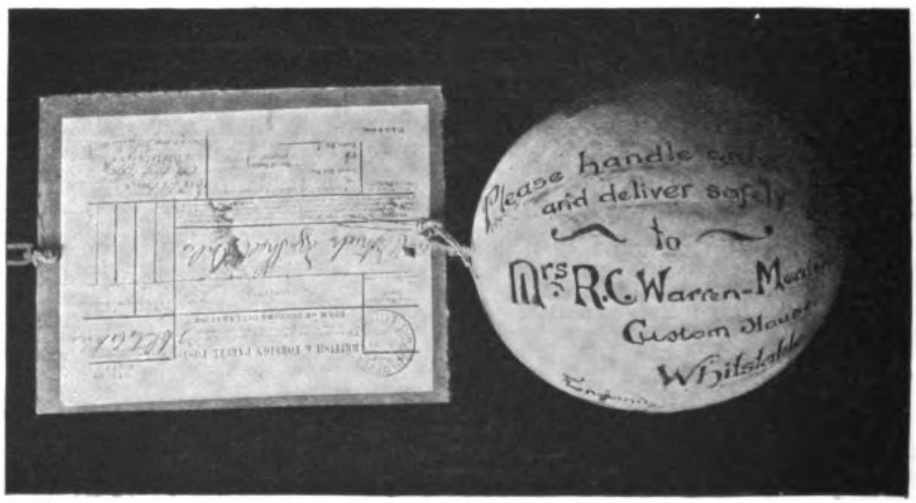
"This photo. is not that of a Coronation bonfire before lighting, but of a pile of hair-pins picked up by six people on a



walk of about five miles, half of which was over fields and commons. I may say that they were picked up after a lot of windy weather, which may account for the number, which is, as the photo. shows, three hundred and twenty-seven. They weigh nine ounces."—Mr. R. P. Mugford, 13, Hammelton Road, Bromley, Kent.

AN EGG SENT THROUGH THE POST.

"I send you a photograph of the empty shell of an ostrich's egg, with the necessary Customs declaration attached by means of a string tied to a match, and inserted in one of the holes. The shell bears the addresses of the sender and receiver written in ink, and also has the postage-stamps affixed. The novelty lies in the fact that it came by the ordinary post from Port Elizabeth (S. Africa) to Whitstable, nearly seven thousand miles, exactly as seen in the photo.—that is to say, with no packing whatever—and arrived in a perfectly undamaged condition."—Mr. W. H. Reeves, 5, Gladstone Road, Whitstable.



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SHE DIED OF TIGHT LACING.

"The evils of tight lacing are fittingly emphasized by this pictorial object-lesson. In the old churchyard of Springkell, within a few miles of Ecclefechan, where lies the 'Sage of Chelsea,' this curious tombstone is to be found. It is a monument to a young woman who died from the effects of tight lacing, and

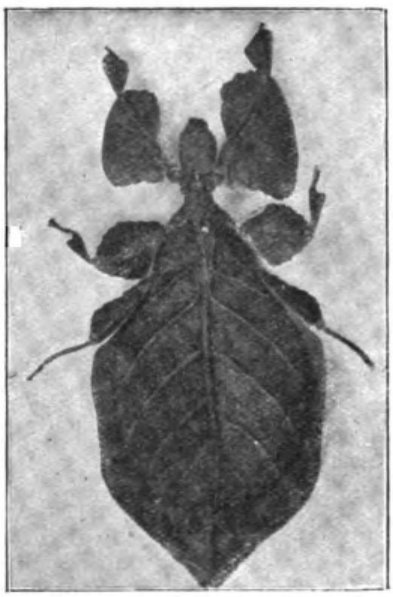


as a warning to others her fate is pictorially represented in stone. The figure of the horseman is supposed to represent someone riding in haste for a doctor, but, obviously, his services were of no avail."—Mr. Alexander Turner, Buccleuch Street, Dumfries.

A ROMANCE IN HANDCUFFS.



"This picture represents a pair of handcuffs embedded in the limb of a tree. Some seventy years ago a convict escaped, and freeing himself of his handcuffs hid them on what was then a small fork of a tree, out of sight. They were not discovered until recently, when it was found they had become embedded in the limb as shown in the photo., which has been cut down and is at present in the possession of a friend of mine in Sydney."—Mr. R. H. Crimp, 539, Elizabeth St. South, Sydney, N.S.W.



THE LEAF INSECT.

"The photograph which I send you shows a perfect specimen of a leaf insect. It is a native of Ceylon, and exactly resembles a leaf, some specimens being of a brownish colour and others being green. Needless to add, this curious resemblance to a leaf acts as an excellent means of concealment against the insect's enemies."—Mr. R. B. Murray, The Cottage, Guilsborough, Northampton.

THE MISSING LINK?

"My photo. is that of a very peculiar-looking fish that was brought aboard the U.S.S. *Oregon*, among a mess of fish for the crew, at Yokohoma last May. As none of the crew cared to indulge in a mermaid dish, the fish was carried forward on the forecastle and laid on the anchor engine hatch, under the two forward thirteen-inch guns. Great sport was had with the fish, and it was photographed in different positions, of which I send you one. One picture was spoiled, which would have turned out to be the best, as someone stuck a pipe in the fish's mouth and a marine put a cap on its head, giving it a ludicrously human appearance. The chin and top of the head were soft and flabby. The fish was three feet long, and was about one-third head. It had a long tongue in its mouth, and the teeth were deeply embedded in the mouth. No one could give the fish a name, as it seems to belong to an unknown species. Perhaps it is the missing link?"—Mr. Thos. Beyer, U.S.S. *Oregon*, China Station.



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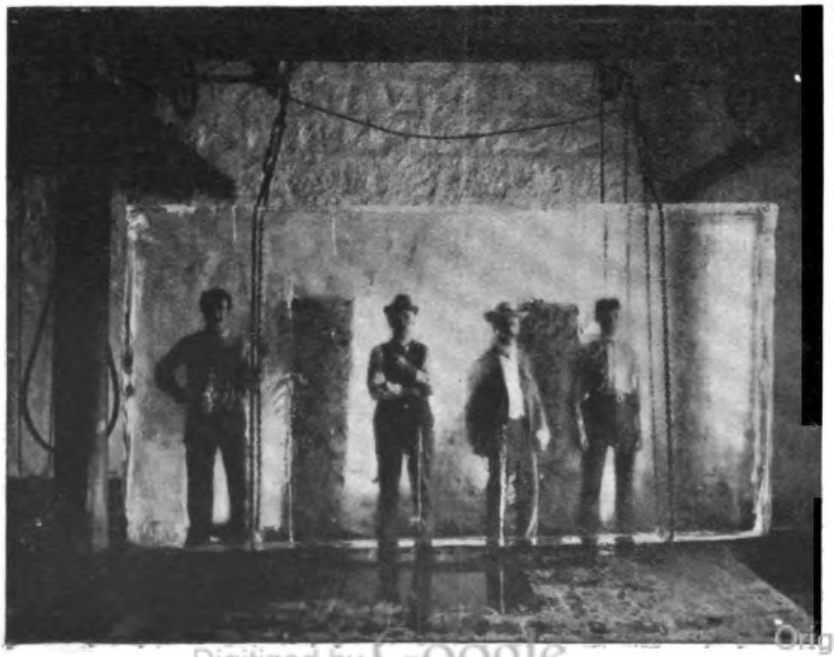


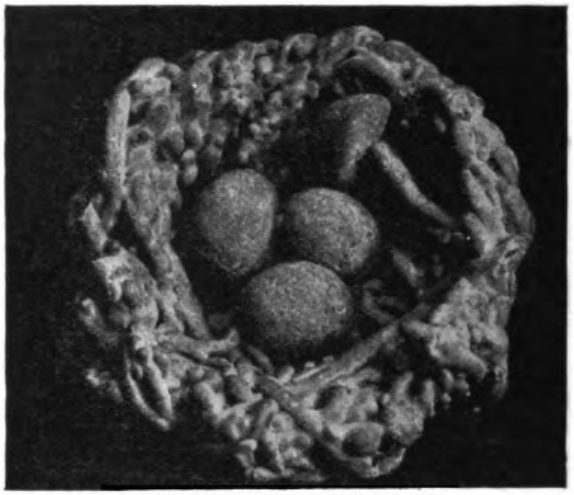
A NEST IN A COFFEE TIN.

"I have been using Royal coffee for some time, and empty tins thereof were left about. One of them was placed on an unused shelf in a stable. On the top of it a pair of swallows have built their nest. I photographed the whole, which makes rather a curious picture."—Mr. Arthur C. Hoch, Blackshots, near Orsett, Essex.

ICE-MAKING IN HONOLULU.

"I send you a photograph showing the size of some blocks of ice as made in Hilo, in the Island of Hawaii. The blocks are fourteen feet by seven feet and twelve inches thick. The figures are not frozen in the ice, but are simply standing at the back of one of the blocks. When required, the block, which weighs three and a half tons, is placed upon the floor and cut up with a circular saw driven by electricity."—Mr. Frank Davey, Honolulu.





A PETRIFIED BIRD'S NEST.

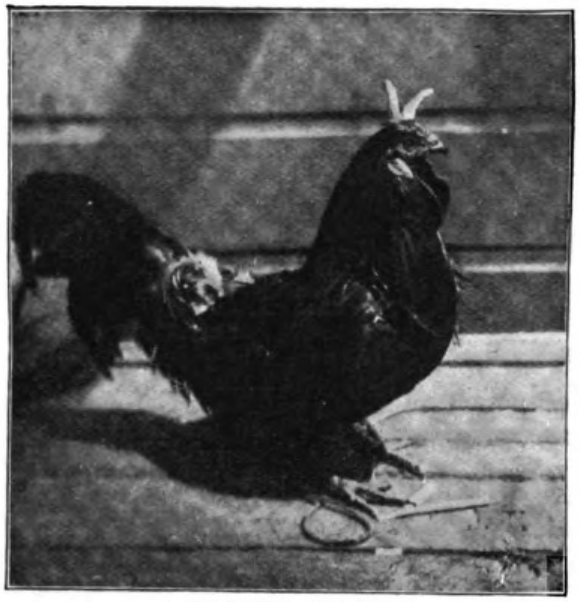
"The photo. I send you (taken by Mr. Arthur Filmer) is that of a petrified bird's nest; it was found embedded deep in the mud which was being taken out of the bed and sides of the creek (to deepen the channel) on which the old town of Milton is situated. It is that of some wildfowl, for it consists largely of seaweed. In the centre are three eggs and a mussel shell, and the whole is as hard as stone. At the spot where the nest was found several strong fresh-water springs were met with. All the surrounding marshes that spread on each side of the creek (in reality the River Swale) are plentiful in wildfowl at the present day."—Mr. S. Nicholls, Milton next Sittingbourne, Kent.

A LIVING SKELETON.

"I took this photograph the other day, and should be interested to know if any of your readers can tell how it was obtained. I may say that only one plate was used and that it was only once exposed."—Mr. W. E. Barnes, 3, Lound Street, Kendal, Westmorland.



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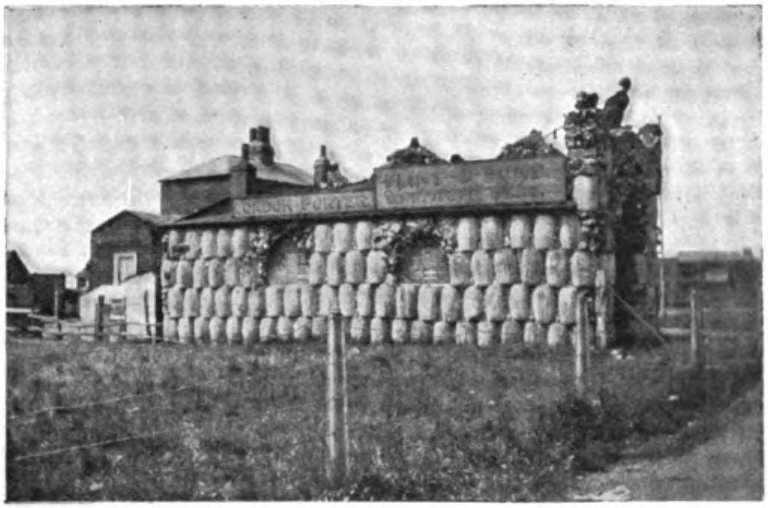
A HORNED ROOSTER.

"Not content with the possession of a magnificent pair of spurs, this extraordinary bird also has horns on his head. Needless to add he is at once the terror and master of his Minnesota farmyard." — Mr. E. H. Brewer, 1029, Lombard Avenue, St. Paul, Min.

A WALKING LEMON.

"The man in the photograph is dressed up as a lemon, and is meant to advertise 'Lawson Lemon Syrup.' The man was dressed in yellow gauze. He excited a considerable amount of curiosity about the town, where such advertisements had never been seen before."—Mr. E. Goodman, 63, Claremont Road, Bishopston, Bristol.





"IT'S AN ILL WIND..."

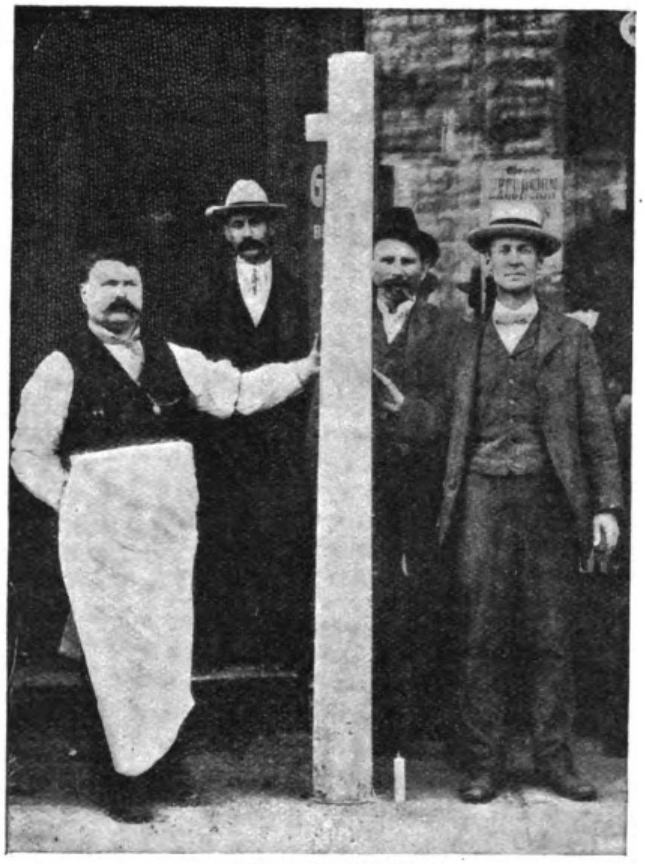
"The above photo. of a somewhat peculiar grotto may interest some of your readers. Between thirty and forty years ago a vessel loaded with barrels of cement was driven on shore and sank below high water-mark near Sheerness-on-Sea during a heavy storm, and the whole cargo for all ordinary purposes was utterly spoiled by the water. Before the vessel could be moved the whole of the barrels of cement had to be taken out, and they were allowed to lie about the foreshore for some long time, until the water had washed away all the wood of which the barrels were made—leaving the solid, barrel-shaped blocks of cement. Some time afterwards an enterprising Boniface near by obtained permission to remove them, and with them and a few odd flints he built the grotto as a sort of summer annex to his hostelry."—Mr. F. S. Mandling, 5, Lawn Crescent, Kew Gardens.

AN ENGLISH-BORN OSTRICH.

"I send you the portrait of a young rhea, or North American ostrich, which was hatched by me in one of my incubators. The eggs were supplied by a gentleman living near here who has some old birds in his park. The photo. also shows the egg from which the bird hatched, together with an ordinary hen's egg for comparison."—Mr. L. Castleman Brown, Arnold Hill, Leeds, Maidstone.



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A GIGANTIC CANDLE.

"This gigantic candle was found under a sidewalk in front of a saloon in the City of Minneapolis, Minnesota. The finding of the candle caused a sensation. Workmen were excavating under the sidewalk, and had dug down about eight feet when they came to a long wooden box fastened together with nails, of such ancient pattern that it was easy to judge that the box must have been made at least fifty years ago, and inside was found the candle. It measured seven feet four inches in height, and was eight inches in diameter at the base. A half-inch rope run through the wax serves as a wick, which, when lighted, would do credit to a model cooking stove. Beside it is an ordinary candle showing how the two compare in size. How the candle got where it was found, or what it was used for, will probably never be cleared up, as the original builders and owners of the building in front of which the candle was found have long since passed away."—Mr. G. E. Luxton, 3,220, Third Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn.

A TIN-ROOFED TREE.

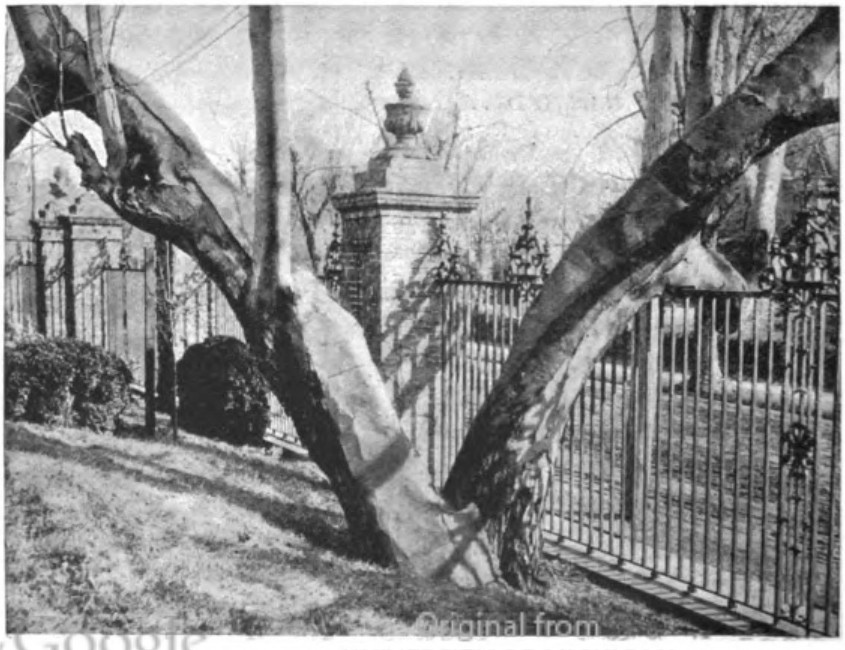
"A famous tree with historic associations is carefully guarded in the Manheim Club grounds of Philadelphia. The main trunk divides at the root and assumes a slanting growth; rain water would collect in decaying spots in the trunks, and was retained there by this unusual position, and threatened to rot the tree until this ingenious device was arranged for shedding the water. The strips of tin cover the entire upper surface of the two main trunks, and the novel roofing forms a complete watershed."—Phebe Westcott Humphreys, 424, Woodlawn Street, Germantown, Philadelphia.

MELTED BY THE SUN.

An excellent detective story appeared some years ago in which a man was discovered in a locked room, shot dead—the mystery being finally explained by the discovery that a glass bubble in the window pane, acting as a lens, had concentrated the rays upon the nipple of a gun, which had exploded and killed the solitary occupant of the chamber. That such a possibility is by no means inconceivable is demonstrated by the following interesting letter and photo.: "My photo. (taken by Mr. A. H. Blatchford) is that of an electro-plated tea-pot, and the oval-shaped hole shows the marvellous power of the sun through common glass. Quite by accident my

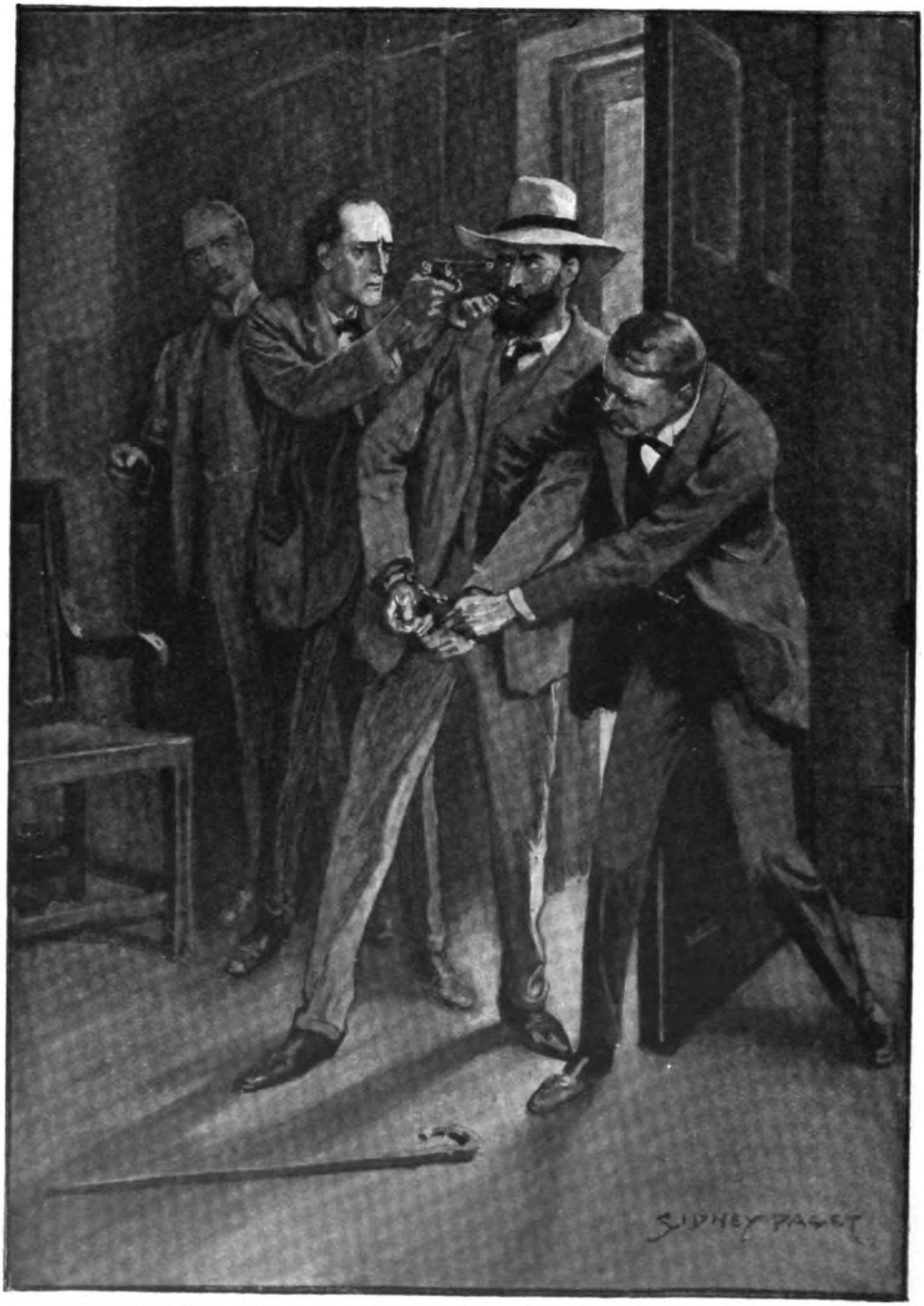


wife left it in the conservatory one morning in June. You will notice the molten metal just about to run on the chased butterfly. The tea-pot was standing in this position for about two hours, and I cannot account for this extraordinary occurrence except by the fact that the sun was shining through a spot in the glass which acted as a lens."—Mr. Sidney G. Hatcher, 10, Eldon Place, Bournemouth West.



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"HOLMES CLAPPED A PISTOL TO HIS HEAD AND MARTIN SLIPPED THE HANDCUFFS OVER HIS WRISTS."

(See page 616.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvi. DECEMBER, 1903. No. 156.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

III.—The Adventure of the Dancing Men.

HOLMES had been seated for some hours in silence with his long, thin back curved over a chemical vessel in which he was brewing a particularly malodorous product. His head was sunk upon his breast, and he looked from my point of view like a strange, lank bird, with dull grey plumage and a black top-knot.

"So, Watson," said he, suddenly, "you do not propose to invest in South African securities?"

I gave a start of astonishment. Accustomed as I was to Holmes's curious faculties, this sudden intrusion into my most intimate thoughts was utterly inexplicable.

"How on earth do you know that?" I asked.

He wheeled round upon his stool, with a steaming test-tube in his hand and a gleam of amusement in his deep-set eyes.

"Now, Watson, confess yourself utterly taken aback," said he.

"I am."

"I ought to make you sign a paper to that effect."

"Why?"

"Because in five minutes you will say that it is all so absurdly simple."

"I am sure that I shall say nothing of the kind."

"You see, my dear Watson"—he propped his test-tube in the rack and began to lecture with the air of a professor addressing his class—"it is not really difficult to construct a series of inferences, each dependent upon its predecessor and each simple in itself. If, after doing so, one simply knocks out all the central inferences and presents one's audience with the starting-point and the conclusion, one may produce a startling, though possibly a meretricious, effect. Now, it was not really difficult, by an inspection of the groove between your left forefinger and thumb, to feel sure that you did *not* propose to invest your small capital in the goldfields."

"I see no connection."

"Very likely not; but I can quickly show you a close connection. Here are the missing links of the very simple chain: 1. You had chalk between your left finger and thumb when you returned from the club last night. 2. You put chalk there when you play billiards to steady the cue. 3. You never play billiards except with Thurston. 4. You told me four weeks ago that Thurston had an option on some South African property which would expire in a month, and which he desired you to share with him. 5. Your cheque-book is locked in my drawer, and you have not asked for the key. 6. You do not propose to invest your money in this manner."

"How absurdly simple!" I cried.

"Quite so!" said he, a little nettled. "Every problem becomes very childish when once it is explained to you. Here is an unexplained one. See what you can make of that, friend Watson." He tossed a sheet of paper upon the table and turned once more to his chemical analysis.

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"HOLMES HELD UP THE PAPER."

I looked with amazement at the absurd hieroglyphics upon the paper.

"Why, Holmes, it is a child's drawing," I cried.

"Oh, that's your idea!"

"What else should it be?"

"That is what Mr. Hilton Cubitt, of Riding Thorpe Manor, Norfolk, is very anxious to know. This little conundrum came by the first post, and he was to follow by the next train. There's a ring at the bell, Watson. I should not be very much surprised if this were he."

A heavy step was heard upon the stairs, and an instant later there entered a tall, ruddy, clean-shaven gentleman, whose clear eyes and florid cheeks told of a life led far from the fogs of Baker Street. He seemed to bring a whiff of his strong, fresh, bracing, east-coast air with him as he entered. Having shaken hands with each of us, he was about to sit down when his eye rested upon the paper with the curious markings, which I had just examined and left upon the table.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, what do you make of these?" he cried. "They told me that you were fond of queer mysteries, and I don't think you can find a queerer one than that. I sent the paper on ahead so that you might have time to study it before I came."

"It is certainly rather a curious production," said Holmes. "At first sight it would appear to be some childish prank. It consists of a number of absurd little figures dancing across the paper upon which they are drawn. Why should you attribute any importance to so grotesque an object?"

"I never should, Mr. Holmes. But my wife does. It is frightening her to death. She says nothing, but I can see terror in her eyes. That's why I want to sift the matter to the bottom."

Holmes held up the paper so that the sunlight shone full upon it. It was a page torn from a note-book. The markings were done in pencil, and ran in this way:—



Holmes examined it for some time, and then, folding it carefully up, he placed it in his pocket-book.

"This promises to be a most interesting and unusual case," said he. "You gave me a few particulars in your letter, Mr. Hilton Cubitt, but I should be very much obliged if you would kindly go over it all again for the benefit of my friend, Dr. Watson."

"I'm not much of a story-teller," said our

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visitor, nervously clasping and unclasping his great, strong hands. "You'll just ask me anything that I don't make clear. I'll begin at the time of my marriage last year; but I want to say first of all that, though I'm not a rich man, my people have been at Ridling Thorpe for a matter of five centuries, and there is no better-known family in the County of Norfolk. Last year I came up to London for the Jubilee, and I stopped at a boarding-house in Russell Square, because Parker, the vicar of our parish, was staying in it. There was an American young lady there—Patrick was the name—Elsie Patrick. In some way we became friends, until before my month was up I was as much in love as a man could be. We were quietly married at a registry office, and we returned to Norfolk a wedded couple. You'll think it very mad, Mr. Holmes, that a man of a good old family should marry a wife in this fashion, knowing nothing of her past or of her people; but if you saw her and knew her it would help you to understand.

"She was very straight about it, was Elsie. I can't say that she did not give me every chance of getting out of it if I wished to do so. 'I have had some very disagreeable associations in my life,' said she; 'I wish to forget all about them. I would rather never allude to the past, for it is very painful to me. If you take me, Hilton, you will take a woman who has nothing that she need be personally ashamed of; but you will have to be content with my word for it, and to allow me to be silent as to all that passed up to the time when I became yours. If these conditions are too hard, then go back to Norfolk and leave me to the lonely life in which you found me.' It was only the day before our wedding that she said those very words to me. I told her that I was content to take her on her own terms, and I have been as good as my word.

"Well, we have been married now for a year, and very happy we have been. But about a month ago, at the end of June, I saw for the first time signs of trouble. One day my wife received a letter from America. I saw the American stamp. She turned deadly white, read the letter, and threw it into the fire. She made no allusion to it afterwards, and I made none, for a promise is a promise; but she has never known an easy hour from that moment. There is always a look of fear upon her face—a look as if she were waiting and expecting. She would do better to trust me. She would find that I was her best friend. But until she speaks I can say nothing. Mind you, she is a truthful woman, Mr. Holmes, and whatever trouble there may have been in her past life it has been no fault of hers. I am only a simple Norfolk squire, but there is not a man in England who ranks his family honour more highly than I do. She knows it well, and she knew it well before she married me. She would never bring any stain upon it—of that I am sure.

"Well, now I come to the queer part of my story. About a week ago—it was the Tuesday of last week—I found on one of the window-sills a number of absurd little dancing figures, like these upon the paper. They were scrawled with chalk. I thought that it was the stable-boy who had drawn them, but the lad swore he knew nothing about it. Anyhow, they had come there during the night. I had them washed out, and I only mentioned the matter to my wife afterwards. To my surprise she took it very seriously, and begged me if any more came to let her see them. None did come for a week, and then yesterday morning I found this paper lying on the sun-dial in the garden. I showed it to Elsie, and down she dropped in a dead faint. Since then she has looked like a woman in a dream, half dazed, and with terror always lurking in her eyes. It was then that I wrote and sent the paper to you, Mr. Holmes. It was not a thing that I could take to the police, for they would have laughed at me, but you will tell me what to do. I am not a rich man; but if there is any danger threatening my little woman I would spend my last copper to shield her."

He was a fine creature, this man of the old English soil, simple, straight, and gentle, with his great, earnest blue eyes and broad, comely face. His love for his wife and his trust in her shone in his features. Holmes had listened to his story with the utmost attention, and now he sat for some time in silent thought.

"Don't you think, Mr. Cubitt," said he, at last, "that your best plan would be to make a direct appeal to your wife, and to ask her to share her secret with you?"

Hilton Cubitt shook his massive head.

"A promise is a promise, Mr. Holmes. If Elsie wished to tell me she would. If not, it is not for me to force her confidence. But I am justified in taking my own line—and I will."

"Then I will help you with all my heart. In the first place, have you heard of any strangers being seen in your neighbourhood?"

"No."

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"I presume that it is a very quiet place. Any fresh face would cause comment?"

"In the immediate neighbourhood, yes. But we have several small watering-places not very far away. And the farmers take in lodgers."

"These hieroglyphics have evidently a meaning. If it is a purely arbitrary one it may be impossible for us to solve it. If, on the other hand, it is systematic, I have no doubt that we shall get to the bottom of it. But this particular sample is so short that I can do nothing, and the facts which you have brought me are so indefinite that we have no basis for an investigation. I would suggest that you return to Norfolk, that you keep a keen look-out, and that you take an exact copy of any fresh dancing men which may appear. It is a thousand pities that we have not a reproduction of those which were done in chalk upon the window-sill. Make a discreet inquiry also as to any strangers in the neighbourhood. When you have collected some fresh evidence come to me again. That is the best advice which I can give you, Mr. Hilton Cubitt. If there are any pressing fresh developments I shall be always ready to run down and see you in your Norfolk home."

The interview left Sherlock Holmes very thoughtful, and several times in the next few days I saw him take his slip of paper from his note-book and look long and earnestly at the curious figures inscribed upon it. He made no allusion to the affair, however, until one afternoon a fortnight or so later. I was going out when he called me back.

"You had better stay here, Watson."

"Why?"

"Because I had a wire from Hilton Cubitt this morning—you remember Hilton Cubitt, of the dancing men? He was to reach Liverpool Street at one-twenty. He may be here at any moment. I gather from his wire that there have been some new incidents of importance."

We had not long to wait, for our Norfolk squire came straight from the station as fast as a hansom could bring him. He was looking worried and depressed, with tired eyes and a lined forehead.

"It's getting on my nerves, this business, Mr. Holmes," said he, as he sank, like a wearied man, into an arm-chair. "It's bad enough to feel that you are surrounded by unseen, unknown folk, who have some kind of design upon you; but when, in addition to that, you know that it is just killing your wife by inches, then it becomes as much as flesh and blood can endure. She's wearing away under it—just wearing away before my eyes."

"Has she said anything yet?"

"No, Mr. Holmes, she has not. And yet there have been times when the poor girl has wanted to speak, and yet could not quite bring herself to take the plunge. I have tried to help her; but I dare say I did it clumsily, and scared her off from it. She has spoken about my old family, and our reputation in the county, and our pride in our unsullied honour, and I always felt it was leading to the point; but somehow it turned off before we got there."

"But you have found out something for yourself?"

"A good deal, Mr. Holmes. I have several fresh dancing men pictures for you to examine, and, what is more important, I have seen the fellow."

"What, the man who draws them?"

"Yes, I saw him at his work. But I will tell you everything in order. When I got back after my visit to you, the very first thing I saw next morning was a fresh crop of dancing men. They had been drawn in chalk upon the black wooden door of the tool-house, which stands beside the lawn in full view of the front windows. I took an exact copy, and here it is." He unfolded a paper and laid it upon the table. Here is a copy of the hieroglyphics:—



"Excellent!" said Holmes. "Excellent! Pray continue."

"When I had taken the copy I rubbed out the marks; but two mornings later a fresh inscription had appeared. I have a copy of it here":—



Holmes rubbed his hands and chuckled with delight.

"Our material is rapidly accumulating," said he.

"Three days later a message was left scrawled upon paper, and placed under a pebble upon the sun-dial. Here it is. The characters are, as you see, exactly the same as the last one. After that I determined to lie in wait; so I got out my revolver and I sat up in my study, which

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overlooks the lawn and garden. About two in the morning I was seated by the window, all being dark save for the moonlight outside, when I heard steps behind me, and there was my wife in her dressing-gown. She implored me to come to bed. I told her frankly that I wished to see who it was who played such absurd tricks upon us. She answered that it was some senseless practical joke, and that I should not take any notice of it.

"'If it really annoys you, Hilton, we might go and travel, you and I, and so avoid this nuisance.'

"'What, be driven out of our own house by a practical joker?' said I. 'Why, we should have the whole county laughing at us.'

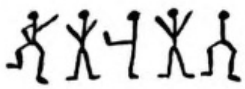
"'Well, come to bed,' said she, 'and we can discuss it in the morning.'

"Suddenly, as she spoke, I saw her white face grow whiter yet in the moonlight, and her hand tightened upon my shoulder. Something was moving in the shadow of the tool-house. I saw a dark, creeping figure which crawled round the corner and squatted in front of the door. Seizing my pistol I was rushing out, when my wife threw her arms round me and held me with convulsive strength. I tried to throw her off, but she clung to me most desperately. At last I got clear, but by the time I had opened the door and reached the house the creature was gone. He had left a trace of his presence, however, for there on the door was the very same arrangement of dancing men which had already twice appeared, and which I have copied on that paper. There was no other sign of the fellow anywhere, though I ran all over the grounds. And yet the amazing thing is that he must have been there all the time, for when I examined the door again in the morning he had scrawled some more of his pictures under the line which I had already seen."

"Have you that fresh drawing?"

"Yes; it is very short, but I made a copy of it, and here it is."

Again he produced a paper. The new dance was in this form:—

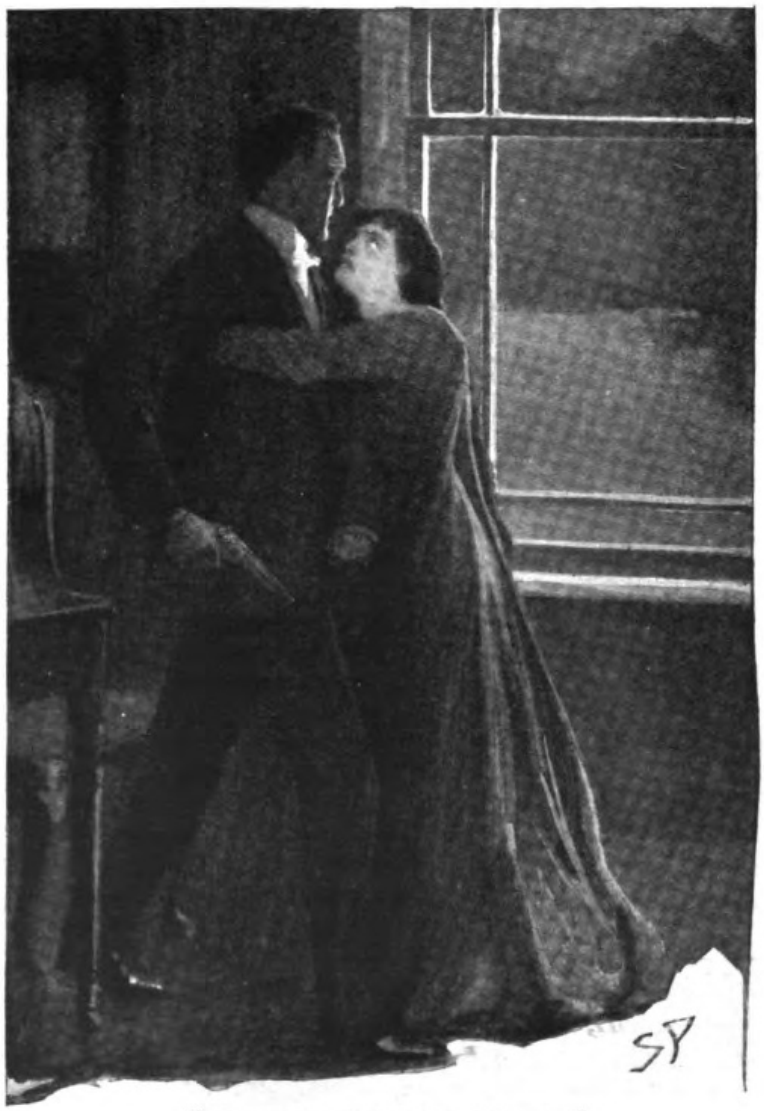


"Tell me," said Holmes—and I could see by his eyes that he was much excited—"was this a mere addition to the first, or did it appear to be entirely separate?"

"It was on a different panel of the door."

"Excellent! This is far the most important of all for our purpose. It fills me with hopes. Now, Mr. Hilton Cubitt, please continue your most interesting statement."

"I have nothing more to say, Mr. Holmes, except that I was angry with my wife that night for having held me back when I might



"MY WIFE THREW HER ARMS ROUND ME."

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have caught the skulking rascal. She said that she feared that I might come to harm. For an instant it had crossed my mind that perhaps what she really feared was that *he* might come to harm, for I could not doubt that she knew who this man was and what he meant by these strange signals. But there is a tone in my wife's voice, Mr. Holmes, and a look in her eyes which forbid doubt, and I am sure that it was indeed my own safety that was in her mind. There's the whole case, and now I want your advice as to what I ought to do. My own inclination is to put half-a-dozen of my farm lads in the shrubbery, and when this fellow comes again to give him such a hiding that he will leave us in peace for the future."

"I fear it is too deep a case for such simple remedies," said Holmes. "How long can you stay in London?"

very pretty case to add to your collection, Watson," said he. "I expect that we shall be able to go down to Norfolk to-morrow, and to take our friend some very definite news as to the secret of his annoyance."

I confess that I was filled with curiosity, but I was aware that Holmes liked to make his disclosures at his own time and in his own way; so I waited until it should suit him to take me into his confidence.

But there was a delay in that answering telegram, and two days of impatience followed, during which Holmes pricked up his ears at every ring of the bell. On the evening of the second there came a letter from Hilton Cubitt. All was quiet with him, save that a long inscription had appeared that morning upon the pedestal of the sun-dial. He enclosed a copy of it, which is here reproduced :—



"I must go back to-day. I would not leave my wife alone at night for anything. She is very nervous and begged me to come back."

"I dare say you are right. But if you could have stopped I might possibly have been able to return with you in a day or two. Meanwhile you will leave me these papers, and I think that it is very likely that I shall be able to pay you a visit shortly and to throw some light upon your case."

Sherlock Holmes preserved his calm professional manner until our visitor had left us, although it was easy for me, who knew him so well, to see that he was profoundly excited. The moment that Hilton Cubitt's broad back had disappeared through the door my comrade rushed to the table, laid out all the slips of paper containing dancing men in front of him, and threw himself into an intricate and elaborate calculation. For two hours I watched him as he covered sheet after sheet of paper with figures and letters, so completely absorbed in his task that he had evidently forgotten my presence. Sometimes he was making progress and whistled and sang at his work; sometimes he was puzzled, and would sit for long spells with a furrowed brow and a vacant eye. Finally he sprang from his chair with a cry of satisfaction, and walked up and down the room rubbing his hands together. Then he wrote a long telegram upon a cable form. "If my answer to this is as I hope, you will have a

Holmes bent over this grotesque frieze for some minutes, and then suddenly sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and dismay. His face was haggard with anxiety.

"We have let this affair go far enough," said he. "Is there a train to North Walsham to-night?"

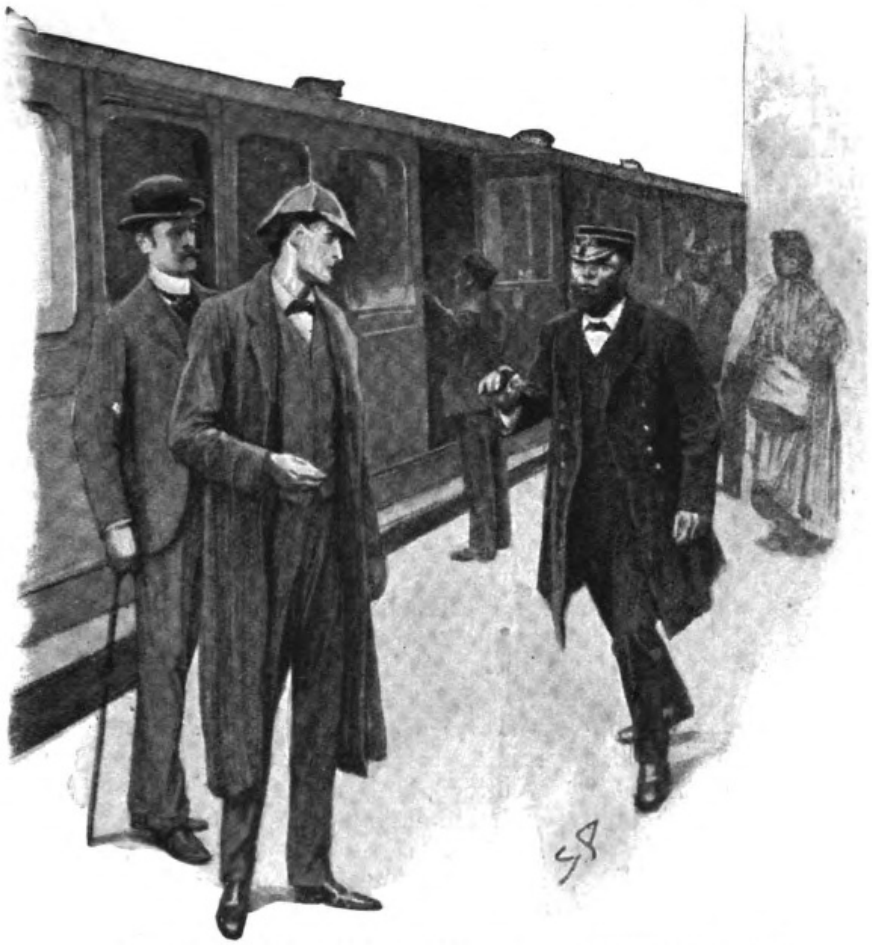
I turned up the time-table. The last had just gone.

"Then we shall breakfast early and take the very first in the morning," said Holmes. "Our presence is most urgently needed. Ah! here is our expected cablegram. One moment, Mrs. Hudson; there may be an answer. No, that is quite as I expected. This message makes it even more essential that we should not lose an hour in letting Hilton Cubitt know how matters stand, for it is a singular and a dangerous web in which our simple Norfolk squire is entangled."

So, indeed, it proved, and as I come to the dark conclusion of a story which had seemed to me to be only childish and bizarre I experience once again the dismay and horror with which I was filled. Would that I had some brighter ending to communicate to my readers, but these are the chronicles of fact, and I must follow to their dark crisis the strange chain of events which for some days made Ridling Thorpe Manor a household word through the length and breadth of England.

We had hardly alighted at North Walsham, and mentioned the name of our destination,

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"'I SUPPOSE THAT YOU ARE THE DETECTIVES FROM LONDON?' SAID HE."

when the station-master hurried towards us. "I suppose that you are the detectives from London?" said he.

A look of annoyance passed over Holmes's face.

"What makes you think such a thing?"

"Because Inspector Martin from Norwich has just passed through. But maybe you are the surgeons. She's not dead—or wasn't by last accounts. You may be in time to save her yet—though it be for the gallows."

Holmes's brow was dark with anxiety.

"We are going to Ridling Thorpe Manor," said he, "but we have heard nothing of what has passed there."

"It's a terrible business," said the station-master. "They are shot, both Mr. Hilton Cubitt and his wife. She shot him and then herself—so the servants say. He's dead and her life is despaired of. Dear, dear, one of the oldest families in the County of Norfolk, and one of the most honoured."

Without a word Holmes hurried to a carriage, and during the long seven miles' drive he never opened his mouth. Seldom have I seen him so utterly despondent. He had been uneasy during all our journey from town, and I had observed that he had turned over the morning papers with anxious attention; but now this sudden realization of his worst fears left him in a blank melancholy. He leaned back in his seat, lost in gloomy speculation. Yet there was much around us to interest us, for we were passing through as singular a country-side as any in England, where a few scattered cottages represented the population of to-day, while on every hand enormous square-towered churches bristled up from the flat, green landscape and told of the glory and prosperity of old East Anglia. At last the violet rim of the German Ocean appeared over the green edge of the Norfolk coast, and the driver pointed with his whip to two old brick and timber gables which projected from a grove of trees. "That's Ridling Thorpe Manor," said he.

As we drove up to the porticoed front door I observed in front of it, beside the tennis lawn, the black tool-house and the pedestalled sun-dial with which we had such strange associations. A dapper little man, with a quick, alert manner and a waxed moustache, had just descended from a high dog-cart. He introduced himself as Inspector Martin, of the Norfolk Constabulary, and he was considerably astonished when he heard the name of my companion.

"Why, Mr. Holmes, the crime was only committed at three this morning. How could you hear of it in London and get to the spot as soon as I?"

"I anticipated it. I came in the hope of preventing it."

"Then you must have important evidence

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of which we are ignorant, for they were said to be a most united couple."

"I have only the evidence of the dancing men," said Holmes. "I will explain the matter to you later. Meanwhile, since it is too late to prevent this tragedy, I am very anxious that I should use the knowledge which I possess in order to ensure that justice be done. Will you associate me in your investigation, or will you prefer that I should act independently?"

"I should be proud to feel that we were acting together, Mr. Holmes," said the inspector, earnestly.

"In that case I should be glad to hear the evidence and to examine the premises without an instant of unnecessary delay."

Inspector Martin had the good sense to allow my friend to do things in his own fashion, and contented himself with carefully noting the results. The local surgeon, an old, white-haired man, had just come down from Mrs. Hilton Cubitt's room, and he reported that her injuries were serious, but not necessarily fatal. The bullet had passed through the front of her brain, and it would probably be some time before she could regain consciousness. On the question of whether she had been shot or had shot herself he would not venture to express any decided opinion. Certainly the bullet had been discharged at very close quarters. There was only the one pistol found in the room, two barrels of which had been emptied. Mr. Hilton Cubitt had been shot through the heart. It was equally conceivable that he had shot her and then himself, or that she had been the criminal, for the revolver lay upon the floor midway between them.

"Has he been moved?" asked Holmes.

"We have moved nothing except the lady. We could not leave her lying wounded upon the floor."

"How long have you been here, doctor?"

"Since four o'clock."

"Anyone else?"

"Yes, the constable here."

"And you have touched nothing?"

"Nothing."

"You have acted with great discretion. Who sent for you?"

"The housemaid, Saunders."

"Was it she who gave the alarm?"

"She and Mrs. King, the cook."

"Where are they now?"

"In the kitchen, I believe."

"Then I think we had better hear their story at once."

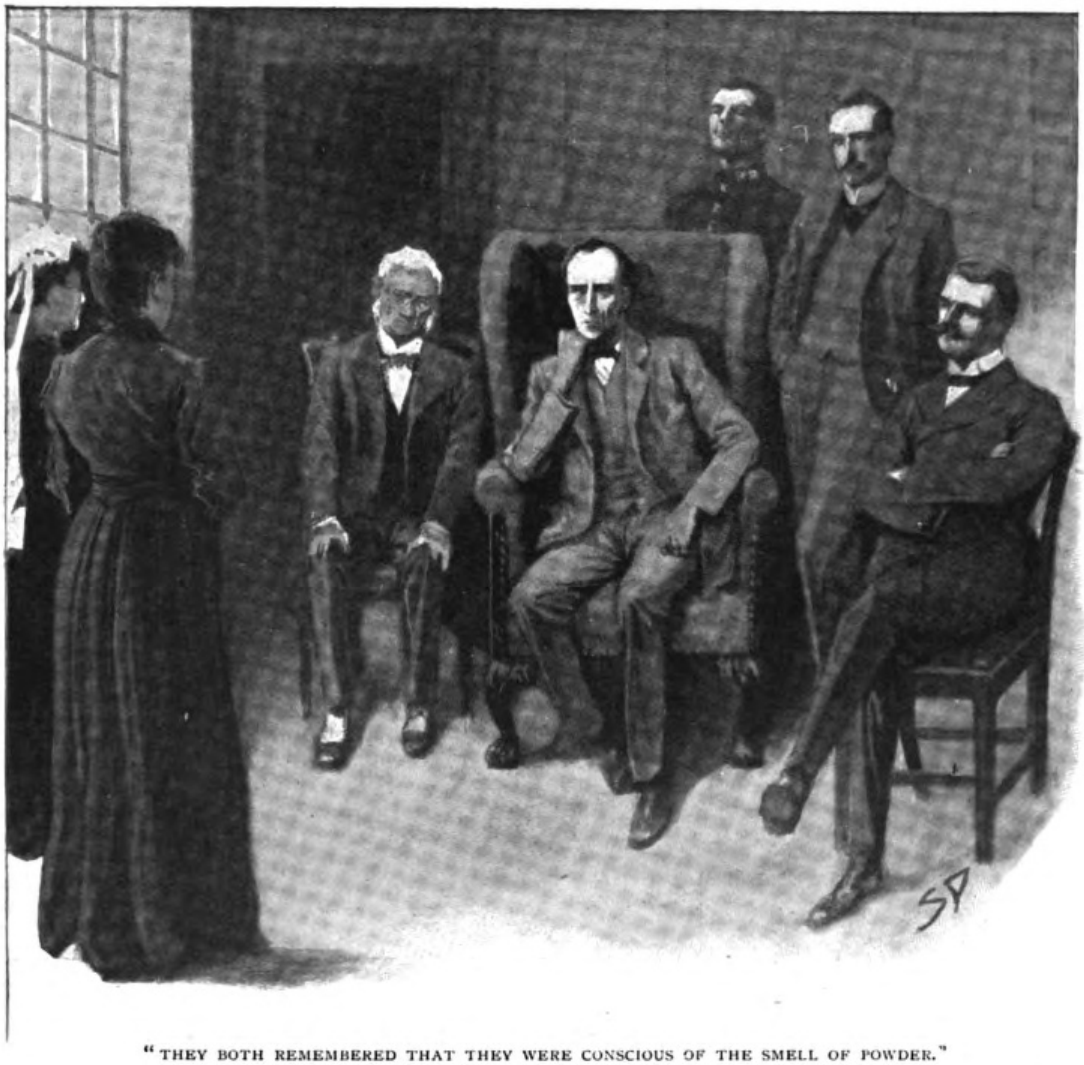
The old hall, oak-panelled and high-windowed, had been turned into a court of investigation. Holmes sat in a great, old-fashioned chair, his inexorable eyes gleaming out of his haggard face. I could read in them a set purpose to devote his life to this quest until the client whom he had failed to save should at last be avenged. The trim Inspector Martin, the old, grey-headed country doctor, myself, and a stolid village policeman made up the rest of that strange company.

The two women told their story clearly enough. They had been aroused from their sleep by the sound of an explosion, which had been followed a minute later by a second one. They slept in adjoining rooms, and Mrs. King had rushed in to Saunders. Together they had descended the stairs. The door of the study was open and a candle was burning upon the table. Their master lay upon his face in the centre of the room. He was quite dead. Near the window his wife was crouching, her head leaning against the wall. She was horribly wounded, and the side of her face was red with blood. She breathed heavily, but was incapable of saying anything. The passage, as well as the room, was full of smoke and the smell of powder. The window was certainly shut and fastened upon the inside. Both women were positive upon the point. They had at once sent for the doctor and for the constable. Then, with the aid of the groom and the stable-boy, they had conveyed their injured mistress to her room. Both she and her husband had occupied the bed. She was clad in her dress—he in his dressing-gown, over his night clothes. Nothing had been moved in the study. So far as they knew there had never been any quarrel between husband and wife. They had always looked upon them as a very united couple.

These were the main points of the servants' evidence. In answer to Inspector Martin they were clear that every door was fastened upon the inside, and that no one could have escaped from the house. In answer to Holmes they both remembered that they were conscious of the smell of powder from the moment that they ran out of their rooms upon the top floor. "I commend that fact very carefully to your attention," said Holmes to his professional colleague. "And now I think that we are in a position to undertake a thorough examination of the room."

The study proved to be a small chamber, lined on three sides with books, and with a

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"THEY BOTH REMEMBERED THAT THEY WERE CONSCIOUS OF THE SMELL OF POWDER."

writing-table facing an ordinary window, which looked out upon the garden. Our first attention was given to the body of the unfortunate squire, whose huge frame lay stretched across the room. His disordered dress showed that he had been hastily aroused from sleep. The bullet had been fired at him from the front, and had remained in his body after penetrating the heart. His death had certainly been instantaneous and painless. There was no powder-marking either upon his dressing-gown or on his hands. According to the country surgeon the lady had stains upon her face, but none upon her hand.

"The absence of the latter means nothing, though its presence may mean everything," said Holmes. "Unless the powder from a badly-fitting cartridge happens to spurt backwards, one may fire many shots without leaving a sign. I would suggest that Mr. Cubitt's body may now be removed. I suppose, doctor, you have not recovered the bullet which wounded the lady?"

"A serious operation will be necessary before that can be done. But there are still four cartridges in the revolver. Two have been fired and two wounds inflicted, so that each bullet can be accounted for."

"So it would seem," said Holmes. "Perhaps you can account also for the bullet which has so obviously struck the edge of the window?"

He had turned suddenly, and his long, thin finger was pointing to a hole which had been drilled right through the lower window-sash about an inch above the bottom.

"By George!" cried the inspector. "How ever did you see that?"

"Because I looked for it."

"Wonderful!" said the country doctor. "You are certainly right, sir. Then a third shot has been fired, and therefore a third person must have been present. But who could that have been and how could he have got away?"

"That is the problem which we are now

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about to solve," said Sherlock Holmes. "You remember, Inspector Martin, when the servants said that on leaving their room they were at once conscious of a smell of powder I remarked that the point was an extremely important one?"

"Yes, sir; but I confess I did not quite follow you."

"It suggested that at the time of the firing the window as well as the door of the room had been open. Otherwise the fumes of powder could not have been blown so rapidly through the house. A draught in the room was necessary for that. Both door and window were only open for a very short time, however."

"How do you prove that?"

"Because the candle has not guttered."

"Capital!" cried the inspector. "Capital!"

"Feeling sure that the window had been open at the time of the tragedy I conceived that there might have been a third person in the affair, who stood outside this opening and fired through it. Any shot directed at this person might hit the sash. I looked, and there, sure enough, was the bullet mark!"

"But how came the window to be shut and fastened?"

"The woman's first instinct would be to shut and fasten the window. But, halloa! what is this?"

It was a lady's hand-bag which stood upon the study table—a trim little hand-bag of crocodile-skin and silver. Holmes opened it and turned the contents out. There were twenty fifty-pound notes of the Bank of England, held together by an india-rubber band nothing else.

"This must be preserved, for it will figure in the trial," said Holmes, as he handed the bag with its contents to the inspector. "It is now necessary that we should try to throw some light upon this third bullet, which has clearly, from the splintering of the wood, been fired from inside the room. I should like to see Mrs. King, the cook, again. You said, Mrs. King, that you were awakened by a *loud* explosion. When you said that, did you mean that it seemed to you to be louder than the second one?"

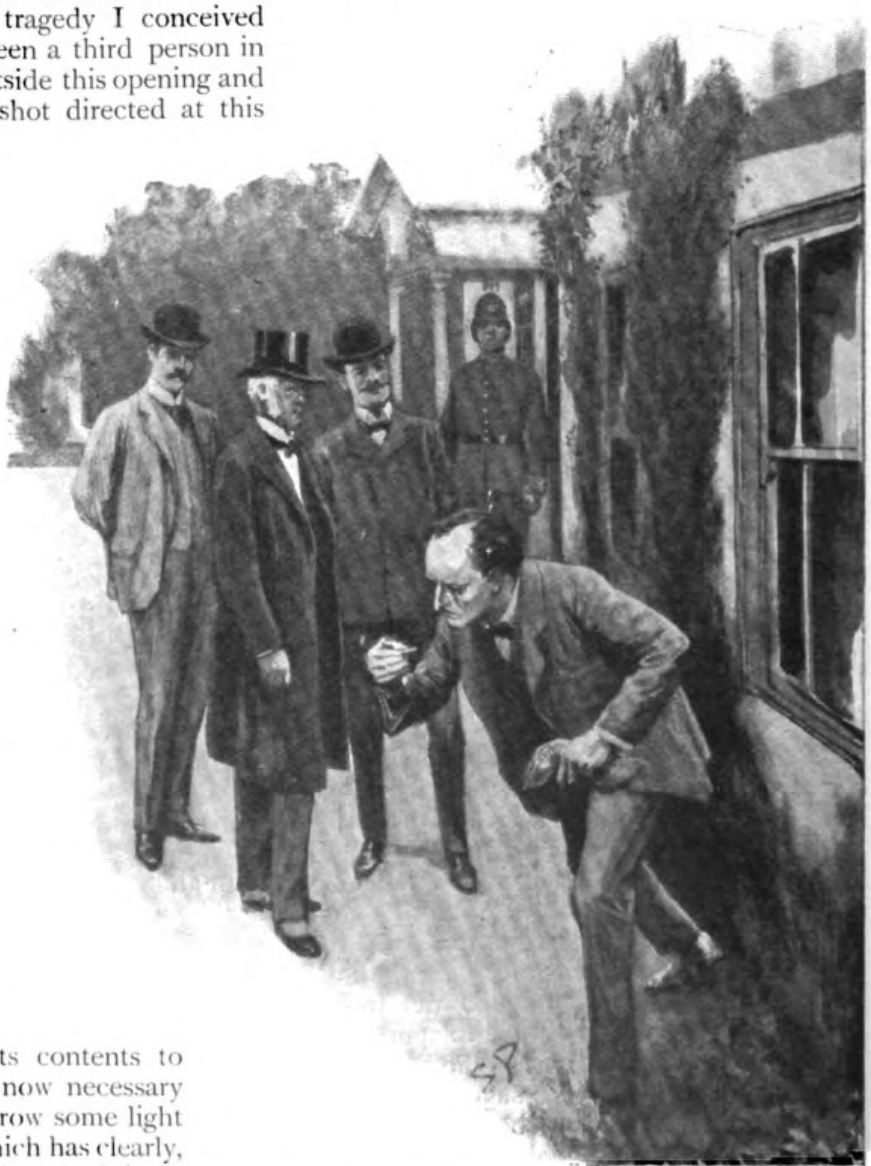
"Well, sir, it wakened me from my sleep, and so it is hard to judge. But it did seem very loud."

"You don't think that it might have been two shots fired almost at the same instant?"

"I am sure I couldn't say, sir."

"I believe that it was undoubtedly so. I rather think, Inspector Martin, that we have now exhausted all that this room can teach us. If you will kindly step round with me, we shall see what fresh evidence the garden has to offer."

A flower-bed extended up to the study



"HE BENT FORWARD AND PICKED UP A LITTLE BRAZEN CYLINDER."

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window, and we all broke into an exclamation as we approached it. The flowers were trampled down, and the soft soil was imprinted all over with footmarks. Large, masculine feet they were, with peculiarly long, sharp toes. Holmes hunted about among the grass and leaves like a retriever after a wounded bird. Then, with a cry of satisfaction, he bent forward and picked up a little brazen cylinder.

"I thought so," said he; "the revolver had an ejector, and here is the third cartridge. I really think, Inspector Martin, that our case is almost complete."

The country inspector's face had shown his intense amazement at the rapid and masterful progress of Holmes's investigation. At first he had shown some disposition to assert his own position; but now he was overcome with admiration and ready to follow without question wherever Holmes led.

"Whom do you suspect?" he asked.

"I'll go into that later. There are several points in this problem which I have not been able to explain to you yet. Now that I have got so far I had best proceed on my own lines, and then clear the whole matter up once and for all."

"Just as you wish, Mr. Holmes, so long as we get our man."

"I have no desire to make mysteries, but it is impossible at the moment of action to enter into long and complex explanations. I have the threads of this affair all in my hand. Even if this lady should never recover consciousness we can still reconstruct the events of last night and ensure that justice be done. First of all I wish to know whether there is any inn in this neighbourhood known as 'Elrige's'?"

The servants were cross-questioned, but none of them had heard of such a place. The stable-boy threw a light upon the matter by remembering that a farmer of that name lived some miles off in the direction of East Ruston.

"Is it a lonely farm?"

"Very lonely, sir."

"Perhaps they have not heard yet of all that happened here during the night?"

"Maybe not, sir."

Holmes thought for a little and then a curious smile played over his face.

"Saddle a horse, my lad," said he. "I shall wish you to take a note to Elrige's Farm."

He took from his pocket the various slips of the dancing men. With these in front of him he worked for some time at the study-table. Finally he handed a note to the boy, with directions to put it into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed, and especially to answer no questions of any sort which might be put to him. I saw the outside of the note, addressed in straggling, irregular characters, very unlike Holmes's usual precise hand. It was consigned to Mr. Abe Slaney, Elrige's Farm, East Ruston, Norfolk.

"I think, inspector," Holmes remarked, "that you would do well to telegraph for an escort, as, if my calculations prove to be correct, you may have a particularly dangerous prisoner to convey to the county gaol. The boy who takes this note could no doubt forward your telegram. If there is an afternoon train to town, Watson, I think we should do well to take it, as I have a chemical analysis of some interest to finish, and this investigation draws rapidly to a close."

When the youth had been dispatched with the note, Sherlock Holmes gave his instructions to the servants. If any visitor were to call asking for Mrs. Hilton Cubitt no information should be given as to her condition, but he was to be shown at once into the drawing-room. He impressed these points upon them with the utmost earnestness. Finally he led the way into the drawing-room with the remark that the business was now out of our hands, and that we must while away the time as best we might until we could see what was in store for us. The doctor had departed to his patients, and only the inspector and myself remained.

"I think that I can help you to pass an hour in an interesting and profitable manner," said Holmes, drawing his chair up to the table and spreading out in front of him the various papers upon which were recorded the antics of the dancing men. "As to you, friend Watson, I owe you every atonement for having allowed your natural curiosity to remain so long unsatisfied. To you, inspector, the whole incident may appeal as a remarkable professional study. I must tell you first of all the interesting circumstances connected with the previous consultations which Mr. Hilton Cubitt has had with me in Baker Street." He then shortly recapitulated the facts which have already been recorded. "I have here in front of me these singular productions, at which one might smile had they not proved themselves to be the forerunners of so terrible a tragedy. I am fairly familiar with all forms of secret writings, and am myself the author of a trifling monograph

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upon the subject, in which I analyze one hundred and sixty separate ciphers; but I confess that this is entirely new to me. The object of those who invented the system has apparently been to conceal that these characters convey a message, and to give the idea that they are the mere random sketches of children.

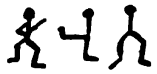
"Having once recognised, however, that the symbols stood for letters, and having applied the rules which guide us in all forms of secret writings, the solution was easy enough. The first message submitted to me was so short that it was impossible for me to do more than to say with some confidence that the symbol



stood for E. As you are aware, E is the most common letter in the English alphabet, and it predominates to so marked an extent that even in a short sentence one would expect to find it most often. Out of fifteen symbols in the first message four were the same, so it was reasonable to set this down as E. It is true that in some cases the figure was bearing a flag and in some cases not, but it was probable from the way in which the flags were distributed that they were used to break the sentence up into words. I accepted this as a hypothesis, and noted that E was represented by



"But now came the real difficulty of the inquiry. The order of the English letters after E is by no means well marked, and any preponderance which may be shown in an average of a printed sheet may be reversed in a single short sentence. Speaking roughly, T, A, O, I, N, S, H, R, D, and L are the numerical order in which letters occur; but T, A, O, and I are very nearly abreast of each other, and it would be an endless task to try each combination until a meaning was arrived at. I, therefore, waited for fresh material. In my second interview with Mr. Hilton Cubitt he was able to give me two other short sentences and one message, which appeared since there was no flag to be a single word. Here are the symbols. Now, in the single word I have already got the two E's coming second and fourth in a word of five letters. It might be 'sever,' or 'lever,' or 'never.' There can be no question that the latter as a reply to an appeal is far the most probable, and the circumstances pointed to its being a reply written by the lady. Accepting it as correct, we are now able to say that the symbols



stand respectively for N, V, and R.

"Even now I was in considerable difficulty, but a happy thought put me in possession of several other letters. It occurred to me that if these appeals came, as I expected, from someone who had been intimate with the lady in her early life, a combination which contained two E's with three letters between might very well stand for the name 'ELSIE.' On examination I found that such a combination formed the termination of the message which was three times repeated. It was certainly some appeal to 'Elsie.' In this way I had got my L, S, and I. But what appeal could it be? There were only four letters in the word which preceded 'Elsie,' and it ended in E. Surely the word must be 'COME.' I tried all other four letters ending in E, but could find none to fit the case. So now I was in possession of C, O, and M, and I was in a position to attack the first message once more, dividing it into words and putting dots for each symbol which was still unknown. So treated it worked out in this fashion:—

.M .ERE ..E SL.NE.

"Now the first letter *can* only be A, which is a most useful discovery, since it occurs no fewer than three times in this short sentence, and the H is also apparent in the second word. Now it becomes:—

AM HERE A.E SLANE.

Or, filling in the obvious vacancies in the name:—

AM HERE ABE SLANEY.

I had so many letters now that I could proceed with considerable confidence to the second message, which worked out in this fashion:—

A. ELRI.ES.

Here I could only make sense by putting T and G for the missing letters, and supposing that the name was that of some house or inn at which the writer was staying."

Inspector Martin and I had listened with the utmost interest to the full and clear account of how my friend had produced results which had led to so complete a command over our difficulties.

"What did you do then, sir?" asked the inspector.

"I had every reason to suppose that this Abe Slaney was an American, since Abe is

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an American contraction, and since a letter from America had been the starting-point of all the trouble. I had also every cause to think that there was some criminal secret in the matter. The lady's allusions to her past and her refusal to take her husband into her confidence both pointed in that direction. I therefore cabled to my friend, Wilson Hargreave, of the New York Police Bureau, who has more than once made use of my knowledge of London crime. I asked him whether the name of Abe Slaney was known to him. Here is his reply: 'The most dangerous crook in Chicago.' On the very evening upon which I had his answer Hilton Cubitt sent me the last message from Slaney. Working with known letters it took this form:—

ELSIE . RE. ARE TO MEET THY GO.

The addition of a P and a D completed a message which showed me that the rascal was proceeding from persuasion to threats, and my knowledge of the crooks of Chicago prepared me to find that he might very rapidly put his words into action. I at once came to Norfolk with my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, but, unhappily, only in time to find that the worst had already occurred."

"It is a privilege to be associated with you in the handling of a case," said the inspector, warmly. "You will excuse me, however, if I speak frankly to you. You are only answerable to yourself, but I have to answer to my superiors. If this Abe Slaney, living at Elrige's, is indeed the murderer, and if he has made his escape while I am seated here, I should certainly get into serious trouble."

"You need not be uneasy. He will not try to escape."

"How do you know?"

"To fly would be a confession of guilt."

"Then let us go to arrest him."

"I expect him here every instant."

"But why should he come?"

"Because I have written and asked him."

"But this is incredible, Mr. Holmes! Why should he come because you have asked him? Would not such a request rather rouse his suspicions and cause him to fly?"

"I think I have known how to frame the letter," said Sherlock Holmes. "In fact, if I am not very much mistaken, here is the gentleman himself coming up the drive."

A man was striding up the path which led to the door. He was a tall, handsome, swarthy fellow, clad in a suit of grey flannel, with a Panama hat, a bristling black beard, and a great, aggressive hooked nose, and flourishing a cane as he walked. He swaggered up the path as if the place belonged to him, and we heard his loud, confident peal at the bell.

"I think, gentlemen," said Holmes, quietly, "that we had best take up our position behind the door. Every precaution is necessary when dealing with such a fellow. You will need your handcuffs, inspector. You can leave the talking to me."

We waited in silence for a minute—one of those minutes which one can never forget. Then the door opened and the man stepped



"HE BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS MANACLED HANDS."

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in. In an instant Holmes clapped a pistol to his head and Martin slipped the handcuffs over his wrists. It was all done so swiftly and deftly that the fellow was helpless before he knew that he was attacked. He glared from one to the other of us with a pair of blazing black eyes. Then he burst into a bitter laugh.

"Well, gentlemen, you have the drop on me this time. I seem to have knocked up against something hard. But I came here in answer to a letter from Mrs. Hilton Cubitt. Don't tell me that she is in this? Don't tell me that she helped to set a trap for me?"

"Mrs. Hilton Cubitt was seriously injured and is at death's door."

The man gave a hoarse cry of grief which rang through the house.

"You're crazy!" he cried, fiercely. "It was he that was hurt, not she. Who would have hurt little Elsie? I may have threatened her, God forgive me, but I would not have touched a hair of her pretty head. Take it back—you! Say that she is not hurt!"

"She was found badly wounded by the side of her dead husband."

He sank with a deep groan on to the settee and buried his face in his manacled hands. For five minutes he was silent. Then he raised his face once more, and spoke with the cold composure of despair.

"I have nothing to hide from you, gentlemen," said he. "If I shot the man he had his shot at me, and there's no murder in that. But if you think I could have hurt that woman, then you don't know either me or her. I tell you there was never a man in this world loved a woman more than I loved her. I had a right to her. She was pledged to me years ago. Who was this Englishman that he should come between us? I tell you that I had the first right to her, and that I was only claiming my own."

"She broke away from your influence when she found the man that you are," said Holmes, sternly. "She fled from America to avoid you, and she married an honourable gentleman in England. You dogged her and followed her and made her life a misery to her in order to induce her to abandon the husband whom she loved and respected in order to fly with you, whom she feared and hated. You have ended by bringing about the death of a noble man and driving his wife to suicide. That is your record in this business, Mr. Abe Slaney, and you will answer for it to the law."

"If Elsie dies I care nothing what becomes of me," said the American. He opened one of his hands and looked at a note crumpled up in his palm. "See here, mister," he cried, with a gleam of suspicion in his eyes, "you're not trying to scare me over this, are you? If the lady is hurt as bad as you say, who was it that wrote this note?" He tossed it forwards on to the table.

"I wrote it to bring you here."

"You wrote it? There was no one on earth outside the Joint who knew the secret of the dancing men. How came you to write it?"

"What one man can invent another can discover," said Holmes. "There is a cab coming to convey you to Norwich, Mr. Slaney. But, meanwhile, you have time to make some small reparation for the injury you have wrought. Are you aware that Mrs. Hilton Cubitt has herself lain under grave suspicion of the murder of her husband, and that it was only my presence here and the knowledge which I happened to possess which has saved her from the accusation? The least that you owe her is to make it clear to the whole world that she was in no way, directly or indirectly, responsible for his tragic end."

"I ask nothing better," said the American. "I guess the very best case I can make for myself is the absolute naked truth."

"It is my duty to warn you that it will be used against you," cried the inspector, with the magnificent fair-play of the British criminal law.

Slaney shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll chance that," said he. "First of all, I want you gentlemen to understand that I have known this lady since she was a child. There were seven of us in a gang in Chicago, and Elsie's father was the boss of the Joint. He was a clever man, was old Patrick. It was he who invented that writing, which would pass as a child's scrawl unless you just happened to have the key to it. Well, Elsie learned some of our ways; but she couldn't stand the business, and she had a bit of honest money of her own, so she gave us all the slip and got away to London. She had been engaged to me, and she would have married me, I believe, if I had taken over another profession; but she would have nothing to do with anything on the cross. It was only after her marriage to this Englishman that I was able to find out where she was. I wrote to her, but got no answer. After that I came over, and, as letters were

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no use, I put my messages where she could read them.

"Well, I have been here a month now. I lived in that farm, where I had a room down below, and could get in and out every night, and no one the wiser. I tried all I could to coax Elsie away. I knew that she read the messages, for once she wrote an answer under one of them. Then my temper got the better of me, and I began to threaten her. She sent me a letter then, imploring me to go away and saying that it would break her heart if any scandal should come upon her husband. She said that she would come down when her husband was asleep at three in the morning, and speak with me through the end window, if I would go away afterwards and leave her in peace. She came down and brought money with her, trying to bribe me to go. This made me mad, and I caught her arm and tried to pull her through the window. At that moment in rushed the husband with his revolver in his hand. Elsie had sunk down upon the floor, and we were face to face. I was heeled also, and I held up my gun to scare him off and let me get away. He fired and missed me. I pulled off almost at the same instant, and down he dropped. I made away across the garden, and as I went I heard the window shut behind me. That's God's truth, gentlemen, every word of it, and I heard no more about it until that lad came riding up with a note which made me walk in here, like a jay, and give myself into your hands."

A cab had driven up whilst the American had been talking. Two uniformed policemen sat inside. Inspector Martin rose and touched his prisoner on the shoulder.

"It is time for us to go."

"Can I see her first?"

"No, she is not conscious. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I only hope that if ever again I have an important case I shall have the good fortune to have you by my side."

We stood at the window and watched the cab drive away. As I turned back my eye caught the pellet of paper which the prisoner had tossed upon the table. It was the note with which Holmes had decoyed him.

"See if you can read it, Watson," said he, with a smile.

It contained no word, but this little line of dancing men:—



"If you use the code which I have explained," said Holmes, "you will find that it simply means 'Come here at once.' I was convinced that it was an invitation which he would not refuse, since he could never imagine that it could come from anyone but the lady. And so, my dear Watson, we have ended by turning the dancing men to good when they have so often been the agents of evil, and I think that I have fulfilled my promise of giving you something unusual for your note-book. Three-forty is our train, and I fancy we should be back in Baker Street for dinner.

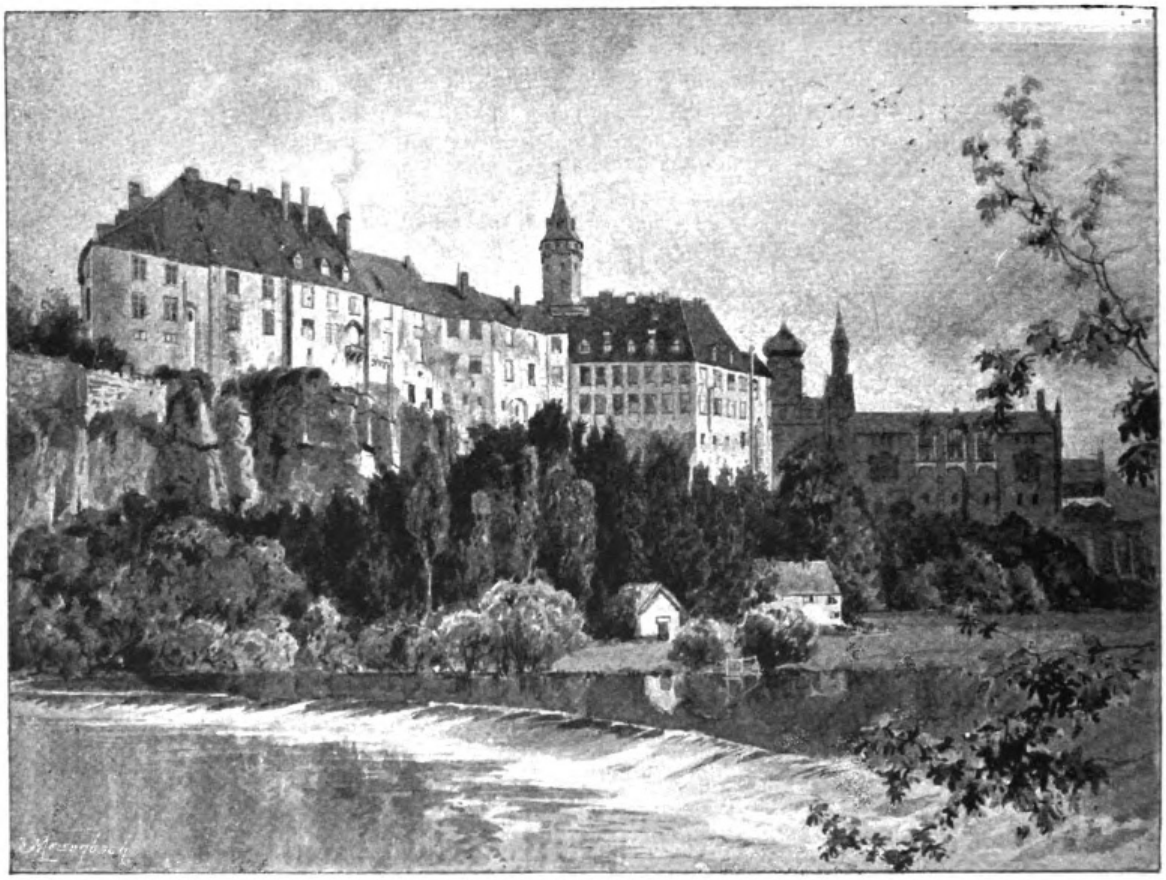
Only one word of epilogue. The American, Abe Slaney, was condemned to death at the winter assizes at Norwich; but his penalty was changed to penal servitude in consideration of mitigating circumstances, and the certainty that Hilton Cubitt had fired the first shot. Of Mrs. Hilton Cubitt I only know that I have heard she recovered entirely, and that she still remains a widow, devoting her whole life to the care of the poor and to the administration of her husband's estate.

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Sovereigns I Have Met.

By Hélène Vacaresco.

VII.—THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



THE CASTLE OF SIGMARINGEN AND THE FALLS OF THE DANUBE.

I SHALL never forget the three days I spent under the same roof with the Imperial German pair at the princely Castle of Sigmaringen. It is the old Schloss of the Hohenzollerns, standing on the banks of the Danube not many miles north of Lake Constance, and now belongs to the family of the Crown Prince of Roumania. The King and Queen of Roumania had arrived at the castle beforehand in order to receive their Imperial guests. The Royal abode was full to overflowing, as a great number of German Princes and Princesses were assembled there, with Prince and Princess Leopold of Hohenzollern, in mingled fear and pleasure at the honour of meeting the German Emperor, who was related to most of them by some distant tie.

As soon as I entered the suite of apartments destined for me in the castle I found on the large table a complete programme of the festivities which were to follow the arrival of the Imperial pair, with the exact dresses which were to be worn at the station and in the evening.

At the station next day I felt disappointed to find such an immense crowd of Princes, officers, high personages, and gaudy uniforms, that I understood on the spot how well-nigh impossible it would be even to catch a glimpse of the Emperor. Bugles were sounded, troops were marshalled and paraded, Court trains trailed along over thick red carpets; a high wall of human forms, all tall

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and pompous, rose between me and the place where the train would stop. Yet when it did arrive I actually saw the Emperor. I saw him in the narrow interstice between the shoulder of a silk-clad Royal Highness and the sleeve of a hussar! But it was only as in a flash I saw the pale, cold visage, the flaming eyes, and stern mouth. In another moment the Emperor had sprung lightly to the ground, followed closely by the Empress, whose rippling laugh I heard quite close to me, while much kissing went on, and affectionate greetings were exchanged. We all hastened to the *perron*, as we wanted to see the Emperor enter the carriage and bow to the crowd. After several minutes spent in a short promenade in front of the troops he made his appearance. I stood only a few steps from him. The twilight was falling softly, and in the first glimmer of the evening shadows he appeared to me even more extraordinarily pale than at first sight. No smile parted his lips as he threw his eyes upon the multitude gathered in his honour, and whose repeated and joyful exclamations seemed to leave him quite unmoved; but that look as it lingered and plunged to the very depths of the assembled people made every nerve thrill, like the muscles of the Arabian steed who feels its master's fingers creep lazily through its mane.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR, IN THE "DAZZLING WHITE UNIFORM" MENTIONED IN THE ARTICLE.
From a Photo. by Reichard & Lindner, Berlin.

The Emperor wore a black uniform set off by white metal buttons and silver ornaments; his black helmet, too, was bordered with silver. The Empress was clad in a soft white dress. We followed in the rear of the gorgeous procession, and as we mounted the narrow streets of the small city to the roar of cannon, the chimes of church bells, and the hum of human cheers repeated from window to window, we seemed to wend our way through an ocean of harmonious sounds, while above towered the huge castle, with its terraces and balconies ablaze.

We saw nothing more of the Imperial guests till evening, because they retired to rest and afterwards dined privately with the Princes present in the castle; but at nine o'clock we all assembled in the vast state-room, and as each took his or her allotted place in the circle hearts beat high and eyes kindled with impatience and eagerness. Fans and flowers trembled in small, nervous hands, and ever and anon we turned towards the door whence the Royal cortège would descend into the hall by the three steps separating that door from the state-room.

Yet I was not so lost in contemplation of the stately threshold as to avoid observing that I was the only person in that immense circle who belonged to the Latin race. And as soon as this reflection crossed my brain I checked the questions that poured in torrents

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from my lips and the restlessness of my attitudes, which I felt formed such a deep contrast with the composure and subdued voices of all the others. But all the *dames d'honneur* and officials proved exceedingly kind and courteous, and if somewhat shocked by the freedom of my words or manners never showed it, but treated the youthful foreigner like an honoured guest, telling me I must occupy first place in the circle, as I belonged to a Kingly Court, and stationed me quite close to the door, where two ushers watched like statues of gold and silver.

The first chamberlain enters and strikes the ground thrice with a long golden rod, reminding one of the three sharp blows given on the floor of the stage in French theatres when the curtain is about to rise. Then a great silence — a long pause; the door is thrown open, and the German Emperor appears, the Queen of Roumania leaning on his arm. His military costume is of dazzling white, relieved only by the crimson ribbon of the Roumanian Order across his breast, and he looks radiant, though very grave. The Queen of Roumania glides along by his side. The Emperor's face is serene, but wears no smile—and again I admire those large, wonderful eyes —eyes whose colour and depth and sternness can be compared to jewelled Toledo blades, where gold and iron blend like blazing rays of the sun and cold flashes of stormy lightning. With those eyes the German Emperor might wander incognito, and wearing a mask yet easily be recognised. Taking care to keep his spurs from touching the fleecy clouds of the Queen's fragile train, he advances with measured steps, though his tread is elastic, impatient, like that of a boy. The Empress, our King, the Count and Countess of Flanders, all follow in due order, but I cannot spare a glance for their entrance because the Emperor and Queen have stopped in front of us.



THE EMPEROR IN THE BLACK UNIFORM OF THE TODTHUSSAREN.
From a Photo. by E. Bieber, Berlin.

I believe I really looked as startled as I felt, wretchedly embarrassed, yet so eager, so tumultuous in the way that I made my reverence, that before addressing me the Emperor laughed, highly amused, and the Queen said to him: "Here's a little girl to whom this hour is of such deep interest that she has not slept all night for the thought of the honour awaiting her. You can see how moved she is."

"Why so?" asked the Emperor, in English, with a humorous smile. "Why so? This very young yet imposing lady has already known so many great, so many remarkable men — far greater and far more remarkable than myself. She has seen Emperors too, I hear, so one more or one less cannot be of much account. I am told, madam" —and he spoke in grave tones— "that you have as a child often enjoyed the rare privilege of spending evenings with Victor Hugo in his home. Your Queen says that you have many interesting tales to tell about him. So how can you be moved in my presence, when you have been in the presence of Genius?"

As I could not for the life of me find an answer, the Emperor resumed: "You could never have believed, could you, that you possess a superiority over me which indeed I envy you? I have enjoyed almost all the sight-seeing worth the trouble, but I have not seen Victor Hugo nor any real literary genius.

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Was he very much bowed down by old age? Did he speak distinctly? What were his favourite topics?"

By this time I had almost recovered my composure; the Queen smiled encouragement, and the Emperor drew me out, little by little. He interrupted almost every sentence twice or thrice, putting sharp interrogations, which he uttered in an affirmative tone; questions such as this: "Am I not mistaken when I think ——?" the clear meaning being, "I cannot be mistaken!" And he repeatedly bit his under lip with teeth so sharp that the traces of them were seen on the pale skin — an imperious, nervous habit, which conveyed the idea of peremptory force, and impatience. "You write in French, don't you? You'll finish by writing in your own language, won't you? I know you love writing French and speaking English. It is why I have been addressing you in the language which is pleasantest for conversation, or at least one of the pleasantest."



THE GERMAN EMPRESS IN EVENING DRESS, SHOWING THE FAMOUS PEARLS.
From a Photo. by Reichard & Lindner, Berlin.

"English is also fast becoming the language of Courts," said I.

A quick frown warned me that I was treading upon forbidden ground, and the Emperor cut me short with a murmured apology. "Well, to-morrow we will talk of Paris, literature, and your own pursuits. You see," and he turned towards the immense circle that watched his every gesture, "I have all these people to entertain, and many friends and acquaintances among them"; and with a hasty step he walked away.

In the meantime our Queen had also become lost to sight in the group of Princesses, and I tried in vain to discover the place where Her Majesty stood, as I wanted to thank her for having called the Emperor's attention to me. The Empress was also the centre of a crowd of ladies, so I wandered listlesslythrough the gaudy multitude, when a light tap on my shoulder made me start, and I found myself face to face with my Queen.

"You have not been introduced to the Empress, and it is getting late. Come along." So I followed obediently.

Clad in a charming dress of yellow silk, the Empress, with face wreathed in smiles, was telling the ladies around her some incident that had happened in a Berlin hospital which she patronized and visited twice a week — some difference between nurses and doctors. She beckoned to us in a gracious manner, and after shaking hands with me continued her easy, lively narrative, after having given the new-comers a rapid description of the first part of her story.

The German Empress is called all over the realm "Die echte Deutsche Frau," and no appellation could better describe her sweet and placid countenance, her fair complexion, and

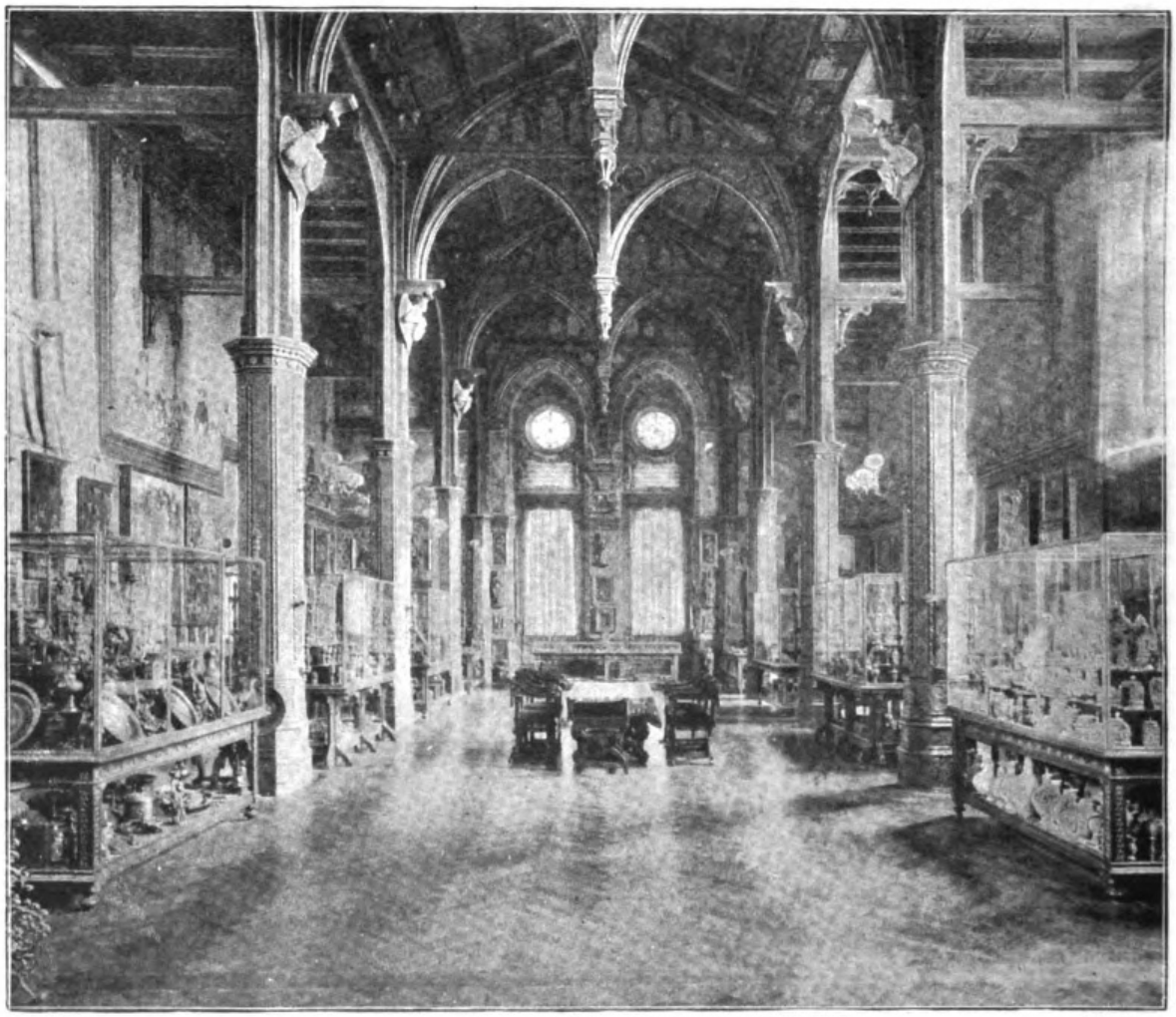
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the extreme modesty and naïveté of her speech and manner. There is something fresh and genuine about her which reminds one of the simple heroines celebrated by German poets in songs and ballads. When about to retire she said to me: "I have asked your Queen to send me her translation of your Roumanian ballads. I am so sorry you have not the book with you. I am passionately fond of folk-lore, and I like learning to know nations by the songs of the people. No, I am not at all tired"—the Empress answered a question put by the Countess of Flanders. "Dear Marie, we travel *so* comfortably, and we see cheerful faces and feel the warmth of glad hearts whenever we cease to look upon our sweet German forests and hills and rivers. So travelling is quite a treat to us. The Emperor also likes travelling abroad, but my preference is for these journeys, where at every turn of the road we find ourselves at home."

The Empress was moving away, and before her steps the crowd respectfully receded.

"Have you noticed the diamond Her Majesty wears in her hair—that solitary stone set high like a trembling star—or a tear?" asked one of the Princes of me, as I returned to my place. "It is a pathetic and precious gem, a relic indeed, the diamond that shone in Napoleon's triangular hat—*le chapeau du Petit Caporal*—when it was found by Blücher's troops under a tree, after the Battle of Waterloo. Go and have a good look at it."

In haste I followed the Empress, and from behind her tried in vain to perceive the huge diamond. Her Majesty was about to reach the door and disappear, when, turning round, she perceived me, and with astonishing intuition exclaimed: "Now, you desire to see my jewels—don't be frightened, but come in front of me. These pearls are lovely, but too large. Look at the diamond; I always wear it."



From a] THE MUSEUM OF THE PALACE, DESCRIBED IN THE ARTICLE. *[Photo.*

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Next morning I awoke with that delightful and rare consciousness that something very bright and unusual had happened and was about to happen; and an hour after I walked briskly along the banks of the river and watched the Danube glide peacefully by.

After a long walk I decided, before returning to the castle, to take a turn in the avenue called Prinzen Allée, where all the Royalties and most of the inmates of the castle were strolling after early breakfast. Sovereigns and Princes were there, Princesses, Generals, and Aides-de-Camp, and ladies in all varieties of costume. The Empress was in a light grey morning blouse, the Emperor in a shooting-jacket; they talked to everyone as each stopped to salute or curtsy. The Empress smilingly inquired how I had begun the day — whether by visiting or eating; and when I answered that I had preferred the latter exercise, she said: "You look too healthy and rational ever to become a starving poet." The Emperor was in high spirits — pointing at the trees, giving advice as to the training of dogs, crossing the sward to pluck some wild flowers. Showing them to me he said: "They are not so proud as your laurels, but very pretty. Now, tell the truth; you have been near the river to refresh your laurels?"



THE EMPEROR IN SHOOTING COSTUME.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

In the afternoon we took a drive through the beautiful dark forests that encircle Sigmaringen in a ring of sombre verdure. In the soft silence of the wood we were startled to hear the sound of bugles, and a troop of horsemen rode past, preceding a small group of riders. In the midst of the group, on a black charger, rode the Emperor, clothed in the black uniform of the Todt-hussaren. Again that set, resolute expression hardened his visage, again his eyes looked far into the darkness of the forest with an awe-inspiring light in their dilated pupils. Like a statue of stone, like an image of Fate, he passed on, heedless of our presence, without casting a glance on the carriages and their occupants.

Later on I heard that the Emperor had that very day been much disturbed and angered by news received from Westphalia, where a great strike had broken out among the workmen. Yet when, again, at five o'clock we took tea with the Royalties in the splendid museum of Sigmaringen Castle, to my unspeakable surprise another change of dress, another change of face and humour, was presented by the Emperor for our admiration. On both sides the hall was adorned with glass cases containing marvels of ancient art gathered by the rare taste of the late Prince of Hohenzollern. William II. then and there declared that he worshipped Albrecht Dürer, and showed in his praise of old vases and skilfully chiselled silver considerable proficiency in matters dear to antiquarians and connoisseurs. No object, however small, however darkened by the twilight of ages, escaped his shrewd scrutiny. He was entirely different from the Emperor I had seen in the morning, that imposing and gloomy black rider of the forest, yet to an acute observer the sternness of eye and visage was still there, glossed over for a few moments only.

"I teased you about those laurels this morning," said he, as he approached a corner

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THE EMPEROR AT A REVIEW, WEARING THE BLACK UNIFORM OF THE TODTHUSSAREN.
Photo. by E. Bieber, Berlin. From the Painting by A. Von Kossak.

where I had come upon a lovely Renaissance cup, whose dainty ornamentation had captivated my attention. "By-the-bye, where is the famous crown? I am quite disappointed. As soon as I arrive people hasten to inform me that I shall meet with an extraordinary creature—a young girl who is *not* a Queen and *not* a Princess, yet who wears a crown—a crown of laurels, a crown given by the French Academy; and when I expect to see a real laurel crown for the first time in my life, here is the young person in question daring to show herself bareheaded in the evening, and wearing stupid bonnets in the day-time. Now, where is that crown? Do you hang it over your bedstead, or out at the window for passers-by to admire?"

"Sire, Emperors and Kings wear their crowns on great occasions, but not even in the greatest moment of their existence are poets able to do so, or your Majesty would have seen mine yesterday and to-day. Our crowns are invisible—in fact, they do not exist except in imagination; thus we possess

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wealth, palaces, and realms beyond the reach of mortal eye——"

"And you are not exposed to the danger of losing them," said the Emperor. "But do you mean to say that you are going to remain a poet all your life? Will not the malady pass off like the measles? Oh, I am not joking. To me a woman who writes is a ridiculous being."

"I have been told before that your Majesty detested clever women, or the interference of women in any but domestic affairs."

"Oh, I don't go to such lengths. Clever women are dangerous women, one and all, who ought to be muzzled before they can bite. But do you believe it is necessary to be a clever woman in order to be a woman who writes? On the contrary, women's cleverness consists in avoiding ridicule, and clever women care for their good looks. Now, *can* a woman who writes remain pretty? The gestures, the attitude of a woman scrawling away with all her might, rout every æsthetical effort on her part. Can a woman remain pretty when she is obliged to put on that particularly stern frown with which one pursues an idea or studies any serious and important subject?" The Emperor stopped, evidently waiting for a confused or a spirited answer, then he resumed: "Now, you are very intelligent, much more than I could have believed possible in a woman who writes. You are actually as smiling, as cool, as unaffected as if I had not wounded your highest notions of womankind—perhaps your own self-love."

"I have no self-love, sire, but very firm convictions that nothing can defeat."

"Anyhow, you are very good-natured, and are neither pretentious nor forward. I am going to concede one or two points to you, though you do not seem to care whether I esteem pushing women or not. Music and painting may render a woman's existence very happy and beneficial to her family, and —well, I will allow that a woman is not quite unsexed by being a poet. Women are unreasonable, so are poets. Women are born to comfort and to enhance the joy of living; so are poets. Well, a poet you may remain, without exasperating me completely."

"I thank your Majesty for his gracious permission."

The Emperor laughed, and as the Empress came to his side he added:—

"I have been giving this poor young lady a bit of my mind about femininism and women who write novels."

"The Emperor is the friend of poets, be they men or women," said the gentle lady, "and I will give him the Roumanian ballads to read."

At dinner that day the Emperor proposed a toast in honour of the Hohenzollern family and the Royalties, his cousins and peers, assembled there, with whom, said he, the Empress and himself had been so pleased to spend hours which they would never forget. The speech, though short and simple, was eloquent and full of vigorous sympathy; flame-like it spread from soul to soul, and, delivered by a voice whose ring fell like metal on the ear, it resounded through our hearts and gave everyone present the sensation that each was in direct communion with the speaker.

Before the Imperial pair left the castle such persons as had been admitted to conversation of any length with them took private leave of their Majesties. Thus I was ushered into a little blue drawing-room, where the Emperor and Empress waited to bestow a parting greeting.

"I wish you good luck," said William II., "and heaps of laurel crowns; so many that your hair and your brows may be hidden beneath them. Is not that a kind wish?"

"No, no," corrected the Empress; "I wish you happiness in whatever form you may like to enjoy it."

I stooped low to kiss the proffered hands, and then joined the ladies and officials who were waiting in the hall. Presently from every door Princes and Princesses poured in, and the German Sovereigns, who had already bidden them adieu, glided simply through the circle, bowing right and left, while the "Heit die in Sieges Kranz" struck up, and thus they passed from our view.

Many a time since have I met those two Imperial travellers, many a time at the Italian Court, and many a time approached them; but nowhere as in that straggling fortress of the obscure Middle Ages, nowhere as in those woods and gardens, did the real character of William II. reveal itself to my attentive eyes; nowhere better than in the sombre forest by the banks of the young Danube did I learn to judge what is strange, and to admire what is admirable, in the Emperor of the German Realm.

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My Lady Guide.

FROM JOHN TROWBRIDGE'S NOTES. BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

I THINK I chuckled a little, the idea was so quaint; and then I went upstairs.

The room I was searching for was on the second floor of the building, and I found it easily, because the same announcement was on the door which had attracted me in the street.

The minute I had opened that door, and met the glance of a lady with very small eyes and very large teeth, I was filled with regret for my recklessness, and would have retreated if I could. It was, however, too late. The lady sat at a desk, writing, but at sight of me she stopped, and hurling a question, as she might a javelin, pinned me with it to the doorstep.

"What can we do for you, sir?"

Fool that I had been! Being where I was, I could hardly answer "Nothing" and save myself by retreat.

"I—er—was passing by and read your—er—sign," I began, inanely. "But——"

That "but" seemed to give her the idea that she was to lose a customer, and with quick presence of mind she snatched the excuse from my lips.

"You are an American," she asserted, with a smile which would have been engaging had it not been obstructed by teeth. "Perhaps you want us to do some shopping for or with your wife?"

"I am not married," I explained.

"Ah! A chaperon for your sister, then? You saw, of course, that we provide chaperons?"

"Yes. But I have no sisters. I am alone in London." As I added this bit of information I remembered a play of that title and felt uncomfortably melodramatic. More than ever I wished myself away; more and more difficult did it seem to achieve the wish.

"Pray come in, sir, and no doubt we can supply your want, whatever it is," said the lady, with impatience quivering behind politeness. She was so like the wolf dressed as Red Riding Hood's grandmother that she dominated me, and mechanically I obeyed.

"I was passing along Piccadilly," I began again—this time with desperation—"when I saw that among other conveniences you advertised guides——"

"Lady guides."

"Quite so. I should have no objection to her being a lady. Of course, I've got Baedeker, but Baedeker says so little, and——"

"You thought a lady guide might say



"YOU THOUGHT A LADY GUIDE MIGHT SAY A GOOD DEAL?"

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a good deal?" (I am not sure this remark was not made archly.) "Well, we do not usually have applications of this kind from your sex, sir, but"—she looked me over from head to foot, as if to test my character from my tie, my waistcoat buttons, and my boots—"I *quite* understand your position" (alas! the summary was evidently favourable; no hope of escape through her disapproval), "and doubtless one of our lady guides might be able to make your sight-seeing in London more profitable than you would find it alone. I see no reason why you should not have our Miss Adams."

Somehow, from her manner of remarking that there was no reason why I should not be supplied with Miss Adams, I instinctively disagreed with the official verdict. I felt that there would be, from my point of view (which favoured the picturesque), insuperable objections to Miss Adams. But I was dumb.

With her finger on an electric bell the lady paused as if in thought. "Would you require a guide for one day or for several?" she asked.

"Oh, only for a few hours," I hastened to assure her.

Meanwhile, she had touched the electric bell. A door dividing the room from an inner one opened. "Please send Miss Adams here," said the lady at the desk to a boy in a livery consisting mostly of buttons. He vanished, and a moment later a girl appeared. Could this be the Miss Adams officially deemed appropriate to my case—this pale, sweet-faced young creature, with deep grey eyes and soft, dark-brown hair? She was not beautiful, perhaps, strictly speaking, not even remarkably pretty, but while suspense lasted I had suddenly ceased to regret my application to the bureau. The interval of uncertainty, however, was brief.

"I think you must have forgotten, Miss Grinch," said the girl, "that Miss Adams's holiday began this morning."

"Dear me, I had forgotten," admitted Miss Grinch. "How very awkward! And Miss Snapkill is engaged for the whole day. There is no one else, I fear, who——"

"Could you not spare this lady as a personal conductor, madam?" I inquired, gravely.

Miss Grinch looked doubtful. She glanced in a worried way from me to the girl, from the girl to me. I could see what was in her mind. Unfortunately, though I am thirty-two—a respectable age at which many a man is father to a large family—my clean-shaven face denies four or five of those years. As for the girl, I told myself that she looked nineteen and could not have passed twenty-three. It might have been a case for another department of the association—that which provided chaperons; but I broke in quickly before Miss Grinch could have time to arrive at a decision.

"Perhaps, madam, if you have no one to send out, you could recommend me to another institution for supplying guides for tourists," I slyly suggested.

This settled the matter. "I think you are free this morning, Miss Bawn?" said the lady at the desk, with a look at the girl which forbade contradiction at the point of the sword. "This gentleman desires the services of a guide for a short time——"

"It is possible that my sight-seeing may take longer than I think," I interjected.

"For some hours," resumed Miss Grinch. "He is an American who has never seen London. He would probably wish to be conducted along our prescribed route. You understand what is wanted, and no doubt you can be ready by the time the preliminaries have been gone through."

Miss Bawn did not speak; but she retired acquiescently, and while she was gone I showed the lady at the desk my visiting-card, engraved with the name "Mr. John N. Trowbridge," the address of my flat on Madison Avenue, New York, and that of my club, which is about as well known as Brooklyn Bridge or the Statue of Liberty. Something was written down in a ledger, including the name of my London hotel. I was told that the charge for a guide was five shillings an hour, or, if taken by the day, two guineas, and was in the act of remarking that, to save expense, I had better after all pay by the day, when my conductor appeared, neatly cloaked, hatted, and gloved.

I paid the required sum in advance and bought Miss Bawn's services as guide, if not philosopher and friend, from the hour of 11.15 a.m. to that of 6 p.m.

We went downstairs together, she and I. If she were shyer or more self-conscious than I was, I am sorry for her. When we got out into the misty November sunlight I saw that the thin young face was pale no longer. The situation had in it the elements of comedy, not to say farce, but I would have died rather than laugh, or even let my eyes twinkle.

"Where are we to go first?" I asked, meekly.

"I think we had better begin with West-

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"'WHERE ARE WE TO GO FIRST?' I ASKED."

minster Abbey," was the businesslike answer. "Here is an omnibus which will take us near there and save time, unless you prefer walking."

"I will engage a cab by the day; that will save more time," I suggested.

"Won't it be an unnecessary expenditure?" asked the lady guide. "A cab in London costs half a crown an hour."

This information amused me. For the past seven or eight years I have not been obliged to think twice about spending my dollars, and this trip to England was my first holiday since school days; but I answered gravely that for once I felt I might afford the indulgence.

A moment after I was helping my companion into a smart hansom. As she stepped into the cab I was struck with the grace of the girl's slight figure, and almost equally with the fact that, though her clothes were exquisitely neat, they had long ago seen their best days.

"Poor little thing!" I said to myself. "It must be hard lines being a lady guide and carting stupid people about to places you've seen a thousand times. I should like this day to be a sort of record one for her."

We went to Westminster Abbey, and my companion was overwhelmingly conscientious. She was resolved that I should have my money's worth and miss nothing. Whenever I tried to turn the conversation (if it could be called a conversation) to herself, she froze, and wordlessly reminded me of the fact that, instead of being a young man and a young woman together for a day's outing, we were a conductor and a conducted, neither more nor less.

When we had "done" the Abbey it was lunch-time — at least in my feelings—and I suggested an interval of refreshment.

"You could have something very quickly at an Aerated Bread shop," said Miss Bawn. "A sandwich, or——"

"But I do not like sandwiches, and I left America for a vacation because I was tired of having things quickly," I broke in. "You forget that to go to a good London restaurant is part of my education. I ask you, as a guide, which is the smartest restaurant in this city?"

Thus attacked, my conductor was put upon her mettle, and, blushing deeply, she named several places, all of which ranked as equally fashionable.

Somehow I had begun to wish very much to see what sort of girl hid herself behind this mask of primness, and I longed to make her drop it, though how to do so I did not exactly know. It was easy to see that she was a lady, but I imagined that she had brains, a heart, and a sense of humour when she was at home, among people she trusted and was not paid to guide.

"Prince's sounds nice and royal," said I. "I think I should like to go there."

"Very well," returned Miss Bawn. "I will go with you as far as the door and you can name the time at which you would wish me to meet you."

"But you are to lunch with me, of course," I exclaimed, in surprise.

"I would rather not, if you don't mind."

"I do mind," I persisted, looking injured. "I am a stranger to your country and its

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ways. If I go into a restaurant alone, where as like as not they have a French *menu*, I won't know what to order. I shall get all the wrong things and the waiters will laugh at me. Now, I suppose you know French?"

"Yes, I do. I will go with you if you wish," replied Miss Bawn, with the air of a virgin martyr being led to the stake.

It got upon my nerves to be regarded as an executioner, and when we had taken our places at a table in the restaurant I determined to thrash matters out.

I was not quite so ignorant of French—as met with in a *menu*—as I had pretended, but I made Miss Bawn translate a long list of names, and, despite her protests, ordered an elaborate luncheon.

"Look here, Miss Bawn," I said, abruptly, "perhaps I had better explain to you why it occurred to me to call at your office and ask for a lady guide. I should like you to understand, but first I shall have to tell you a few things about myself, as a sort of preface. I suppose there isn't a lonelier fellow in the world than I am. When I was a tiny chap my father died and left me to the care of a step-mother. We lived on a farm, and she half-starved and wholly overworked me. I shouldn't have minded the work if I had had a little kindness chucked in, but she hated me, and when I was ten years old I ran away to New York. I tramped the fifty miles, and hoarded up the four or five dollars I had in a toy savings bank till I got there. Then I bought some newspapers and sold them. Somehow I managed to earn my living, and when things had settled down a bit I went to a night school. That was where I got most of my education, so, you see, I hadn't much of a beginning; and when by some lucky *coups*, which I won't bore you by talking about, I had worked up and up, till I had quite a respectable income for a young fellow, I'd sense enough to see myself as I really was. I knew there wasn't the making of a 'society man' in me, and I was shy of ladies, for fear they might make fun of my shortcomings; but I envied the sort of men who were at their ease with nice girls. I have worked very hard all my life up till now, and except for reading I've never had time to try and improve myself as I should have liked. Still, when a man is as busy as I've been, and interested in his work, he doesn't much mind missing lots of things that other chaps have. *I* didn't much mind until I started off on this vacation.

"On board ship I began to think a good deal about what a lonely person I was, and it made me unhappy. Yesterday I landed, and last night at the Carlton, where I'm staying, I felt pretty homesick, though exactly what I was homesick for I couldn't explain to myself or to you, since I haven't got any real home or anyone in the world belonging to me. Perhaps that very thing was part of it—and seeing all the other men with their wives or sisters or mothers. I began to ask myself what was the fun of trotting about in a strange country, sight-seeing, with not a soul to exchange a word with. That was my mood this morning when I was mooning along Piccadilly, not knowing what I wanted to do or where I wanted to go. Then I saw the sign of your association, and said I: 'There's my chance to find a little companionship, even if it's for so much an hour.' I went in on the impulse, and I confess when I saw Miss Grinch I wished myself out again, till you came into the room. Now, please don't look at me as if you were frightened! I dare say you are more used to showing ladies about than men, but it isn't my fault that I happen to be a man, you know; I'm a human being all the same, and if I could make you understand what pleasure I might have in to-day's association with a charming young English lady I'm sure you would unbend and forget the business part of the arrangement, anyhow enough to treat me as if I were a harmless fellow-mortal, and not a dangerous bear to be led about by a string."

While I was delivering this harangue Miss Bawn's face had undergone several changes. Her pretty mouth had crisped itself at first, as if she would have said, "Please don't inflict your private history upon me; I may be paid for showing you London, but hearing the details of your past, from boyhood up, was not in the bargain."

But being, as I had judged her, of a sympathetic nature under her professional armour, she grew interested in spite of herself, perhaps even a little sorry for the lonely, lowly-born young man who had made money, but no friends, and whose first holiday she might help to brighten if she would. At my last simile she melted completely, and broke into a laugh so merry, so spontaneous, that for a moment she seemed a child rather than a weary, hard-worked young woman of business.

"I didn't know I had behaved so stupidly," she said. "But this is the first time I have ever acted as guide for a man, and—and——"

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"And this is England and not America," I finished for her. "I expect I understand. But now you know all about me, you are going to trust me not to step out of my right place, aren't you?"

were Miss Bawn's favourite pictures, and how she had once hoped to be an artist, but many other things which interested me profoundly.

I was told that she, too, had been father-



"SHE HALF-STARVED AND WHOLLY OVERWORKED ME."

"Yes," said she, looking me straight in the face.

Somehow, that look made my heart beat fast. It was so frank, and sweet, and trusting, and such a pleasant contrast to the primness of her few glances before. I hadn't been given a chance till then to see what lovely eyes she had; but in spite of her smile they were sad as well as beautiful, and made me long to know all about the girl—about her thoughts, her home surroundings, her life and its troubles; for it must have held troubles of some sort, or she would not now be my lady guide.

"Thank you," said I, feeling suddenly very happy. I longed to ask questions about herself, but I had just sense enough not to do it. We finished our luncheon on a very different basis from that on which it had been begun, and by the time we left Prince's I felt as if this girl and I had been friends for weeks instead of an hour. I had controlled curiosity, but my confidences inspired confidences, and while we were "doing" the National Gallery I learned not only which

less since childhood, though her mother was living, and an invalid. There was a younger sister; and, though the girl told me nothing of the sort, and I'm sure didn't suspect my guessing it, I made out from little things she unconsciously let drop how her ambitions had been sacrificed for the delicate mother and sister. Art had not paid. Ready money, regular money, was absolutely needful, and this girl had been obliged to earn it as she could. I knew now why her eyes were sad and her cheeks thin; I knew why the neat, tailor-made clothes were still doing service, and my heart swelled. I had known this girl only half a day, yet it seemed as if the one thing on earth to give me most pleasure would be to put colour into her face and a happy light under her long eyelashes. I wondered how I could best set about doing this.

I had told her that I had made money, but as Miss Bawn had evidently not read "The Life Story of John N. Trowbridge, Our Youngest Millionaire," in any of the American magazines or papers, I was safe in

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making it appear that I had merely earned a few thousands, of whose possession I was ingenuously proud. If she had even suspected the full truth, all her pretty little schemes for saving me a shilling here and there, her friendly warnings against reckless extravagance, would have been nipped in the bud and half my fun spoiled. Besides, I had begun to make vague plans, and they would have been spoiled, too.

After an orgy of sight-seeing at the National Gallery, followed by another at the British Museum, I insisted upon tea at the Carlton. There was music, and we were in the midst of a delicious hour, when suddenly Miss Bawn looked at her little gun-metal watch. "It is five minutes to six!" she exclaimed.

"What of that?" I asked, in blissful forgetfulness of such things as business arrangements.

"In five minutes I must leave you, and report at the office before I go home. Oh, I do feel guilty for allowing you to spend so much time in restaurants. You might have seen several more things if I had really done my duty."

"You needn't feel guilty," said I. "You have taught me more in this one day than I ever knew in my whole life. And it has been the pleasantest I have ever experienced."

"Thank you," replied Miss Bawn, with a slight return of the official manner. "I'm glad if you're satisfied. I, too, have—have found the day pleasant. You have been very kind and considerate. Good-bye. I hope you will enjoy the rest of your stay in London."

She had risen, and so I was obliged to rise too. But I didn't say good-bye. "Are you engaged to guide anybody to dinner and the theatre this evening?" I asked instead.

"No; I—after six my time is my own. But I never guide people to——"

"Then let me guide you, and your mother or sister, or any friend you choose. Do. It would be a charity. I am so used to being looked after now, in London, that I sha'n't know what to do alone. If you won't, I shall think you don't trust me after all."

"I do, but——"

"Wouldn't it be considered the right thing if you brought your mother or sister, or don't they like theatres?"

"Yes, I suppose it would, and—and they do immensely, only my mother is too ill and I'm never able to take my sister. But I met you for the first time to-day, and——"

"Still, you're the only girl friend I've ever had. We *are* friends, aren't we?"

"What is the good of—of being friends with people one day, when you will not meet them again?"

"We shall meet every day during my stay in London, unless you refuse to be my guide after this."

"It is not my place to refuse, if you engage my services at the office."

"That is what I intend to do, unless you object. Do you?"

"No. I—it is very nice showing you things. You are—so appreciative."

"Then shall I go round with you now and book the engagement?"

"Oh, no; that won't be necessary. If I mention your wish it can be arranged, and you can call in the morning."

"How about taking your little sister to dinner and the theatre? Surely you wouldn't deny her and me a harmless pleasure?"

"If you really wish it."

So it was arranged. She was to hurry home from the office, tell her sister, and dress; then the two would return to the Carlton, for we would dine there. I wanted all the other fellows whom I had envied last night to envy me to-night.

When I had seen her off I chose such a dinner as I thought girls would like. I had never had any such experience, but to-day I had learned a lot; and I was quite proud of myself for thinking of flowers. I told the head waiter to get me two big bunches of the best roses to be had in London. Then I secured a box for a play which the people in the office assured me was the most popular of the year, and ordered an electric carriage to take us there.

After I had done all this and got into my evening clothes, I still had half an hour to wait in the palm court before I saw the face I had been watching for, accompanied by another face rather like it, though younger, and not half so pretty.

Poor little girls! Even I, knowing next to nothing about such things, could see that their dresses were of the simplest material and not of the latest fashion. I felt a kind of anger at the other women for owning smarter gowns than theirs, when I saw their wistful, timid looks and guessed their meaning. To me the girls could not have been sweeter than they were, in their frocks of white alpaca or serge, or whatever the stuff was; but because they yearned for something finer I should have liked to buy up half the shops in London and fling the contents at the sisters' feet.

I think, though, that they were happy

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despite the crumpled roseleaf. The dinner was a success, and especially the roses, which caused the girls to flush with pleasure. They were charmed with the electric carriage, and surprised to find that they were to have a box at the theatre.

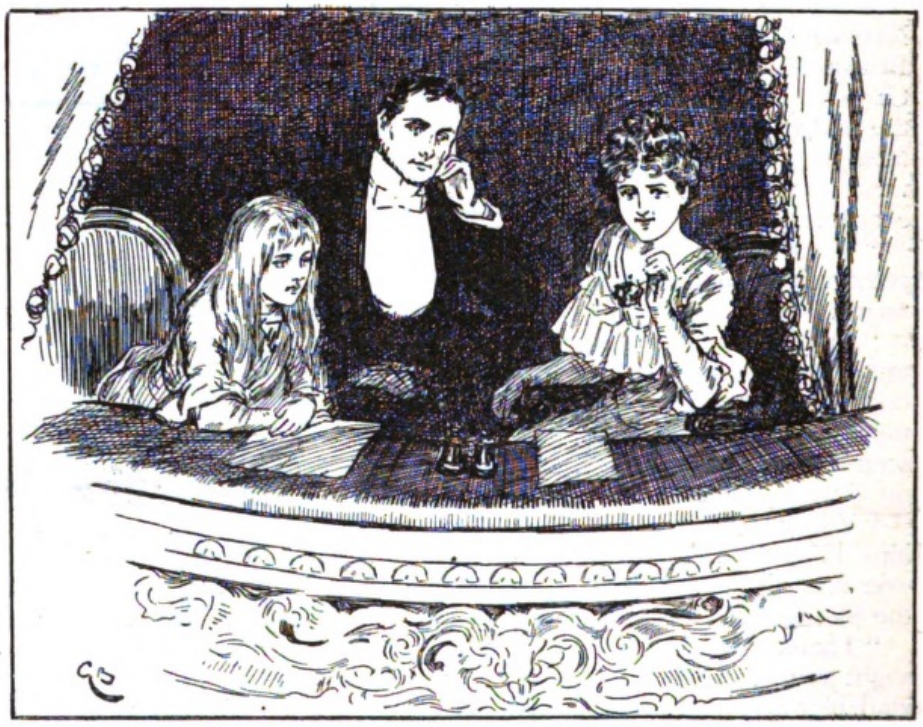
"Oh, Molly, nothing like this has ever happened to us before, has it?" exclaimed the little sister; and then I knew that my lady guide was Molly Bawn. This seemed odd, because I had been whistling the air of "Molly Bawn" to myself the while I dressed; indeed, it had been running in my head all day. Sweet Molly Bawn!

I don't know what we saw together next day, the lady guide and I; I only know that I saw her. And it was so pleasant to hear her delicious English voice, with its pretty modulations, that I am afraid I lost a good deal of the information she conscientiously gave. She guided me all day, and I again guided her and the little sister in the evening. We had another restaurant dinner, more flowers, another box at the theatre; and again a third time this programme repeated itself with delightful variations. The little sister said that she had ceased to wonder at me now because I was an American, and Americans were so strange; probably they were all like that, and no one thought anything of it. I assured her that this was the case, and that she must just take me for granted, as one took one's meals, or the rising and setting of the sun. "Only *they* go on every day," said she, "and you won't."

"I'm not so sure," said I. "I begin to feel at home in England, and to take things for granted, too."

But on that third night at the theatre we looked down on the audience from our box before the curtain rang up on the first act, and there was Miss Grinch gazing up at us from the pit through a pair of black, funereal opera-glasses. Miss Grinch, then, was human, and had an existence outside office hours! I could scarcely have credited it; still, the sight of her was not the shock to me that it apparently was to my lady guide.

Miss Molly Bawn did not shrink back a single inch, but I guessed from her sudden rigidity that she had forcibly checked the impulse, and her delicate face flamed with colour.



"WE LOOKED DOWN ON THE AUDIENCE FROM OUR BOX."

"Who would have dreamed that Miss Grinch was frivolous enough for the theatre?" I remarked, to carry off the situation. "It seems funny, somehow, to see her here."

But Miss Bawn did not appear to regard it in this light, though I had proved her sense of humour. "She will think it is I who am frivolous," the girl retorted.

"Luckily, if she does, you are only answerable to her for business hours. Others you can dispose of as you please," said I, consolingly.

"Yes," replied the lady guide. Yet her face was grave for a few moments, until something in the play moved her to laughter.

I invited the two girls to sup with me after the theatre, but they refused, and insisted on parting from me, as before, when I had put them in a cab. Good friends as we had become, I had not been allowed to call at

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their home, of which I had not even been told the address, nor had I dared to ask. I understood vaguely that they lived with their mother in lodgings somewhere in Bloomsbury, and I hoped that soon, without seeming unduly curious, I might learn where.

Next morning, at a little before eleven o'clock, as usual, I presented myself at the office of the association in Piccadilly. Miss Grinch sat in her place at the desk, looking, if anything, grimmer than her wont; but perhaps this was my morbid imagination.

"Good morning," said I, pleasantly.

"Good morning," said she, neither pleasantly nor unpleasantly. Yet there was that in her eye which sent through me a pang of presentiment.

"I suppose Miss Bawn has come in?" I ventured, as the bell remained untouched.

"Miss Bawn came at the opening hour," replied Miss Grinch; "but she has been compelled to leave again — on private business. Fortunately, however, our Miss Snapkill is disengaged this morning, and her services are at your disposal."

I have always thought "His Face Fell" a comic expression of emotion, but I felt that mine did so literally at this moment. "I—er—hope that—perhaps Miss Bawn will be returning later," I stammered. "I feel that—I am so used to her ways as a guide that perhaps I had better wait——"

"Most of our clients prefer Miss Snapkill as a guide," said Miss Grinch, coldly. "She is exceedingly strong, is never tired, has more depth of information than Miss Bawn, and is gifted, besides, with a remarkable fund of historical anecdote. She has never been known to fail in a date."

I shuddered at the thought of being trailed past London lions by this paragon. "No doubt the lady is excellent as a guide," I admitted; "but Miss Bawn——"

"I must tell you frankly, sir, that there is no use in waiting for Miss Bawn," the dragon at the desk cut in. "She will not be at liberty to conduct you again."

Suddenly a light of revelation rushed into my mind and an angry colour to my face. If Miss Grinch had been a man! It was lucky for her, as it was unlucky for me, that she was not.

"Do you mean to say——" I began, furiously, when again I was cut short.

"I mean to say no more than I have said, sir." The acid of Miss Grinch's voice would have bitten into steel. "Pray, for Miss Bawn's sake, let us have no argument on this subject. The private affairs of our employées, as you must realize, cannot with propriety be discussed with our clients. I regret that you should be disappointed, but Miss Bawn is unavoidably prevented from conducting you again. If you care to be accompanied in your round of sight-seeing by one of our other ladies we shall be glad to serve your interests."



"'DO YOU MEAN TO SAY——' I BEGAN."

The Gorgon was unanswerable. It was true that, for Miss Bawn's sake, I must hold my tongue, since there had been no accusation. I could not defend the girl without taking it for granted that she had been condemned. This was one of the reasons why I regretted that Miss Grinch was a woman.

For an ugly instant she had silenced me, but, as truth crushed to earth will rise again, so did I; and I hit back with a bold stroke,

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adapted to the fighting capacity of a female enemy.

"I am obliged to you," said I, "but I won't trouble Miss Snapkill—not because of any personal objection to the lady, but because, as I have fallen in love with Miss Bawn, and wish to ask her if she will be my wife, I naturally don't care for sights unless she can see them with me. Now, as I have been so frank with you, madam, perhaps you will kindly give me Miss Bawn's private address, so that I can put the question I am very impatient to have answered."

Miss Grinch looked more like Red Riding Hood's wolf than ever.

"Certainly not, sir," she returned. "Your sentiments for Miss Mary Bawn have nothing to do with our business. It is strictly against rules to give the private address of an employée to a customer. If the young woman desired you to be on such terms with her as you suggest, you would probably have been given the address in question without applying at this office. Allow me to wish you a good morning."

Again Miss Grinch scored. But I found one more shot in my locker, and fired. "Very well, if you choose to stand on a rule in such a case as this, I will address to Miss Bawn here," I said. "It is certain that you know her home address, and you are bound to forward your employée's letters."

"Pray write as often as you please," snapped the lady, losing dignity at last. "I am sure it is nothing to *me*."

At this I went out and took counsel with myself.

I returned to the Carlton. I used up half-a-dozen sheets of paper before I had composed a letter which seemed to express half I meant or felt. The best was inadequate, but I let the seventh attempt stand, and carried it myself to a post-office, where I had it registered.

Then I waited. There was no answer that night nor the next day. On the third morning I marched into the office. There was Miss Grinch, and there was my registered envelope on the mantelpiece.

"You have not forwarded my letter, madam!" I exclaimed.

"Ah! *is* that your letter? I noticed that one had come addressed to Miss Bawn. She has left our employ, but should she call she will, of course, receive any post which has arrived for her."

"You are maliciously determined to keep Miss Bawn from getting that letter," I flung at her; but I was only a man, and the woman was more than equal to me and the emergency.

"If you insult me, sir," said she, "I shall be obliged to have you turned out, even if it be necessary to call in the protection of the police. Your accusation is ridiculous. This office has plenty to do without re-addressing all the letters sent here for persons no longer employed by us, who know perfectly well that they have only to call to find anything which may be awaiting them."

"I will consult a lawyer," I said.

"Do so," said Miss Grinch.

I did; but merely to find that the dragon was within her rights. I then advertised in the "personal" column of every newspaper in London, begging, in terms which I hoped she would understand, that "M. B." would send her address to "J. N. T." at the Carlton.

Days passed on, however, and either "M. B." did not see the "personal," or else she was angry with the wretched "J. N. T." who had unwittingly brought trouble upon her head.

Be what you may, it is bad to want a thing desperately—in a tremendous hurry—and not to get it; but if you are an American it is unbearable. To think of all the trouble I had had to make my ten million dollars, and that now they were of no more use to me than if they had been ten cents, was enough to drive a man crazy. I haunted Bloomsbury; I engaged a private detective, and offered him a hundred pounds if he found Miss Bawn for me in a week, two hundred if he did it in three days. But at the end of the week he had failed.

It was at this juncture that I turned brigand, my only regret being that I had wasted time in not earlier adopting a criminal career. I lurked within sight of the association's office early in the morning, to see who went in first. Finding that the youth I had seen in buttons made his appearance before anyone else, I followed him quietly up the stairs and darted into the office in his wake, when he had opened the door with his key. I then resorted to bribery and corruption. The boy had not the key of the drawer where the employées' address-book was kept, but for the sum of fifty pounds—four times what he received in a year—he would tell me which it was and stand neutral while I broke the receptacle open; only I had better "look sharp," for Miss Grinch was due in twenty minutes, and if she caught me she would send for the police.

I took the hint, paid the bribe (which

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"I THEN RESORTED TO BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION."

would more than console the youth for his discharge), and found the book with the blessed Bloomsbury address, which was in one of the few streets in that district I had never thought of.

Slipping into my pocket the registered letter, which had accumulated some dust during its long sojourn on the mantelpiece, I walked out of the office and met Miss Grinch coming upstairs. Little guessing what had happened, she let me pass by with a look of stately contempt; and as I left the building for the last time I chuckled, even as when I had entered it first.

The reason why the detective had failed was because, on the day after our parting, Molly Bawn and the little sister had taken the invalid mother away to the seaside. She had been ill, and neither of the girls had once found time to look at a newspaper. This was let out to me by the little sister, when I had discovered the family at Brighton, through information received from their Bloomsbury landlady.

Molly was out, getting a prescription made up for her mother, when I called; and when she opened the door of the lodging-house sitting-room and saw me there with her sister she grew first red, then pale, and all but dropped the parcel she was carrying.

I thanked that ebb and flow of blood, for it betrayed me something which I might not have learned so easily from the girl's lips. She cared—anyway, a little.

I sprang up, caught her hand, told her how I loved her, and how hard I had tried to find her, without stopping to worry as to how she would take my words.

"You were engaged to me as my guide and I never let you off," I said. "Do be engaged to marry me now."

"Oh, *do*, Molly," urged the little sister, "if only to spite Miss Grinch. It was Molly being in a box and she in the pit that made her feel the worst," the child went on, turning to me. "And then the roses. They were more than she *could* stand. Otherwise she might have forwarded the letter, even after she had made such a horrid row and Molly had resigned her position as lady guide."

"I want to keep her for my lady guide all my life," said I. "I need you, Molly. What do you say?"

"If I say 'yes,'" answered Molly, "it—it won't be to spite Miss Grinch, but—because I love you, and was miserable because you had gone out of my life."

It wasn't until I had given her her engagement-ring, and she had scolded me in her old, pretty way for extravagance, that I let her know she had promised to marry a millionaire. I think she was more frightened than pleased; but the little sister was delighted. It would spite Miss Grinch.

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Masterpieces of Humorous Illustration.

By Adrian Margaux.

[This article gives the opinion of well-known humorous writers as to which they consider the best illustration of their works.]

IN the art of illustration the author is doubtless the artist's most exacting critic. This is particularly the case, perhaps, with humorous illustration, sense of humour on the part of author and artist having a relationship as dangerous as it is interesting. With this thought in my mind, I have consulted the leading humorists of the day with the pen upon the work of leading humorists with the pencil, my chief question being as follows: "Which of the illustrations to your writings has best expressed the meaning of the author?"

The first reply came in fairly definite form from Mr. F. Anstey:—

"I have been, as a rule, so fortunate in the illustrations to my writings that it is not easy to particularize. But the drawing which best expresses my meaning is that one of Mr. Bernard Partridge's illustrations to 'A Bayard from Bengal,' which represents the judge in the act of pinning the Blue Ribbon of the Derby on the hero's breast."

With regard to this drawing it was, of course, the illustrator's main object to sustain the general idea of Mr. Anstey's story as purporting to be the English experiences of Chunder Bundabund Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge, related by Burry Bangstro Jabberjee. Assuming the style of an Indian artist, as it has been exemplified in water-colour on rice paper, Mr. Partridge has put a good deal of Oriental imagination in the picture reproduced on this page. "The notorious Blue Ribbon was pinned by the judge upon his proud and heaving bosom"—the bosom, that is, of the ingenious Hindu who claims to have won the Derby. Thus we read on page 106 of the book as published by Messrs. Methuen, and the humour of such a situation as conceived by the author is faithfully rendered by the artist.

The peculiar form of this drawing is not so strange to Mr. Partridge's talent as some admirers of his may suppose. He spent part of his early life in the employment of a firm of designers of altar-pieces, stained-glass windows, and similar works of mediæval art, and his studio contains several examples of his skill in symbolical subjects. Of his method as an illustrator little or nothing can be said; according to his own account he is



"A BAYARD FROM BENGAL," BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE.
Chosen by Mr. F. Anstey as the best illustration of his humorous work.

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"unmethodical," although in drawing figures such as those in Mr. Lehmann's "Letters to Abstractions" he frequently uses a model.

Two other authors thus singled out the work of Mr. Bernard Partridge. "The drawings that Mr. Bernard Partridge made for 'Stageland,'" wrote Mr. Jerome K. Jerome from Lausanne, "were, I think, the perfection of illustration."



"THE STAGE HERO IS A VERY POWERFUL MAN," BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE.
Chosen by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome as one of the best illustrations of his work.

Mr. Jerome had not specified any particular illustration—and there are some sixty or seventy in the book. I mentioned "The Stage Hero is a Very Powerful Man" as being the funniest of all, and Mr. Partridge made no demur.

This is the passage which the artist had in his mind when making the drawing: "The stage hero is a very powerful man. You wouldn't think it to look at him, but you wait until the heroine cries 'Help! Oh, George, save me!' or the police attempt to run him in. Then two villains, three extra ruffians, and four detectives are about his fighting weight."

The illustrations to "Stageland" were produced, of course, some years before Mr. Bernard Partridge had become a member of the staff of *Punch*—which event took place in 1891, about six months after it had accepted his first contribution. "A Bayard from Bengal" and "Letters to Abstractions" were illustrated in the ordinary course of his work for the famous journal, without consultation with the authors.

"So far as my own writings are concerned," said Mr. R. C. Lehmann, "the illustrations that best expressed the author's meaning were those drawn by Mr. Bernard Partridge for a series of articles entitled 'Letters to Abstractions' that appeared in *Punch* some eleven or twelve years ago. They were all so admirable in their delineation of character that I find it difficult to make a particular selection. Two, however, specially stand out in my memory: (1) The drawing of a stout old gentleman in 'To Pomposity' and (2) the drawing of a hale old gentleman in 'To Youth.'"



"POMPOSITY," BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE.
Chosen by Mr. R. C. Lehmann as one of the best illustrations of his *Punch* work.
Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

"Letters to Abstractions" appeared in *Punch* at irregular intervals during 1891 and 1892. "Pomposity," "Failure," Crookedness," "Swagger," "Youth," and other qualities were all given one or more human personifications by the fertile imagination or wide social experiences of Mr. Lehmann, who adopted in this series of articles the pen name of "Diogenes Brown." The "Pomposity" here illustrated by Mr. Partridge was "Bulmer," a wealthy brewer, whose chief happiness in life was found in his intercourse with people who, in the acquirement of property, had been less successful than himself. "'My dear boy,' said Bulmer to me, while he inserted his thumbs in the arm-openings of his waistcoat and drummed an approving tattoo upon his shining shirt front—'My dear boy, I have always been your friend, and nobody knows it better than you.'"

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A little chat with Mr. Partridge at his quaint old house in Chelsea yielded some interesting details as to the circumstances under which these little masterpieces in humorous illustration were produced. Jerome's sketches of Stageland and its inhabitants were first published in a weekly paper, long since defunct, called the *Playgoer*. Jerome and Partridge were at that time companions in the Bohemia of London, one a writer and the other an artist on the first rungs of the ladder of fame, who had a strong common interest in their love for the drama. After their serial publication Jerome thought that the sketches might make a saleable book, and with that view asked Partridge if he would make some drawings with which to illustrate them. The artist, who had such an excellent practical knowledge of the subject, willingly consented, and the friends agreed to share the profits of the publication. But, alas! it was some time before publication was effected, several firms of publishers refusing the work, until Messrs. Chatto and Windus eventually offered to publish it on a royalty. Mr. Partridge, it may be added, was so familiar—as an actor himself—with the types of character described by the author that he found it unnecessary to have professional models in making his drawings.

"I haven't a doubt about it," promptly replied Sir Frank Burnand. "Charles Keene's illustrations to my 'Tracks for Tourists,' that first appeared as a serial in *Punch* and subsequently as a book under the title of 'How, When, and Where,' were not only just exactly in the spirit of the author's work to which they were illustrations, but were also to be reckoned as among the very best work that Charles Keene ever did."

"How, When, and Where," which was published in 1864, is a burlesque of Murray's Tourist Guides, written with the characteristic punning skill of the genial editor of *Punch*. The original edition has long been out of print, but the little *jeu d'esprit* has been republished in the complete edition of Sir Frank Burnand's works as part of the volume, "Very Much Abroad."

As will be seen, Sir Frank has not indicated his preference for any particular drawing among the two or three dozen illustrations which the book contains. I have, therefore, had to take upon myself the responsibility of choice. "A Pushing Acquaintance — An Anglo-Gallica Sketch," which appears on page 32 of the original edition of "How, When, and Where," and on page 367 of "Very Much Abroad," seems to me to typify very fairly the humour of the author as expressed by the artist.



"A PUSHING ACQUAINTANCE," BY CHARLES KEENE.
Chosen by Sir F. C. Burnand as one of the best illustrations of his work.
Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

"All foreigners can swim," writes the former. "If you doubt the assertion experimentalize after the manner suggested in the cut. This humorous feat will suggest another cut—cut off."

Of Charles Keene's method of work, both as an original draughtsman and as an illustrator, some account has recently been given in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. In Mr. G. S. Layard's "Life" of the great artist only a brief mention is made of the illustrations to "Tracks for Tourists," although the testimony of the editor of *Punch* on the subject is given as follows :—

"Of the illustrations, Mr. Burnand says they are some of the very best he ever did. He himself was much pleased with them, and frequently wanted me to do another series of the same kind." They were done, it may be added, in the studio which Keene occupied for some years at 55, Baker Street, above the photographic establishment of Messrs. Elliott and Fry. Mark Lemon was editing *Punch*, whilst Burnand and Keene

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were, of course, fellow-members of the regular staff, although they seldom met at the weekly dinner owing to the somewhat recluse habits of the artist.

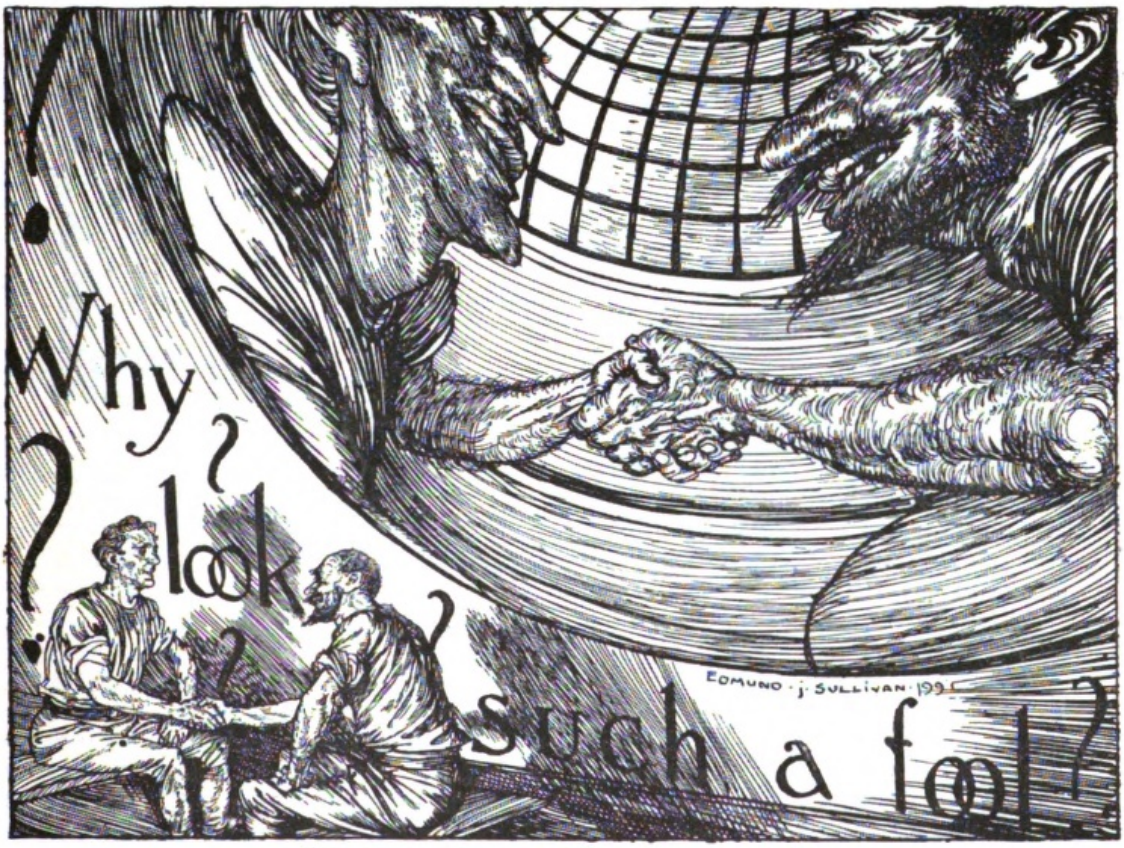
"By far the best illustrations ever done for me," writes Mr. H. G. Wells, from his house at Sandgate, "were those by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, illustrating my 'Story of the Future.' I could not have wished them better."

The humour of these illustrations, as of Mr. Wells's story, is, it must be admitted, of a somewhat grim kind. But the drawing to which Mr. Sullivan specially directed my attention when I called upon him at his house in Hampstead illustrates an incident of Mr. Wells's imagination which is in the nature, perhaps, of comic relief to the prevalent quality of "A Story of the Days to Come," to quote the title under which the serial actually appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* about four years ago.

Mr. Sullivan was working at high pressure upon a water-colour drawing, but he cheerfully turned aside from his easel to give me what information he could regarding the matter, whilst Mrs. Sullivan looked out the original illustration from one or two drawers which were full of the artist's black and white work.

Mr. Sullivan remembered how at the time the author had praised him highly for the illustrations, jocularly addressing him in one of his letters as Mr. "Albert Dürer" Sullivan. The compliment had not the same value then as it has now, inasmuch as "A Story of the Future" was the first of Mr. Wells's writings to receive the honour of illustration. But then, as now, Mr. Wells's good opinion was the more appreciated because Mr. Wells himself has exceptional knowledge and talent in art.

"He had some training in drawing," Mr. Sullivan reminds me, "for the purpose of the scientific work which occupied the earlier years of his life, and the Christmas-cards of his own designing which he has sent



"THE TRICK OF THE MIRROR," BY MR. E. J. SULLIVAN.
Chosen by Mr. H. G. Wells as the best illustration of his work.

me certainly suggest that with equal devotion to it he might have succeeded in art as he has in literature."

It is from the chapter in Mr. Wells's story called "Underneath" that the illustration here reproduced is taken. Some readers will remember that it describes the experiences of the hero as an *employé* of the ruthless

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Labour Company, particularly in association with his savage, brutalized fellow-workmen. He is depicted in company with one of these in the illustration, as described in the following passage :—

"The moving platform was rushing by the establishment of a face-moulder, and its lower front was a huge display of mirror, designed to stimulate the thirst for more symmetrical features. Denton caught the reflection of himself and his new friend, enormously twisted and broadened. His own face was puffed, one-sided, and blood-stained; a grin of idiotic and insincere amiability distorted its latitude. A wisp of hair occluded one eye. The trick of the mirror presented the swart man as a gross expanse of lip and nostril. They were linked by shaking hands. Then abruptly the vision passed—to return to memory in the anæmic meditation of a waking dawn."

Mr. Sullivan told me that he had partly drawn the two figures from models, but the effect of the "trick of the mirror" was largely the result of guess-work on his part. At the same time he was familiar with the grotesque results which could be obtained from reflection in a brightly-polished dish-cover, and experimentation in this way had helped him somewhat. Mr. Sullivan's choice of the incident for illustration was entirely his own, but possibly its literary use was suggested to Mr. Wells by the ingenious advertising device of a well-known caterer to the London poor.

"I have been rather unfortunate," wrote Mr. W. L. Alden, from Florence, "in the matter of illustrations; at least, such is my opinion, though my illustrators might not agree with me. The artist who has been most successful with my books is Miss Florence K. Upton, of 'Golliwog' fame, whose admirable illustrations in 'Among the Freaks' have always delighted me."

In the illustrations to "Among the Freaks," which was published in 1896, J. F. Sullivan was associated with Miss Upton. The book, as some readers will remember, gives the professional experiences of a sort of Barnum, whose vernacular, in describing his difficulties with bearded ladies and Siamese twins, is vigorously reproduced. The frontispiece, which is reproduced herewith, was by Miss Upton, and depicts a scene consequent upon the mismanagement of a baby show. The method adopted to preserve the infants' identity breaks down, and at the close of the show, all clue being lost, there is a lively contest between a tribe of mothers for the ownership of the most attractive prize-winners.



"AFTER THE BABY SHOW—THE BABIES GET MIXED," BY MISS FLORENCE K. UPTON.
Chosen by Mr. W. L. Alden as the best illustration of his work.

"I haven't any particular method," avers Miss Upton in discussing the matter with me, "except that one very simple, and yet oft-neglected, one of *reading* thoroughly the

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A DRAWING FROM "SHE-NOTES," BY MR. E. T. REED.
Chosen by "Owen Seaman" as the best illustration of his *Punch* work.
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matter to be illustrated. I do not think there can be any kind of success in illustrating unless the whole heart and soul are thrown into the work. Too often the illustrations are absolutely apart from the text."

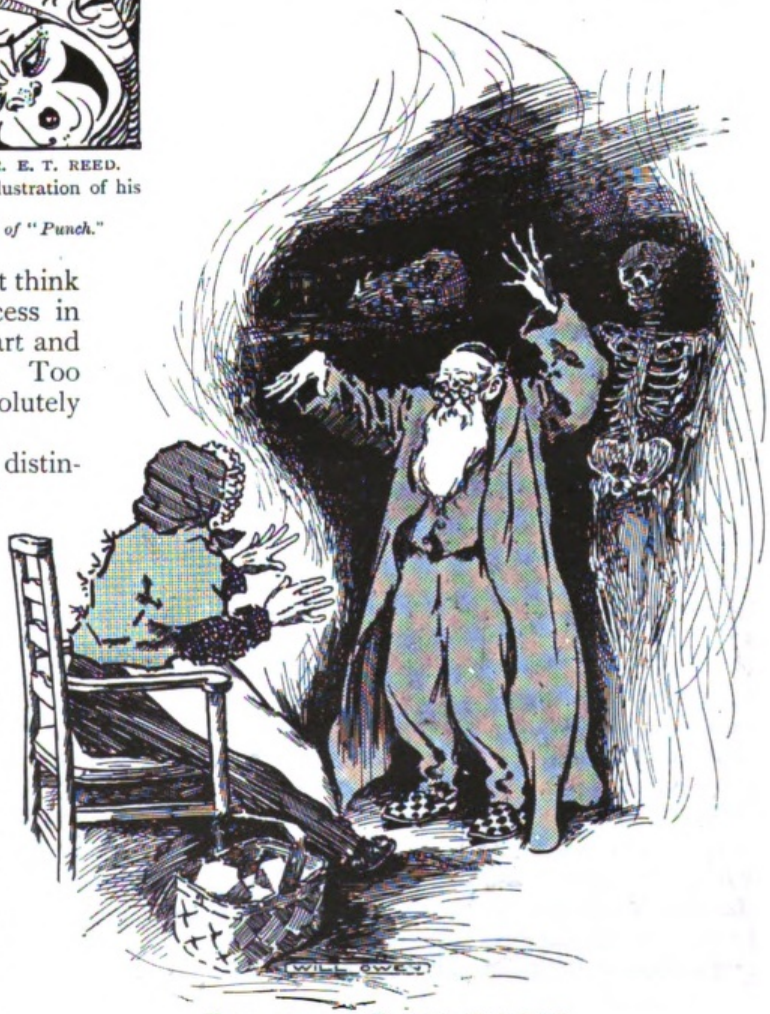
"Owen Seaman," another distinguished member of the staff of *Punch*, replied to my question as follows :—

"Mr. E. T. Reed drew a very charming illustration in *Punch* some many years ago to accompany an article of mine called 'She-Notes,' in imitation of Miss Egerton's 'Key-Notes.' His drawing was one of the first burlesques upon the methods of the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, whose work was then just coming into vogue."

"She-Notes" was published in two parts on March 10th and 17th, 1894. They were described as by "Borgia Smudgeiton," the Japanese *fin-de-siècle* illustrations being by "Mortarthurlo Whiskersly." As a double burlesque of a mannered artist and a somewhat eccentric writer, the half-dozen illustrations—of which we are able to give but one specimen in this article—were in admirable keeping with each other.

Little need be said for obvious reasons of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's choice—"the illustrations of Mr. Will Owen to my stories in THE STRAND." When that gentleman was appealed to in his home at Richmond he gave the necessary definiteness to this choice by specifying a picture—reproduced on this page—which originally appeared so recently as the March number of this Magazine.

"As to method of work, I can't say much," Mr. Owen declared. "I only know I never feel inclined for it and am an abominably slow worker. I almost invariably take my models from life—not professional models." From which it would seem to follow that the artist himself has frequented much the river-side highways and byways from which Mr. Jacobs has derived so much inspiration.



"THE CASTAWAY," BY MR. WILL OWEN.
Chosen by Mr. W. W. Jacobs as the best illustration of his work.

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A FAMOUS TEST

By Robert Barr.

I WRITE of successful people and lucky people; people to be envied by the rest of us, either for their achievement or their good fortune. Young people they are, the four of them, and that in itself is a subject of congratulation.

The first on my list of the favoured is Ford Detwood, aged twenty-six. Now here is a clever young man, if you like! Two years before this account opens he became recognised as one of the coming men in literature. Indeed, the generous reception accorded to his now well-known novel, "A Painter in Paradise," placed him at a jump in the very first rank of writers, and his friends held that he had already arrived, while only a few cantankerous critics said: "Wait a little. Let us see if he can keep it up." His next book did "keep it up," and the two volumes brought him large remuneration, and if that isn't a test what is? How delightful it must be to receive more invitations than one can possibly accept; to be deluged with requests for autographs, a stamped and addressed envelope enclosed; to hear nothing but eulogy; to be the lion wherever one went, and listen to whispers, "Is that *the* Mr. Detwood? What an intellectual brow!" And imagine the delectation of being compelled to fly from all this, pretending it irksome and undeserved, so that one might get quiet and opportunity for writing one's third book. At twenty-six! And to be so modest about it all. Many get their heads turned with the first intoxicating draught of fame, but all the interviews agreed that this had not been the case with Ford Detwood; he had invariably received the interviewers with reluctance, but with courtesy.

But even in Derbyshire renown pursued him. The local paper, dated at Kirk Newton, but printed elsewhere, contained the following item:—

"Mr. Ford Detwood, the distinguished novelist, has come to Ivydale in search of much-needed rest, and has rooms at the George. Ivydale has always been a favourite spot with literary men, for Izaak Walton says of it——," etc.

This paragraph caused quite a flutter among the reading public of the Dale, and several estimable bicyclists, who knew nothing of fame, but merely had a day off from the counter in some neighbouring town, were mistaken for the celebrity.

Nowhere in all Ivydale did this extract create more commotion than in the maidenly heart of Miss Madaline Belmond, just twenty-one. I am not sure but Madaline is the most to be envied of all my quartette, and perhaps I should have begun with her, but it is customary to introduce your hero first, and then bring along the girl he is to marry. In doing this I am following the method of Mr. Detwood himself, in the novel I have already mentioned. Madaline was the only daughter of the rector, and the rectory was admittedly the most lovely spot in all lovely Ivydale. The learned and reverend Mr. Belmond was rich in his own right, a scholarly man, constantly absorbed in research, with a unique and extensive

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library at his command—the accumulation of years. The affairs of this world troubled him little, and its cares not at all, for he had never known the need of money. Some of us might not object to change places with him, even if he is getting on in years, for his estate extends along the little River Runnel, until his grounds meet those of Squire Cobleigh.

And this naturally brings us to the squire, whom you imagine to be a hale, stout old gentleman, somewhat inclined to corpulency and anger; but in truth Thomas Cobleigh is a year younger than the novelist—thin, straight, and good-looking, and he rides across country very often to consult with the rector on the affairs of the parish. Now, I don't believe the young squire was vividly interested in the parish, and I am quite sure the rector was absorbed in his books; so perhaps the former came to the Ivydale Rectory because the ride across the hills was so exhilarating. It could not have been to see Madaline, for my young lady would have nothing to do with him; said he was stupid, which, between ourselves, he was not; insisted that he could talk of nothing but farms, or horses, or fox-hunting, or the villainous doings of the Radicals, subjects which did not interest her in the least, she being fond of culture, literature, and the like. I have a suspicion that if there had been a match-making mamma about the rectory my haughty miss would not have flouted the squire as she did, for Tom Cobleigh owned upwards of six thousand acres of unencumbered land, with a fine old mansion hidden away among the trees higher up the valley. But the handsome daughter of the rectory was not for him, and the youth sighed deeply as this fact became more and more clear to him, cursing his awkwardness and wishing he had some of the polite polish which London is supposed to give. Yet he hated London; never felt at home in it, constantly got lost in its labyrinths on the rare occasions when he trusted himself to its mercies. But London and a town house were the dreams of Madaline, and she too sighed when she thought of the season there so far away, and her father so difficult to persuade to participate in its enjoyments.

But this delightful, much-maligned world contains consolation for the bitterest disappointment, and the charming novelist has taken rooms at the George; while wandering about the picturesque hills and dales of Tom Cobleigh's estate, ignoring the law of trespass, is a bright young woman who may well cause the squire to pause and change his mind, as he dashes across his fields to order an interloper to keep to the King's highway. He sees suddenly how handsome she is, lifts his hat politely, and rides away, as if she, instead of himself, were the owner of the broad demesne. This captivating person is the fourth of my quartette, for, of course, the parson does not count; her name Beatrice Gower, and her age twenty-two. I wish I could add that she also was rich, but she has merely enough to live on comfortably, and is earning more and more every year. She is a young person of talent, and I am sure the acceptance of her latest picture by the Royal Academy will help her along, whatever envious outsiders may say of that worthy institution. In this undulating hill and dale land she is accompanied by a willing slave, content to carry brushes, paint-box, camp-stool, easel; any or all of them. The slave is a peasant girl, with brilliant red hair, and the standing bucolic joke is a warning to her to keep away from the straw-stacks, lest she set them on fire. The little maid said nothing, but she had grown tired of this witticism. And now comes along a wonderful artist woman from London, and straightway falls into raptures over this despised red head. She eagerly makes an amazing bargain with the child's mother, and is actually willing to pay good round money if Missy Carmine will merely stand round and do nothing, while the artist sits on the ridiculous little camp-stool and paints. The artist tousles up this crimson mop, builds it into one shape or another, allows it to fall rippling down the wearer's back, all the while praising its beauty. At first the head of fire regards the newcomer with suspicion, lowering at her with her large hazel eyes, but by-and-by, with a child's intuition, she sees that the admiration is genuine, and a glow thrills the little heart, sore of the world's disdain. The light-hearted artist certainly made one creature happy in the Dale, and was destined to bring consolation to another of the opposite sex, but the latter episode belongs to a section of the story farther on. Meanwhile, the petite Goddess of the Flame follows her with a devotion not to be matched outside the pages of historical fiction. The diminutive guide led the artist to secluded dells the lady would never have found unassisted; took her to dramatic hill-tops with wide-spreading views; found unexpected waterfalls; posed silent and still as a statue. She proved a

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"THE GUIDE LED THE ARTIST TO SECLUDED DELLS."

treasure in the way of a model, after the exacting and restless London variety. It was a constant wonder to the midget why the lady from London praised her red hair when the London lady herself was so evidently an angel in beauty. Miss Gower's black locks and dark flashing eyes caused her face to seem unusually pale, but the pure air of Derbyshire was bringing back to her cheeks the colour which London had stolen away.

Yet, handsome as was the lady from town, now revelling in these sylvan glades, the lady of the country possessed still greater claims to beauty. But Beatrice knew more of life, was a fascinating talker, and, having tasted poverty, was not so foolish as to flout six thousand acres of land, if such a windfall of real estate came her way. Thus does the course of true love run smooth, in spite of the dictum of the poet. We have now everything admirably arranged, for the squire has seen the painter, and the rector's daughter is interested in the novelist, and so in the conclusion we shall wed country to town, and town to country.

One afternoon the beautiful Miss Belmond and her father were taking their walks abroad on their own estate, when the old gentleman espied a fisher ineffectually whipping the surface of the Runnel with some new-fangled flies which the old-fashioned trout of that babbling stream seemed to despise. The fisher walked along the bank trying pool after pool, and bore himself as confidently as if he stood on his own ground. Now, if there was anything in this world that the aged rector could bring himself to censure it was a poacher, and after that a trespasser, and here before his eyes in broad daylight they were both combined in one and the same person. Of course, a poacher must always be a trespasser, although a trespasser may not always be a poacher. Mr. Belmond grasped his stout stick more firmly, and accompanied by his daughter, as indignant as himself, he reconnoitred the intruder.

"My dear sir," began the rector, courteously, "I take the liberty of acquainting you with the fact that this is private water."

"Thank you," replied the young man, making another cast, "but I am already aware of that fact."

The cheek of this retort amazed the owner of the property, but he kept his temper and continued, suavely:—

"Are you also cognizant that I am the proprietor?"

The youth, whose manner hitherto had been slightly condescending, now looked round with an air of surprise.

"Then, sir, you must be Squire Cobleigh, and I am very pleased to meet you. I called at Cobleigh Hall the other day, but you were not at home."

"Again you are mistaken, sir. I am the rector of this parish, and my name is Belmond."

"I beg a thousand pardons," exclaimed the young man, with seeming contrition. "I find I am indeed a trespasser, and, although I was bemoaning my ill-luck a moment ago, I am now glad I have not further encroached by catching any of your

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fish. You see, I am a stranger in the neighbourhood, and have inadvertently overstepped a boundary."

"If you are a friend of Cobleigh's that alters the case, and you are quite welcome to these waters."

"I can scarcely, with strict accuracy, lay claim to the squire's friendship; truth to tell, I have never seen him. A friend of his and of mine in London, knowing I was coming here and was fond of fishing, wrote to Mr. Cobleigh, with the result that, when I took up my rooms at the George, I found a kind note from the squire offering me the hospitality of this little river. My name is Detwood."



"THIS IS PRIVATE WATER."

"Not ——" Madaline spoke impulsively; then checked herself with a blush. She had rather expected and hoped this was the celebrated writer. The young man smiled at the exclamation. He was accustomed to the rest of the question, lucky beggar, and made no pretence of not guessing its import.

"You were, perhaps, going to say 'Not the novelist'? But that is just what I am: I believe there is no other of my name. May I flatter myself that I am not unknown in this beautiful country?"

"Indeed, you are very well known at the rectory by your works at least, even if we failed to recognise you in person from the pictures we have seen of you in the illustrated papers."

There was intense admiration in the young man's eyes as he gazed at her, while she spoke rather hurriedly, as if to remove the seeming harshness of the first greeting accorded him. He replied with the easy assurance of a man of the world.

"I think there is something very rectorial and even Scriptural in what you say. Isn't there a text to the effect that by their works you shall know them."

"I think, Madaline," said her father, "that if you can persuade Mr. Detwood to come up with us and drink tea on the lawn, his acceptance will show that he bears no ill-will against my insistence on riparian rights."

"If you come with us now," invited the girl, "we shall be just in time, and I think your sport has not been so good as to enable you to plead that as an excuse for not deserting it."

"If it had been the best in the world I could not have resisted your kindness, Miss Belmond," replied the young man, with enthusiasm, as he wound up his line and slung the empty basket at his side.

They walked up the green slope together, the old gentleman doing most of the talking.

"You will likely find Cobleigh on the lawn waiting for us," he said. "Tom is much interested in the welfare of the parish, and I think it greatly to his credit that so young a man should concern himself with serious things."

Detwood murmured that this was, indeed, a laudable state of mind, and Miss Belmond tossed her head. And conversing thus, the original stiltedness of their talk melting into more familiar intercourse as they grew better acquainted, they came to the rectory and to the mellowing influence of afternoon tea. The squire was not there when they arrived, but he came before the function of handing round the cups was well under way, and seemed taken aback to find a stranger so much at home on the lawn. The rector introduced the two men, and Detwood said, "I am very much indebted to you, Mr.

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Cobleigh, for permission to fish along your exceedingly beautiful stream."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the squire, awkwardly. "It was on account of Billy Jackson's letter, you know. By the way, how is Billy?"

"He was very fit last time I saw him. Was sorry he could not come to Derbyshire with me, but there was some race or other on that he didn't care to miss."

"Ah, yes; that would be the Putney Stakes," replied the squire, brightening.

"Very likely," commented the novelist, with indifference, as he turned to talk with Miss Belmond.

Tom Cobleigh sipped his tea in silence, and when the rector spoke to him he answered absent-mindedly. The other young people were engaged in an animated conversation about books and magazines and authors and editors, subjects which were as Sanscrit to the squire. He felt a dull envy of the London man's glib enunciation, of his knowledge and his lack of fear of Madaline, of his easy manner in conversation, and his sureness of himself. Tom resolved to order the local bookseller to send to Cobleigh Hall all the magazines published, little dreaming what an avalanche he was about to bring down on himself, and he also determined to read them—a most heroic task. But in this he was a trifle late, as after events were to prove. Tact deserted him that afternoon—not that he ever had any too much of it; he was a very straightforward young man, and with quiet innate stubbornness he sat out the other visitor, when he had much better have taken himself off, or talked more earnestly than he did with the old gentleman. It is not every afternoon that a rural young lady has a distinguished Metropolitan literary man to tea, and she quite naturally does not wish the visit marred by a man sitting glum in a garden-chair. So Tom sat tight until the new-comer had taken his departure, but this endurance failed somehow to please him. The squire was made vaguely unhappy by the cordiality of Madaline's farewell, and the earnestness with which she invited her celebrated visitor to call again. The aged rector, little knowing what he was about, supplemented the courtesy of his daughter, and placed his cherished library at the disposal of the stranger, as an aid to his literary work.

Tom Cobleigh rode sombrely home, at odds with the world. He knew he had not acquitted himself well, but could not guess just where he had erred. Luck was running against him, but he could neither turn it in his favour nor quit the game in which he held a losing hand. He plunged into periodical literature as a man takes to drink, but without the exhilaration which accompanies the latter course. He bought Detwood's books and actually read them, jealous of the author's expertness in the use of words and his power of depicting a scene. Without being sure he understood all the writer was aiming at, he was nevertheless imbued with a hopeless admiration of the writer's cleverness.

In all this I do not at all agree with the squire. It is easy enough to compose a work of fiction. Where true genius shows itself is in the writing of facts acceptably, as in a narration of the sort you are now reading. Here are real difficulties, if you like! If this story were made up as I went along, there would be no trouble. I could force my quartette to do as I wished them, and would not then be annoyed by their contrariness. I would introduce a match-making old lady with some sense in her head, who would keep things straight and not allow young folks to make fools of themselves. I should have the squire make the acquaintance of the young artist roving over the land. You would have a double wedding at the end of this recital, and no one would be galloping about the country in a disappointed frame of mind. But I have to deal with events as they were told to me, and cannot vary circumstances to my own liking. I think the artist would make a charming chatelaine of Cobleigh Hall, but I cannot have the girl seize the bridle of the squire's horse and so introduce herself, can I? One expects the man to make the advance in a case like this, but stupid Tom Cobleigh has eyes for one woman only, and that woman will have nothing to do with him. However, his study of current literature convinces him later on of the hopelessness of his quest, and so we must just let him go his own blundering way. An easy task Mr. Ford Detwood has in writing a book out of his own head, where every character acts exactly as he wishes him or her to act. I wish I had such persons to deal with.

If an artist is in search of the picturesque, it is but natural that she should follow a stream, for there is no perfect landscape lacking a bit of gleaming water about. If a fisher wishes fish, he, too, must keep to the river, for trout are not caught on the hill-tops. And thus it came about that Miss Gower and the fisher grew to have a nodding

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acquaintance, which gradually ripened into a sort of hill and dale comradeship. An artist is a charming companion as a general rule, and Beatrice Gower was of the best, as young Detwood soon discovered. They came to find they had many mutual friends in London, and this of itself was a link. But if I had had the privilege of warning Miss Gower, I would have told her frankly that she was losing her time, if she had any thought of catching the wide-awake young novelist, which I should hope was far from her thoughts. Indeed, she had often asserted that she lived only for her art, and probably this was true. Art is an exacting taskmaster, and admits of no rivalry. But had it been otherwise, I might have dropped a hint that, however romantic Detwood's characters were in fiction, the shrewd young man himself had an eye to the main chance. Miss Belmond's acres and gold would far outweigh in his estimation Miss Gower's palette and paints, even though genius tipped each of her brushes, an assumption as yet by no means proven, for all her picture in the Royal Academy. So the woodland acquaintance went on, rather one-sided, I fear, because Beatrice Gower thought more and more of the fascinating young man, while his attention was wholly absorbed by the handsomer and richer Madaline Belmond. And there was no one to warn the painter-girl of danger, or to suggest that the unattached young squire was roaming dejected over all the countryside.



"MISS GOWER AND THE FISHER GREW TO HAVE A NODDING ACQUAINTANCE."

Meantime the friendship between the rector's daughter and the literary man ripened rapidly. There was nothing to hinder it and everything to promote it. If Detwood had been a stickler for correct conduct he should, perhaps, have spoken to the father before approaching the girl seriously; but he quickly saw that the ruler of the household was not the old gentleman tied to his studies, but the rather wayward young woman, who had a will of her own, despite the sweetness, unvaried, of her manner towards all she met. She was so indisputably the belle of the neighbourhood (there had never been a shadow of contradiction to anything she proposed) that perhaps she might be considered by some, though not by me, as a trifle spoiled. The nonchalance of Detwood at the first had a piquant relish for her, and this, with her natural preference for the man, made a conquest easy, which might have been more difficult if he had gone about it in a more conventional way. He saw that, once he gained the girl's favour, her father's attitude would not stand in his way, and this facility of accomplishment, perhaps, caused him to underestimate the real strength of the girl's character.

With a craft that does infinite credit to his diplomacy, he suggested to the artist that she should be chary of trespassing on the rector's property. The reverend gentleman, he told her, was merciless towards intruders. He recounted, with a little graphic touch here and there of a vivid imagination, the wigging he had received for inadvertently fishing on the estate. The squire, it seemed, was a

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much milder individual, and the straggler on his lands was safe from reprimand.

So the painter, in her perambulations, kept clear of the rector's premises, and by this most admirable arrangement Detwood was free to stroll through the rectorial domain with Madaline, running no risk of encountering Beatrice, while with the latter he might stray through the woods of Cobleigh Park and take no chance of meeting Miss Belmond. Neither of the estimable young ladies knew of his friendship with the other. In fiction it is very probable that the red-headed imp, adoring the artist, might have chattered and scattered disquieting information about, but here she kept silent, as she always did, and neither of the young women in question ever learned of the other's existence. I hold that young Detwood played his cards exceedingly well, as becomes an ingenious novelist, skilful in plot.

Equally to be eulogized was his tact in seizing the psychological moment in making his declaration to Madaline. This was, indeed, the triumph of his career. They had been in the habit of taking long walks together, discussing the past, present, and future. He was a man of unbounded ambition, as he freely confessed, and what he had already done in literature was as nothing to what he hoped yet to do. He was resolved to secure for himself an enduring niche in the Temple of Fame, while so many of our noted men, alas! think only of the money. *He* cared nothing for wealth; he admitted that himself, and with his noble aspirations she was in complete sympathy, wishing there were more like him in this defective world. Of course, they talked of his work; what author can keep away from that subject when he has an amiable listener? He related to her the outlines of the book on which he was engaged; by-and-by he took to reading her completed chapters, and under the shade of a distant clump of oaks in the park she sat and listened, entranced. He sought her advice on this point and that, confessed that she inspired him, so that, all in all, the delighted girl felt she was somehow influencing the literary destinies of her country.

Detwood was nearing the completion of his great work, and well he knew it was good. The chapter in which the hero asks the heroine the momentous question was most deftly managed, and difficulties were overcome in a masterly manner. This is now admitted by all novel readers and by our leading critics, but on that day Madaline alone was to hear and judge. There is no doubt that Detwood read splendidly, stretched there under the oaks, while Madaline sat near him, thrilled by his moving words. They were alone in the world, with no chance of interruption. At the climax, his own voice tremulous, he glanced up at her to note the effect of his eloquence, and he saw that her downcast eyes were filled with tears. He dropped that precious manuscript on the velvet sward, grasped her unresisting hands, and propounded to her the question his hero had just uttered. In the solemn hush that followed the scarcely whispered answer coincided with that in the future book. Ford Detwood and Madaline Belmond were betrothed.

They walked home together almost in silence: she very serious, he exulting. And well he might, for she was not only the most comely maid in all that land, but she would possess two thousand pounds a year and more, an income not to be lightly regarded even by an author on the top wave of success; for literary fame is an unstable quantity, with new competitors constantly arising, while a large sum in the Funds lasts as long as the country holds together.

That evening Beatrice Gower, strolling in the moonlight along the bank of the river on the other side of the village from the rectory, with Ford Detwood by her side, thought she had never known the young man to be so brilliant in conversation. He excelled himself, and she, poor girl, accounted for it by supposing the near completion of the book caused the exuberance in its author. She also had been privileged to hear the greater part of this novel, and was interested in his state of mind because she felt exactly the same when her picture had been accepted. At the hour when these two were enjoying the moonlight the other girl was thinking deeply upon the momentous event of the day. She knew her own shortcomings, and they troubled her. She was impulsive, often unreasonable, sometimes a little careless of the feelings of others, capricious, and she feared she was just a little selfish if the truth were known, but on this calm moonlight night she resolved to be quit of all these failings and prove worthy of the man who had chosen her. That he loved her she knew, but she would make him proud of her as well.

By one of those curious coincidences which are constantly happening in real life, there arrived by that evening's post a bulky package which was to do its share in augmenting appreciation of the girl. Few take an

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interest in literary matters who do not some time or other attempt authorship. Madaline had written a story and had sent it to the editor of the *Magnet*. She expected its return, of course, for she had read that all of us who are now on the top pinnacle had received set-back after set-back when first endeavouring to gain the Speaker's eye. What was her amazement to find her story accepted promptly, and not only that, but the printed proofs in long slips forwarded to her for correction. There was an appreciative little note from the editor, who asked for the speedy return of the proofs.

How splendidly it looked in type, and how amazingly well it read! Print had given the story an importance which it did not possess in manuscript, even to the eyes of the author. There was a glow in her heart as she thought of Detwood's surprise when he learned that she had set foot on the lowest round of the ladder on which he had climbed so high. She wondered whether it would be best to post it to him, or to read it to him as he had read her the various chapters of the new novel. Days passed on, and, with the modesty of the amateur in presence of the professional, she had never the courage even to mention her little effort. At last there came a telegram from the editor asking if the proof was satisfactory, as he wished to publish the story in the number then partly printed. She kept the telegraph boy waiting and returned an answer that allowed the editor to proceed. She was now convinced that the story possessed some value, or a busy editor would not have telegraphed about it all the way from London, and this gave her the courage to submit the proof to the expert. The grove of oaks had been sacred to the reading of his novel, and was the scene of the proposal as well, so she chose another spot for the reading of her more unpretentious contribution to our printed treasures. The place to which she led her docile lover was a shady nook on the banks of the stream, the river rippling a perpetual chorus to her monologue. She had some thought of letting him read the story aloud to her, but she feared he might not put the emphasis on the right words, and a good deal depends on that. She was anxious that the story should appear at its best, and, after all, if you wish a thing well done, it is wise to do it yourself. There was a warm light in her cheeks as she made the plunge, she seated with her back to a tree, he sprawled full length at her feet, his elbows on the turf and his chin in his hands looking up at her.

"You must not think, Ford, that you are the only author in Ivydale."

"Oh! Is there another fellow?"

"That is not a respectful way of speaking, sir. Authors are not all fellows, as if they belonged to a University. Or perhaps you won't admit that a woman can write."

"I do admit it. I had forgotten the ladies at the moment. You don't mean to intimate that *you* have written a story?"

"Why not?"

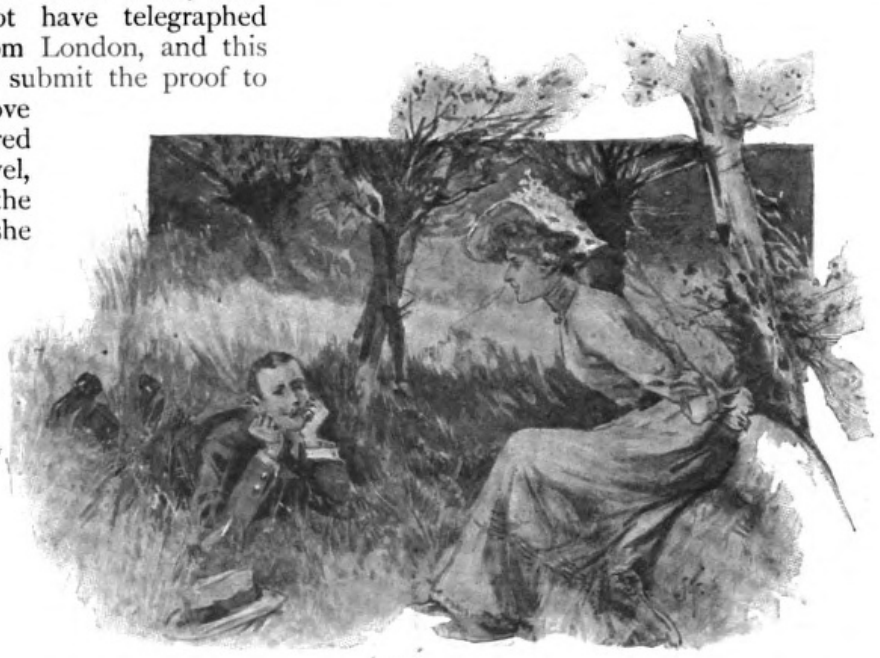
"That's so. There is no reason why you shouldn't. But let me warn you. It is one thing to write a story and quite another to get it accepted."

"This one is accepted already."

"Really? Why, you're in luck. I can tell you my first yarn went the rounds. I couldn't give it away, and, reading it over now, I don't wonder at it."

"I learned that from the interviews before I ever saw you, Ford."

"Well, when they interview you, you can



"YOU MUST NOT THINK, FORD, THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY AUTHOR IN IVYDALE."

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give them something new, can't you? Or has your story been the rounds too?"

"No; it was accepted by the first man I sent it to."

"You break the record, Madaline. Are you going to let me read it, or must I pay sixpence for the magazine? Perhaps, however, it goes into the local paper?"

"Indeed it doesn't. It will be published in a London magazine, and the editor is in such a hurry that he telegraphed me to-day about it. Did you ever get a telegram about your stories, Ford?"

"Oh, yes, and, what is more expensive, cablegrams from America."

"In that case I shall not boast of my poor little sixpenny wire; still it *was* answer paid, and that brings it up to a shilling. Now I will read this story to you, if you promise not to laugh, and if you will suggest any corrections that may occur to you. Remember, I am only a beginner."

Now this remark about the corrections was a bit of humbug, for she knew very well she had telegraphed the editor, and that all change was now impossible. Besides this, an author does not want corrections when he reads a story of his own composition; he wants praise.

"Go ahead," said Detwood, with something almost like a sigh of resignation. The permission was not quite so encouraging as she had anticipated, neither was the preceding conversation exactly coincident with her dreams, but she was a resolute little woman and did not let this seeming coldness daunt her. The story proved a sad one, with a pathetic ending; the kind of story written by a person securely and serenely happy. There was throughout no touch of humour in it, for a woman seldom descends to humour, and to write lightly one must have suffered. Your rollicking farce usually comes from some writer all but heart-broken.

Detwood listened uneasily while the reading went on. It is always martyrdom for the finished writer to endure the outpourings of the amateur, a fact which the amateur rarely appreciates, so sustaining is human conceit when it comes to regard its own merits. Yet in fairness to the amateur it must be admitted that the self-esteem of the finished writer is something colossal. The amateur merely imagines he has written something worth hearkening to; the successful novelist thinks no one can write but himself. So this unfortunate reading by the margin of the stream was fair to neither party; it was the collision of a slight but pardonable pride with a vanity which was adamantine; the attempted running down of a battleship by a trim and slender little yacht.

When Madaline, with voice tenderly tremulous, completed the effort, her auditor spoke with careless commendation.

"A very creditable production," he said, languidly, "for a first attempt. Very creditable indeed!"

"You like it, then? I was so much afraid you wouldn't." There was an undertone of appeal in her voice that should have warned him. There is a time for everything, and this was the time for praise, not for criticism.

"Oh, I like it immensely. With a little touching up here and there it will be a very dainty sketch of character, rather too slender to be called a story exactly, but still excellent of its kind. Your opening paragraphs are a trifle obscure and awkward, and should be rewritten carefully. Some of your sentences seem to hang in the air; I suspect an absence of verbs. Every sentence needs a verb, you know."

"Of course. Where have I omitted a verb?"

"I don't just remember, but it struck me while you were reading that there was something amiss, though I did not like to interrupt you at the time. I'll go over the proof and put it right for you."

"Thanks."

"By the way, I wish you wouldn't say 'under the circumstances.'"

"What should I say, then?"

"Why, 'in the circumstances,' of course; the Latin prefix 'circum' meaning around or about, and 'stans' standing. You stand *in* them, not below them."

"Everybody says 'under the circumstances,' and usage is supposed to legitimatize a phrase or a word."

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but everybody doesn't; only those ignorant persons who know no better."

"The *Spectator* uses the phrase week after week, and my father says it is the best periodical in the world."

"Yes, the *Spectator* uses both phrases, and I have often thought of writing to the editor begging him to assemble his staff and come to an agreement to stick by one or the other. The *Spectator* is a grandmotherly weekly, that reviews a book after everyone else has forgotten it, and is justly popular with our clergy, but it is not infallible."

"Our clergy," replied Madaline, hotly, resenting his sneer and making the mistake in her wrath of becoming personal, "are a body

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of University men, who may be supposed to know what is good English and what is not. I understand from 'Who's Who' that you have never had the advantage even of a public school."

The rudeness of this remark made the young man "sit up" literally and figuratively. It was indefensible, but he had to do with a young woman who never in her life had been corrected or contradicted, and who was sore at his lack of sympathy.

"My dear Madaline," he said, coldly, although the hot anger flushed his brow, "you did not need to go to 'Who's Who' for that information. I make no concealment of the fact that I am not a University man, and, if you will pardon me, that has nothing to do with the case. If all the Universities in the world said 'under the circumstances' was right, I should hold they were wrong. It is simply not an arguable question. You said you wanted any imperfections in the yarn pointed out, and I have merely ventured to indicate a few. You have split nearly every infinitive you have used, a most grievous fault, and several of the sentences contain downright bad grammar. I may say, without boasting, that I have had considerable experience in composition, and if you ask my assistance you really ought not to——"

"You are quite right, Mr. Detwood. I have been abominably rude and I apologize. We will say no more about it, if you are good enough to forgive me. There is just time to walk up to the lawn before tea is served, and you are coming, of course."

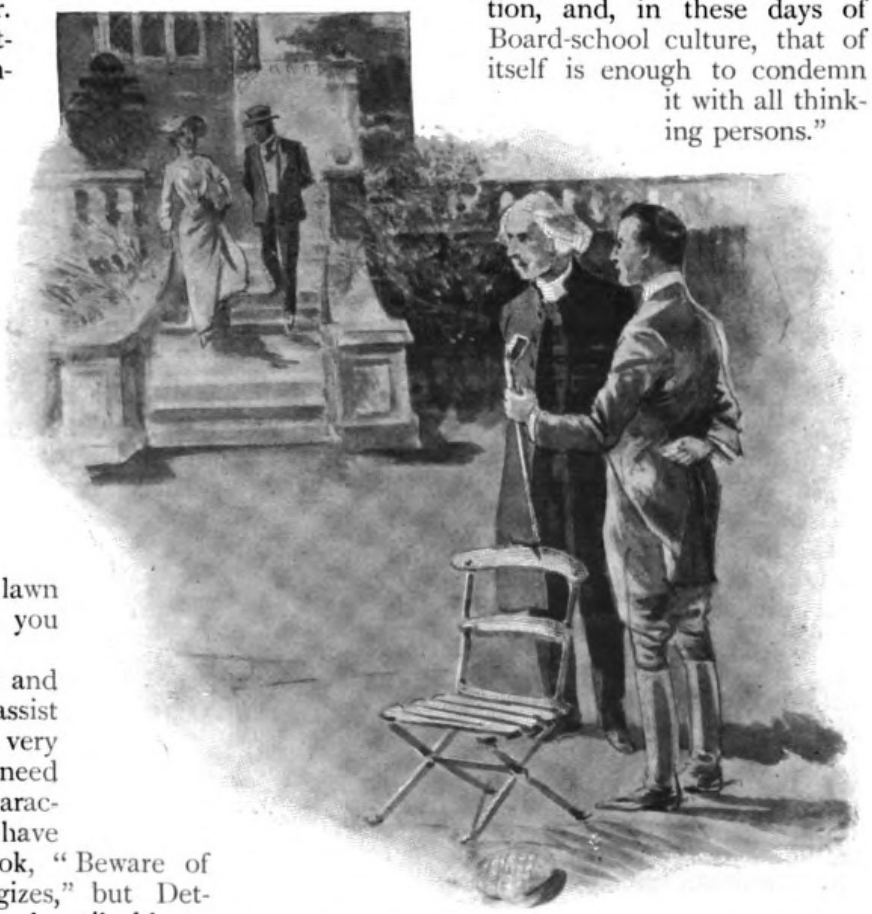
He sprang to his feet and held out his hand to assist her to rise, but she was very nimble and did not need help. A student of character like himself should have written in his note-book, "Beware of the woman who apologizes," but Detwood thought the storm happily blown over. Indeed, the clouds seemed to have lifted, for the girl talked merrily all the way up to the house, and he might have been wiser if he had responded more gracefully to her gay humour, but he was under the delusion that the air of an ill-used man became him, whereas it is merely ludicrous.

On the lawn they found the clergyman and the squire awaiting them, doubtless discussing the affairs of the parish and expecting tea. The latter, who for weeks had been muddling his brains with periodical literature and making reckless plunges into a subject he did not understand, greatly to the mutual amusement of the betrothed pair, now took another dive.

"I've been reading all the magazines," he began, stoutly, as a man who had come to a fateful decision, "and I've made up my mind that the *Magnet* is the cleverest one of the lot. There was a hunting story in the last number that was splendid. That fellow knew what he was writing about, and most of them writing chaps don't."

Ford Detwood smiled the smile of conscious superiority.

"The *Magnet*," he said, sententiously, "enjoys a very large circulation, and, in these days of Board-school culture, that of itself is enough to condemn it with all thinking persons."



"ON THE LAWN THEY FOUND THE CLERGYMAN AND THE SQUIRE AWAITING THEM."

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This crushed the squire, when to his amazement Madaline struck in on his behalf, an event that had never happened before.

"Your own books are very widely read, Mr. Detwood," she said, sweetly. "Are we to come to the same conclusion regarding them?"

"Good, good!" cried the overjoyed Tom Cobleigh; "you got him there, Miss Belmond."

"I should hope," rejoined the novelist, severely, "that I appeal to a vastly different public." He might have guessed that it was the *Magnet* in which the young lady's story was to appear, although she had not told him. The squire had blundered this time better than he knew.

After tea came a reaction. Our pampered young woman went to her own room and wept bitter tears over her despised proofs. The mistakes now loomed up in gigantic proportions, and completely overshadowed the merits of the story. Next day she was very contrite regarding her conduct of the previous afternoon, and Detwood would have met a most cordial reception if he had called. But he did not call. His wounded self-esteem took longer to heal, and he thought it well not to seem too eager for a reconciliation. His absence would teach her a needed lesson, and she would find he was not to be insulted with impunity, and then whistled to heel whenever she was good-natured again. So when he did come her mood had changed once more. The young woman did not care to go out walking. She was perfectly contented with her sewing on the lawn. Beautiful day, wasn't it? Wouldn't he sit down, or was he in a hurry? She was very nice, but very distant. The poor man was bewildered. The girl actually acted as if she, and not he, had been the victim of contumely. Finally, he became alarmed and assiduous.

He wished to know how he had offended her, and she raised her eyebrows in gentle surprise at his question. She was not in the least offended, it seemed. Then he gave it as his opinion that the story was the root of all the trouble, which was not tactful of him, because what he said was true, yet she was compelled to deny it. He launched out in praise of the tale, but she seemed cold to commendation; her delight in literary composition had vanished, so she told herself, and was not to be recalled by belated approval. The vanity of authorship, however, is difficult to kill, as she herself could testify, for at the moment they were talking the postman arrived and placed on the little wicker table beside her an assortment of papers and letters. In the heap she recognised an oblong packet which she knew to be the *Magnet Magazine* fresh from London, and she guessed that it contained her story. For the first time during that somewhat formal interview she betrayed confusion, and blushed as she covered the magazine from sight as if it were an incriminating document. The name of the periodical was printed in bold type on the wrapper, and she feared it might catch the eye of her visitor.

Detwood, finding he was making no headway, but in no wise discouraged, rose to take his leave.

"Curiously enough," he said, "I have just received from London the proof of a short story I had written some time since and had entirely forgotten. I think it has rather an original ending, and I should like to have the pleasure of reading it to you to-morrow, if I may."

"I shall be delighted to hear it," replied the girl, although her manner and tone gave little hint of any state of ecstasy. Ford Detwood laughed a little and continued:—

"It will be your turn to criticise then, so I assure you I am trembling in my boots; but no matter how severe you may be I shall treasure what you say, and hope to amend my work that it may ultimately meet your approval. Live and learn, you know."

But it appeared that nothing he might say could please her. She replied with some severity:—

"You are continually hinting, and even asserting, that I am put out because you failed to see any merit in my story, and I——"

"No, no. Excuse me, but you exaggerate. I see and saw a great deal of merit in it. I merely took the liberty—at your own invitation, mind—of pointing out a few errors, which no doubt you have corrected. Aside from them the story was excellent."

"I was going to say that I don't like that attitude, and I shall be obliged if you credit me when I tell you that what was said about my story was perfectly justified, and that I am deeply grateful to you for indicating errors that I had failed to see. And now, if you please, we will say nothing more on the subject."

When Madaline was alone once more she tore the wrapper off the magazine and scanned its pages with nervous haste. The story was beautifully illustrated, and had somehow assumed an actuality which had been absent in both manuscript and proof. As she gazed at the pictures her pleasure

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was constantly subdued by her eye catching one or other of the mistakes in the text, and at last, unable longer to sustain the disquietude they caused, she snapped-to the tantalizing pages and took the magazine to her own room, resolved that no one else should see it. In her dainty room, overlooking the lawn and the wide landscape with the hills on the other side of the valley, she sat disconsolate, her arms on the table and her face pressed down on them, seeing nothing of the smiling scenery through the open window. So still was everything about her that she heard her father come out and take his seat in one of the creaking garden-chairs, murmuring to himself, as was his custom, when he read his letters and his papers. Presently a new voice interrupted, but she did not raise her head, although she knew it was the squire.

"Where is Miss Madaline, rector?" he asked.

"I don't know, Tom. She was here a short time ago, but so was young Detwood, and I fancy they are walking together somewhere in the garden."

"Ah! rector, those two will be going for a longer journey by-and-by," said the squire, with a sigh.

"What do you mean by that, Tom?"

"You know, rector, the hopes I've had for years. You and I haven't said much about it, but I think we understood each other. Well, it's no use; it's no use. She's far and away too good for the like of me, rector. I've been afraid of that for some time, and now I'm sure of it."

"Dear me, I'm sorry to hear that. Have you spoken to her, then?"

"There's no need for speaking. Did you know she had written a story, and that it's printed in the very best London magazine; yes, and in the best place in the magazine, with grand pictures?"

"You amaze me, Tom. I knew nothing of it. But Madaline always was a clever girl."

"Yes; she's not for this poor countryside, but for London, among the best of them. The magazine came to-day, but I've read that story five times already. It's the best story ever was written; it's here in my pocket, for I knew you'd like to read it if you hadn't seen it."

"Read it to me, Tom."

"I'm not sure that I can. You're the best reader, rector. I'll leave it with you. I've made up my mind to go away for a while and learn something. I'm but an ignorant fool, and it's time I got something but horses and lands in my head."

"Away? Bless me, where would you go?"

"I'll go over to France, and to Switzerland, and to Germany, and travel about a while. This is a big world, and I've seen but a small bit of it."

"Tom, it grieves me to hear you. I shall be very lonesome if you go away. Indeed, I don't know what I shall do. I should like to go with you, but I fear I'm too old for travel and new scenes; besides, I shouldn't like to be long away from my books. But I shall be lonely."

"You'll be lonely in any case, rector, when Madaline goes to London, so I'll wait for you and you'll come along with me. I'll take care of you, and you're not so old as you think."

"I fear I've been blind, Tom; blind to what has been going on before my unseeing eyes. Yet I don't know what I could have done if I had known. There's where one misses the mother. We men are but poor creatures. Read me that story, Tom; my mind is disturbed."

Nothing is more trying to an author than to hear someone else read that author's work, yet the squire worked his slow way through the composition better than might have been expected, although he was no such effective reader as Ford Detwood. He was, however, in accord with his task, and his harmony with the sentiment atoned for any deficiency in elocution. Madaline's face was no longer on her arms; she sat upright with parted lips,



"THE GIRL SPRANG TO THE WINDOW."

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almost breathless. The intoxicating incense of appreciation thrilled her to the finger-tips. The quiet but laudatory comments of her father were the very aroma of flattery, the more so as the adulation was not supposed to reach her ears. The squire's voice began to falter as he approached the pathetic climax; then it broke down completely, and he placed the magazine on the wicker table.

"I can't finish it; I knew I couldn't," he stammered, with a gulp in his throat.

"It is very touching," said the rector, wiping his glasses. "Dear me, I had no idea Madaline could do a thing like that."

"She can do anything," replied the squire, as he left the lawn abruptly.

The girl sprang to the window, whispered his name, then sank back in her chair again. She dared not let them know she had overheard.

Oh, Vanity! Vanity! The best of us are as wax when our self-esteem is in question; and here was poor Detwood in his room at the George working like a slave at the polishing of his short story, which I am sure will not meet the approval he so confidently expects.

The reading of Detwood's short story took place in the oak grove; he had insisted on going to this spot, and there was no particular reason why she should refuse, so to the grove they went. She listened dreamily until the end. She had read the story before, exactly the same ending and much the same treatment, and for a moment she thought of telling him the name of the author who had forestalled him, but she refrained. After all, what was the use? It had been accepted, he was more than pleased with it, so she concluded to let well alone, and praised it without qualification. "And now," she said, "let us come down from fiction to fact. I seem somehow to have been living in a world of unreality, and I have awakened to actuality. I wish to annul the promise I gave to you under these trees. I thought of writing to you some days ago, when I had quite made up my mind, but I knew if I did you would perhaps not take my letter as final and would desire an interview."

The young man sprang to his feet and gazed at her, incredulous.

"Do you mean to break our engagement?" he asked at last.

"Yes."

"Then you have merely been playing with me all these days, and——"

"No, I think not. I was in earnest, or supposed I was. I have come to take a different view of my future, that is all."

"If you ask me, I call that very shabby treatment."

"But I don't ask you. I ask myself, and my answer to myself is sufficient. If you choose to consider yourself shabbily treated, I am very sorry, but I see no remedy. I must remain under an imputation which I hope is unjust. I have always been rather wilful, you know, so perhaps we may put it down to that."

"Still, Madaline, my case cannot be hopeless after all, for there is no one else in your mind."

"I am afraid there is."

Detwood took a few turns on the sward, with bowed head. At last he was beginning to realize the seriousness of the situation. A comfortable income was fading away from him; besides, there were the broad acres; there was danger of a land-slide. And, of course, the girl herself counted for something; she was pretty, not without charm, and he actually liked her. The problem would require skilful handling, and he now meditated on the various courses open to him, taking care that the expression of his countenance should betoken deep and lasting grief. He might have become a successful actor had not fate placed him in the literary line. He wondered whether it was better to throw himself at her feet and sue for her favour, or to take up the *rôle* of the injured man. Probably if he had been deeply in love with the girl he would have taken the first course; as it was he adopted the second.

"Then you confess that you have been leading two men to hope at the same time?"

"I confess nothing of the sort."

"You have just admitted there was another."

"I was foolish enough to answer an impertinent question which you had no right to ask," replied my young lady, getting angry. Indeed, I grieve to state that her temper was deplorably short if you went the wrong way about it. Detwood laughed hoarsely and well—the calculated laugh of the hero on the melodramatic stage when he discovers treachery; it was excellently done, with a fine undertone of despair in it, though, perhaps, he should have thrown back his head and run his fingers through his hair. Still, we should not expect *all* the conveniences of the city in the remote country.

"Then I have been cheated, madam. My devotion, my most sacred feelings have been counted as nothing, so that the trifling

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with them whiled away a summer day. My heart has been trampled as ruthlessly under your feet as if it did not palpitate with true——"

Lightly the girl sprang upstanding, smoothing her ruffled plumage rather to gain control of herself than to remedy any disarray. When she spoke it was with deplorable flippancy, when you consider the momentousness of the occasion and the opportunity for fine rhetoric.

"Oh, keep that for your next novel, Mr. Detwood. Yes; you have been fooled by a designing woman, if you will have it so. I have been fooled, thou hast been fooled, we have been fooled, they have been fooled. But there is no necessity for us to conjugate the verb in all its phases here, and I am tired of the discussion. Let it be a lesson to you, and avoid the artful sex in future — the women anxious to while away a summer day at any cost. No; you shall not walk home with me. I know the way perfectly, and have a wish to be alone. The twinging of conscience, perhaps. Our necessary parting might at least have been dignified, and you, with my assistance no doubt, have chosen to make it ridiculous. Please take the path that leads to the stream, and then to the village. And so, good-bye, Mr. Detwood."

With this, never once looking back, she sped quickly toward her home, leaving him standing there, righteously indignant. The wound to his self-love was well-nigh fatal. To be treated like an awkward schoolboy, told to take the nearest path to the village, sent about his business like an unkempt tramp who had begged a gratuity, was galling to his pride, if indeed he had any pride left, which he began to doubt. However, he had spirit enough not to take the way she had recommended to him, but plunged farther afield, switching savagely at the vegetation with his stick. His very soul was sore. If any woman wanted him, now was her time. She could catch him on the rebound. And going blindly over all obstacles he leaped a hedge, and coming down on the other side was within an ace of smashing a canvas and easel that stood there close in the shade. There was a startled scream as he reached the earth in every sense of the phrase.

"My dear Beatrice," cried the acrobat, as he scrambled to his feet, "I fear I have frightened you as much as I have surprised myself. I took a drop too much. I had no idea this field was so much lower than the one I so heedlessly left. And I came near



"WITHIN AN ACE OF SMASHING A CANVAS AND EASEL."

wrecking your picture, too."

"The picture wouldn't have mattered, but there was a danger of impaling yourself on that easel."

"I'm not sure that the impaling would have mattered if the picture doesn't. But I say, Beatrice, what are you painting? Going in for figure work?"

"Trying it," replied the girl, endeavouring to turn her canvas away from observation.

"Please don't hide it. It's splendid. By Jove! that might do for a scene from my forthcoming novel."

"That is what I was attempting, and if there is any success in the work you must attribute it to the inspiration of hearing the story."

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She gave him a look, and he threw himself down by her camp-stool.

"Beatrice," he said, abruptly, "will you marry me?"

"Yes," replied the girl, with equal directness.

There is nothing like knowing your own mind when a decision is suddenly required of you.

Meantime, Madaline had slackened her pace when she saw there was no danger of pursuit, and so came somewhat slowly on the lawn, where she found the squire sitting in a wicker chair, his attitude one of evident despondency. The girl greeted him with rather enforced cheerfulness, then dropped into a chair with a sigh.

"Enervating day, don't you think?" she said.

"Very," replied the squire, gloomily.

"I should imagine it would be much more bracing in a country like Switzerland," continued our innocent young woman. The squire looked up suddenly.

"Curious, your mentioning Switzerland. I was just thinking of going there. I've seen absolutely nothing, you know, and a stay-at-home gets rather stale, I fancy."

"How jolly to go to Switzerland! You are a lucky man, Mr. Cobleigh."

"Oh, I am," replied the squire, with no great elation in his tone.

"I wish you could persuade my father to go with you."

"Well, I did talk with him about it, and he'd half a mind to."

"Oh, then, I'll soon coax him over. I'm glad you mentioned it to him, for I have long been anxious to go to the Continent."

"You!" cried the squire, almost rising in his excitement.

"Why not?" returned the girl, with great calmness. "Someone would have to look after father. Switzerland's no place for a dreamy man, moping round, not thinking where he is going most of the time. There are too many precipices there for that sort of thing. Why do you look so astonished? I suppose you think two is company and three's none. But I don't care. I give you notice I'm going, so make the best of it, you two. Thought you were going off alone together, did you?"

"I—I—thought——" stammered the squire, but he could get no farther.

"You thought *what?*" she asked, severely.

"That you—and that young London gentleman——"

"Well?"

"Were going—to make a match of it." Desperately the squire made the venture, with quaking heart, and well might he fear the result; for if ever offended majesty arose from a wicker chair now was the moment. Come to think of it, Madaline herself would not have done so badly on the stage.

"The idea!" she said, with withering scorn.

Tom Cobleigh also had risen, a growing joy in his heart, returning hope whispering pleasant things to his agitated mind.

"Then it's not true, Madaline? And if it isn't—if it isn't—is there any chance for me?"

"Chance of what? Going to Switzerland? I should think so, if you make up your mind to go."

"You know what I mean, Madaline. You know what's been in my mind for years and years. If you—thought of me at all—I'm sure your father would be pleased. Then there's the two estates adjoining——"

"Yes; wouldn't that be admirable? There would be miles of land under one proprietorship. Excellent."

The young man was vaguely pained by her scoffing tone, yet, not knowing how to amend it, kept silent.

"Much as I love my father," she went on, "I should never marry merely for the sake of pleasing him. Strange as it may seem, I intend to marry, if I ever do, entirely to please myself. Much less would I marry for the privilege of moving a boundary hedge a mile or so. Have you no better reason to urge than the two you have given, Mr. Cobleigh? I think you do yourself an injustice. Really, the way you talk, one would think you were proposing a mercenary union, but I know you so well that I do not for a moment believe such a thing."

"Madaline, I have loved you ever since you were that high," and he held his hand two feet or thereabouts above the turf.

That settled it. These contrary young people pleased themselves, and gave no thought to the feelings of their historian. If I had been writing the story unimpeded with facts, I'll warrant you it would have turned out vastly different.

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The Loss of the "Enigma."

[The following, one of the most thrilling of all stories of the sea, relates the actual facts as they occurred, taken from the documents of the captain of the *Enigma* and one of his crew, who were capsized in a hurricane off the Brahamas. They were imprisoned in the cabin of the schooner, in total darkness, for nearly three days, and made their way to the light with a hatchet by cutting a passage through the schooner's hull. On the bottom of the capsized ship they existed for ten terrible days of hunger and thirst, when they were finally rescued and taken to Matanzas.]

"'ENIGMA,' schooner; James T. Morse, master." Thus runs a brief entry in the old records at the Custom-house in Bath, Maine, where so many famous ships have been built. To it are added a few facts regarding the ship, mainly as a technical description, and the entry is much like others in the records. No one, to read it, would think for a moment that any significance attached to it. The ink with which it was written is now dim with age, and the entry will in time disappear. It is the terse official record of a ship whose short history is one of the thrilling stories of the sea!

Of the ship herself nothing now remains, and of the crew but two are alive — the captain and one of the sailors, Mr. Henry W. Small, of Bath, Maine. Captain Morse, who is now living in Winneganance, Maine, has supplied us with a complete narrative of the eventful trip, and Mr. Small, at the captain's request, has also sent us an account of his recollections of the disaster. Each story is written with the modesty that characterizes those who have passed through frightful experiences, and each narrator bears unselfish testimony to the heroism of the other. Our account is made up from the words of the two narrators, and differs from them in no essential fact.



JAMES T. MORSE, CAPTAIN OF THE "ENIGMA."
From a Photo. by the Hatch Studio taken soon after the disaster.

The *Enigma* was a schooner of about one hundred tons burthen, built by Mr. F. O. Moses, of Bath, and owned jointly by him and Captain Morse. She was built to run in the shallow water between New Orleans and Mobile, her model being quite flat on the bottom, and she was prepared for deep water by a centre-board which could be let down several feet below her keel or drawn up at pleasure. She sailed from Bath on October 2nd, 1865, bound for Charleston and Mobile, and loaded principally with lumber and potatoes, with the following persons on board: J. T. Morse, master; Cyrus Morse, mate; Joseph Anderson and Henry W. Small, sailors; and Gillmore Marr, cook. The ship encountered some rough weather before reaching Charleston, but behaved well and arrived there in eleven days in good condition. After discharging a portion of her cargo, consisting mostly of potatoes taken from the hold in the after-part of the vessel, she sailed from Charleston, on 18th October, for Mobile.

Everything went well until the 22nd, when the wind, which had been increasing for some hours, began to blow severely and soon became terrific. All on board trembled for the little craft, but as she stood up

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finely and rode out hours of sweeping gale, confidence in her increased and the crew became cheerful and well assured.

The gale, however, grew to a hurricane. All day the situation was one of great peril, and growing worse every hour; but the schooner was staunch, made only about twenty-five strokes of water in an hour, and all on board believed she would weather the storm. At this time they were off the Abaco Islands, and kept very nearly in their course with the little sail they were able to make. Thus things continued until evening, when, though the sea rolled fearfully, there were indications that the gale had spent its greatest force; and leaving but two on deck the others retired to the small cabin, prepared to sleep, in hope of a bright to-morrow.



HENRY W. SMALL, ONE OF THE SAILORS ON BOARD THE "ENIGMA." [*From a Photo. by*] [*Higgins.*

"At eleven o'clock," says Mr. Small, "one of the men, whose watch was on deck, came into the cabin for a drink of water, and reported everything outside as favourable as could be expected; and, taking a piece of bread in his hand, sat down on the stairs leading to the companion-way, and while eating talked of our situation as if the danger was already past. The captain improved that moment to remind the others of the gratitude which was due to Him

> Who plants His footsteps on the sea
> And rides upon the storm.

"'Keep a sharp look-out, Anderson,' said he, 'and the other boys will be ready for their watch after another hour's sleep.'"

Anderson—for he was the one taking his lunch—was just rising to go on deck when a sea, mightier than had been felt before, struck the schooner, tipped her, and almost instantly she was capsized. Confusion now reigned supreme, for the men were instantaneously plunged into total darkness. Captain Morse was thrown from his berth on the windward side of the ship. Cyrus Morse and Small, on the lee-side, were completely under water before they knew where they were, and, to make matters worse, were almost naked, as before turning in they had taken off most of their clothes, which had been wetted through and through by the storm. They rushed for the companion-way and tried to open it, but the pressure of the water was so great that it could not be moved, and they were shut in beyond the possibility of escape. The water was slowly coming in upon them, and in a few minutes was two feet deep. They thought of young Marr, who was on deck at the time of the disaster, and felt that he was the only one who had any chance of escape. They thought he might be washed off with a deck-load of lumber, and cling to it till he could be picked up.

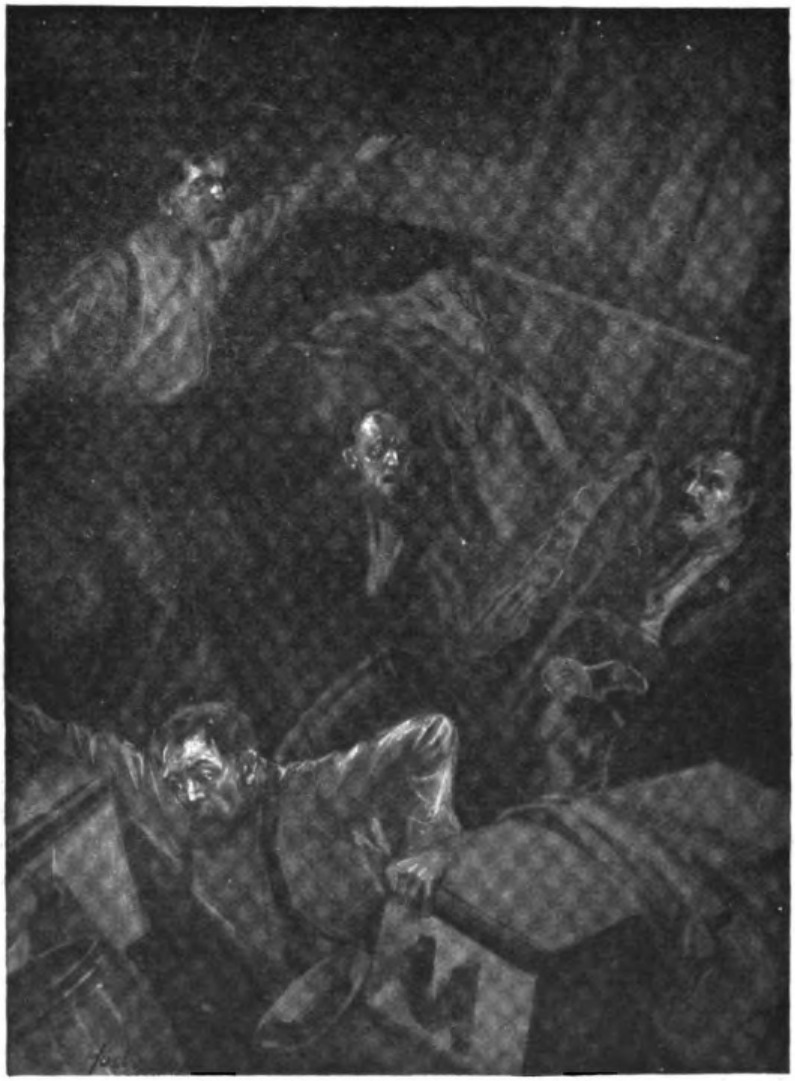
The *Enigma* had what was called a trunk cabin, namely, half above the deck and half below, so that the cabin floor was three feet from the bottom of the vessel, while the top of the cabin was three feet higher than the deck. In the cabin were four berths, two on each side, one under the deck and the other above it. At the after-end of the lower berths on each side were open lockers in which were carpenters' tools, naval and other small stores. The salted provisions were in the hold. The entrance to the cabin was in the after-end, through a companion-way, with a slide, and down three steps to the cabin floor. On deck immediately forward of the cabin was a small hatch, and on this was the little galley or cook-house lashed down by ring-bolts. Three or four feet forward of this cook-house were the pumps, one on each side. Forward of

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the pumps a few feet was the mainmast, forward of the mainmast was the centre-board trunk, and forward of that was the main hatch, where the cargo was taken in and out.

"The vessel had a small deckload as well as the lumber in the hold," says Captain Morse. "Of course, when we were capsized we were at once plunged in total darkness, and realizing our situation we thought quickly. I at first made an attempt to get out of the companion-way, but when I succeeded in finding it I realized that it was impossible, as it was under water. A slight crack was open and the water was coming in, so I set to work and stopped up the crack. Then we began to realize that we were in a trap, and any one of us would have given all he possessed to have been in the place of the man who was on deck when the vessel capsized. We might, however, have known that there was no chance for him, but, of course, we thought any place was better than ours when we were face to face with death.

"In jostling about on the inside top, or ceiling, of the cabin, which was now under our feet, I stepped on a hatchet which had been thrown out of the locker when the vessel went over. I stooped down and picked it up, and immediately after getting the hatchet in my hand the idea occurred to me to cut through the forward bulkhead of the cabin and get into the hold, when we should be able to climb up inside the bottom of the vessel, which, as I have already explained, was three feet higher than the floor of the cabin then over our heads. This, of course, was only with the idea of prolonging our lives for a little. I immediately went at it. The plank of this bulkhead was of soft pine and, I think, about two inches thick. Being familiar with the compartment we



"ALMOST INSTANTLY SHE WAS CAPSIZED."

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were in we could locate the place to cut by feeling, and in a short time we had a hole large enough to crawl through. While I was cutting through the bulkhead the sea threw Small in the way of the hatchet, and, in the darkness, I cut a fearful gash on the back of his hand. This man is the only one of the crew, besides myself, now living.

"When we crawled through into the hold the water was about up to our middle, or higher. At any rate, soon after we got through, the opening we had cut in the bulkhead was under water. After getting into the main hold we pulled out the after-ends of some of the planks of the cargo, so that we could rest on them with our heads and the upper parts of our bodies out of the water, while our lower extremities were submerged. We thought ourselves pretty comfortable, and reflected that had the calamity overtaken the ship before she reached Charleston, with her hold full of cargo, there could not have been any means of escape from the cabin.

"We were in this situation some little time when the sea tipped the vessel up again—nearly on her beam ends, as I thought—and over right side up, and that I should be pinned under the cargo, but in a few seconds she fell back again, and I got my breath. But I was very nearly drowned.

"While the vessel was so tipped there was a great crash, and I think that the masts and deck-load went from under at that moment, together with the caboose or cook-house, which was located on the hatch immediately forward of the cabin. Strange to say, I had kept the hatchet in my hand all this time. I forgot to mention that we also found our hand-saw about the same time that we found the hatchet, but I do not remember whether we used it or not. It was, however, lost soon after getting out of the cabin into the hold.

"When the sun rose in the morning of the day following that on which we had cut our way through into the hold we were surprised, on looking down under us, to see that the after-hatch, on which our galley stood when the vessel was right side up, was wide open or gone altogether, and the rays of the sun came through the water under the vessel. They came up that hatchway so that we could see one another's faces and the inside bottom of the vessel immediately over our heads.



"THE IDEA OF CUTTING OUT THROUGH THE BOTTOM OCCURRED TO ME, AND I LOST NO TIME IN BEGINNING."

I was caught between the planks that I was lying on and the inside bottom of the vessel under water. I thought very fast then. For one thing I thought the vessel was going

"On seeing the ceiling or the inside skin of the vessel the idea of cutting out through the bottom occurred to me, and I lost no time in beginning. In the first place we cut

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off one of the pumps. This made quite a hole in the inside skin, which was, I think, two inches thick. We soon had two planks cut off, making a place about two feet wide by about ten inches the other way. Then we began on the outside planking, which was of hard wood, and a much more difficult job, because we had to strike up between the frames, which I think were about eight inches. However, we worked at it until the sun went below the horizon, when we were in total darkness again. Then we rested as well as we could by lying on a plank with our heads and shoulders out of the water and our feet and legs in it. We could hear the sea continually breaking over the bottom, but being inside it did not affect us much. I am unable to say that I slept at all that night, but I dozed, and was all ready when the sun rose next morning, and we again set to work to get through the outside planking."

Small's wound was found to be even worse than at first supposed, and the captain, Cyrus Morse, and Anderson had to do the cutting. Each worked in turn until exhausted, when one of the others would relieve him. So they worked all that day, and by sunset had the space all cut around. The hatchet became so blunted that it would no longer cut, and the progress was very slow. Once the corner of the hatchet struck through the plank in one place, and so great was the pressure of the vessel on the air in the hold that it escaped with something like the noise of a steam whistle.

"The schooner," says Mr. Small, "began to settle again, when the captain tore off a portion of his shirt, and with the hatchet drove it into the hole to stop the rapid escape of air. He then charged the others to work around in other places until the light could be seen through the thin wood left all around the plank. This being accomplished, we knew that night that there was too much sea for us to go out, so we rested until morning to see what another day would bring. Another important matter now had to be considered. This was how to secure ourselves from being swept off the bottom by the waves, which were still at times breaking over us. We took a piece of scantling that we had pulled from among the cargo, put one end through the hatch under the hole, and with the other end knocked the cut plank out. We had taken the end of a coil of Manila rope which had not fallen out of the hatch when everything else did, made a bight fast around the remaining pump, and had plenty of spare rope to go out on the bottom."

"I went out first," writes Captain Morse, "and then the boys followed, holding the rope, but there was little need of that as the sea had gone down, so that only once in a while a small sea would come over the bottom, and none so hard but that we could stand up against it. Our first move was to take a good look all around for a sail, but none was in sight, which was a sore disappointment to me. We at once began to fix something more substantial than a rope to hold on by in case a heavy sea came on again. To do this we got pieces of scantling from among the cargo and put up an upright in the centre-board box at each end of the centre-board, wedging them in with other pieces of wood. Then we got out more scantling and lashed one across each of the uprights, and, unlaying some of our rope to make it smaller and more pliable, we put lifts from each end of the cross-piece to the top of the uprights. On the cross-pieces we laid some boards, and, when completed, we had a fine seat about twenty inches above the bottom of the vessel. On these boards we spent most of the time looking for a sail.

"After the first day on the bottom, which was the third day after the vessel had capsized, we began to realize that we were both hungry and thirsty, but we had no remedy for this unless we killed our spotted dog, which had kept with us through all our trouble. But not one of us as yet was equal to that. We suffered a good deal from cold at night, but sitting one before the other on our platform—the forward one keeping watch, the rear one with his back against one of the uprights—each one with his arms round the man in front of him, we managed at last to get some rest. The dog settled down beside us, at first keeping mostly to me, but later he did not seem to recognise any difference between us."

"When the vessel slid her deck-load from under her it broke the two masts off, and," remarks Mr. Small, "when we got on the bottom we found them hanging by the eyelet of the rigging out ahead of us, and as the sea rolled them over we could see canvas hanging to them.

"'Now, if we could get some of that canvas,' I said, 'we could rig something to drink from in case of a shower.' So they tied a rope under my arms and I swam out to the canvas, but was unable to get any. I think if I had had the use of both my hands I could have got plenty.

"This was the fifth day, and our sufferings

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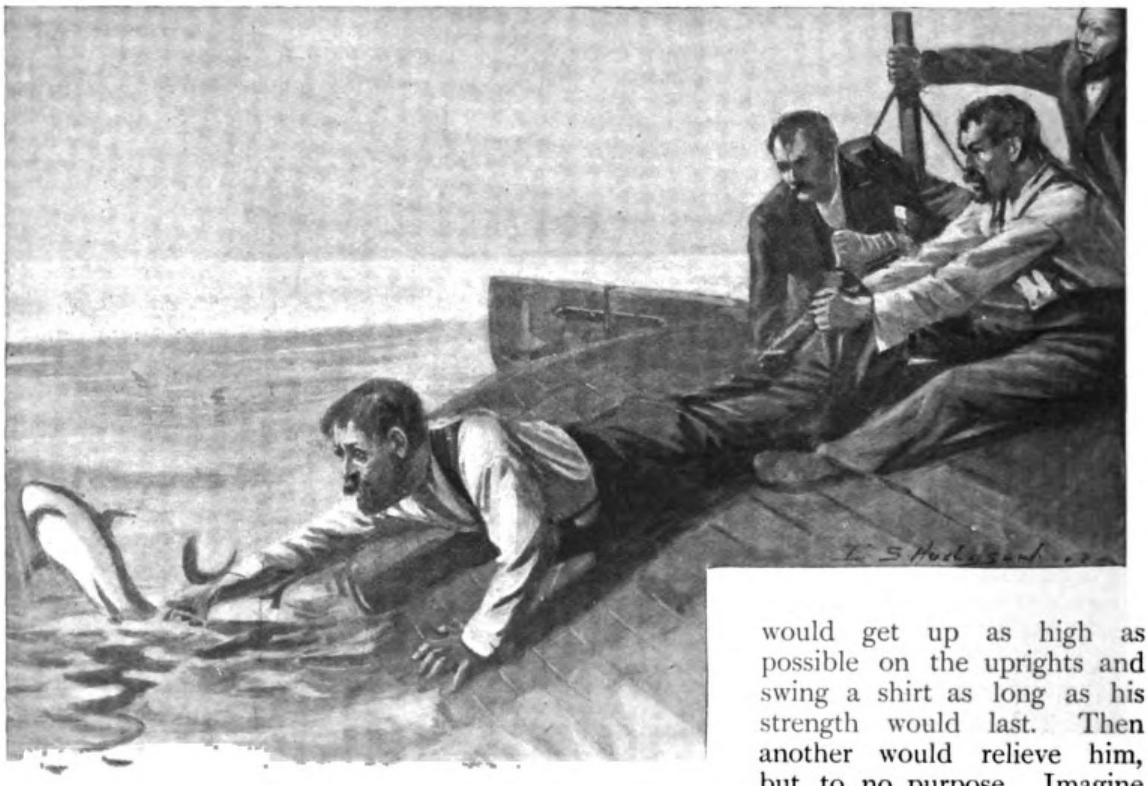
from thirst were terrible. Our only relief was in bathing our heads, throats, and bodies in salt water, our feet and legs being wet all the time.

"On the sixth day we killed our dog, and Anderson, the youngest of the crew, drank some of his blood, but he was the only one who partook of it."

One night there was a heavy tropical shower, and all got a drink by holding up their hands to their mouths with the lower edges together. Besides this they had a board with a small groove cut around the edges and meeting at the lower end, so that by holding it up to their mouths they were able to get a good drink of rain water. They each had a turn at this and got about a gill apiece. This was all the fresh water they had before they were rescued.

The next day a large school of young sharks came round the wreck, and one of the men, lying down on the vessel's bottom, reached down and managed to catch one by the tail. They pulled the man back by his feet with the shark in his hand, and immediately killed the fish by cutting its head off. "And," says the captain, "I do not think I ever before or since tasted anything so good as that shark's meat. After eating this supper we hung the remainder of the fish up to one of the uprights until morning, when I found, on taking it down for our breakfast, that the moon had turned the meat all green where I had cut it the night before. This I supposed was poison, so I skinned a place on the other side of the fish and found the meat white and good. We all had about the same quantity as the night before, and I immediately threw the carcass away, as I was afraid it would poison us."

"About this time, or soon after," so runs Mr. Small's narrative, "we saw a sail, but it was too far off to see us, although one of us would get up as high as possible on the uprights and swing a shirt as long as his strength would last. Then another would relieve him, but to no purpose. Imagine our disappointment. Home and our people were never so dear as at that time, and we nearly gave up in despair. Our sufferings from thirst were so great that we thought little of hunger. Our limbs were bruised and bleeding, and our tongues lolled from our mouths, parched and swollen.

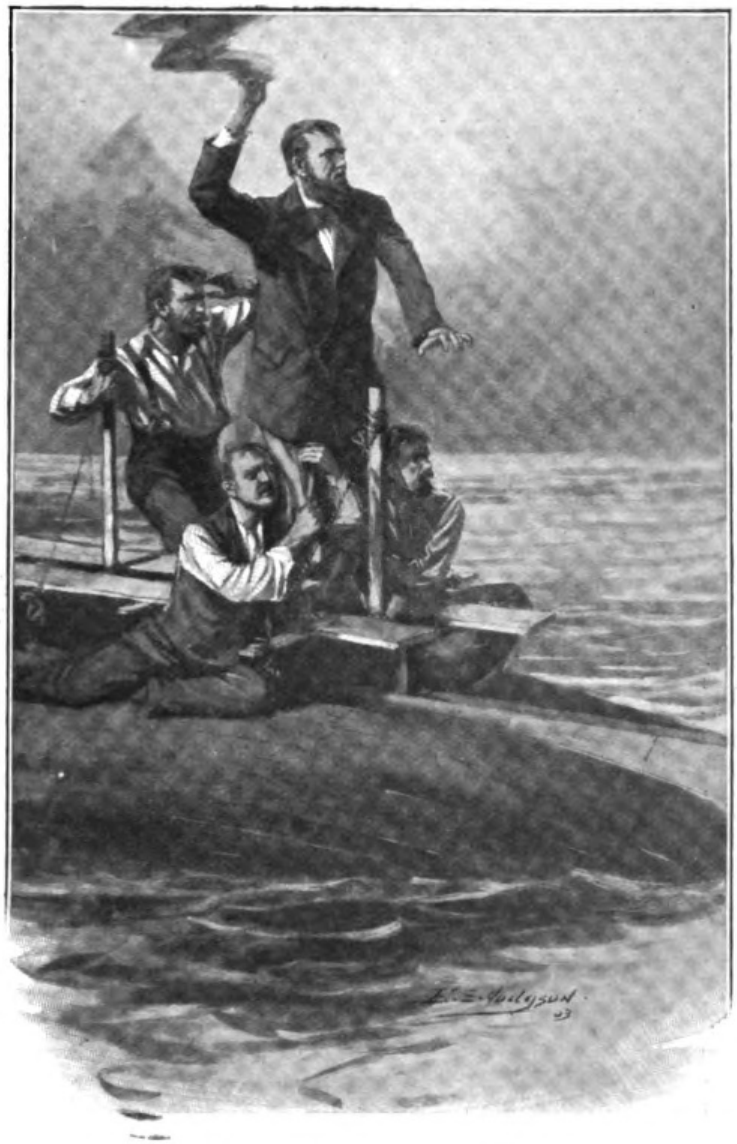


"THEY PULLED THE MAN BACK BY HIS FEET WITH THE SHARK IN HIS HAND."

"The eighth day Anderson went mad. The first we knew of this was when he jumped on me, grabbed me round the neck, and begged me to jump overboard with him. Then we had to lash him to the platform to prevent him from drowning himself. The captain's feet and ankles were covered with sores caused by wounds and bruises. Young Morse and myself were almost as badly off.

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"Our sufferings could not be exaggerated. Anderson failed rapidly, and day by day our hopes of rescue grew less and less. As the sun went down on Friday night we bade him farewell, feeling that we might never look on his face again. But the next morning, the thirteenth since the disaster, we fell in with the English brig, *Peerless*, Captain Fredk. Bonnhoff, on her way from Philadelphia to Matanzas, and this time we were seen. We immediately went to work to restore Anderson, but all was in vain. The brig, after some delay caused by having to beat up towards us, sent one of her boats with the mate and two sailors. Anderson was taken off first in the hope that there might be some life in him, Cyrus Morse next, and the captain and myself last, although the captain persuaded me to go first. I told him it was better for him to go first, as if anything should happen I could swim to the boat and he could not."



"THIS TIME WE WERE SEEN."

They were quickly brought alongside the brig and taken on board, when everything possible was done for them, "for," adds Captain Morse, "Captain Bonnhoff had himself once been nearly starved to death on a desolate island, so that he knew how to treat us. First I think he gave us a little warm arrowroot gruel, three or four teaspoonfuls each. In a little while after that, perhaps half an hour, he gave us about the same amount of rice water. In a day or two the boys were all right and walking about the decks, as well as eating all the captain would give them; but my feet were getting very sore and I grew weaker every day. I had no appetite for solid food, and could only take liquid food such as gruel, so that when we got to Matanzas I had to be lowered over the side into a boat and so carried to the hospital."

Through the kind offices of Mr. Hall, the then American Consul at Matanzas, Captain Morse finally reached his home in Bath. His experiences, however, did not diminish his love for the sea, and in later years he went through many varied adventures. On a voyage to Bombay he fell in with the British ship *Malabar*, of Greenock, coal-laden and on fire, and took off the crew of thirty-two. For this he received a gold watch and chain from the British Government. He later rescued the crew of the barque *Avena*, for which he received a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society of London. He also helped in the organization of the International Navigation Company, and in 1884 retired to his birthplace in Maine, where, at the ripe old age of eighty-two, he still resides.

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The King and I.

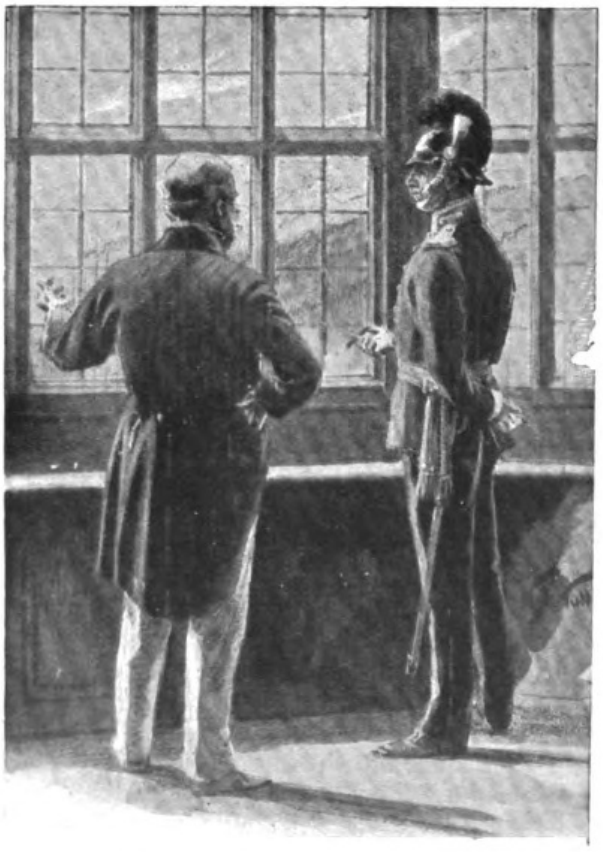
THE STORY OF THE ESCAPE OF KING LOUIS FROM THE CASTLE OF THE GOTTESBERG, AS IT WAS ACHIEVED BY HIS SERVANT, HUBERT VON HAUSACH.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

I.

IT was about four o'clock of the afternoon that I, Hubert von Hausach, first perceived the danger which menaced the Castle of the Gottesberg, and another hour must have passed before I made it known to my lady in her boudoir. But it was no longer a menace then, and I thanked Heaven that my Master, the King, was not with us.

It has always been my fancy and pleasure to do such writing as the stewardship of the Gottesberg puts upon me in the eastern tower of the castle, wherefrom you have a fine view over the mountain slope below and the great belt of pines which lies at our gates. I remember that upon this fatal day I had written His Majesty a long letter concerning the welfare and the recreations of Countess Helen, our guest; and though I, with other loyal men in the kingdom, would well have seen her ladyship across the frontier, my duty ended with my report, and I folded it and sealed it with the air of a man who does not relish his task and is well pleased to have it done with. Then, reflecting still upon the misfortunes that might come upon us if this woman—so witty, so beautiful, and so intellectual beyond her sex — should ever share the throne with the Master I would have died to serve, I rose from my table and went to the window. So I saw the horsemen in the wood; and the sun shining green and golden upon the sward, I recognised the crest of Albert of Jägendorf, and I understood that my lady's hour had come.



"MY FIRST ACT WAS TO SUMMON THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD."

For this man had sworn that he would sleep in no bed nor change the linen upon his back until Helen of Gerelstein were driven from our land. And many, perchance the most part of our people, thought with him.

There were but two horsemen, and they had drawn rein in a green thicket upon the border of the forest. I could plainly perceive the sun's rays shimmering upon the barrel of a spy-glass which the first of them carried; and though they were but two, I knew Albert of Jägendorf better than to suppose that no others lay concealed in the woods behind them. The common laws of siege and attack would never trouble such a man as he; accustomed as he was to the guerilla warfare and all the perils of the mountains. Somewhere down at the valley's heart he lay with his insurgent band, it might be of five hundred, it might be of a thousand men; and when I saw this, there came to me that premonition of terrible hours which is rarely false and never to be neglected. I had promised the King, my Master, to protect Helen of Gerelstein with my life. And so much I meant to do though the soldiers of three kingdoms stood at our doors.

Now, my first

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act was to summon the captain of the guard, and to show him that which I had seen upon the borders of the forest. He was a young man, vain and foolish, and I bore with him impatiently.

"Herr Hubert," he said, "you have wonderful eyesight at your age. Undoubtedly those are Albert's men."

"In which case, Herr Captain," I said, "you are not unprepared?"

He laughed a light laugh and struck a match upon the window-pane.

"The Gottesberg is impregnable. Do you think they will come in balloons, Herr Hubert?"

"It is your business to think, captain. The defence of this house is with you. Remember that you must answer my Master."

"I shall not forget it, Herr Hubert—admit, at least, that Albert is not an angel; he does not fly, and, then, the Gottesberg is impregnable. Look at the thickness of yonder wall——"

"Nay," said I; "there are heads I have seen which are very like it, Herr Captain."

We stared at each other for some while after this, and then he left me to go down to the gate. "The guard is posted and the bridge shall be drawn," he said, as though it were already dismissed. "If her ladyship is not safe here, I can do no more, Herr Hubert."

And then he added:—

"Would to Heaven that she and her party were in yonder lake and our country at rest!"

I could have added my "amen" to this very willingly; but I would not seem to encourage him in hostility to the Countess at a moment when she had sore need of her friends; and so I let him go without a word. When a quarter of an hour had elapsed, perhaps, a bugle rang out a blast in the courtyard below, and from my high place in the eastern tower I watched the posting of the guard and the bridge across the ravine slowly lifted upon its hinges. Then, very thoughtfully and greatly desponding, I went down to the Lady Helen and broke my news to her. She was drinking tea in the boudoir when I entered, and her sister, Marie, sat upon the sofa by her side—the handsomest couple in all our kingdom that day.

"My lady," I said, "this is the hour for gossip; will you permit me to tell you mine?"

Let it be said at once that Helen of Gerelstein had ever trusted me even as the King I served. If a woman's instinct made her aware of much that I wished to conceal, she had the shrewder wit, which said, "This man will be my friend for the King's sake." Nor could she mistake the tone in which I addressed her upon that fatal night. To this day I can see the startled look in the black eyes, the poise in the queenly head, and that tremor of lip and hand which is the truest index to a woman's agitation. She knew that I must speak of danger and her will was not for delay.

"Your news is always welcome, Herr Hubert; my sister is as good a listener as I. But first a cup of tea—ah, then you will never imitate the English if you refuse tea, Herr Hubert."

"My lady," said I, "for forty-two years I have drunk the beer of Münich—a great deal of it, my lady. Let the English imitate me—it is the better fashion."

She laughed and bade me sit by her. Her gown had come from Paris and was so fragile, so full and light about her pretty arms and shoulders, that she might have been a beautiful butterfly caught up in a net of gauze. A single ruby, the King's gift to her, made a brooch at her throat; her brown hair glittered with the diamonds which powdered it—I recollect an exquisite perfume diffused by a lace handkerchief each time that she lifted it to her lips; and never does the red rose breathe upon me but I depict that scene again and live it as I lived it upon that unforgotten day.

"Well," she said, taking up our talk where we had left it, "you must not quarrel with the English, for they are my friends. Let us speak of the Gottesberg, Herr Hubert. Yes, of the Gottesberg and its Master. I am sure that you wish to talk of him."

"Indeed, Countess," said I, "the Master of the Gottesberg is very dear to me, and yet I thank my Maker that he is not in this house to-day."

The eyes of both of them opened very wide at this, and the youngest said, laughingly:—

"I do declare Herr Hubert is becoming sentimental!"

"Not sentimental, lady, for sentiment is but an idea."

"Why, then, your gratitude for that which is also but an idea?—at least, I hope it is so, Herr Hubert."

Helen said this, and I could feel her black eyes so full upon me that I must look deep into them when I answered her.

"I share your hope, Countess—and yet it may be otherwise."

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She was thoughtful a little while, silent with the silence of a clever woman who knows that ill news awaits her. The other, the child with the flaxen hair, made a pretence of playing with her hound; but I could see the tear glistening upon her eyelid, and I knew that she understood.

"Oh, Herr Hubert!" she cried, almost passionately, "why do you torture Helen? Why do you not tell her?"

"Yes, yes," said the Countess, though she turned her face from me; "it is not our habit to be enigmatical, Herr Hubert."

It was a hard task, Heaven knows, and yet I told her. After all, I had but seen two horsemen in the wood. How if I were mistaken, and Albert of Jägendorf rested sixty miles away in his stronghold at Mecklenstein? I must be at the peril of that, I said. And I knew that my Master would acquit me.

"There are black plumes in the wood and a silver cross beneath them, lady," I ventured, in a low voice — "such is the enigma; read it as you shall please."

The Countess did not speak to me, but little Marie uttered a low cry and put her arms about her sister's neck. When next I looked at them Helen was as white as the mountain-snows in winter-time; but her voice had no quaver when she asked me:—

"Does Captain Limburg know of this, Herr Hubert?"

"He was immediately informed, lady."

"And his answer——"

"That the Gottesberg is impregnable."

She stamped her little foot with rage, and went across to the window to look down the mountain-side, as I had done an hour ago. The air was clear and still by this time; the distant waters shone like silver in the red-gold light which the western hills were giving them. Nevertheless, a blue haze lingering among the pines seemed to tell her that story it had already told to me.

"There are camp-fires in the forest—do not deny it, Herr Hubert. You came to tell me of that. Albert of Jägendorf is there himself. Is it not so?"

"I do not know, Countess, but I believe it is as you say."

She put a stone-cold hand upon my own.

"What am I to do—in Heaven's name, what?" she asked, as pitifully as a child that would hide from trouble at its mother's heart.



"'WHAT AM I TO DO—IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHAT?' SHE ASKED."

Now, I had spoken slowly to her and with less than my customary honesty, but I was none the less prepared with my plan, and when she was a little comforted and the peril measured in reasonable words, I told her what she must do.

"Here," I said, "is the letter which goes under escort to His Majesty at sunset each evening, Countess. It is in my mind that you yourself shall be the bearer of it——"

She looked at me as though fright had robbed me of my reason. "Oh, wise Hubert—and the silver cross is at the gate and Albert of Jägendorf will let me pass. And I am alone and a woman; Heaven help me!"

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"Countess," I went on, "Heaven helps those who help themselves. When you ride to the city to carry a message to His Majesty, you will be neither a woman nor alone."

"Mad, mad," she cried back; "fear has robbed this man of his senses."

"It may be so, lady," I persisted; "yet, if you will not wear the messenger's garb for the King's sake this night, then I have nothing more to say. Our captain believes the castle to be impregnable. If that is so, it is well with us. There are others, however, who declare that Albert and his men would climb the gate of Paradise if there were loot beyond. The day will teach us, lady; we can number the hours at our pleasure."

She hesitated yet a moment; but while she wrestled with her pride, little Marie ran across to me and put her arms about my neck.

"Yes, yes, my sister must go; you will save her, Herr Hubert?"

"She must save herself, child," I said; "it is but for me to point the road."

And so Helen of Gerelstein became the King's messenger; and when the sun had set she quitted the castle with her escort of six dragoons, and little Marie and I stood together to watch her as she went.

"They will read her letter," I said, "and it will be her passport. Yes, she carries news of herself, that she is well and happy at the Gottesberg."

And I smiled for the first time that night to think how I had outwitted the shrewdest head in my Master's kingdom.

II.

COUNTESS HELEN made a fine figure enough in the green uniform of the King's messenger; and when she disappeared by the forest road I think that I breathed freely for the first time since the affair began. Let Albert of Jägendorf do what he would now; my responsibility had ended. He was not the man to make war upon servants, and if he found his way into the castle I, at least, should know how to do the honours of it. Or it might even be that the place was impregnable, as the little captain said. Such a question was for the soldiers. My part began and ended with the safety of one who had been named for the King's wife, and thereafter I could sup at my leisure, glad at heart that my Master was not with me; for, said I, had he been found here to-night Albert of Jägendorf assuredly would have killed him.

I say that I supped with the little captain, and we two were merry enough over the jest of my lady's departure when the evil news befell us. For what should happen at a moment when a man is best thinking of his second flagon but that a serving-man came running into the ward-room to whisper in my ear that His Majesty had arrived at the castle and awaited me in the small library where his work is always done. You may well imagine with what feelings I rose to my feet and made my way to my Master's presence. Heaven knows I would have given my fortune to have heard it were any other than he; and I stood before him at last so dazed in mind and palsied in limb that he read my secret at a glance.

"Where is my lady—why did you let her go?" he asked, abruptly, in that clear, cold voice which bodes anger so surely.

"Your Majesty," I stammered, "she has gone because Albert of Jägendorf is at the gate."

He looked at me with his soft, grey eyes—the look of a man who is grateful and understands. I saw that he had ridden hard, and I did not doubt that he had passed the guards at the postern-gate and entered the castle with his usual secrecy.

"Albert of Jägendorf?" he repeated. "Are you sure of it, Hubert? I came by the forest road and saw nothing of them."

"Which is not to say that they saw nothing of you, sire."

He started at the idea and stroked his clean-shaven chin as one in deep thought. Then he loosed his cloak and laid it upon the high oak chair which stands before his writing-table.

"Her sister tells a story of a messenger's uniform," he continued, presently; "what is there in that, old Hubert?"

"Sire," said I, venturing upon a little jest, "there is in that uniform the body of her ladyship, Helen of Gerelstein."

And so I told him of the stratagem.

"She carries my own letter to your Majesty, speaking of her presence here and her anxiety that you should come. I doubt not that the brigand Albert has already made merry over it. My need was great, sire, and I had no other plan."

He interrupted me with one of those quick gestures which characterize his impetuosity.

"It was bold, old Hubert. Yes, overbold! And yet it may serve. What says Captain Limburg?"

"That the Gottesberg is impregnable, your Majesty."

"Meaning, thereby, ale and sleep. Let us

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see if it be so—upon the terrace, old Hubert."

I called to the servants to bring us lanterns and we went out to the terrace together. It was dark by this time; a black and starless night, when the pines were ominously still. Though the Gottesberg is built almost upon the crest of a green mountain, we could see naught below us but the lights in the guard-room, and by here and there a radiant glow at the forest's heart.

"The watch-fires of Albert's men," the King exclaimed, a little brusquely.

"It is as your Majesty says."

"If the guard be true, they must climb where man has never set foot before," he went on, meaning thereby that they must climb the farther side of the mountain, for none could cross the ravine which lies between our ramparts and the forest.

"Even that is to be thought of since they are Albert's men," I rejoined.

He admitted it without protest.

"Then what is in your mind, old Hubert?"

"That your Majesty should lie in any room but your own!" I could see that he was not displeased with my boldness.

"In my grandfather's time there was a road from here beneath the lake," he said to me, as we went down to turn out the guard. I answered him that there had been such a road, but that the story of it was lost.

"I would give ten thousand florins to have it retold this night," he remarked, a little petulantly; and I knew then how greatly he feared for himself and for those with him at the Gottesberg.

My Master did not lack courage, Heaven knows. There have been few finer men than he in the story of our people; and I shall always remember him as he stood before me that night in his blue uniform of hussars—so upright, so ready to cast a jest in the face of death. He, no less than I, was well aware of that which would befall him if Albert's men came in. The fortunes of his house rocked upon their base. The touch of a hand might shatter them for ever.

And who could sleep upon such a story? Not Hubert von Hausach, be sure of it. Well do I remember how, when my Master had gone to his bed in the Red Room wherein the great King Louis used to sleep, that I searched for my old uniform of dragoons, and got a sword upon me for the first time for fifteen years; and loaded my pistols; and so sneaked like an erring boy to the ante-chamber that I might be at his side should danger come. The sentry in the corridor laughed at me as I went. Poor fellow, they shot him through the heart before the new day had dawned.

The hours were long, the longest I have lived through. From time to time I could hear the King turning restless upon his couch or moving about the great bedroom, at war with sleep. The steps of the sentry in the corridor echoed dolefully, and seemed to keep time with the words, "Doom, doom!" For myself, I never pretended to lay me down. The whole house was wrapped in a strange mystery; in vain I told myself that a castle built upon a mountain-side could not be entered by a company of brigands, whatever their courage and training. The inner voice said: "This man will find a way." Whence, by what means, I knew not. The omen was there—I listened for it with quaking ears, derided it, planned against it . . . and then the cry from without made it real—a young girl's cry ringing out like a knell—the cry of little Marie, Helen's sister, snatched suddenly from her sleep to be carried shrieking to the mountains.

Yes, such was the terrible signal which smote upon my ears like the voice of doom. Leaping up almost as soon as it was uttered, I ran to the door of the ante-chamber and cried to the sentry to ask what the matter was. He did not answer me; a revolver blazed in the darkness showing me as in the lightning's flash the faces of our own guards dying in the corridor, and of others, many men, swarming towards us with swords drawn and pistols in their hands. A horrid babel of sounds arose—the air was heavy with the stench of gunpowder; men wrangled and cursed in the agony of wounds and death; but from both sides the watch-word was the same. "The King!" they cried. And I knew that while the one side had murder in their hearts, the other would have given my Master life.

I shut the door and swung to the heavy bolts which had protected the great King in the days of the revolution. The ante-chamber was lighted by two candles set upon the mantelshelf—I took one of them in my hand and the matches which lay by it; for even then I could remember that the darkness might be our enemy. A single knock at the door of the bed-chamber was answered by my Master himself. I found him already dressed, his face unwontedly pale and his sword drawn; and I knew that there was nothing for me to tell him. His own distress was best told by the hundred candles which lighted that great room.

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"How long will it take them to burst open the door, old Hubert?" he asked me, with a mock lightness which cut me to the quick.

"It may be a matter of a quarter of an hour, your Majesty," I said; and added, "they have their revolvers."

"They have crossed the height and taken us from above," he went on, as one thinking of the past rather than of the future; and then, "Well, I always said that Albert's men could go anywhere."

I did not reply to him—that was no time to ask "How?" or "Why?" Enough for me that the castle was full of armed men, and that, unless God in His mercy heard us, there would be a new King crowned tomorrow. Nor would I have it thought that I was not afraid. Whose heart, I ask, would not have sunk to hear those savage blows and the hoarse cries upon them, "The King! the King!" There was but three inches of stout oak between our throats and the swords these murderers carried—from our windows a man might fall a hundred feet into the ravine below. How, then, should we be saved?—nay, every omen answered that we were lost, and the words were upon my lips when the great window burst from its hinges, and a man, with a rope about his waist, swung headlong between us and fell almost at the King's feet. He was of Albert's company, and they had let him down from above—from the tower which caps the Red Room. It was the boldest stroke of all that eventful night.

I say that the man fell between us, but scrambling instantly to his feet—so astonished were we—he cast the rope from him and fired point-blank at my Master as he rose. Save for my blow upon his arm, feeble as it was, a blow of surprise and dread alarm, I doubt not that he would have shot the King dead; but the act turned the ball aside, and before he could fire again His Majesty struck him down with the butt of his revolver. For the moment we stood free of the danger, yet none was less deceived by that than I. Where one had come others could pass. There were two more down the rope even as the first fell headlong at my feet, and this was my choice—to stand at my Master's side until the whole room was full of the assassins, or to run to the window and cut at them there. I claim no merit for the course I took—the battlefield had taught me to think while I was yet but a lad, and its lesson sent me now to the window and left the King alone. With one deft stroke I hacked at the rope and the figure of a man upon it. He fell like a stone, a hundred feet to the rocks of the ravine; and the thud of his body as it was shattered made itself heard above the outcry. I shuddered at a sight and sound so awful, and, drawing the blind over the window, I turned to my Master's side. He no longer had need of me; there were two of Albert's men dead at his feet—he faced the third over against the portrait of his father in the far corner of the room.



"A REVOLVER BLAZED IN THE DARKNESS."

The King had his pistol still, but he held it in his left hand, while in his right was the sword which none could use so well as he. Fascinated, I watched his play with the ruffian who had been sent there to kill him.

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"WITH ONE DEFT STROKE I HACKED AT THE ROPE."

Heaven is my witness how ardently I desired to see the punishment of this villain, and yet I might have asked myself how that would have served us. Albert's men were crying at the outer door now in voices of thunder; they beat upon the shivering panels so violently that a door of steel could have offered us no security. Let His Majesty kill his enemy, and what then, if it were not the assassin's knife at our throats and the death waiting grimly out there in the corridor for us? This might have been my argument, yet it was not. Like a lad in a *salle d'armes* I watched the blades flashing. One would die, I said, but not my Master. The ruffian's clumsy thrusts delighted me. When he cut over and his maladroit blade dug deep into the wooden panel of the picture, I laughed aloud. He cast a malicious glance back at me, but it was his last, for His Majesty lunged straight and sure; and, shrieking at the touch of death, the man bent and fell with froth at his lips. I knew that he would trouble us no more, and in that knowledge the trance of fear returned to me. The outer door was upon the point of giving way now—what had this delay availed us, then? It was questioned to be answered by the King himself in the voice of a man who fears his own words.

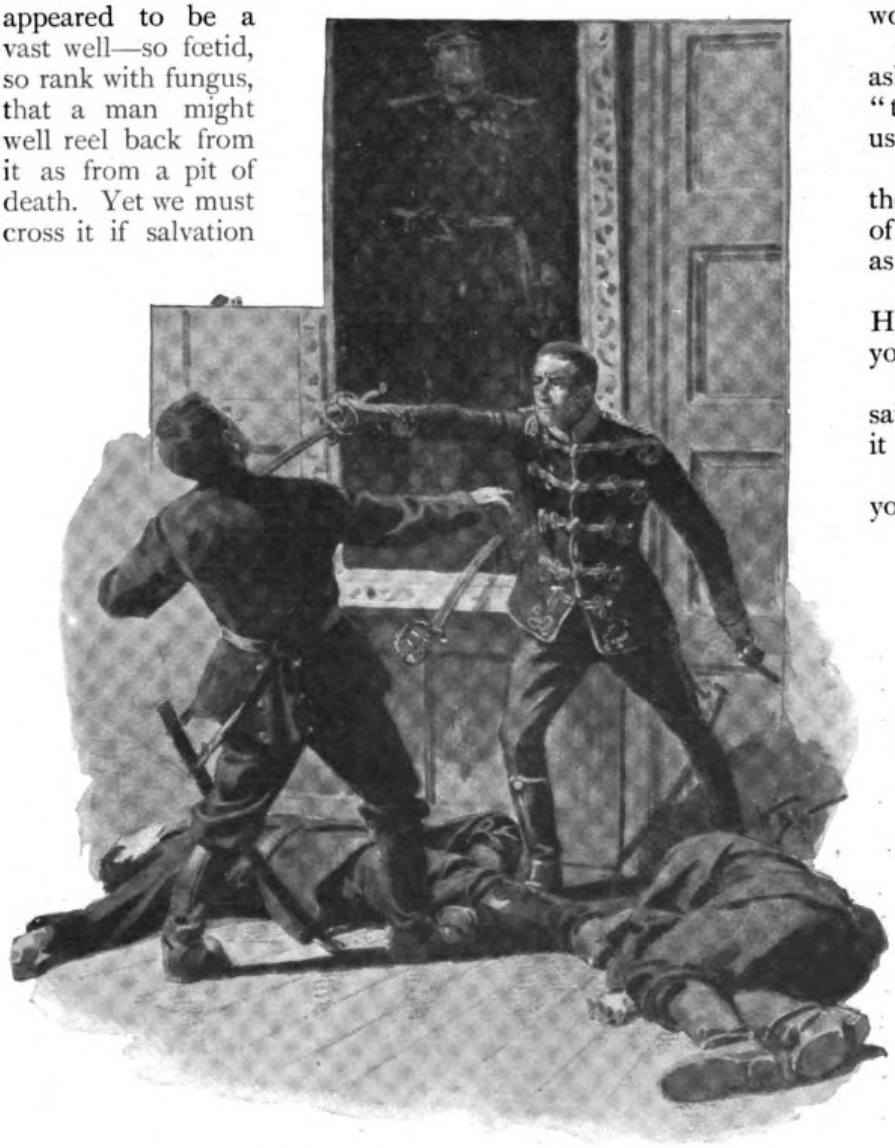
"There is your story, old Hubert," he cried; and then, with a good man's reverence, he said—"Oh God, it is Thy will."

I bowed my head and tried to believe the wonder. All the world has heard something of the miracle which befell us, but none, perchance, has heard it rightly. For that which happened was but this—that the ruffian who tried to cut my Master down thrust his clumsy sword into that very door which covered the staircase to the cellars, built by the old King Louis in the days of the revolution; and whether it were that the point touched the spring of the lock, or that the panel itself had grown crazy with age I know not, but the woodwork gave to the thrust and the finger of Fate pointed the way of our escape.

That which followed after was like some enduring dream to me. I recollect taking a candle from its sconce and lighting the King down the stone stairs after I had closed the panel and drawn the heavy bolt with which it was provided. I remember well how we passed through a vault-like cellar, and from that descended a second staircase, so narrow, so dank, and so steep that we seemed to be upon our way to the very bowels of the earth. For a while after that it was a headlong flight through a tunnel where a man must go crouching; and I, at least, could utter a prayer aloud that the light might not fail us, and that we might see the day again. When I came to an abrupt halt the ensuing silence was dreadful in its profundity. Our steps, our haste, had left us unconscious of it hitherto; but now it fell upon us wofully, and the sound of our voices went rolling

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away through the caverns like the echo of distant thunder. Here, indeed, my heart sank, and I believed that the end had come. The path we had followed ended at the mouth of that which appeared to be a vast well—so fœtid, so rank with fungus, that a man might well reel back from it as from a pit of death. Yet we must cross it if salvation were to be won. Ah! what a moment of a man's life to live through!



"HIS MAJESTY LUNGED STRAIGHT AND SURE."

My Master had seated himself upon a little outstanding crag of the rock when it became apparent to him that our flight was ended; while I, still shielding the candle with my hand, sought to use my wits as I had never used them before. Profound as the silence in the passage was, a distant ominous sound as of tramping feet and shouting voices came down to us from time to time to remind us how brief our respite must be, and in its way how cruel. Be it in one hour or in two, Albert's men would find the passage and track us down. Some would say that we had been wiser to have done with it, and to have gone back to make what terms we could; this thought came also to me, though the King would hear none of it.

"Sire," I said, ashamed of my words, "they may at least offer us banishment."

He looked at me with those reproachful eyes of his, and answered me as I deserved.

"From you, old Hubert!—that from you!"

"Your Majesty," I said, "you know what it costs me!"

"Aye," he said, "even your love."

I bent my head while the awful moments were numbered, and the silence fell like a pall. Presently the King said:—

"It were not like my grandfather to build himself a *cul-de-sac*. Had we but a lantern, old Hubert, we might taste the water in yonder well."

I started at the quickness of his idea; and going again toward the pit I bent down, half stifled by its odours, yet determined to brave them. That which I saw was a well, it may be some thirty feet in depth, with black water below, and slime and fungus everywhere upon its sides. The vision was that of an instant, for the foul air extinguished the candle in my hand, and trying to shield it clumsily I went near to falling to my death. Then I heard the King's voice above me, and I answered him as I could.

"Is there water there, old Hubert?"

"Yes, sire, there is water."

"Could we but cast a stone—how dark it is. Listen, old Hubert, do you hear anything?"

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"Your Majesty," I said, bending my ear to the orifice, "I hear a sound of horses galloping."

"At the bottom of a well. Heavens! it is true!" he cried.

We listened together, and made sure that we were not deceived. From the bottom of the pit there came up to us the clear sound of horses at the gallop. My Master was the first to declare the meaning of it."

"It is no well at all but a tower on the hillside," he cried, suddenly; "I have seen it when riding. There must be a way down. I would give a thousand florins for a match, old Hubert!"

"Your Majesty," I said, "there are matches in my pocket, and as Heaven is my witness I believe that my arm has touched an iron step!"

I lighted the candle and we bent over the pit together. Brief as the moment of sight was it showed us the ring of an iron ladder built against the shiny wall, and I think that we uttered our thanks together and aloud. Then the candle failed. us again, and while I re-lighted it the King went down—to life or to death as his destiny had written it.

"Is it there, Your Majesty?" I asked him, idly.

He answered me:—

"Be careful how you come, old Hubert."

"Do you find a door, sire?" I repeated.

He cried up:—

"The door is open, old Hubert."

A sudden rush of fresh air witnessed his words. I cast the candle aside and felt my way down into the pit. There was, as I had supposed, a door at the bottom a little way above the water, and through this we passed to the green sward of the valley.

There, I remember naught but that my Master's arms were about my neck, and that he said to me many times:—

"Not your love, no, not that, old Hubert!"

We ran through the forest like boys at play. In the next village we got post-horses and were in the capital before dawn.

III.

So Albert of Jägendorf was driven from our country. But little Marie, my lady's sister, went with him; and she who had been carried shrieking from the Castle of the Gottesberg now rules him with a rod of iron.

So at least say the gossips; and I wonder not, for she was always one to be obeyed, and it is just such a man as this rogue of the mountains who may win a woman surely and consent very willing to her discipline.

But of me, Hubert von Hausach, let none write that I serve anyone if it be not my Master, the King, whom the saints keep from all evil.



"THE KING WENT DOWN—TO LIFE OR TO DEATH."

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The English House of the Future.

VIEWS OF LEADING ARCHITECTS.

IN a recent number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., uttered a passionate complaint against the present condition and tendencies of early Twentieth Century architecture in England, which surprised a great many people. Although we live in an age when nearly every head of a family, however humble, is either building or planning to build his own dwelling, when popular interest in architectural matters is increasing by leaps and bounds, yet somehow it seemed to be taken for granted that everything was going on all right, and that what with beautiful red-brick flats, Queen Anne villas, and stone-fronted theatres and shops, we could hold our heads as high as any of our Continental neighbours. But it appears we were all wrong. We have no style—no national architecture, such as France and Germany and Italy have—and, worse still, there is little prospect of our having any. We had a style, but it was a couple of hundred years ago, and it died with Queen Anne. Since that period we have been floundering about, each man for himself—now Italian, now Greek, now a bastard Gothic, now Renaissance, then back to Queen Anne again. This, according to certain distinguished Royal Academicians, who write to THE STRAND, is "nothing less than forgery," "the mere reproduction of the work of a former period," and consequently "valueless."



MR. NORMAN SHAW, R.A.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

All this naturally begets the question, What will the architecture—what will the English houses of the future—be like? To no one could we more fitly apply—for no one could speak with clearer authority—than the most distinguished living architects of Britain, such men as Norman Shaw, R.A., G. F. Bodley, R.A., T. G. Jackson, R.A., Aston Webb, R.A., and others. It is admitted that a classic or a Gothic revival may yet alter the whole face of London. Or is the coming century likely to produce a distinctively English type of architecture? To such a question Mr. Norman Shaw responds unhesitatingly:—

"*No.* 'Nothing begets nothing.' It would be just as reasonable to suppose that a living man could be evolved from a corpse as to suppose that a living style of architecture could be evolved from a dead one, or any number of dead ones. Architecture is nothing if it is not a living art; reproductions are not merely valueless, they are misleading.

"Your readers must not run away with the idea that architects are to blame for this very unhappy state of things. It is in no way their fault; it is their misfortune, and a very grave disaster for the community generally. Amongst architects there are, and have been during the last hundred years, many men of great ability, some rising to genius; but unhappily these men, instead of carrying on an old tradition and developing new phases of their art (which might in many cases have resulted in the creation of a new style), have had to spend their lives in making reproductions of old and worn-out styles—first Greek, then Gothic, and lastly, so-called Queen Anne. Many of their works have great artistic excellence, but unhappily they are in no way examples of living art; in other words, they are mere fashions. Greek architecture was studied with enthusiasm and practised with great skill, but in a short time it was thrown to the winds, and Gothic almost alone held the field; and it, in its turn, was discarded in favour of Queen Anne. Three widely different styles in one century—all studied carefully, and practised with very great knowledge and ability, on which countless millions have been expended, and admittedly with no result so far as concerns the evolution of a truly representative national style.

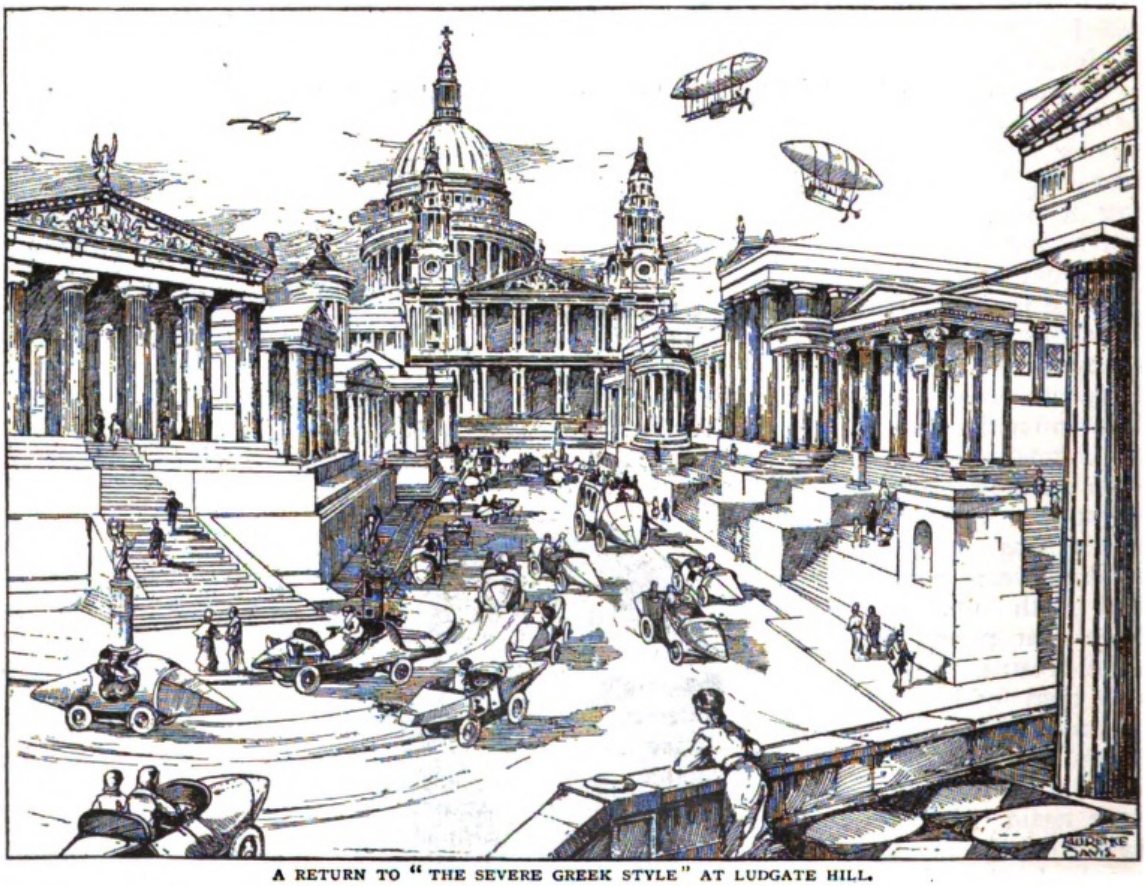
"Some forty or fifty years ago there was

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much talk of the coming of a new style, worthy of the age; 'Victorian' was to be its name, but it never got farther than talk. The utter impossibility of inventing a new style soon became apparent even to its warmest advocates, and the talk died out.

"There is no analogy whatever between the French and ourselves. They preserved an unbroken tradition from the tenth century practically up to the present day (though the appearances of 'l'Art Nouveau' makes us all tremble for their future). During much of the last century, whilst our best men were reproducing old work, their architects were developing and adding to their existing style on traditional lines, with the result that many of their works are as truly great and refined as the best old Greek work, with the immense advantage that they are absolutely modern, and at the same time entirely French in character.

"You ask, 'Will not future urban conditions gradually contribute to a revolution in the forms and fabric of the houses?' Candidly, I see no signs of such a change, nor can I see why there should be. There may be doubtless changes of fashion. Fifty years ago houses were mostly cemented over, and had large plate-glass windows. Now they are mostly of red brick with mullions and lead lattice glazing. Some thirty or thirty-five years ago my clients used openly to curse me for proposing lead lattice; now, people do not seem to be able to get enough, and use sash-bars, lead lights, and plate-glass all in the same window! But that does not point to a distinctively English type of architecture. It is only a change of taste, a fashion, a loose way of doing things, and bad art—in no way can it rank higher than the average dressmaker.



A RETURN TO "THE SEVERE GREEK STYLE" AT LUDGATE HILL.

"A Fine Arts Minister is all nonsense at the present time when every man—be he architect, painter, or sculptor—is a law unto himself. In architecture, when all styles are practised, how are you to secure 'harmony and unity'? What harmony and unity can there be between 'Georgian' and the style of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral in Westminster, and how is a Fine Arts Minister to regulate this? And should severe Greek reappear, which is not improbable, there would be still less harmony." A return to "severe Greek"—say, in Ludgate Hill, as our artist has depicted—would certainly startle the intelligent foreigner.

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It will be seen that Mr. Norman Shaw is a pessimist as regards the "Edwardian" house. Let us turn to the views of Mr. Jackson, R.A., which are slightly more hopeful, and will certainly be read with deep interest.

"Your question whether a distinctly British style of architecture is in process of evolution is one rather for the critic or historian than for the working artist.

"If such a process of evolution is really going on it should be regarded rather as accidental than essential. Certainly its progress cannot be hastened by attention, though it may be retarded. We must not pull the plant up to see how it is growing. New styles of art, when they come, come not with observation. For the worker in any branch of art the introspection habit is not wholesome. Our aim should be to do what we believe in ourselves, never minding whether it be novel or not, for that is a matter with which we have nothing to do. If art is pursued conscientiously and if the artist puts himself into what he does, his work will live, and will have originality in the best sense of the word, though not in the sense of those who clamour for a new style as if it could be invented like a new machine.



MR. T. G. JACKSON, R.A.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Premising this, I may say that though the greater part of what we do is either on the one hand directly imitative of bygone styles, or on the other aggressively bizarre — the latter, especially in our commercial architecture, resulting in buildings perhaps the basest the world has ever seen—still there is a fair proportion of sober, sensible, restrained architecture springing up around us, which has a character of its own, and may hereafter be regarded as typical of our day at its best.

"That this, however, should settle down into one general and universally accepted style, marked off from all others like those which succeeded one another from the eleventh to the seventeenth century, is not, in my opinion, to be looked for. The art of the future, in every one of its branches, will, I believe, be strongly individual, though no doubt it will and must, if it is to live, be coloured by the circumstances and conditions of the age, which will give it an element of consistency."

Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., writes as follows: "Although art is cosmopolitan, architecture, like the sister arts, necessarily partakes of national and individual characteristics. With nations as with individuals there is a period of infancy which may be regarded as the primitive and experimental stage. This merges into youth, with its restless energy and lively imagination, passing on to a period of manhood in which may be expected strength and dignity with becoming restraint.

"In each cycle, as in the life of individuals, there is apt to follow a time of decrepitude or decadence. This also has been the history of each of the 'periods' or so-called 'styles' in architecture, not only in this country but in every other.

"Architecture is, or should be, a living art, giving expression to the thoughts and sentiments, the methods and aspirations of the day. The mere reproduction of the work of a former period—which told its special story — is nothing less than forgery, and is of no value or interest other than historically. Where there is life there must be development, not the mere copying of any past 'style' or type of architecture.

"In England there has always been a distinct national type, whether the style be Gothic or classic in origin. So much for architecture *per se*, but when the architecture of cities is compared, as for instance that of London and Paris, another point must be taken into consideration—here such a comparison is rather one of method and no method, and the subsequent result—than of the art itself.

"If, after the 'Great Fire,' London had been laid out as planned by Sir Christopher Wren, neither Paris, Berlin, nor Vienna—all good examples of municipal work—would have exceeded it in beauty. However, with the Englishman's love of freedom and liberty, all control was resented. Each man sought to do what seemed best in his own eyes, quite regardless of the community at large; whereas in Paris (as elsewhere) there has been a Minister of Fine Arts, who has controlled the setting out of streets untrammelled by financial considerations, and who has seen that the designs of the buildings to be

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erected will harmonize with the surroundings and balance with the general scheme. Thus the speculating builder with his extravagant vulgarity has been repressed, and architects have been employed and encouraged to do their best.

"If our cities are to be improved and our architecture developed there is need of such an authority who would insist upon a high standard of architecture, especially in our principal thoroughfares. A well-balanced order, good vistas with effective terminations such as Wren suggested, would in due course be obtained. The demand for something entirely new and the consequent struggle to be original is fatal to the development of good architecture, which in my opinion should be a living art of steady growth."

But this demand for a Minister of Fine Arts is not echoed by Mr. R. Phené Spiers, who writes: "I do not think the appointment of such a Minister to control urban building desirable. Art cannot be confounded with politics."



MR. JOHN BELCHER, A.R.A.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Aston Webb, R.A., the distinguished architect to whom has been entrusted the great task of preparing the National Memorial to Queen Victoria, thus expresses his convictions on the subject of a new and distinctively British type of architecture:—

"If by your inquiry is meant whether some entirely new type of architecture is a probability of the near future, I have no hesitation in saying that I do not think so. Types of architecture are not so much typical of a single country as of the civilized world, and all history shows a gradual development of types occurring in various countries simultaneously, a lead being taken sometimes by one, sometimes by another, largely influenced, perhaps, by its prosperity or by the appearance of an individual genius; but there is a variation of style in these types which makes each distinctive of its country. Thus in England in mediæval times Gothic architecture developed into what we call the Perpendicular style, entirely distinctive of this country. In the Renaissance period an entirely distinctive style was developed by Inigo Jones, Christopher Wren, and their school, and so again in the Georgian period.

"Then came a period of arrested progress, of looking backward and a critical examination of what had gone before, though even in this period one of our greatest buildings, the Houses of Parliament, was produced, and tradition was not wholly lost; and now, again, there is increased activity and progress which will probably be greater in the near future, for there are a large number of able young men coming forward who are working, at any rate, on parallel lines and undisturbed by the strips and shibboleths of style so misleading and mischievous to a previous generation.

"Personally I have far too high an appreciation of the work of my contemporaries to take the pessimistic view of our art that is taken by some. We architects, like other artists, are free in the criticism of each other's works, and though this does not necessarily imply a want of sympathy with them, it undoubtedly gives that impression to the public, who not unnaturally take our work at our own valuation, and in addition credit us with much of the degrading building to be found in and around all our towns, and with which, of course, architects have in reality nothing whatever to do.

"But if we take the best architecture of the present day we can surely see clearly a style developing which is distinctive of this country. Our domestic architecture inspired by Mr. Norman Shaw and continued by many able followers is distinctive, and greatly in advance, I venture to think, of any other country at the present day. So with our schools, hospitals, and municipal buildings, great progress has been made both in their design and planning. What, for instance, could be more distinctive than the series of Board schools erected in the early days of the London School Board, and which formed a type for similar buildings throughout the country? Again, what country can show a nobler series of modern churches than those erected, say, by Pearson, Butterfield, Sedding, Bentley, and others still with us? More unity we certainly might and ought to have, but no amount of writing will bring this about, though everything that tends to an increased intelligent public interest in architecture

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will greatly help it. It is a strange fact that, though architecture is the art of all others that most nearly concerns the public, it is the one art about which the public shows the least concern.

"The pride of citizenship shown in the improvement and beautifying of our cities, though probably increasing, is not conspicuous at the present day, and, though our municipalities are awakening to the importance of it, there does not seem sufficient public interest to enable them to carry their schemes to maturity, and so we see great schemes produced only to be laid aside or carried through in an incomplete, commercial, and half-hearted way, without unity and without efficient control.

"Architects are endeavouring to do their part by organizing a more complete system of architectural education which may do much to give increased unity to our British architecture, and when this is fully developed and aided by the State, the Municipality, the Royal Academy as the head of all the arts, and public interest increased by an intelligent and discriminating Press, we may hope to see a still further development of a distinctively national style."



MR. G. F. BODLEY, R.A.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. G. F. Bodley, R.A., writes to THE STRAND: "There can be no doubt that the houses we dwell in, and the houses and the public buildings we see around us, must have an influence for good or for evil, for pleasure or for distress, on our lives. That there should be a dignity and a suavity about public buildings, and a pleasant character given to our houses, will be allowed by all. But these expressions are not too frequently attained nowadays. At the present moment it is not at all, I venture to think, a question of one 'style' or manner of building. It is a question of the everlasting principles of beauty, the obvious principle of fitness, and, negatively, the absence of ugliness and a vulgar extravagance of manner.

"Let us at once put aside and dismiss from our minds all ideas of the invention of a new style. All the great styles of architecture have been founded one on the other. None have been of mushroom growth. There must be no foolish striving after originality for its own sake. It is design—it is what an architect may have to tell the world of beauty, of grandeur, of fitness, that makes a fine building. It is the spirit—the animus—that ennobles, or should ennoble, every building.

"That there is a striving after better things in architectural art is happily evident, and good work has been done.

"But as regards the questions to which an answer is requested, I would say that I see no signs of the birth of a new style that is likely to become at all general. At the present moment I think artistic minds would shrink from any prevalent manner of architecture becoming general. It is 'not good enough.' We must wait for days not only of more art, but of greater unity of feeling. Meanwhile, each architect must do his best, in whatever style he may work, to make his buildings dignified and beautiful — to give them character, and to avoid eccentricities and an extravagant manner. In one word, to have noble conceptions, worked out with refined and delightful detail.

"With regard to the question of the crowded traffic in London streets, I believe the best solution would be, as we see at Chester, to have the shop windows raised a story. Their visitors would then be on a different gangway to the main pavement. How far this would suit the views of the shopkeeper I cannot tell.

"Concerning the question of 'sky-scrapers,' their offending element is that they destroy the scale of humbler but yet, it may be, more dignified buildings.

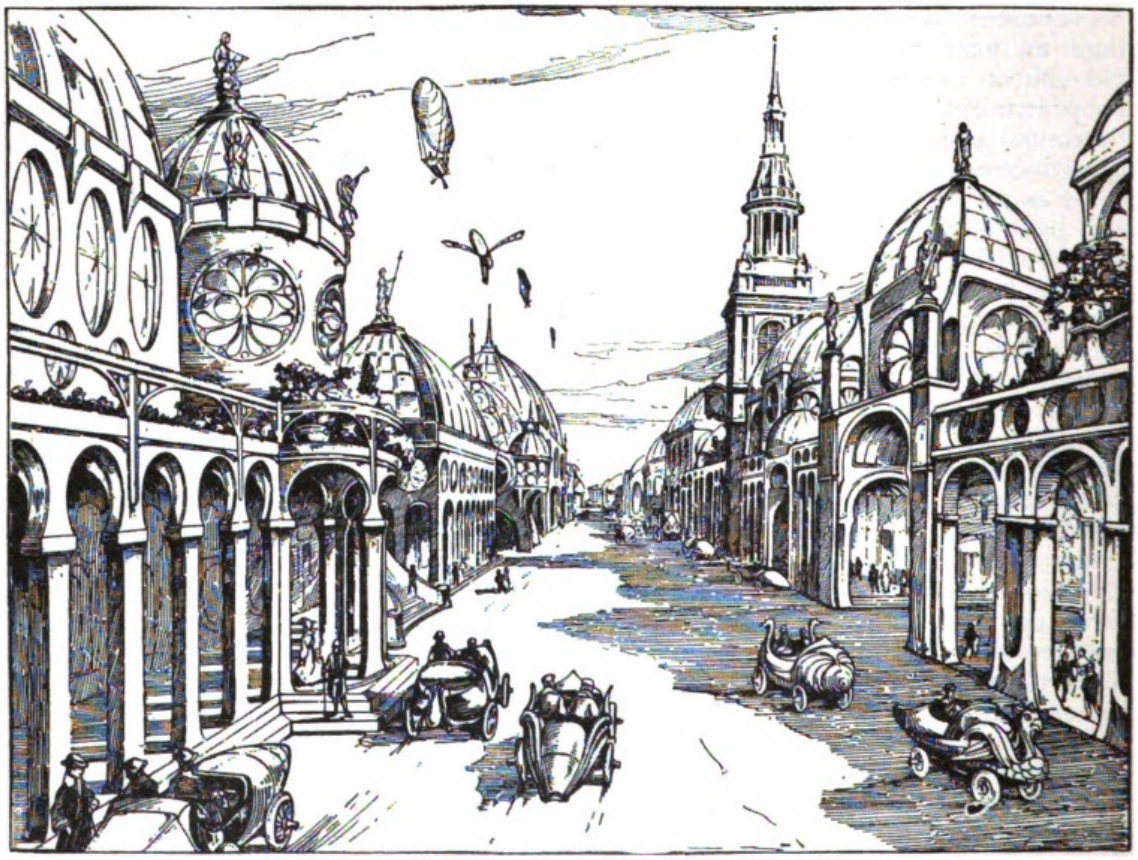
"There may be a glimmer of a dawn for more artistic days for architecture. But the sun has not yet risen very high. We have much to learn as to what to achieve and what to avoid. The hopeful thing is that men's minds are turned to the subject—that of having more delightful houses and more noble public buildings."

Mr. Reginald Blomfield writes: "It seems to me that for the last one hundred years we have had no distinctively English type of architecture owing to the fashion for archæological revivals. There is evidence of growing impatience with these revivals, and of a

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tendency to swing back to the less exuberant forms of classic. But the effort is sporadic, and the problem is to pull these various tendencies together. I think it possible that a new type may evolve itself out of the actual parts of construction, expressing itself, not in what is called 'free classic,' which is usually a stalking-horse for incompetence, but in what we may call rationalized classic.

"As to a Ministry of Fine Arts, there seems to be a growing need of some such authority. Things could not be very much worse than they are already in England in this regard, and an efficient constitutional authority might straighten matters out, but the absorbing interests of politics and business prevent the arts from receiving serious attention in this country, and it seems improbable that any English statesman would ever trouble his head about the matter."



CHEAPSIDE AS A STREET OF THE TYPE IMAGINED BY MR. BELLAMY.

And now we turn from the practitioners to the prophets. Some twelve years ago, Mr. Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," declared that in his opinion "the houses of the future," *i.e.*, the year 2000, "whether in England or America, would be far better adapted to the needs and conditions not of their occupants alone, but of the community at large. With the extension of facilities for rapid and cheap locomotion land values in the cities will fall, so that it will become possible to erect large and beautiful buildings whose proportions will not be cramped by squalid, treeless streets, nor dwarfed by 'sky-scrapers.' Glass and other transparent material will be employed in the roofs, and the public will be safeguarded against the vagaries of the weather by extensive arcades and colonnades. . . . The low-ceiled room and the grim rectangular window will disappear." Our artist has here endeavoured to transform Cheapside into a street of the Bellamy type, with circular windows and colonnade, which bid defiance to the weather. It will be remembered that in "Looking Backward" Mr. Bellamy touches lightly on the aspect of the city of a hundred years hence. Yet compare his description with that of Mr. J. K. Jerome describing a typical London street of to-day: "A long, straight, brick-built street — one of those lifeless streets made of two drab walls upon which the level lines, formed by the precisely even window-

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MR. H. G. WELLS'S FORECAST OF A HOUSE OF THE FUTURE, COMPARED WITH ONE OF TO-DAY.

sills and doorsteps, stretch in weary perspective from end to end, suggesting petrified diagrams proving problems."

Surely the future will correct such ugliness —only too characteristic—as that. Into that future none, perhaps, now living has dipped so persistently—or so entertainingly—as Mr. H. G. Wells.

The following "Anticipation" Mr. Wells has specially written for this number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE :—

"The contemporary architect presents to an extreme degree the universal trouble of to-day. His, more than any other profession, was a traditional one; all the conditions seemed established for ever, and all a man had to do was to select, to refine, to study exhaustively, and then, most tentatively and if he could, to improve. A new character in the capital of a pillar, a new proportion between this measurement in the inevitable temple and that, marked a new order in architecture. The architecture of Greece and Rome, the Gothic cathedral, grew through long centuries almost as slowly as crystals and to a kindred perfection. In the timber houses of Switzerland and the timber houses, the tiled and thatched house, and the stone and brick mansions of our own country up to the eighteenth century there is the same secular ripening, each feature worked over and thought over by a long succession of builders, each innovation chastened and incorporated. And then suddenly came this present period of violent novelty, of social and intellectual disorganization and reorganization, of new materials, new methods, new needs, and universal crudity. For the stone, the brick, the familiar timber of tradition, the modern architect has a hundred untried materials: iron, steel, artificial and glazed bricks of unprecedented possibilities, new woods from the uttermost parts of the earth, new appliances that make a thousand things possible to-day that were beyond hope of a miracle to his Georgian predecessor. Within, plumbing, new means of lighting, new means of communication between one part of a building and another, lifts and the like have revolutionized all the conditions of convenient arrangement; while without, a building which had formerly to be beautiful only when lit from above in sunlight and moonlight, is now in nine cases out of ten urban, and must be viewed from much nearer at hand than were the old buildings, and most often by strong artificial light from below. Yet tradition is so strong in architecture that if a band of ornament were run across the front of a theatre immediately below a deep projection, no mere ocular evidence would dissuade the critic from condemning this as being lost in shadow.

"In spite of such vile exploits as the National Liberal Club or that terrible mixture of mediævalism and machinery, the Tower Bridge, I do not think that the contemporary architect has any reason to be ashamed of himself. He has to solve problems infinitely more complex and difficult than those of his predecessors; there is no comparison in difficulty between a Greek temple and a modern hotel of fifteen stories giving on a forty-yard street. He works not only under the burthen of a powerful professional tradition entirely incompatible with modern requirements, but in the face of an unimaginative public hostile to real novelty and amenable only to the grandiose. Perhaps he attains beauty but rarely—it is astonish-

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ing he should ever attain beauty at all—but he does contrive very often to be inoffensive and often to be dignified and sane; and I believe it depends much more upon the public than upon this profession how soon domestic architecture, at any rate, will break away from the muddle of styles and reminiscences in which it is lost at present towards first a distinctive and then, as the true artists get well to work, a beautiful Twentieth Century Style.

"The Twentieth Century house, when it is thoroughly worked out, will be very different in character from the houses of any former period. For example, it is very doubtful whether it will have chimneys. It seems highly probable that electric heating will supersede the coal fire, and in that case not only will the chimney-stack and the blackened and blackening chimney-pots go, but also the internal grouping of the room about the fireplace; instead there will be a heater in the centre of the apartment. At present electric heaters appear to be designed by ironmongers' apprentices in their spare moments, but there is no reason why an electric heater should not be made a very gracious and beautiful thing. Moreover, the air in rooms will be spun out by an electric fan and will come in through a proper shaft and filter, and these appliances not only afford scope for the designer and metal-worker, and the emergence of the air-shaft upon the roof an architectural feature, but they release the windows from the task of ventilation. The architect will no longer be tied to the hygienic sash-window nor obliged to keep the tops of his windows close to the ceiling level; he will place them entirely for lighting and for beauty of internal and external effect. He will be able to make them to open or not as he wishes, and so he will be able to put them in many corners where now he dare not do so because of the risk of a draught. He will be tied to no particular shape, a liberty he will have to use with discretion. Moreover, with the supersession of coal fires the roof and exterior of a house will become possible resorts, and the town house where garden ground is limited will open out skyward with loggias and roof gardens.

"The trend of things seems all against any diminution of what is called the servant difficulty to-day, and, as a consequence of that we may expect the Twentieth Century house, not only to be full of labour-saving appliances, dustless sweepers, self-making beds, neatly-mounted electric cooking things, and so on, but built with a much more earnest regard to convenience and cleanliness than our houses of to-day. There is a great advantage in curved lines, more especially at the corners of rooms and windows and where the wall meets the floor, if only because they prevent the accumulation of dust; and there is no reason why that abandonment of purely rectangular structure, which began and stopped short so long ago, with the coming of the arch, should not find a fresh impetus in the ease and economy with which corner shapes, curved slabs of artificial stone, and the like can be hewed out with modern machinery. And a third element one may reasonably count upon in a forecast of the Twentieth Century Style will be the substitution of light, hollow sound-proof walls built up of tubing and various artificial plasters and of strong, light metal frameworks for the common structural materials of to-day, and of close-fitting, metal-framed doors, of artificial stone floors with linoleum surfaces, and of a general use of fire-proofing devices. A house which is built in the spirit we have here forecast may very well be a beautiful thing, but with a lighter and less familiar beauty than the contemporary house. It will be of a slenderer strength, open and easy, and in its early days and for all its real warmth and convenience it will look but a summer pavilion beside the houses of to-day. It will seem, in particular, to wear its unchimneyed roof with a flighty air. But in the end our present houses may come to be thought singularly squat, massive, and dark beside these elegant new comers.

"One writes 'house' and 'home,' but it is open to question whether in the inner urban areas, at any rate, the building which harbours a single household will not become a rare luxury, and the common work of an architect be to design a wide forest of buildings in which many families may live, and which will contain a common restaurant and *trattoria*, sending food up by the lifts if required, a common children's playground on the roof, and a common infants' school, club apartments, and the like. The scope for ingenuity and for invention in planning such places is enormous; it is work not only likely to be very profitable to an able as well as imaginative man, but likely also to be of the utmost service to the cause of human progress. It must be a good thing to be a good architect or a good builder, and to grow older with the sense of multiplying good houses in the world. It is given to few of us to know our work of such unquestionable benefit."

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By Harriet Bennett..

"IT lies yonder, sahib."

I shaded my eyes with my hand and saw far away, guarded upon either side by a mighty peak, a peculiar rounded summit.

Outlined against the setting sun, glorified by a golden halo, the mountain reared itself against the horizon — a mysterious purple shadow upon a background of unimaginable splendour.

The Ghoorka at my elbow spoke again.

"The glory of Vishnu is upon his temple; it rests secure shielded by his might. Yet shall mortals once again enter the sacred halls and behold the treasure that is therein."

The man fell back and joined his fellows. My companion, Roger Hellis, glanced at me and smiled. Yet the speaker's earnestness had so far convinced us that we had—but half-seriously, it is true—embarked upon our present adventure at his instigation.

Jhelam Khan had entered our service at Parma. A silent, steady, capable man we found him, until our wanderings led us into the wilder regions of the Himalayas that lie south of the Sangpo. Here his demeanour underwent a change. He became restless and excited, and so strange in his manner altogether that when one evening he solemnly requested an audience we concluded he was about to reveal some unspeakable crime.

Hellis undertook to hear his confession. At the close of a lengthy conversation he returned to me, laughing.

"We are in for a good thing, old man. Our friend here undertakes to make our fortunes. He guides us to a concealed treasure, in magnitude surpassing the wildest dreams of avarice; we help ourselves and come away. There is nothing to pay."

"And the reason of this seemingly disinterested act of benevolence?"

"Does not appear at present. I fancy religious prejudice stands in the way of his acting alone, or with his compatriots here. We commit the act of sacrilege—sacrilege it is—and incur the wrath of the outraged god. Our guide will do us the favour of accepting a percentage upon the profits of the venture at a safe distance from the scene of the crime."

"The old story of the Temple of Vishnu, I suppose?"

"Just so. You remember the legend?"

"I have heard it. A temple hollowed out

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of a mountain, or adapted from a natural cavern, by an extinct race. A golden throne. An image of Vishnu, garlanded with immortal flowers, and crowned with the wondrous jewel that gives to its possessor knowledge of all created things. When do we start?"

Hellis laughed.

"This very hour, if Jhelam had his way. You never saw a chap in such a condition of mingled fear and avarice. Here, Jhelam!"

The Ghoorka, who had been watching us, advanced quickly.

"What do you call your mountain?"

"Shulta, sahib."

"How long will it take us to get there from here?"

"Three days, sahib. The way is difficult, and no one knows it save I. It was shown to me in a dream; and he who revealed it mocked me, saying, 'The foot of the robber is upon the threshold. Yet shall no man wrong Vishnu.'"

"You have great faith in dreams," I put in, smiling.

The Ghoorka turned his head sharply and looked at me.

"By the path that was revealed to me I came to the temple, and beheld with these eyes the glory of Vishnu, and the might of the jewel that is upon his brow."

We were impressed in spite of ourselves. It was within the bounds of possibility that the remains of an ancient temple might exist in those unexplored regions. In any case it was an adventure ready to our hands; and half amused, half believing, we committed ourselves to the guidance of the impatient Jhelam.

For two days we journeyed through ways difficult and dangerous enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic climber. The evening of the second day beheld us gazing down through a rugged pass upon the wild and desolate valley that marked the final stage of our adventure.

Above and around us towered a hundred mighty peaks, unchanged since the dawn of creation. Below, in the valley, tumbling rock and thunderous avalanche had wrought barrenness and devastation. Far away, at the head of the valley, rose the great dome of Shulta. Here and there, in the depths below, I caught the glitter of a stream. The sky was an unbroken, burning blue; yet upon the summit of Shulta, softly veiling its snowy cupola, hung a silvery cloud. Soft and hazy as silken gauze, it concealed the apex, and delicately softened away, till the outline of the great dome was lost and the mountain seemed to be one with the mystery of the blue vault above.

"The mountain looks like a volcano," Hellis remarked to our guide. "Is that cloud always there?"

There was a look in Jhelam's eyes that I should have attributed to abject terror had not his courage been proved beyond all possibility of doubt.

"I know not what the cloud may be," he answered. "I saw it the last time that I came near to Shulta, golden, and shaped like the flower of the lotus. Vishnu is great." And the man shuddered in the sunshine.

The following morning we made an early start, Jhelam leading the way; his companions, wild, dark-skinned men of the mountains, bringing up the rear. Once in the valley we followed the course of the stream, and late in the afternoon commenced the ascent of Shulta.

The slope at first was gentle, but the ground was exceedingly rough and broken. From its formation I judged that at some distant period it had been the scene of a gigantic landslip. As we toiled upward the gradually increasing roar of falling water fell upon our ears, and presently surmounting a great crag we came upon a dark pool, into whose waters the stream fell down the face of a perpendicular rock from an orifice some two hundred feet above us.

"The entrance to the temple of Vishnu lies there," Jhelam said, raising his arm and pointing to the head of the waterfall.

"If the architect could have contrived a flight of steps it would have been a convenience," I remarked. "Are the worshippers of Vishnu birds or monkeys?"

Jhelam looked at me with marked disapproval.

"They who worshipped in the halls of Shulta have long passed away; the valley and Shulta herself are changed since then. But change and decay come not to the temple wherein Vishnu sits enthroned."

As he spoke he turned from the waterfall, and following him we came to a spot where the smooth surface of the rock was jagged and broken, forming a rude ladder. Here we ordered the two bearers to wait, and, still following Jhelam's lead, clambered up the face of the rock until we reached a sort of shelf or irregular pathway. Along this we cautiously made our way, and presently found ourselves standing at the mouth of the tunnel whence the stream issued.

Here Jhelam stopped and faced us, his eyes fierce and glittering.

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"Behold, sahibs, the door of the Temple of Vishnu. For the way that I have revealed, for the treasure that I have given into your hands, I claim a price."

"We have only your word for the treasure as yet," Hellis answered, irritable with suppressed excitement. "If we find anything that is worth the trouble of bringing away, you shall have your share, of course."

Jhelam's lips were white and he trembled as he spoke, but his greedy eyes were steady.

"When the sahibs turn again to the South, and the valley and Shulta are far away, then the sahibs will give into the hands of their servant the necklace that is about the throat of Vishnu?"

"All right," Hellis answered, cheerfully. "For that matter, you may as well take it yourself."

Jhelam shuddered.

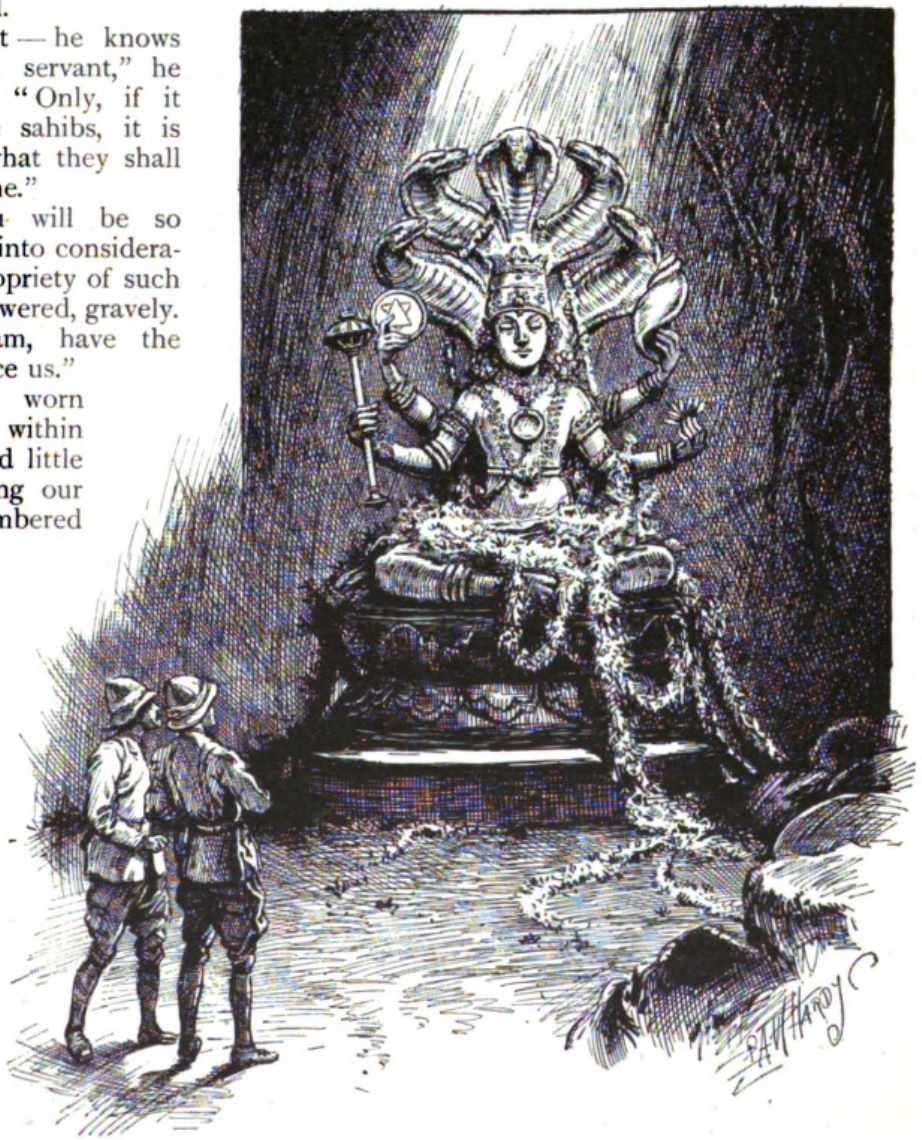
"Vishnu is great — he knows that I am but a servant," he answered, piously. "Only, if it be the will of the sahibs, it is fitting that I take what they shall be pleased to give me."

"I trust Vishnu will be so obliging as to take into consideration the obvious propriety of such a course," Hellis answered, gravely. "And now, Jhelam, have the goodness to introduce us."

The stream had worn for itself a deep bed within the rock, and we had little difficulty in following our guide as he clambered along the sides. Emerging from some twenty feet of tunnel we found ourselves standing upon a rocky platform within a rounded cavern, from whose damp sides and roof the water trickled into a deep pool.

By the faint twilight that pervaded this chamber I saw that it was small, and in colour of a deep, intense blue. The pool, still and clear as a mirror, reflected the soft light, giving to the beholder in some strange fashion a sense of infinite space. Gazing downward into the pool I grew confused, for it seemed not water but sky. Within its depths I saw stars flash and twinkle, and from side to side across the hazy purple traced the soft band of light we call the Milky Way.

For some moments I gazed confusedly—unable to determine whether I was looking downward or up. At length, raising my eyes to the roof, I beheld the explanation of the mystery. High above me some points of glittering ore caught the golden light that issued from an opening at the farther end of the cavern, and it was their reflection that turned the still water into a starry sky. I smiled. But when I gazed into the pool again the illusion held.



"UPON A RAISED DAÏS WAS SEATED A COLOSSAL IMAGE OF VISHNU."

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I was startled out of these visions by a shout from Hellis, who had followed Jhelam through the opening, and, hastening after him, I, too, uttered a cry of amazement.

We had emerged from the twilight of the smaller cavern into a hall of such gigantic dimensions that the eye, failing to comprehend its vastness, was conscious only of a vivid central light, fading at immense distances into impenetrable shadow. Above us and, as it seemed, in the centre of the cave a rift in the dome poured from a vast height a shaft of golden light upon a raised daïs, whereon, crowned and robed in unsurpassable splendour, was seated a colossal image of Vishnu.

Awed, fearful, half believing that we dreamed, we made our way towards it and slowly grasped the wonder of the amazing thing.

Jhelam had not lied. Here, hidden from the eyes of man, was a treasure which the whole world could not surpass.

The idol rested upon a throne of pure gold, and seated measured from head to heel fully thirty feet. It appeared to be carved out of some hard, close-grained wood, and was enamelled in colours, blue predominating. The hem and pattern of the robe that partially draped the figure were traced in gleaming gems; the arms and ankles bore an immense number of jewelled rings. Upon the great blue throat glittered a necklace composed of ropes and pendants of magnificent stones, each one a fortune in itself alone. In its left hand the idol bore the sacred shell; the right grasped a mace. From its waist, suspended by a golden chain, hung a dagger, the sheath and handle one mass of diamonds and emeralds. The head was encircled by a plain gold band, in the centre of which, upon the forehead of the god, rested the sacred stone that legend said had never been defiled by the hand of man.

Never in our wildest dreams had we pictured such a wealth of gold and jewels; yet the strangest thing of all has yet to be told.

From top to toe the image was wreathed about with living garlands of lotus-blossoms of a vivid blue, as fresh as if they had been gathered in that self-same hour.

"There must be priests somewhere in these caves who attend upon the idol," I whispered to Hellis.

"Yes," Hellis answered, slowly. "But lotus-flowers — *blue* lotus-flowers — in this place!"

"I thought the blue lotus was entirely legendary."

"So did I," Hellis admitted. And we relapsed into silence.

The god, majestic and serene, gazed smiling into space. Its vastness and its beauty shamed our mission. The one sensation we were conscious of when we recovered from our first shock of astonishment was an overwhelming repugnance to lay sacrilegious hands upon this vast unguarded treasure—in plain English, we were afraid of the thing. There was something so uncanny in its strange surroundings, so incomprehensible in its untarnished freshness.

I do not know how long we stood there. Jhelam had disappeared after showing us the entrance, and we had entered alone. We were startled by a sound within the silent cave, and turning saw the two bearers, who had been ordered to await our return, close to us and staring at the idol.

We expressed ourselves warmly, but we might as well have held our tongues. The men had neither eyes nor ears for us. They jabbered and gesticulated in a frenzy of excitement, and, mounting upon the daïs, climbed over the idol, examining its jewels and trying the settings with their knives.

Hellis watched them with a frown upon his face.

"Leave them alone," he said, when I would have interfered. "It is nothing to us; I shall not touch the thing, and if you are wise you won't either. I have a feeling that no good will come of it."

To this day I cannot account for it, but the same conviction was so strong upon me that I viewed the very natural behaviour of the two men with positive repulsion.

One of them had scrambled up on to the knees of the idol, and was hacking at the necklace, whilst his companion strove to sever the chain that secured the priceless dagger. I watched them with feelings most strangely mixed. One half of me dubbed myself and my friend a couple of superstitious fools; the other half experienced horror, fear, and repulsion, as at the sight of nameless sacrilege.

Another instant and the necklace slipped from its resting-place and fell to the ground with a rattle and a thud. Hellis put his hand through my arm.

"Come away," he said. "We have been here long enough. I am beginning to have fancies."

We went out of the cave quickly; for I had seen the face of the god, and I was beginning to have fancies too.

At the entrance we turned and glanced

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back. The shaft of refulgent light beat down upon the golden throne, the bejewelled image scintillated sparks of variegated colour.

A lithe dark form, balancing itself upon the uplifted arm of the god, strove with knife and fingers to loosen from its setting the sacred stone. I heard a cry, saw the jewel fall, and in the same instant the light went out.

Hellis and I said to each other afterwards that the same thing must happen every afternoon when the sun sank below a certain point in the heavens; but at the moment when it occurred we did not stay to reason. Somehow we got through the small cavern without falling into the water and, guided by the sunlight that shone through the opening of the tunnel, made our way into the outer world.

Jhelam was waiting for us, an angry protest upon his lips; but we paid no heed to him. Pausing at the end of the tunnel, we shouted again and again to the men within the cave; for it seemed likely that without some sound to guide them they would never again find their way into the light of day.

It must have been twenty minutes before we heard an answering shout, and one of the men came into sight at the other end of the tunnel, slipping and staggering from side to side, overweighted, as it seemed, by the wealth of gold and jewels he was carrying. Presently he emerged into the light, and I saw that something was wrong.

In some strange freak he had wound about him a long garland of the blue lotus. The flowers exhaled a powerful and most peculiar odour, which seemed to wither their victim. The poor wretch's face was ghastly; the lips and eyeballs blue as the flowers that rested upon his breast. I called to him to throw off the garland, and he tried to raise his stiffening arms. But in the effort, or overcome by sudden giddiness, he swayed, lost his balance, and, pitching head foremost over the precipice, dropped like a stone into the pool below. I saw the dark water close over his feet; and not a ripple, not a bubble, rose up from the spot where he had disappeared. It was as if the earth beneath the water had opened and swallowed him up.

We watched and waited, and at last turned away. The second bearer stood at my elbow. The jewelled dagger of the outraged god, long as a man's sword, was in his hand; the mass of jewels that had adorned its throat hung over his shoulder. He had seized what first came to hand in the darkness and got away; and I judged from the look in his face that the hidden wealth of all the ages would not tempt him to re-enter the cavern.



"HE TRIED TO RAISE HIS STIFFENING ARMS."

The same idea possessed us all. We wanted to put as much space between ourselves and the mountain as was possible before night-fall. Hellis and I in a hurried consultation decided to leave behind us such portion of the baggage as it was now, with our reduced numbers, impossible to carry, and to set out at once for the spot where we had encamped the previous night.

As we were re-arranging the baggage, Hellis directed my attention to Jhelam and his companion, who appeared to be debating how best to carry the weighty necklace. Presently Jhelam, much the stronger man of the two, seized the ornament, and, rolling it up in his bundle, swung the heavy weight upon his shoulder and prepared to start. The other scowled at him savagely, but said nothing, and a moment later we started off.

We were still some distance from the spot where we had decided to camp out when

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night fell upon the valley, and compelled us unwillingly to call a halt.

The night was dark and we were very tired. The last thing I remember noticing before I dropped off into a deep sleep was the two men stretched amicably side by side, their heads upon the bundles which enclosed the jewels.

I slept heavily, and awoke suddenly to a consciousness of catastrophe. Day was breaking, and in the grey light I saw Hellis and Jhelam bending over something that lay stark and motionless between them.

It was the body of the bearer, but lately dead. The form was contorted, and upon the face there was an expression of unutterable fear and horror. Over the heart was a great gaping wound. The bundle lay open, its contents scattered around. The dagger was gone.

Hellis and I looked at each other in horror, and then at Jhelam.

The man, with a ghastly face, raised his arms to the sky and solemnly swore his innocence. Paying no heed to his words, we searched every piece of baggage wherein it was possible for him to have secreted the dagger, but unavailingly. And all the time, with grey face and shaking limbs, he entreated us to waste no time, but to rise and flee from that accursed place.

"Let us get on," Hellis said, at last. "The man is too cunning for us. He has buried the thing somewhere, and by-and-by he will give us the slip and come back after it. We can't hang him. We must suffer his company for another day."

We buried the murdered man, and left him to rest in that lonely valley. Of all the wealth that had been torn from the god only the necklace remained, and that Jhelam guarded with a growing fear.

That night we encamped upon the mountains. Hellis and I kept close together, and Jhelam, who had hardly strayed a yard from us all day, wrapped himself in his blanket with the necklace clasped to his breast, and under cover of the darkness rolled himself close to our feet.

We awoke suddenly and at the same moment. Again it was grey dawn, and a ruddy flush yet rested upon the mountain peaks. We sat up and looked at each other and then around, with a feeling that something awful had happened. Another glance and, with a loud cry, Hellis was upon his feet. My eyes followed the direction of his, but I uttered no cry. I was smitten dumb.

At our feet, with distorted face and staring eyeballs, lay the body of Jhelam, still warm. His throat, swollen and lacerated, bore the marks of a dozen jagged wounds. He had been strangled. But with what? No cord that was ever twisted could have inflicted injuries so needlessly cruel. The blanket in which the man had been wrapped was



"AT OUR FEET LAY THE BODY OF JHELAM."

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spread open upon the ground. The necklace of the god had disappeared.

Hellis, his tanned face an unnatural hue, looked up at me across the body of the dead man.

"We wronged the poor wretch," he whispered, under his breath. "The other murder was not his work. There were priests in the temple, as you supposed, and they have followed us as the Thugs followed their victims. If we sleep in the open again to-night it will be for the last time."

I made no reply. The manner of these successive murders stupefied me. Such vengeance was inhuman in its slow achievement, appalling in its relentless cruelty.

Poor Jhelam had but scant burial rites. Our only safety lay in flight, and we started without delay. Our way through those unknown mountain regions had been dangerous enough with Jhelam, courageous and determined, for our guide; alone, spite of desperate effort, we made but slow progress. Soon—miraculously soon, it seemed—the sun sank down in the heavens, and the rapidly failing light forced us to halt many miles short of the mountain village from which we had set out upon our ill-omened quest.

We rested that last night upon a plateau which commanded the most magnificent panorama that it has ever been my lot to look upon. Near at hand a mighty chasm separated the spot upon which we stood from the well-nigh perpendicular wall of rock that formed the base of a neighbouring mountain. Far as the eye could reach peak beyond peak darkened in the shadow of coming night. Alone, cut off as we were from all humanity, it seemed a fitting spot in which to await a terrible and mysterious death.

How and from whence the enemy might come we could not conjecture. We could but lie awake and watch, trusting to our sharpened senses to detect the presence that achieved its end with such stealthy certainty. We were unpacking our scanty supply of provisions, when there fell out from the basket a small packet wrapped in dirty rags.

I unrolled it; wondering what treasured amulet had been thus strangely left to our keeping. Another second and the wraps fell away, and in my hand lay the sacred stone of Vishnu!

The dismay in my face was reflected in Hellis's.

"Pitch the thing over the precipice," he cried; "we have had enough of their sacred jewels."

"Don't be in a hurry," I answered. "It seems to me that here is a chance of treating with our pursuers. Vengeance will count for little with these priests of Vishnu, compared with their desire to regain possession of this sacred object. While we hold the jewel over some thousands of feet of space we are practically safe."

"I don't know," Hellis answered, slowly. "There is something about the whole affair that I don't understand. I am not superstitious; but strange things do happen sometimes to people who interfere with these Indian idols. Did you notice anything peculiar about the faces of those three men—the one when he was smitten, the other two when they lay dead?"

"You mean the circular mark, like a burn. It was odd that they all had it. The priests' mark, I suppose."

"No priest touched the first man."

"Are you sure he had the mark?"

"Absolutely. Jhelam saw it as well as I. When I noticed the same mark upon the forehead of the second corpse, I asked him what it meant; and he said——"

"Well?"

"'It is the seal of Vishnu.'"

"You think Vishnu is pursuing us in person?" I said, wondering what Hellis meant and whether he was serious.

"I think there is something incomprehensible about the whole affair; and with the remembrance of those three dead men, and the manner of their deaths, still fresh in my memory, I don't feel that lively contempt for the religion of another race that I have in common with other well-conducted people when I am safe in my own country. Throw the thing away, Jack."

But the stone fascinated me. I had a feeling that if I looked at it long I should begin to see visions. If we were attacked I would offer it in exchange for our lives. If we passed the night in safety I meant to keep it.

It is not an easy thing, after a day of great physical exertion, to lie awake all night with the senses strained to their utmost capacity. The thick darkness, the unutterable silence, weighed upon me with ever-increasing heaviness; and at last, unwittingly, I slept.

I was roused by a hand upon my shoulder, a voice in my ear.

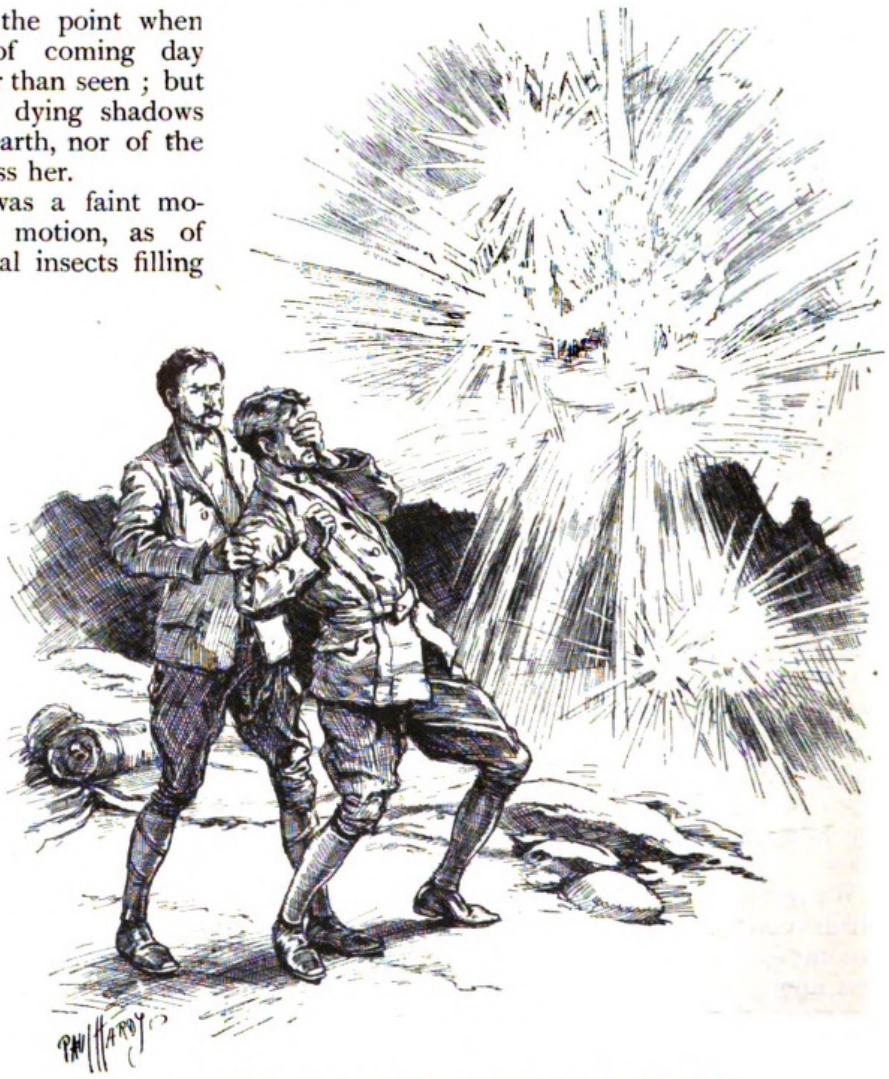
"Wake!" Hellis cried. "Wake and rise; for, by my soul, Vishnu is upon us!"

With all my senses about me I leapt to my feet and, gazing towards the East, beheld the coming of the god.

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The night was at the point when the swift advance of coming day makes itself felt rather than seen ; but something stirred the dying shadows that was not of the earth, nor of the heavens that encompass her.

All around there was a faint monotonous sound and motion, as of myriads of infinitesimal insects filling space with the quivering of tiny wings ; but above this strange whirring, and distinct from it, rose, at an inconceivable distance, the roar of wind — of wind gathering in the extremities of space ; awful in its force and velocity, more awful far in its growing meaning. For as it swept nearer it grew into a hurricane, and the mad fury of it, the wild roar and rush, its sweep and eddy and thunderous crash, became as the sound of mighty instruments ; till at last, gathering measure and harmony in its advance, it swelled as it swept over us into a grand and majestic chant. Then a line of burning crimson flushed the horizon, and upward, in slow splendour, rose the sun. At the moment that the awakening world flamed in its glory, the fiery ball gave forth a shaping mass of incandescence that hung for a second upon its edge like a planet emerging from occultation, then floated earthwards.



"IT SEEMED THAT RADIANT THING WAS CLOSE UPON ME."

Smitten helpless, speechless, I awaited its coming like an image of stone. It seemed that radiant thing was close upon me, when I was vaguely conscious of a voice in my ear, a hand upon my arm ; and something was snatched from me and hurled into space.

A quivering shaft of iridescent light flashed downward into the shadowy chasm. There was a roar that was like the rending of the universe, a revelation of light and colour too glorious to be borne, and oblivion blotted out the dreadful vision.

Hellis asserts now that he saw nothing and said nothing upon that memorable morning. He also tries to convince me that I had the nightmare, followed by a kind of fit. He admits, however, that the earthquake affected his nerves, and that, finding the sacred stone clasped in my hand as I lay insensible, he took advantage of the opportunity to get rid of what he considered a compromising piece of property.

I dare say it is all true. It sounds probable.

Yet sometimes I seem to see, as in a vision, that lonely valley changed and riven by an upheaval that has sealed the halls of Shulta for ever against the entrance of man ; and to behold within that silent temple, lighted alternately by flaming gold and gleaming silver, the dazzling image of Vishnu—bejewelled as when we first beheld it, majestic and serene ; crowned with knowledge and power, and wreathed about with immortality.

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My Favourite Costume.

THERE is nothing so arbitrary —or so tyrannical—as Fashion. It encloses the spirit of the age, as the genie of Robert Louis Stevenson's story was enclosed in a bottle. The manners and leading events of the time become for the future historical student crystallized, as it were, in a woman's dress.

There are, as it happens, those delightful and all too rare occasions on which a woman can step outside the times in which she lives and become a creature of another period and another country—Greek, Roman, Florentine, Venetian, Tudor, Stuart, Georgian—and by that step reveal her own sartorial predilections. The ladies of Stageland have these opportunities in profusion, but they are not voluntary; the wearers are controlled in their choice by the dramatist or stage-manager. Yet even they have their favourite period, and it is not without significance that the greatest of them turn lovingly to the flowing draperies of classical times. The great Rachel has left it on record—"O, that I could always be a Greek!" Madame Sarah Bernhardt confesses that "My favourite dress is that which I wear in 'Cleopatra'"; while Mary Anderson has confided to a friend that she exchanged her "Galatea" robes for modern female garments "with a pang of regret."



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN HER FAVOURITE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

In all the well-regulated "Confession-books" of a year or two since—when such vanities were *à la mode*—there invariably appeared the pointed query: "If not yourself, whom would you rather be?" which often drew forth, with a fine disregard of tense, precisely the same answer as that appended to "What is your favourite female historical character?" And an observer who has made an inspection of several hundred batches of these confessions tells us that it is astonishing the number of well-behaved, thoroughly conventional, even timid women who "would like to be" Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, Maria Theresa, and the Empress Catherine of Russia, not to mention numerous votes for Queen Elizabeth. This philosopher is now convinced that the clue to these singular preferences which has so long baffled him is to be found in the artless confession of one young lady that her favourite historical characters were (in brackets) "Joan of Arc and the Duchess of Devonshire."

"But which Duchess of Devonshire?" he urged, in astonishment.

"Oh, Gainsborough's," was the reply. The gentleman then cruelly suggested that the answer should read "Joan of Arc, dressed as an eighteenth century Duchess of Devonshire." It only remains to add that against the question "Whom would you rather be?" the lady had written, "Lady Henry Somerset"—with perhaps a secret wish that her philanthropic ladyship were also customarily attired in Georgian silks and powdered coiffure.

There is no disguising the fact that the glamour of a particular period of dress greatly

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF FIFE IN COSTUME OF THE VALOIS COURT (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

influences the opinions held by women of to-day of the character of the women of yesterday.

"I confess," writes Madame Starr-Canziani, "to a feeling of wonder when I look at Sir Joshua Reynolds's and Romney's beautiful women. I wonder how they are going to get away from the pedestal or tree against which they are leaning without distressing very much their soft draperies when they move. But how tender, how graceful, how refined, how fascinating, how pure and faithful and womanly these gentle beings are. Their dresses were the outcome of the character and customs of the period, but, although very feminine and beautiful, were not practical, and would not be adapted to our present needs . . . Delicate, ethereal creatures, with swaying, soft movements not fit for this hard, everyday world. These exquisite beings went out in thinnest of evening shoes into the wet grass. They never wore anything more practical than soft white satin, even in a thunderstorm, and they never saw the thunderstorm coming. They knew not of homespun or of heavy boots, and when their true lovers went to the wars they did not wait until they came back but went into consumption and died. At least many of them did, though some lived to be our great-grandmothers."

Of course, we know that, as a matter of fact, the Georgian ladies were not quite such fragile, unpractical, romantic creatures. We are only reading their history through their draperies, just as the ladies of the future will read the character of the dames of the Edwardian era through their ball-room creations as painted by Messrs. Sargent, Luke Fildes, and the other modern fashionable portrait painters. Every woman has her own heroine and her heroic period, only she does not always realize that the heroic qualities chiefly centre not so much in the conduct as in the costume. "I am sure that woman has a bad heart," remarks a character in a recent popular play; "just look at the cut of her skirt."



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCESS VICTORIA AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK IN THEIR FAVOURITE COSTUMES.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

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"Boadicea," said a lady to Mr. Thornycroft, the sculptor, "may have been a very admirable woman, but she could never have expected to become a national heroine in that dress."

A point to consider is that it is not always the most elaborate or the most picturesque dress that appeals to some women with such a power that, were they not restrained by convention, they would choose to wear nothing else themselves, but sit for ever, like Miss Havisham in "Great Expectations," "dressed up" in ancient finery, regardless of the flight of time and mode. But few are so privileged to ignore the passing fashions. They may defy the tyrant, Fashion, for a moment, and "snatch a fearful joy" as they don, on the occasion of a fancy-dress ball or private theatricals, their favourite dress. But on the morrow the draperies of another age, the ruffs, the glowing silks and satins, the resplendent coiffures must give way to the costume of 1903—or, if they be elderly, of a decade or two ago.

It is well known that the late Queen



LADY BARING AND MISS ABERCROMBIE IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRESS.
From a Photo. by [*Lafayette.*



LADY MARY TREFUSIS IN GEORGIAN COSTUME.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

Victoria was no lover of splendour in dress, but it is a mistake to say that she cared nothing for fashion. She loved *the fashion;* it was endeared to her by a thousand fond associations, and she modified it, as the years advanced, with ill-concealed regret. But it was the fashion of 1840. A lady who was privileged to converse with her late Majesty has told the writer of this article that the Queen often adverted to the dress of her girlhood and early married life when any new article of attire was suggested by her daughters or the Royal entourage. "Women never looked so well, my dear," she used to say, with a sigh. "Fantastic" was her phrase for the dresses of Elizabeth and others of her predecessors. And there can be little doubt that for the enchantingly simple bonnets, and spencers and ringlets, which we saw the other day in the play of "Rosemary," and which will go down in history as Early

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HON. MRS. BOURKE IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME.
From a Photo by Lafayette.

Victorian, the Queen would have exchanged the finery of any other period in history.

How different are the tastes and predilections of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. With an exquisite appreciation of the possibilities of the dress of to-day, she by no means regards it as equal in charm to that of other periods, especially the French Court dress of the sixteenth century. Indeed, if the power were given to King Edward's gracious Consort to revert to another type of costume in preference to that of the twentieth century, it would be to that which she has already selected as her favourite—worn by the famous Marguerite de Valois (page 689). In the wardrobe of this celebrated beauty there were several costumes of varying degrees of magnificence in which she is depicted, but Queen Alexandra's choice fell upon one of snowy satin, with high lace collar and a silver-lined train of cloth of gold, when she attended the Duchess of Devonshire's ball some few years ago. But there are other dresses for occasions of less ceremony of this period (such as have been chosen by the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria, and Princess Charles of Denmark), but they are all regal in their aspect, with a stateliness contrasting strangely with the dress of the Carolean beauties of the English Court at a later day (page 690).

The choice of other members of the Royal Family is, as might be expected, varying. H.R.H. Princess Beatrice has little passion for dress—content with any period. H.R.H. the Duchess of Argyll, too, believes in the utmost simplicity: but she owns the artist's love for tucks and folds, such as she has presented in her statue of her Royal parent in Kensington Gardens. Even the primitive robes of Boadicea would find in her an admirer. At her last appearance in costume other than her own country and century, it was as a simple German peasant girl—a Gretchen—in a white frock. One can imagine the contrast between such attire and that of her sister, Princess Christian, on the same occasion, the latter being in resplendent eighteenth-century costume of pink and gold, with her hair looped in pearls.

In one respect, however, all the members of the Royal Family, no matter how great their partiality for another period of dress, hesitate to go the whole length of their passion. An eminent coiffeur has privately deplored the anachronism of a princess in sixteenth-century attire and late nineteenth-century chevelure. It is true the illusion is thus rendered incomplete, but it must not



COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH'S FAVOURITE DRESS.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

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be forgotten that on one occasion Princess Louise actually appeared in a bright golden wig—thus supplying that fleeting touch of verisimilitude which the capillary artist sighed for so long in vain.

The favourite costume of H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught is that of the early seventeenth century: flowing velvet brocade, such as we see in the portraits of Anne of Austria by Vandyck, with a high collar thickly sewn with pearls, and the hair in short ringlets under a cap. And here it may be mentioned how often it is that a favourite picture by one of the great masters of painting first fires the fancy to make a choice of dress. At Hampton Court there is a charming miniature of an Electress of Hanover in a costume which was so greatly admired by the late Duchess of Teck that she was heard often to say, "How I wish I could dress nowadays like that!"—a wish that has fallen from many a fair modern traversing the length of our great picture galleries. Albeit, it so chanced that at a great fancy-dress ball the time came when the Duchess found it possible to indulge her wish. Orders were therefore given to the dressmakers to copy the dress of the portrait, with its lovely Frederick gown of orange velvet, its point lace, and ermine; and as this admired Electress of Hanover the English Princess appeared, for the nonce, doubtless bitterly regretting the century or two of fashions that lay between her and her permanent assumption of a beautiful robe.



COUNTESS OF WARWICK AS SEMIRAMIS.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.



DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AS ZENOBIA.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

There are many great ladies of to-day who find it difficult to make any choice of a distinct historical period. Thus the Duchess of Devonshire is most drawn to the Oriental magnificence of Zenobia, while the Countess of Warwick and Lady Randolph Churchill are equally attracted by the sartorial splendour of Cleopatra and Semiramis. What a contrast to the simplicity of the Early Victorian or of the Regency, "which latter," writes Miss Ellaline Terriss, "is my favourite costume" (page 694).

Very often it happens (as may have been the case in the foregoing instance) that the

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MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST AS QUEEN OF SHEBA.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

admired costume is one worn by a remote ancestress or bearer of the same title, in which case the regret is apt to be that of a recent Duchess of ——, who is reported to have said, after rapt meditation of one of Gainsborough's canvases, "Oh, dear, there should be a law to make all Duchesses of —— dress exactly like that!" Thus, the late Countess of Galloway chose the costume of an ancestor Countess of Salisbury. Lady Hothfield writes to THE STRAND expressing her preference for the Louis XV. period of dress, adding that "the photograph of herself was copied from a Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture of an ancestor." The Countess of Pembroke, similarly when called upon to make a choice, selected the very becoming dress of a former Countess of Pembroke — Anne Sidney of Elizabeth's reign.

Lady Powis's choice fell upon the dress worn by an ancestress of her husband's family, the Lady Herbert of Elizabethan days, while the Duchess of Hamilton found most to admire in the costume worn by the celebrated Mary Hamilton of the same period. One could expand this list of preferences for the dress worn by some old-world lady of a noble house by dozens of names, but it will suffice to mention one or two more examples. For instance, Lady Burghclere's admiration falls upon the dress of an ancestral namesake, Lady Winifred Herbert, a heroine of the '45. Lady Miller, also admiring the seventeenth-century costume, makes her choice from a portrait of her great-grandmother, Lady Scarsdale, for Lady Miller is a sister of Lord Curzon of Kedleston. The Hon. Mrs. Sackville-West some years ago went to a ball in a dress copied from that of an Elizabethan ancestress, the Duchess of Dorset.



THE LATE COUNTESS OF GALLOWAY IN AN ANCESTRAL COSTUME.
From a Photo.] [by Lafayette.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN THE DRESS OF THE REGENCY.
From a Photo.

Nevertheless, if it were put to a vote amongst all the votaries of fashion throughout two hemispheres, it is probable the dress of the

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eighteenth century would carry the day, preferably the reign of Louis Quinze. It has been chosen by H.R.H. Princess Christian, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Baring and Miss Abercrombie (page 691), Lady Sassoon, Lady Mary Trefusis (page 691), Lady Albemarle (page 696), and Hon. Mrs. Bourke (page 692). Perhaps the secret of this preference is revealed by the Countess of Yarborough's confession to us, "I prefer the eighteenth-century costume, *with powdered hair* (the italics are ours), to any other period" (page 692). Ladies have often been profoundly influenced by coiffure, and we have only to glance at the Gainsborough and Reynolds and Romney portraits to find what a prominent part coiffure played in the fashions of the day. There are many who turn lovingly to the draperies of old Greece, but, as one lady observes, "the Greek head-dress is very trying to some." Thus in answer to our inquiry, "Lady St. Oswald begs to say that the costume of the Greek period is, in her opinion, the most artistic—from the classical point of view. The Georgian is the one she prefers to other more modern costumes."



LADY ROTHFIELD'S FAVOURITE DRESS (COPIED FROM A REYNOLDS' PORTRAIT).
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

It will be remembered that M. Lemaître has recently written a book advocating a return to the Greek dress of Sappho's time. Upon this "Ouida" writes to us as follows: "The only really beautiful form of dress which is our own invention, and which is at once modern and artistic and has a close affinity to the Greek, is the tea-gown, which has in it many of the best graces of the Greek robe, with a brilliancy and adaptability of its own. There is a regrettable tendency now visible to make the tea-gown too tight: if it loses its ease and its undulating lines it loses with them all individuality and also all its comfort. But the stupid prejudices which rule society do not allow the tea-gown to be considered otherwise than a *déshabillé*, and most unhappily exclude it from the dinner-table and the evening gatherings, whilst the extremely ugly and immodest *décolleté* is still considered as the *ne plus ultra* of elegance and of etiquette." If a large proportion of the ladies had their way, amongst whom may be mentioned the Duchess of Sutherland, it may be assumed that the fashionable fair of King Edward's reign would revert to the Greek dress. We have already mentioned that it is a favourite on the stage, and



LADY SASSOON IN LOUIS XV. COSTUME.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

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ANNE SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.
From a Painting. Photo. by Walker & Cockerell.



THE PRESENT COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

Madame Fanny Moody only voices the opinion of the large number of famous singers when she tells us, enthusiastically: "Of all periods I prefer the Greek period. I think it beautiful from every point of view. There are very few women who will not look well in a Greek flowing dress, but I am sure there are larger numbers who do not show to advantage in any of the other periods. Soft lines become every woman more or less. Without hesitation I say my favourite historical costume is the Greek."

But there is a difficulty to be faced, which in truth may be applied to many of the costumes which the leaders of society and art would like to see revived. Are they adapted to modern conditions? "How could I," writes Miss Ellen Terry in a charmingly-characteristic letter, which deserves to be quoted in full here, "how could I revert to another period of dress (even my favourite period) with railway trains, omnibuses, motors, streets, houses—in short, conditions remaining as they are?



THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE IN HER FAVOURITE COSTUME.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

"In my mind's eye I see myself getting out of a hansom in a Greek dress! I don't look well. Nor do I think the tabard of the Middle Ages suitable to the top of a 'bus or the interior of a railway-carriage. But I do find it quite congruous to wear a tabard dress, cut correctly, to an

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evening party, and not only congruous, but quite in keeping with the fashion. That is the best of women's clothes just now—they allow freedom in taste, and, so long as this is so, I am not anxious to effect a reversion to some other period of costume.

"If she have wit enough to keep herself warm a woman may nowadays contrive to look well in town or country, and yet attire herself decently, becomingly, and *unremarkably*. Vulgarity in line appears to me to be the chief evil of the clothes of to-day; but there are clothes and clothes, and women and women, and taste and (no) taste."



LADY SOUTHAMPTON IN VENETIAN DRESS.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

Apart from the classical, there are few costumes which so strongly appeal to artists as the mediæval Italian, the dress of Venice and Florence in their prime. The Venetian is the favourite of the Duchess of Portland, Lady Mar and Kellie, and Lady Southampton. On the other hand, there never was a period in which gorgeousness went more hand in hand with formality than in Queen Bess's reign, and it is not surprising that this stately dress should have many votaries in the Edwardian world of fashion, amongst whom may be mentioned Lady Tweedmouth (who has on at least one occasion figured as Queen Elizabeth herself at a fancy-dress ball), the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady de Ramsay, the Countess of Lonsdale, and the Countess of Ancaster who writes to us that her dress also was copied from a family portrait.

After all, with the wardrobe of centuries occasionally at their command, it is probable that for general everyday purposes the Edwardian women will have to put up with what the dressmaker of to-day prescribes. We may each of us sigh in private for the costume of other days—the Greek, the Venetian, the Elizabethan, the Georgian; perhaps at some future time there may be found beauty and picturesqueness in our own. In any case, the aspiration for more grace and colour is leading the women of to-day in the right direction. "I much prefer the Greek dress," writes that charming actress and charming woman, Miss Winifred Emery, "to any other for beauty, although I should be sorry to see it worn now when our figures are absolutely spoilt by the use of the corset. Our present period is charming, because we are allowed to adopt the styles of other days with our own, but that," she adds, "will not leave us one very distinctive, I'm afraid."



COUNTESS OF ANCASTER IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

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Eyes of Terror.

By L. T. Meade.

THE strange story which I am about to tell happened just when the late war in South Africa was at its height. I was in a very nervous condition at the time, having lost my dear father, who was killed in action shortly before the taking of Pretoria. The news of my father's death reached us on a certain evening in May, just when the days were approaching their longest, and summer, with all its beauties, was about to visit the land. It was immediately afterwards that the visitations which I am about to describe took place. They were of a very alarming character, and so much did they upset my mental equilibrium that I determined to put my case into the hands of a certain Professor Ellicott, who was not only a physician and surgeon in the ordinary sense, but was also a man of great learning and keen original research.

I had met the Professor once at the house of a neighbour, and on that occasion had admired him, not only for his intellectual appearance, but also for the massive strength of his face and the calmness of his bearing. I knew that a strong man, who was also sympathetic and tactful, would not laugh at a girl's fears, however unreasonable he might consider them, and had not the least doubt that I should receive a patient hearing when I told him my story.

My name is Nora Dallas. I am twenty-one years of age. I have lived all my life in a beautiful old place about a mile and a half from the town of Ashingford. Professor Ellicott lived in the High Street, and I was fortunate enough to find him at home.

I sent in my card and was immediately admitted into his presence. He was a man of about thirty, with resolute grey eyes and a determined chin. He gave me a quick glance when I entered the room; then, without uttering a word, pointed to a chair.

"I am called Nora Dallas," I said.

"I know," he replied, in a gentle voice. "You are the daughter of that Colonel Dallas whose gallant action, when he sacrificed his life for his country on the march to Pretoria, is the talk and admiration of the country."

My eyes filled with tears.

"It is only three weeks since I heard of my father's death," I said. "You will forgive me, sir, but I cannot bear any sympathetic reference to the subject, at least for the present."

"I understand," he replied, his hard face softening. "And now, what can I do for you?"

"I want to consult you as a doctor."

"But I am not a consultant—I mean that I do not practise medicine in the ordinary sense."

"I am aware of that fact," I answered. "And just for that very reason, Professor Ellicott, I have been compelled to come to you."

"I do not quite understand."

He looked at me with the dawn of a smile on his lips.

"I think you will give me a frank opinion, and be unbiased by the red-tapism which causes many medical men to hide the truth from their patients."

"Ah, you think well of me," he said, with a smile, "and I perceive that you are a brave woman. Nevertheless, I must inform you that I am scarcely qualified to enter into your case. My work lies altogether in the regions of original research."

"May I at least tell you my story?" I insisted. "You can make up your mind afterwards whether you will help me or not."

His reply to this was to get up and pace the room, stopping once or twice to look at me. then continuing his slow, measured tread up and down. I did not interrupt him. I sat as still as though carved in marble.

"You must forgive my apparent rudeness, Miss Dallas," he said, "but I was endeavouring to recall what I had already heard about you. I remember everything now. I met you a month ago at Sir John Newcome's. You live at Courtlands, one of the finest places in the neighbourhood. You are an only child. Doubtless, now that your father is dead, you are wealthy. You have lived at Courtlands almost all your life. Of course, Miss Dallas, you have your own family physician?"

"Yes," I answered.

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"Will you not consult him?"

"No; for he is not the man for my purpose."

He smiled.

"You think that I am?"

"If anyone can help me, you can."

"How like a woman!" he said, somewhat impatiently. "And yet you know nothing about me. As I said just now, I am not a consultant. I have come to Ashingford for quiet, and for the opportunity to examine into the length and breadth of a problem which, if I can bring it to a successful issue, will mean health and happiness to millions. And yet a girl, little more than a child, wants to interrupt my train of thought. Do you think you are fair to me?"

"I don't know anything about that," I replied, with vehemence. "I only know that I want help. Will you give it to me?"

My voice broke.

"Of course I will," he said, cordially, and his whole manner completely altered. "I only said what I did to test you. Now we will preamble no more. Tell me your story."

"I was twenty-one last March," I began, immediately, "and now that my dear father is dead am absolutely my own mistress. With the exception of my Aunt Sophia, my father's sister, who lives with me, and my two cousins, I am without relations. It is about these cousins that I wish specially to speak. They are the sons of my father's younger brother, who has long been dead. My father adopted them in their infancy, brought them up, sent them to school, and gave them all they required. They are twins and are now five-and-twenty years of age. Rudolf has been called to the Bar and Lionel is a solicitor. Professor Ellicott, I must be truthful — I must be truthful even at the risk of failing in charity. My cousins are not good men. I have nothing absolutely to say against them —I have no means at present of proving my words—nevertheless, instinct tells me that I am right. Rudolf is the sort of man who imposes on people. I have seen him rhapsodize over poetry or a sunset, and his friends then imagine that he has a great love for the beautiful. But I know better. The only love in his wicked heart is the love of money. Lionel is his weak shadow—his dupe and tool."

"Surely you are hard on your cousins?"

"You would naturally think so; and yet I hope to convince you that I have read their characters aright.

"My father, before he went to South Africa, made a will, the contents of which he fully explained to me. In the event of his death I was to inherit the house and estate and also the bulk of his money, with the exception of a sum of sixty thousand pounds, which was to be divided between my two cousins. He fully explained all that he wanted to tell me with regard to his last will, and gave me directions as to certain affairs which he wished to be specially attended to. My dear father then continued to say some words which astonished and distressed me very much. He declared that it was the darling wish of his heart that Rudolf and I should marry. My father said that he had the highest opinion of my cousin,



"I ONLY KNOW THAT I WANT HELP."

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and assured me that nothing would make him happier than such a marriage. Rudolf had told him of his attachment to me—an attachment which I knew well did not exist.

"I heard my father in silence. Then I gave an emphatic negative to the whole proposal. My father listened in amazement. I said that I neither liked nor trusted my cousin, and that nothing—no words, no conditions—would make me accept him. After a pause my father said that my feelings must be my guide, but he continued :—

"'I cannot agree with your opinion, and I sincerely hope that time may alter it.'

"From the hour of his departure there began for me a detestable period, during which I was persecuted by Rudolf's odious attentions. As he and Lionel practically lived in our house, you can imagine that it was impossible for me to escape altogether from his presence. But at last it became so intolerable that I wrote to my father on the subject. I told Rudolf quite frankly that I was doing so, and even made him acquainted with the greater part of my letter. In that letter I told my father that he did not rightly gauge his nephew's character, that he was not what he believed him to be, and, in order to prove my words, I mentioned a few instances which, unconvincing to a stranger like yourself, might have the effect of opening his eyes.

"That letter was posted two months ago. Up to the present I have had no reply to it, but am even now waiting and hoping to hear my father's views on the subject. Important letters must be on the road from South Africa for me. I have only received the news of my dear father's death by cablegram."

My voice broke. I paused, struggling with emotion ; then I continued :—

"I am sorry to trouble you, Professor Ellicott, with this long preamble. I am now approaching that strange thing about which I wish to consult you.

"We received the cablegram acquainting us with the news of my father's death on a certain morning towards the end of last month. On the evening of that same day another long cablegram from South Africa was put into Rudolf's hands. He was sitting with my aunt and me in the drawing-room when he received it. He opened it, was evidently very much upset, but refused to divulge its contents. He called Lionel to his side, and they left the room together. I saw them pacing up and down in the shrubbery, evidently consulting with regard to the contents of the cablegram, but never from that hour till now have I heard the slightest inkling of what it was about.

"Three days later my father's will was read and my cousins heard of the large sums of money which would fall to their share. They fully expected to be remembered in my father's will, but not to such a generous extent, and their satisfaction was very great. As to Rudolf, his face quite beamed with delight, and they were both in feverish haste to possess themselves of the money. Mr. Brewster, our family lawyer, however, said that it would be impossible for them to receive their legacies for several weeks, as probate would have to be taken and other preliminaries attended to. Finally he made the remark :—

"'Nothing can really be done until Colonel Dallas's letters and papers arrive from South Africa. This can scarcely be expected until a month from the present date.'

"On that very evening my elder cousin came to me again and once more implored me to become his wife. He spoke of my father and his well-known wishes on the subject, and pleaded with such power that had I not known him well I might have been touched into a semblance of kindness by his manner. I did know my cousin, however, and told him so in unmistakable terms. He seemed to struggle with emotion for a minute ; then he said, rising as he spoke :—

"'All right, Nora, I see I must accept your verdict. You may be sure that I will not trouble you on this subject again. It would be brutal to do so,' he added, 'for you are looking very ill. I see it in your eyes.'

"'I am not exactly ill,' I answered. 'I am naturally in very great trouble, but I am no more really ill than you are.'

"'I am all right,' he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. 'But your nerves, poor Nora, are in a sad condition. You have received a most serious shock, and it is telling on you. You ought to be exceedingly careful. I mean it is your duty to be much more careful than most women.'

"'I don't understand you,' I answered. 'And I wish,' I added, 'that you would leave me now.'

"'I will in a minute,' he said, and then he approached quite close to my side.

"'One word before I go,' he went on, and he fixed his great, strong, dark eyes on mine. 'Whether you like me or whether you hate me we are cousins, Nora. Our family history is well known to each of us. I in particular,

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however, have studied medicine, and am therefore in a position to speak. I only gave up medicine for the Bar because I thought I saw a more speedy way of earning money in that profession. Now, Nora, listen. Raise your eyes to mine. Don't shrink, child. If you encourage the morbid fancies which are now filling your brain you will share the fate of poor Aunt Ethel. I know what I am talking about. The pupils of your eyes point to a disordered brain.'

"He left me. I sat still for a minute, feeling more nervous and disturbed than I cared to own. Then I went to Aunt Sophia.

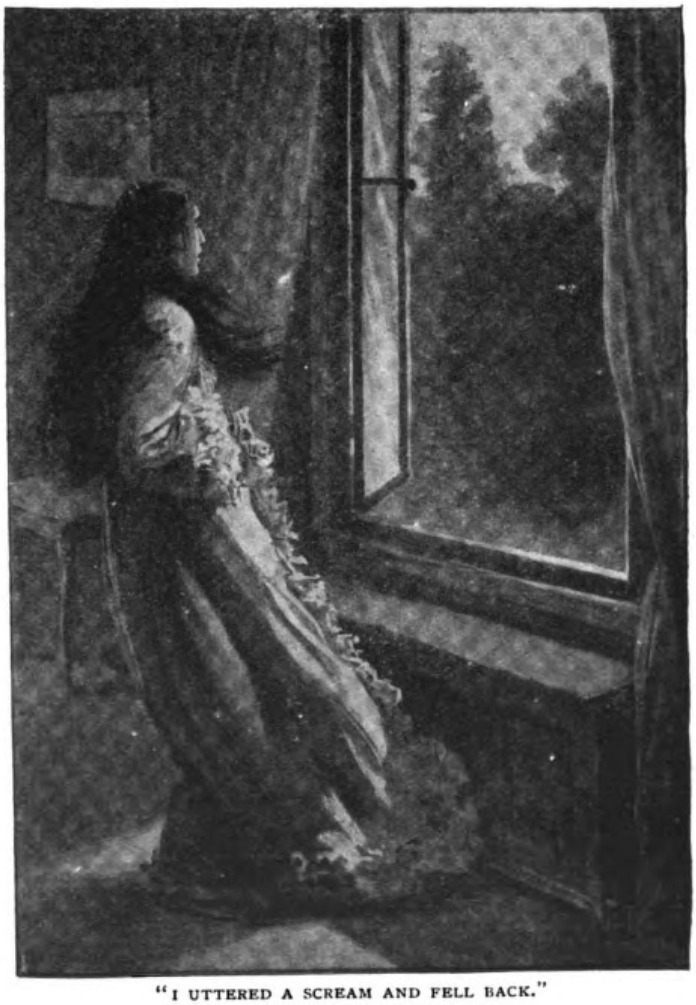
"'What is the matter, Nora?' she said, when I found her. 'You are trembling all over and looking so ill. What is wrong, child?'

"'I want to ask you a straight question,' I replied. 'Who was, or who is, Aunt Ethel? I have never heard of her.'

"Aunt Sophia looked startled. She did not speak for a minute; then she said, with considerable reluctance:—

"'It doesn't matter about your Aunt Ethel. She has been long in her grave. Let her memory rest in peace.'

"'But what about her?' I said. 'I *will* know,' I continued, and then I repeated what Rudolf had told me.



"I UTTERED A SCREAM AND FELL BACK."

"Aunt Sophia looked very queer. After a further pause she said:—

"'Rudolf has done wrong, but as you know so much you may as well know all. Your Aunt Ethel was your father's eldest sister. She went mad when about your age, and eventually ended her days by suicide.'

"'And I was never told,' I said, turning white.

"'Why should you be told?'

"'But there must be insanity in our family.'

"'Hers was the only case. Don't think about it again, child. Busy yourself with those active employments which a woman in your position has naturally so much to do with.'

"I left Aunt Sophia and returned to my room. There was a moon in the sky. My bedroom windows were open. I lit a pair of candles at each side of the long mirror at one end of the room, and deliberately studied my face. I had always known that my eyes were somewhat peculiar, my pupils being more dilated than those of most women."

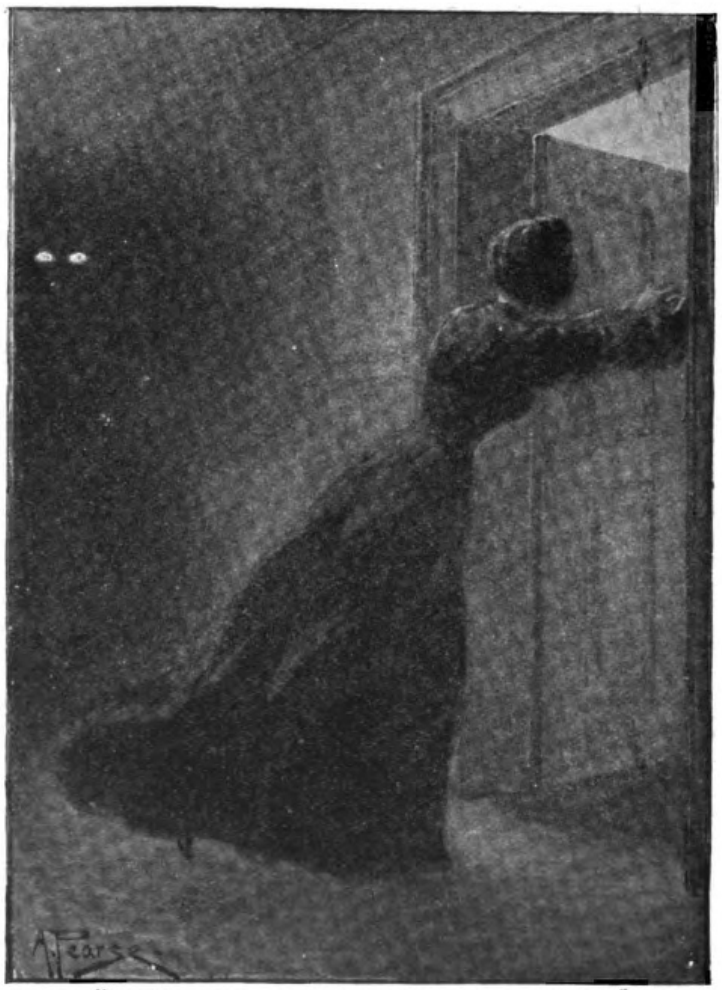
"That fact merely betokens a high degree of nervous sensibility," said the Professor.

"I examined my eyes that night," I continued, "and it did seem to me that they had a wild and startled glance. I called my courage to my aid, however, and determined not to be fanciful, and to try to forget my cousin's words. That was easily said, but very difficult to act upon. My courage certainly did ebb as night went on. I found that my thoughts dwelt on Aunt Ethel and her horrible fate, and also found that I could turn them in no other direction. Presently I went to the window and looked out into the beautiful night. The moonlight was falling across the grass and causing black shadows under the trees.

"Suddenly I uttered a scream and fell back, too startled to keep my self-control. For gazing at me fixedly out of the deep mass

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of foliage were two very bright, luminous eyes, eyes full of a strange and terrifying gleam. I saw them as distinctly as I now see you. I watched them move, and saw them glitter as they disappeared into the darkness. When they had quite vanished I knew that I was cold all over. I shivered with a most awful sense of dread. My first desire was to run straight to Aunt Sophia, tell her the whole truth, and beg of her to share my room for the night. But on reflection I resolved not to do this. I did not want Aunt Sophy to know. She would certainly not have believed my tale, and she would put down the vision which I had seen to the same cause to which Rudolf would doubtless attribute it.



"IN THE DARKNESS I AGAIN SAW THE GLEAMING EYES."

"There was no repose for me that night. The thought of those eyes kept me company—the eyes themselves and Rudolf's significant words: 'If you encourage those morbid fancies you will share the fate of poor Aunt Ethel. The pupils of your eyes point to a disordered brain.'

"In the afternoon of the next day I went for a solitary walk by myself. We have pine woods at the back of our house. From there I could see at intervals the tower which is the oldest part of the mansion. It is situated at the end of a long, rambling building, and was in existence at least four centuries ago. It is a curious old Norman tower, with arches over the windows and a castellated roof. The tower contains only two rooms, the lower one being the library of our house and the upper my father's study. Since his death no one has been near that part of the building. I felt a sense of reproach as I remembered his room now. Was his study neglected and covered with dust? Were the flowers in the vases dried up and dead? I would go to the study to-morrow and see that it was made fresh and clean. I would open the windows and let in the sweet air. Nay, more, when the long-looked-for and eagerly expected letters arrived from South Africa I would read them in my father's study.

"That evening I paced up and down for a long time in the pine woods, then I returned to the house. I took up a novel and tried to read, but the book did not suit my mood. I remembered another which had begun to interest me, and which I had left in one of the drawing-rooms. I went downstairs to fetch it. There was no one in the room. I found the book in a distant corner and returned slowly to my bedroom. To do this I had to go down a long corridor into which many rooms opened. For some extraordinary reason the electric light in this corridor was not turned on. I noticed how dark it was, and just as I reached my own door I looked back, impelled, I suppose, by instinct. In the darkness at the farther end of the corridor I again saw the gleaming eyes. They stared fixedly at me without blinking, and with a horrible leering expression in their gaze. Again I screamed, rushed into my room, and locked the door. I could scarcely endure my misery.

"'Am I going mad or am I the victim of an apparition?' I said to myself. 'Is my

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brain giving way? What am I to do? How am I to endure this? How am I to live?'

"The next week or ten days passed without any further disturbance, and I was beginning to recover my mental balance. Rudolf was away from home during the greater part of that time, engaged on some very special business in the North of England. I was undoubtedly happier and less nervous when he was absent, but when he returned his affectionate and concerned manner about me made me self-reproachful, and I almost wondered at myself for the intolerable feeling of repugnance which I always felt towards him.

"Two or three nights after his return I saw the eyes again. On this occasion they stared at me from the centre of the rose-lawn. The night was black as pitch, and there were the eyes raised between five and six feet above the ground, and staring full at me with unblinking directness. After this visitation I determined to see you at once. Now, can you help me? Have I been visited by an apparition or am I mad? Tell me what you really think."

For reply the Professor said, quietly:—

"I will examine your own eyes before I pronounce an opinion."

I rose at once. He placed me in a chair in front of a large window and, taking up some powerful lenses, carefully looked into both my eyes. When the examination was over he said:—

"You are very nervous. Some of the higher nerve centres are in a state of irritation. Your father's death, joined to the shock of this apparition, trick, or what you like to call it, has been too much for you. You ought really to leave home."

"But am I going mad?"

"There is no trace of a disordered brain. Nevertheless you are nervous, and nerves are kittle cattle, and ought to be attended to."

"But, Dr. Ellicott, why should I be nervous? Why should I see those ghastly eyes? What is the mystery?"

"I should like much to unravel it," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"How I wish you would!"

He looked thoughtful for a minute or two; then he said:—

"Would it be possible for you to invite me to stay at Courtlands?"

"Would you come?"

"Could you give me a room where I could continue my business without interruption?"

"I could hand you over the library in the old tower. There you need never hear a footfall, for the tower is at the end of an unused wing at a remote part of the building."

"In that case I will bring my things and spend a few days at Courtlands. I do not believe in your apparition as an apparition, nor do I think that you are becoming insane. Your case interests me. May I arrive in time for dinner this evening?"

"I don't know how to thank you," was my answer.

"Expect me at Courtlands about seven o'clock. And now leave me, like a good girl, for I have many things to attend to."

I returned home with a great sense of relief, just in time for lunch. The only people at table were Aunt Sophia and my Cousin Lionel..

"Why, Nora," cried my aunt, "how much better you look! Have you had good news?"

"Yes and no," I replied. "By the way, Aunt Sophy, can we entertain a visitor for the next few days?"

"A visitor now?" she said, raising her brows in astonishment.

Lionel laid down his knife and fork and looked hard at me.

"To receive a visitor in the house now would be unusual, would it not, Nora?" he said, gently. "My uncle has not been dead a month yet."

I took no notice of him, but turned again to Aunt Sophia.

"Dr. Ellicott, the well-known Professor, is staying at Ashingford," I said. "I met him some time ago at the Newcomes'. He is a remarkably clever man, and I may as well confess that I consulted him medically this morning. No more Dr. Jessops for me. I preferred to consult one who was well up-to-date on medical matters. The Professor interests me and I interest him. He wishes to come here for a few days in order to watch my symptoms. He will arrive in time for dinner. Please, Aunt Sophy, will you order the green room to be got ready for him, and also the library in the old tower?"

I spoke in a decided manner, and neither my aunt nor Lionel ventured to remonstrate, for, after all, I was really mistress.

Suddenly I turned to my cousin.

"Is Rudolf away again?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "Rudolf is unwell. His eyes are hurting him. He is obliged to stay in a darkened room."

"I did not know that Rudolf suffered from his eyes."

"He never did until lately. We neither of us can imagine what is the matter with them," was Lionel's response.

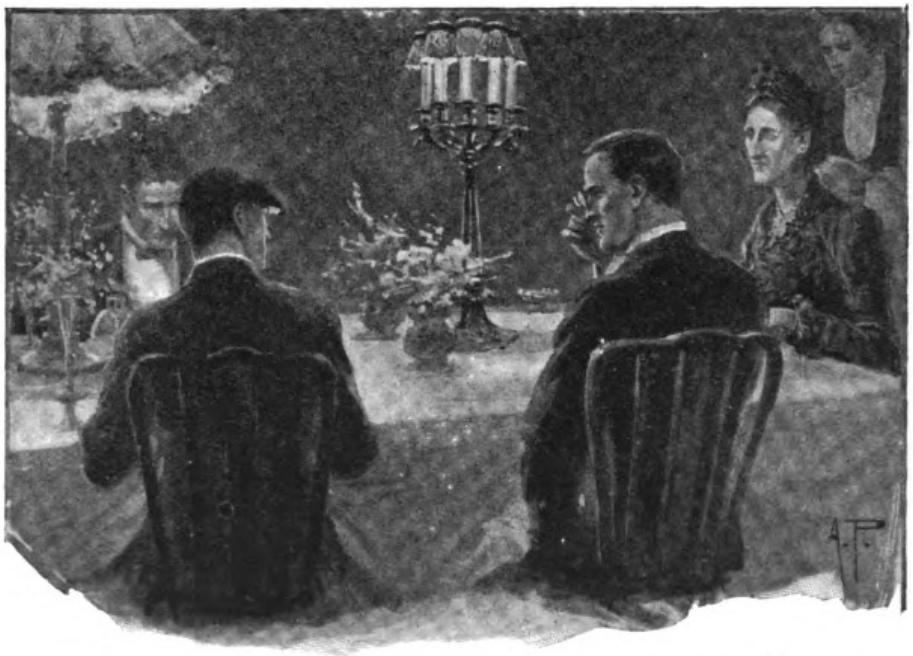
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I said a word or two of commonplace condolence, and then left the room.

That evening the Professor arrived, and when I entered the drawing-room before dinner I noticed that my aunt and both my cousins were waiting to receive him. During dinner he made himself generally agreeable, and Rudolf in especial seemed to be attracted by his manner and powers of conversation. I noticed, however, rather to my amazement, that my elder cousin wore a shade over his eyes, and in the course of dinner I inquired what really ailed them.

"I don't know," he said. "I am in considerable pain. My eyes are very much inflamed."

"Will you permit me to do something to relieve your symptoms?" said Professor Ellicott, suddenly, turning as he spoke, raising his pince-nez, and fixing his gaze on Rudolf's face.



"'WILL YOU PERMIT ME TO DO SOMETHING TO RELIEVE YOUR SYMPTOMS?' SAID PROFESSOR ELLICOTT."

"I wish you would," was the reply.

"I will look at your eyes after dinner. And now, Miss Dallas," he continued, turning with courtesy to my aunt, "let me explain that knotty point to you."

He was discussing a little matter with regard to the growth of ferns, and Aunt Sophia, a keen botanist, was listening to him with rapt attention.

By-and-by I made the signal to leave the room, and the gentlemen were left to themselves. In the course of that same evening the Professor came to sit near me.

"I have examined your cousin's eyes. There is considerable inflammation both in the eyelids and the eyes themselves. Their condition points to a strange diagnosis, but as it seems impossible that it can be the right one I am not prepared to say anything further on the subject—at least now. Tell me, are you going to have a good sleep to-night?"

"I hope so."

"I think you will, for I have prepared a small, but effectual, draught, which I want you to take just as you are lying down. Get your maid to sleep in your room, and believe me that, eyes or no eyes, you will be in a state of oblivion five minutes after you take my draught."

I smiled, with a sense of relief.

"I believe," I said, "that in any case I should sleep well with you in the house."

The next few days passed without anything fresh occurring. We saw but little of the Professor. He was absorbed with his own work in the old library in the tower.

At last the day arrived when we expected letters and news from the beloved dead. Even Aunt Sophia was agitated, and Lionel and Rudolf were like restless ghosts, hovering here, there, and everywhere. Rudolf's eyes looked worse than ever, and he also complained of a strange sore at his side. At dinner that evening the Professor said, abruptly:—

"By the way, Dallas, do you happen to know anything about that new substance—radium?"

"I have heard of it," was the reply.

Lionel's face became suddenly rigid and very pale. Rudolf, on the contrary, looked with the utmost composure at Professor Ellicott.

"You, of course, have studied its properties," he said. "Tell me about them. I dabble in many things, and, above all enjoyments, to peer into the mysteries of

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science delights me most. But give me an account of the properties of radium."

"They are too varied to mention here. I will but allude to one or two. In close contact with the skin, radium has the effect of absolutely destroying the epidermis and the true skin beneath, thus in time producing an open sore. Moreover," said the Professor, "were you really dabbling with this strange substance the state of your eyes would be accounted for."

"I have never even seen the thing," was the abrupt answer.

The conversation turned to other matters. After dinner we all went to the drawing-room. Professor Ellicott came and seated himself near me.

"You will receive a letter from your father by the next post?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Where will you read it?"

"In his study. I have always read his letters there. I made him a promise that I would do so. He said he would like to think of me sitting under my mother's portrait, reading his letters and thinking of him."

A few minutes afterwards the postman's ring was heard, and a servant entered with several letters on a salver. The one I had expected was handed to me, and there was also a foreign letter for Aunt Sophia. Rudolf, who had come into the room just before the servant brought the letters, came up to me.

"You will go away by yourself and read your letter," he said, kindly. "You will read it in your father's study, won't you?"

I nodded. He smiled.

"I felt sure you would go there, Nora. He will be with you in spirit."

As Rudolf uttered the last words he glanced towards Lionel, and the two left the room a minute or two before I did.

To reach the tower I had to go down a long corridor which was seldom used. At the farther end of the corridor was a baize door which opened on to some narrow stone stairs. They were worn with age. Mounting them, I soon reached my father's study on the top floor of the tower. It was octagonal in shape, with many windows. These windows were closely barred and the panes of glass were small. When I entered the room I gave a start of surprise. I expected to see it in darkness, but instead of that a small table had been drawn up within a foot or two of the high, old-fashioned grate, and on it were placed a pair of brass candlesticks with candles in them already lighted. But why were the blinds not drawn down at the windows? I felt a momentary inclination to repair this omission myself, but my father's letter occupied all my thoughts and I soon forgot everything but the fact that I was about to read the beloved words—in short, to receive a message from the dead.

The contents of my father's letter absorbed my complete attention, and I soon perceived that only the very early portion was written by himself; most of it had evidently been dictated to a certain Edward Vincent, whose name, as one of the young lieutenants in my father's regiment, was already familiar to me. The letter told me that my father was mortally wounded, and that he was now partly writing, partly dictating his last good-bye to me in the tent where they had removed him after the skirmish with the enemy. In the letter he told me that he had received my last communication, and, in consequence, had made inquiries, which took some little time to come to fruition. On that very morning, however, he had received a long letter from London, which contained a complete confirmation of what I had told him, and also many other revelations had been forthcoming, which filled him with the utmost displeasure and horror. He therefore resolved immediately to change his will, leaving none of his property to my cousins, but all to me. The last words of his letter desired me to turn to the opposite page, on which a formally-worded will was written. This will left everything to me. I turned to it and read it. It was very short, and was signed by my father, and had also the signatures of two witnesses.

Tears flowed from my eyes. In one sense I was relieved, and yet my heart was torn. I covered my face. Just then a slight noise, which might have been attributed to the tapping of a bough against the window-pane, caused me to turn my head. I did so tremblingly. I felt convinced that I was not alone. Something, or someone, was looking at me. Fascinated, I gazed straight before me. Again came that ghastly tap, which, I felt sure, proceeded from no human hand. I looked towards the upper panes of one of the windows, and there were the eyes. Never had they seemed more malicious or horrible. I lost my nerve, gave one shrill and terrified scream, and rushed towards the door, altogether forgetting my letter, which lay upon the table.

I had just reached the door when a fresh thing happened. The room became full of a sudden and terrible wind. It caught at the table-cover, flapping it violently. The letter,

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written on thin foreign paper and consequently light as air, floated off the table with one or two other loose letters, was carried straight to the fireplace, and then up the chimney. The next instant I felt my dress dragged as by an unseen power. Something seemed to draw me back into the room, and the candles on the table flickered and went out. I was in the dark and alone, yet not alone. What awful thing had happened? My brain swam for a minute. I felt sick and cold; then I lost consciousness.

When I returned to my senses I was lying



"MY BRAIN SWAM FOR A MINUTE."

on the sofa and Professor Ellicott was bending over me.

"Now, control yourself, Miss Dallas," he said. "We have not a moment to lose. Tell me exactly what occurred."

I pressed my hand to my face. There was a light again in the room.

"Be quick," said the Professor. "What did you see? Why did you cry out? I was coming into the house in a hurry—in fact, I was on my way to this room—when I heard your shriek. I had been smoking and walking up and down in the grounds. Something induced me to look towards the tower. All of a sudden I saw — but tell me first what did you see?"

"The eyes," I answered. "They looked at me through one of the windows—that one exactly facing the table."

"Through what part of the window did they look?"

"Through one of the topmost panes."

"Good! I thought so. Now go on. Tell me the rest."

"I lost my nerve. I rushed towards the door, and just as I got there I turned, for the room was full of wind."

"Wind!" said the Professor. "Why, the night is as calm as death."

"Nevertheless, the room was full of a sort of gale, and the letter —my father's letter — was lifted and carried towards the chimney, up which it disappeared, and I myself was dragged back into the room. Then the candles were put out. Oh, I do believe at last in the ghost. Professor Ellicott, I wish I were dead."

"Don't be so silly, child. I assure you there is no ghost. Now, listen. I also saw something."

"The eyes?"

He nodded.

"They flashed at me for an instant. I fancy, Miss Dallas, this is a very tangible ghost. I saw a figure crouching on the roof, bending down over the turret towards that very window. I was just under the tower, hastening in, when you screamed, and I looked up and saw it disappear behind the parapet. The eyes were visible for about half a second. We shall catch your ghost, don't be afraid, and solve your mystery. I shall remain here for the present, but we must have the roof examined, and at once. Do you know of any other way to get to it except by a ladder from the ground? There surely must be a trap-door somewhere."

"There is," I answered. "There's a trap-door at the end of this very wing."

"Good!" said the Professor. "Go downstairs at once and get several men, your cousins amongst them, to examine the roof from end to end, and in especial to look on the roof of this tower. I will stay here. Don't be long."

I ran away. The Professor's words had excited me, and my courage had returned.

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I gave the alarm. I could not find my cousins, but soon the rest of the house was in a state of ferment. Some of the men-servants and two of the gardeners immediately ascended to the roof. They carefully examined not only the roof of the house, but that of the tower. But look as they would they could not see a single trace of any individual hiding there. It is true that a rope, fastened to one of the chimneys, was hanging close to one of the parapets of the tower. This alone pointed conclusively to the fact that someone had been there. Nothing else, however, was to be discovered.

Accompanied by Aunt Sophia I returned to the Professor.

"Four of our men have been on the roof," I said, "and they brought away this rope. You can see it. There was no one there."

"Ah!" He shrugged his shoulders. "I thought there must have been a rope. He could not have bent over so far without being secured against the possibility of falling."

"The rope was fastened round one of the chimneys," I continued.

"Professor, what does this mean?" said poor Aunt Sophia.

"Where are your nephews, madam?" was his answer. "Why are they not helping in this search?"

"We cannot find my cousins anywhere," I answered. "The last I saw of them was when I was going upstairs to read my father's letter. They then left the drawing-room and went out of the house arm-in-arm."

"I will go and have a further search made for them," said my aunt. "They certainly ought to be acquainted with this most remarkable occurrence."

She gave me a suspicious and, I fancied, unbelieving glance. Did she really think that I was imagining the whole thing? The Professor's attitude, however, comforted me.

"Don't be alarmed, child," he said. "The clue which we seek is close at hand. I am convinced of it. Now we must do something. I shall remain in this room for the night, and one or two of the servants must watch on the roof of the tower. But you must go to bed and rest, otherwise you will be down with nervous fever. Now, tell me, please, Miss Dallas, who are the most trustworthy and absolutely reliable servants in your house?"

"Harris, the old gardener, for one," I answered. "He has been with us since before I was born."

"Who else?"

"Franks, the butler."

"Then Harris and Franks shall watch on the roof of the tower to-night. Now go to bed."

Against my will I was forced to go to my room. Another sleeping-draught, administered by the Professor, ensured my repose, and in the morning I was sufficiently calm even to defy Aunt Sophia's locks of suspicion, for suspect me now of incipient insanity she evidently did.

The mysterious disappearance of both my cousins caused a great deal of talk and speculation on the following morning, and I went to the tower to visit the Professor in a state of great excitement on the subject. His manners were absolutely non-committal. He refused to say anything about my cousins, and he also refused to leave the study.

"When I go someone else must take my place," he said. "This room must not be left unguarded for a single moment, nor must the roof above."

Towards the latter part of the day he suggested that I should take his place in the study while he himself examined the roof. In about half an hour he returned to me. I saw that he held a tiny glass tube in his hand.

"Can you make anything of this?" he said, laying it on the table before me.

"Nothing," I answered. "What is it?"

"A very valuable piece of evidence, I take it."

"What do you mean?"

"I will try to tell you. I found this tube in the gutter just above that window. It is, as you see, sealed up at each end. It looks innocent enough; nevertheless, it contains a very minute portion of that new substance—radium. You heard what I said to your Cousin Rudolf with regard to the effect of radium on the human skin, but I did not tell him that it does something else. When held for a short time in front of the eyes, the eyes take to themselves a certain amount of its properties, and they glow in the dark with a great luminosity which gives them a most terrifying appearance. It strikes me, Miss Dallas, that in this little bottle I hold the solution of your ghost. The eyes of a man who held radium a short distance from his pupils would also become very much inflamed. Consider the condition of your Cousin Rudolf's eyes. I found this tube in the gutter. We are getting near the clue; eh, don't you think so?"

I felt myself turning pale. I know that I trembled.

"Could any man living be so wicked?" was my next remark.

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"COULD ANY MAN LIVING BE SO WICKED?"

"Men will do strange things for money," was his answer. "But how your cousin would know that your father intended to change his will is a mystery which I cannot fathom."

"What do you mean to do next?" I asked.

"Watch for the scoundrels. They are hiding somewhere, and all in good time they will reappear. By the way, you say that your father's letter, containing the will, was blown up the chimney. James," he continued, turning to the servant who had just entered the room, "you and Andrews must come up here within an hour and take my place while I visit the roof. I may have to remain there for some hours this evening. Meanwhile, Miss Dallas," he continued, giving me a quick smile, "you shall go and take a constitutional."

I did not want to go out, but the Professor's word just then was my law. The evening was a lovely one, and I walked for some little time. As I returned I looked towards the tower. Suddenly I perceived the tall figure of the Professor. He was standing absolutely motionless near one of the chimneys. He evidently saw me, but did not make the slightest movement. A wild desire to be with him and to share his watch came over me. Quick as thought I entered the house, reached the trap-door, which was open, and soon was standing on the low roof of Courtlands. I walked warily and presently reached the edge of the parapet. There were two steps here leading from the roof of the house to the roof of the tower. I mounted them and stood by the Professor's side.

"Child," he said, in a whisper, "what are you doing?"

"I must share your watch," I said.

"I would rather be alone."

I shook my head.

"Something forces me to remain with you. Don't deny me my wish."

He held up his hand with a warning gesture to me.

"Then you must crouch by this parapet," he said, "and remain motionless. I shall hide behind the chimney. My suspicions are confirmed. There are men not far from here. I heard a movement not long ago. Absolute quiet will force the scoundrels from their lair."

I now perceived that he carried a revolver. Moving away from him a few paces I crouched down behind the parapet. He did likewise a little way off. We were the only watchers on the silent tower, but I knew that there were servants also on guard in the room below.

By-and-by the sun sank towards the west and twilight reigned over the scene. Twilight deepened into night.

The Professor and I had remained motionless, as though we were dead, for from two to three hours.

All of a sudden I saw Professor Ellicott raise himself and glance towards me. I could but dimly see his face, but I knew that something was about to happen. The next minute, peering hard towards the stack of chimneys, I noticed, to my unbounded horror, the head of my Cousin Rudolf show itself. He did not see us, and cautiously began to descend from the chimney on to the roof. Just as he was about to place his feet on the roof, Professor Ellicott, strong as steel, sprang upon him and dragged him by the shoulders and arms down upon his knees.

"I have been waiting for you," he said. As he spoke he held his revolver to my cousin's ear. "If you stir you are a dead man. Confess your crime at once. Your

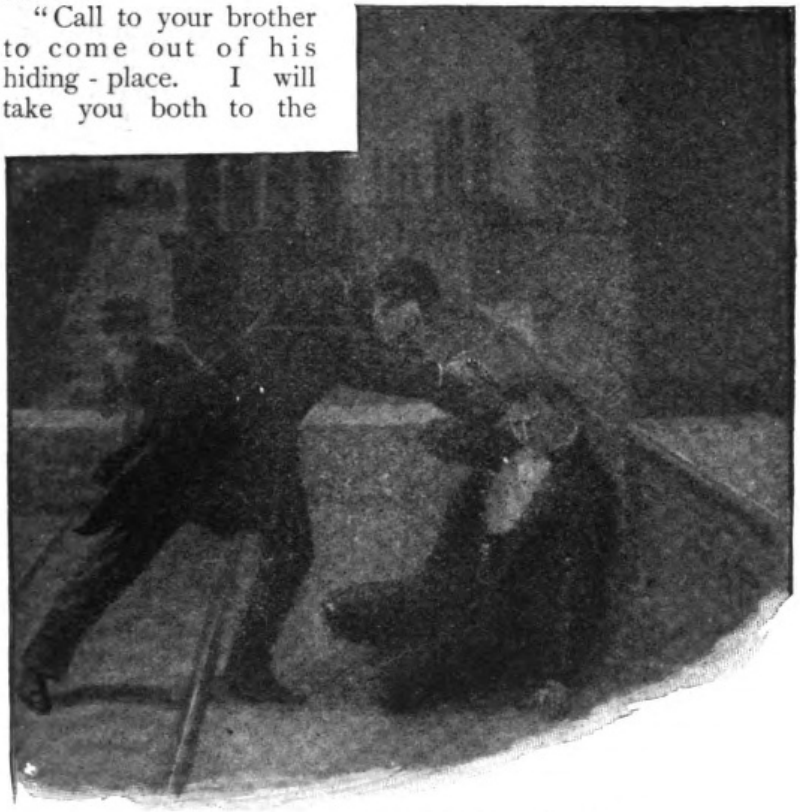
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game is up! Now, then, what does this mean?"

Rudolf groaned.

"The agony in my eyes is past bearing," he said.

"Call to your brother to come out of his hiding-place. I will take you both to the Colonel's study. There you shall explain your villainies."



"HE HELD A REVOLVER TO MY COUSIN'S EAR."

"Let me rise, and I promise you I will not try to escape," answered Rudolf. "I am in such pain that I am past caring for anything but the chance of relief. I will shout to Lionel. We have been starving, and have been in the dark. Oh, the agony in my eyes!"

The Professor allowed Rudolf to rise. He went to the chimney and called down. In a moment Lionel made his appearance. Professor Ellicott then escorted the two men across the roof, down through the trap-door, and back again to my father's study.

"I cannot face the light," said Rudolf at once, covering his eyes with his hands. "I have endured more than I bargained for. If I am happy enough to escape without the punishment of the law, I will confess everything."

"That remains with Miss Dallas, for she is the person you have injured," said the Professor.

"Tell the truth, Rudolf. I won't be too hard on you," I answered, my voice trembling. I saw him shiver slightly. His tall, athletic figure was bowed. He still kept his face covered with his hand. As to Lionel, he was crouching in the attitude of an unmistakable cur in a distant corner.

"This is the story," said Rudolf. "There is no use any longer hiding things. I was in serious money trouble — Stock Exchange debts, the usual thing. The money left to me in my uncle's will would, however, have put me again on my feet. Were it for any reason withdrawn, nothing remained for me but open disgrace and ruin.

"For years it has been my one effort to keep my transgressions from my uncle's ears, and only for the extraordinary instinct which you, Nora, possessed, and which caused you to watch me as a cat watches a mouse, I should have succeeded in securing the fortune which he meant to leave me. Lionel was much in the same boat. We decided, therefore, to act together. For a long time we have been in league with a certain Lieutenant Vincent, a young officer in the same regiment as my uncle. My uncle was much attached to Vincent. In the hour of his death Vincent happened to be near, and it was to him my uncle dictated his letter, the letter which you received last night. On the afternoon of the day when the news of my uncle's death was received here I had a long cablegram from Vincent, in which he gave me briefly the contents of the new will, which was already on its way to England, and also said that both the witnesses, privates in my uncle's regiment, had been shot dead shortly after he breathed his last. Thus there were no witnesses to prove this will. He said we must make the best of his information, and we had a month to mature our plans in. We put our heads together and resolved on a course of action. We knew the history of Aunt Ethel. Nora has always had very highly strung nerves, and we perceived to our satisfaction that they were terribly upset

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by her father's death. I had been reading a good deal about the newly discovered substance—radium, and thought it possible that it might serve my purpose. I purchased a minute portion and began at once to work on my cousin's fears. Radium, as you know, when held near the eyes, can give them a luminous and very ghastly appearance. I got Nora to believe that she was the victim of a terrifying disorder, and you are aware how successfully my purpose worked. I further arranged, with Lionel's help, to deprive Nora of the fresh will as soon as she had read it; our belief being that her story would not be credited, and that when she spoke of a new will having been sent to her the whole thing, in combination with her story of the ghostly eyes, would be put down to insanity.

"Now, this was our plan: We knew that her habit was to read all letters received from her father in his study. We investigated this room thoroughly and made an important discovery. A few feet up the wide chimney was a secret chamber. The entrance to this chamber was approached by climbing down the inside of the chimney from the roof. This mode of entrance was facilitated by projecting bricks left for the purpose. We resolved to utilize the chamber for our requirements.

"As soon, therefore, as the post arrived from South Africa, Lionel and I left the drawing-room. We immediately went by the trap-door on to the roof. Lionel disappeared down the chimney into the secret chamber, where we had previously taken an immensely powerful exhaust-pump. In the bottom of the chimney there was placed a short time ago a large register, thus closing up the space, except for a small hole in the centre, in order to let the smoke pass up. Leading from the exhaust-pump we had arranged a large tube, the mouth of which fitted exactly into the hole in the register. We had also put in order a small electric bell which communicated from the roof to the chamber. After Lionel had disappeared down the chimney I prepared my eyes, and at the right moment bent over the parapet.

"All the time Nora was reading her letter I was looking at her, and when I perceived that she had quite taken in its contents I attracted her attention by gently tapping on the window with a spray of ivy. She turned instinctively. Again I tapped, and she looked up and saw me. As my brother and I guessed she would, she uttered a scream and immediately tried to leave the room, forgetting the letter, which still lay on the table. I immediately rang the bell. Nora was too terrified to hear it. At the signal Lionel began to work the exhaust-pump by means of a hand wheel. It sucked the air out of the study, and drew the letter and other small papers up the chimney right into the tube. Thus we secured the letter and the new will.

"I then joined Lionel in the secret room. not forgetting to take with me the wires from the electric bell. We both immediately set to work to draw back the tube into the secret chamber, and by the time Nora had recovered consciousness all trace of our plot had virtually disappeared."

"What about the will? Have you destroyed it?" said the Professor.

"Strange to say, we have not," replied Lionel. "The fact is, we were in the dark and starving. We had hoped, but for your interference, to get away in a few minutes. We have been incarcerated for twenty-four hours. Rudolf was in agony with his eyes. We wanted to read the will before tearing it up."

"Then you can give it to me?"

"Yes. We have it here intact, and, if our cousin will permit us, we will leave the country to-morrow and never trouble her again."

They did so. I did not wish to pursue them, as I doubtless could, with the punishment of the law. My terrors were over. Never more would the ghastly eyes alarm me.

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The Royal Academy Gold Medal.

EVERY other year on the 10th of December the purlieus of Burlington House present a scene of unusual excitement and activity. "Sending-in Day," "Taking-away Day," "Varnishing Day," and all the other fixed festivals (and days of Atonement) connected with the Royal Academy and the world of Art in general are as nothing in interest to this. All pale by comparison with the notable function called Gold Medal night. The particular appellation of "Gold Medal" has been fastened to this auspicious evening by general consent of the parties interested from time immemorial, out of homage to a great triple event, the distribution by the President of the chief medals for painting, sculpture, and architecture amongst the students of the Academy schools. But gold in this form has no monopoly. There are also handsome monetary prizes and numerous silver medals to be awarded, besides the two hundred pounds Travelling Studentship now inseparably connected with the winning of the Gold Medal in each of the three departments of Art.

From the foundation of the Royal Academy it has been the practice of that body at the beginning of each alternate year (the announcement being now made in February) to select subjects for the competition. The earliest record now preserved at Burlington House, dated the 21st January, 1769, declares that the President and Council give notice to the students that a Gold Medal would be offered for the best painting on the subject of "Time Discovering Truth." The next was from Virgil's "Æneid"—Venus entreating Vulcan to forge the armour of Æneas, the size of the cloth to be a common half-length, viz., four feet two inches by three feet four." The theme of the sculpture class the first year was "Æneas Escaping from Troy."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Painting and Drawing.

A GOLD MEDAL AND A TRAVELLING STUDENTSHIP OF £200, TENABLE FOR ONE YEAR,

For an Historical Painting.

Subject:—THE MEETING OF DIOGENES THE CYNIC AND ALEXANDER AT CORINTH. cf Plutarch, *Alex* c. 14.

To consist of not less than three Figures, and the principal Figure to be not less than 2 ft. high. The size of the canvas to be 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

Sculpture.

A GOLD MEDAL AND A TRAVELLING STUDENTSHIP OF £200, TENABLE FOR ONE YEAR,

For a Composition in Sculpture.

Subject:—THREE GENERATIONS.

To be classically treated To consist of two or more Figures, the principal Figure to be 3 ft. high.

NOTICE ANNOUNCING TO STUDENTS THE SUBJECTS FOR THE GOLD MEDALS.

The subject for the painting and sculpture classes is Biblical, classical, and on rare occasions Shakespearian. Thus we read in the long annals of the Academy of "Cain and Abel," of "Moses and Aaron," of "Ahab and Jezebel," of "Jacob and the Angel"—not to mention an occasional "Socrates," "Ulysses," and "Icarus" (only, as we shall see, in announcing the theme to the schools, the Academy is not quite so succinct). When we remember that each subject is duplicated by hundreds of students, according to his or her own

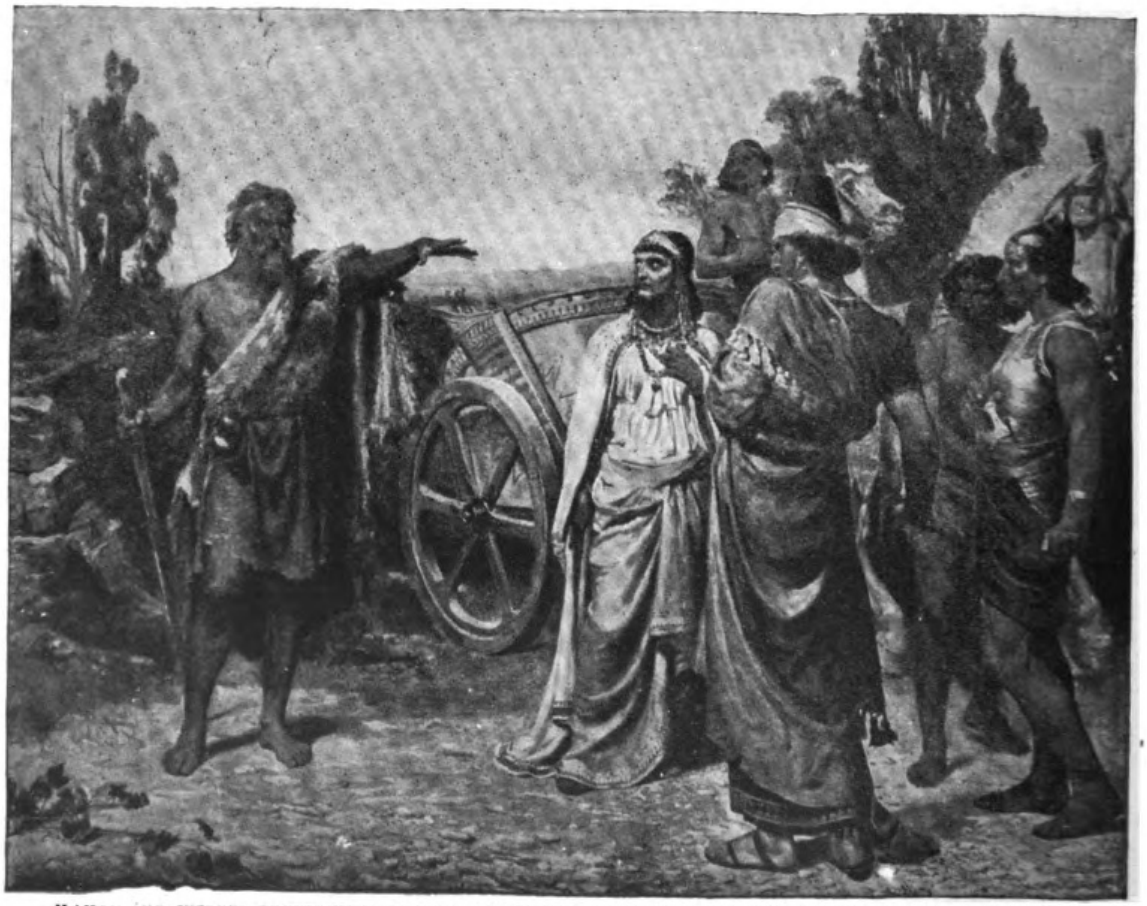


"ACTS OF MERCY," BY MISS JESSIE MACGREGOR—1871.
By permission of Samuel Sanday, Esq.

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"THE DEATH OF EUCLES," BY F. G. COTMAN—1873.
By permission of The Corporation of Ipswich.



"AHAB AND JEZEBEL CONFRONTED BY ELIJAH IN THE VINEYARD OF NABOTH," BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.—1875.
By permission of Robert Turner, Esq. From a Photo. by E. Hollyer.

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conception of the scene or character, the spectacle of these rows and rows of "Jacobs" or "Daniels before Nebuchadnezzar" becomes appalling. One celebrated visitor has written of his coming face to face with "a veritable vision of Daniels and Nebuchadnezzars, a gallery of Daniels and Nebuchadnezzars, perspectives of Daniels and Nebuchadnezzars, stretching away on both sides of the room; young, clean-shaven Daniels and old, grey-bearded Daniels and middle-aged Daniels with moustaches, Daniels with uplifted arms and downcast eyes, Daniels dressed and Daniels undressed, Daniels with flashing faces and Daniels with turned backs, and Nebuchadnezzars analogously assorted, and phalanxes of equal variety and backgrounds of similar dissimilarity, each tableau differing in properties and supernumeraries, but all appearing only the more alike because of their differences, so conventional were the variations."

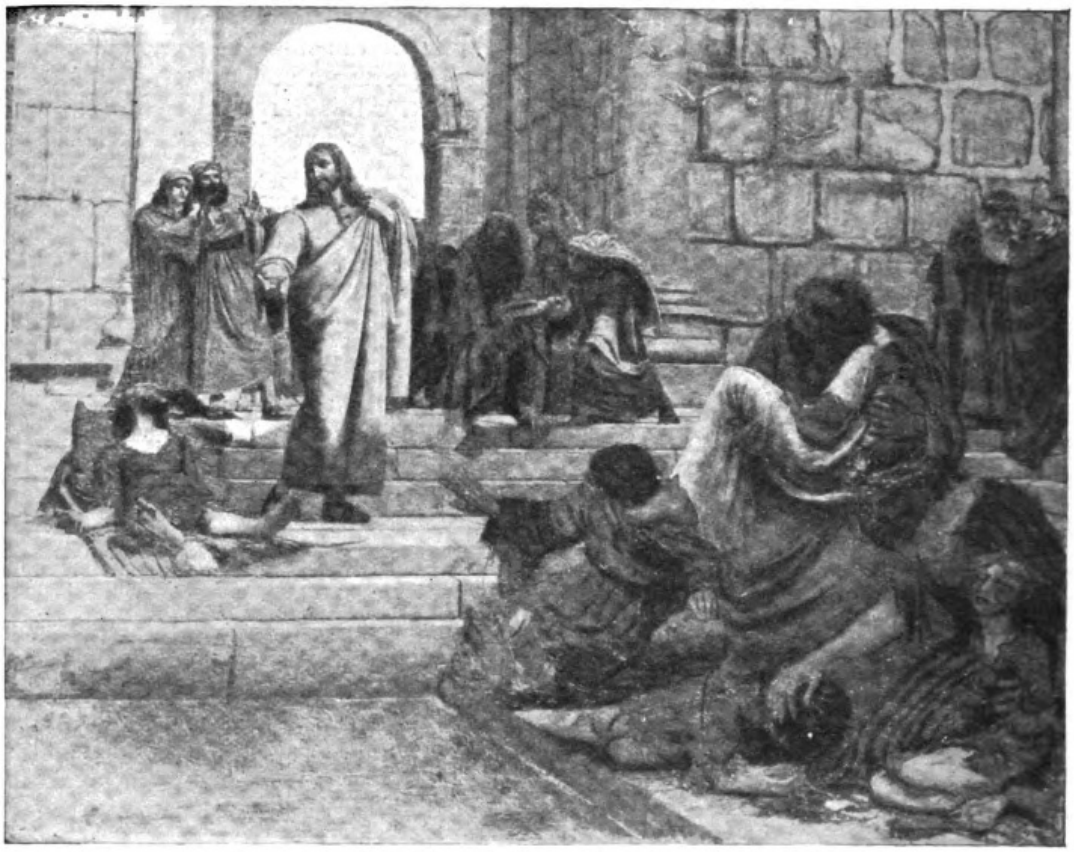


"A GREEK WARRIOR CARRYING A WOUNDED YOUTH FROM THE BATTLEFIELD," BY HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.—1875.

It may be mentioned that in this year of grace the subject in painting is "The Meeting of Diogenes the Cynic and Alexander at Corinth"—in verbal contrast to the brevity of the sculpture subject, which is merely "Three Generations." As the announcement was posted up last February it will be seen that the competitors for the great prize are granted nine months to complete their task in paint or plaster. By the middle of November all the compositions must be within the four walls of Burlington House. Here on receipt they are duly numbered and hung for the inspection of the Academicians and Associates, each of whom may be said to be completely ignorant from whom the various works emanate. The voting is done on the number principle, the votes being placed in a ballot-box provided by the secretary for this purpose. Before the appointed evening the votes are counted, the result made known to the President, and all is now ready for the ceremony. The council-room is packed with a large audience, chiefly composed of literary and artistic celebrities, of Academicians' wives and daughters, and the male and female students and their relations, to whom the event may prove the making or marring, the turning-point of their careers. At one end of the room stands a daïs covered by a crimson baize, upon which, at a signal given by a magnificent beadle, the forty Academicians and the thirty Associates—or nearly the whole number of the body forming the Academy—headed by the President, enter and take their seats on the daïs. In his excellent novel "The Master," Mr. Zangwill thus describes the scene:—

"The President takes his seat on the central chair, flanked and backed by the faithful Forty and the trusty Thirty, minus the absentees. The R.A.'s dispose themselves along the front bench, the A.R.A.'s occupy the rear—a younger set on the whole, with more hair on their heads and less on their chins. The beadle solemnly slides the oak panels to, cloistering the scene from the world, and a religious silence spreads from him till it infects even the excited back rows. The President rises, bland and stately. There is a roar of welcome succeeded by a deeper hush. It is seen that he has papers on his desk, and is about to declare the

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"THE POOL OF BETHESDA," BY H. H. LA THANGUE, A.R.A.—1879.



"CAPTIVES," BY A. T. NOWELL—1887.
By permission of C. H. Nowell, Esq. From a Photo. by F. Hollyer.

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"EPISODE OF THE DELUGE," BY HERBERT DRAPER—1889.

results of the competitions and to determine the destiny of dozens, if not the future of English Art. There is no vulgar sensationalism. With a simple dignity befitting the venerable self-sufficient institution, which still excludes great newspapers — and great painters — from its banquets, he disdains working up to a climax and starts with the tit-bit of the evening, 'The Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship of two hundred pounds' awarded every two years for the best historical painting. The President pauses for a breathless instant. The ranks of black and white figures standing in the background



"PARTING," BY GOSCOMBE JOHN, A.R.A.—1889.

have grown rigid with excitement." After the announcement is made "there is a brief pause for mental digestion, then a great crash of applause, the harmonious cacophony of clapping hands, generous lungs, and frenzied feet." Afterwards, the President "commences his biennial address to an audience of students throbbing with excitement, afire with the afterglow of all that applause, anxious to canvass the awards and dying to run out into the other rooms to look at the winning pictures, which have, in some instances, been dark horses which nobody remembers to have noticed."

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Referring again to the records, we find that amongst the first seventy-seven students of the Academy one hundred and thirty-four years ago were numbered several future Academicians, such as Bacon, Banks, Cosway, Wheatly, and Flaxman. The three first Gold Medallists were John Bacon the elder, Mauritius Lowe, and James Sandon. Not until two years afterwards, in 1771, was the Travelling Studentship established, the award being made to one only of the three winners of the Gold Medal. The first choice fell upon Mauritius Lowe, who was appointed to receive sixty pounds per annum for three years; but it appears the choice was not exactly fortunate. Lowe misbehaved himself, was recalled, and the future celebrated sculptor, Bacon, was sent to Italy instead. Afterwards the value of the studentship was raised to one hundred pounds annually, with sixty pounds for travelling expenses. When the French Revolution supervened travelling on the Continent became difficult and even dangerous, and for some years the studentship was suspended. Although the Travelling Student was appointed from the ranks of the Gold Medallists, the studentship itself did not become an appanage of the Gold Medal until a quarter of a century ago. Since then three studentships of two hundred pounds each have been awarded biennially to a painter, a sculptor, and an architect.

It is decidedly interesting to learn that some of the greatest of our English artists have carried off the Gold Medal. On the other hand, as we shall see, like the Senior Wranglership at Cambridge, it by no means follows that the winners will ever rise to eminence or be able to write R.A. after their names, or even to be especially distinguished in the world of art. Running through the lists for over a century one finds the names of John Hoppner, John Bacon the younger, Richard Smirke, Robert Smirke, Samuel Joseph, Sidney Smirke, Daniel Maclise (who won the medal in 1831), H. Le Jeune, W. Calder Marshall, John Everett Millais (the winner in 1847), the late Phil Morris, A.R.A. (in 1857), and Thomas Brock, R.A. (in 1869). With regard to the latter, it is a unique circumstance in the history of the Gold Medal that, good as was young Brock's "Hercules Strangling Antæus," it was run so closely by that of another talented



"VICTORY," BY RALPH PEACOCK—1891.
By permission of E. A. Maund, Esq., owner of the Picture. From a Photo. by F. Hollyer.

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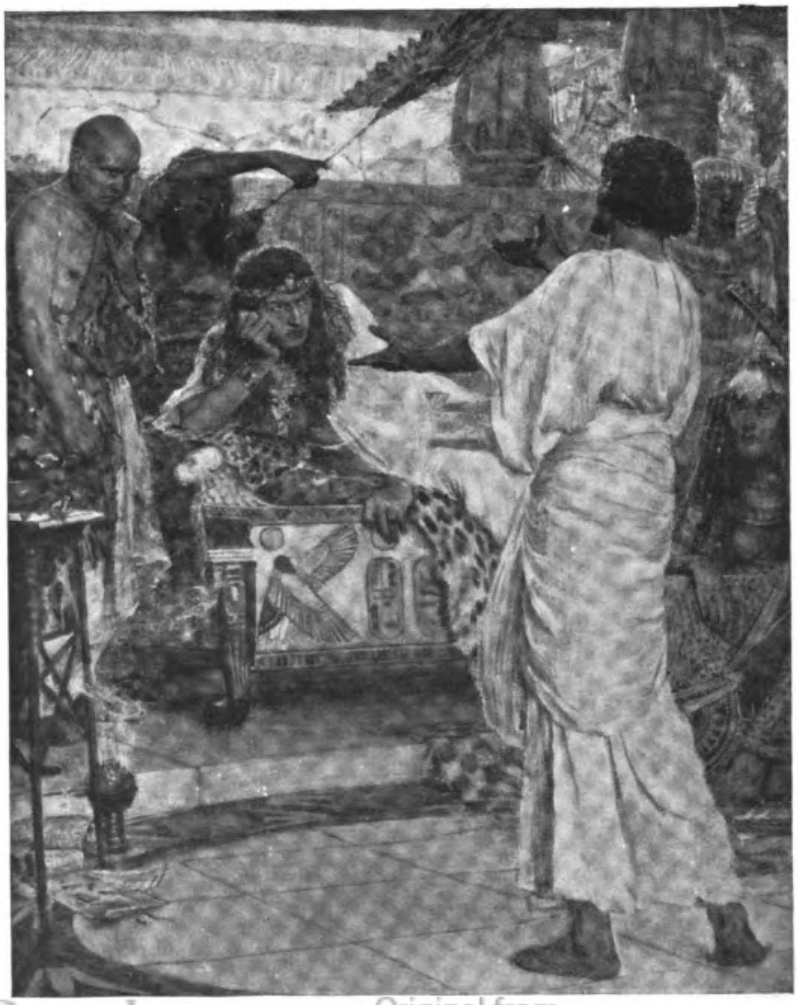
sculptor, Mr. Horace Montford, that it was decided by the Council to award two Gold Medals that year in sculpture, and this was accordingly done. But the challenger has subsequently failed to distinguish himself to the degree attained by his rival. In that year Mr. F. T. Goodall, son of the eminent Academician, still living, carried off the Gold Medal for his picture, "Ulysses and the Nurse."

Only twice has a woman been a successful competitor—Madame Louisa Starr-Canziani, in 1867, and Miss Jessie MacGregor, in 1871, the latter for her "Acts of Mercy," now in possession of Mr. Samuel Sanday, of Liverpool. The voting on this occasion lay between Miss MacGregor's picture and that of Mr. W. W. Ouless, subsequently R.A., who was believed to have been hampered by the choice of subject. Whatever the cause, it is the common tradition of the schools that Mr. Ouless's picture was hung "on the line," while that of the fair Gold Medallist was high up on the walls of Burlington House.

In 1873 the Gold Medal was awarded to Mr. Fredk. George Cotman for his painting, which is reproduced on page 712. It is owned by the Corporation of Ipswich. The next year but one proved a memorable one both in painting and sculpture, inasmuch as both of the winners rose to be Academicians. In the first-named branch the theme chosen was "Ahab and Jezebel confronted by Elijah in the Vineyard of Naboth," and the *Times* of December 11th, 1875, announced that the prize had gone to Francis Bernard Dicksee, better known to-day as Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A. In sculpture the subject was worded with hardly less prolixity—"A Greek Warrior Carrying a Wounded Youth from the Battlefield"—and the announcement made in December by the President, Sir Francis Grant, was that the prize had been won by a rising young sculptor of five-and twenty—one William Hamo Thornycroft, now the well-known R.A.

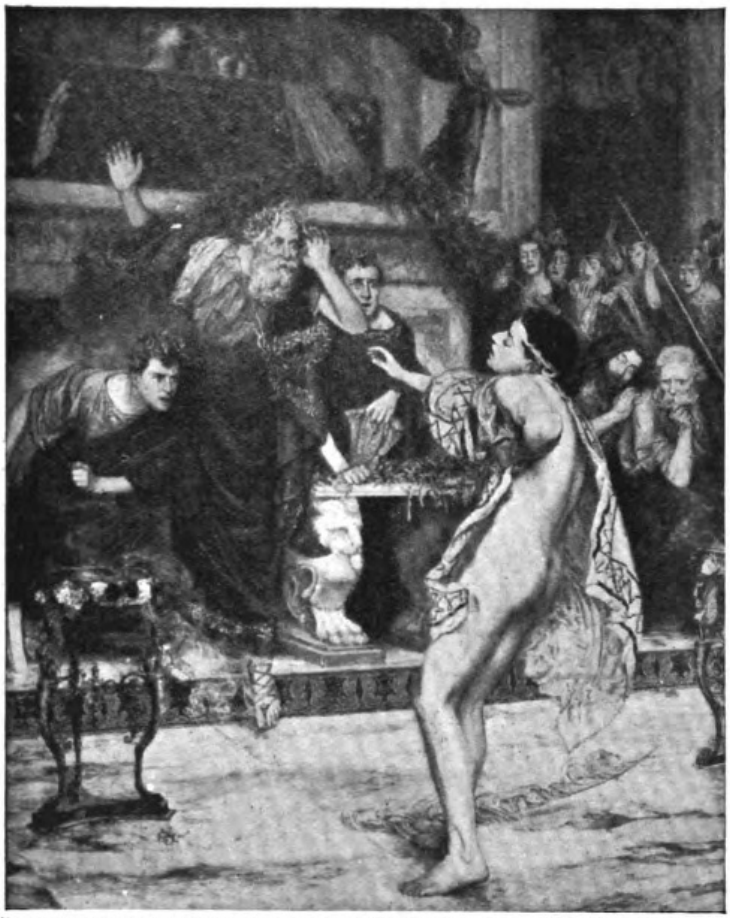
At the next competition Messrs. J. E. Christie ("The Introduction of Christianity into Britain") and Stirling Lee ("Hercules throwing Lachas into the Sea") were the successful ones in painting and sculpture. In 1879 Mr. Stirling Lee, one of our ablest sculptors, was again a winner, this time of the Travelling Studentship of two hundred pounds—an unprecedented feat, on which occasion Mr. H. H. La Thangue, now A.R.A., won the medal for painting with his "The Pool of Bethesda." After this time the Gold Medal and the Travelling Studentship become inseparable.

The successful students in 1881 were Messrs. Melton Fisher and Oscar Junck, their work being entitled respectively "The Messengers Coming to Job" and "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel." In 1883 came Mr. W. Mouat Loudan with his "St. Peter Denying Christ." This excellent picture, by the way, was unfortunately destroyed in a fire in the City some years ago, no photograph ever being taken of it. It was in that year that the late Harry



"JOSEPH AND PHARAOH," BY HAROLD SPEED.—1893.
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"LADAS WINNER OF THE LONG FOOT-RACE AT OLYMPIA, FALLING DEAD AS HE GOES TO RECEIVE THE CROWN OF VICTORY," BY F. M. BENNET—1899.
By permission of R. Bong, Berlin.

Bates, A.R.A., won the medal and studentship for his "Socrates Teaching the People in the Agora." In the next competition the subjects were "A Scene from Hamlet" and "Cain," the winning picture being painted by Mr. H. B. Fisher, while the sculpture was the work of Mr. F. W. Pomeroy. Two years later came Mr. A. T. Nowell with "Captives," and Mr. George J. Frampton with "An Act of Mercy." Upon these we may comment by saying that the former student also won the Turner Gold Medal for a landscape and a fifty pounds scholarship in the same year—a remarkable achievement. As for his fellow-medallist, Mr. Frampton, it is enough to say that he is now a full Royal Academician.

In the year 1889 the Academicians paced the rooms of their Academy confronted on all sides by "Episodes of the Deluge" strikingly delineated in paint, each of which clamoured for their suffrage. In another room were numerous "Partings" in immaculate plaster: old men taking tearful farewell of their sons, maidens parting from their lovers, wives bidding adieux to their husbands—variously was the theme expounded. The successful "Episode of the Deluge" was announced on the fateful 10th of December to be the work of Mr. Herbert Draper; the victorious "Parting" had been sculptured by Mr. W. Goscombe John. Mr. Draper is not yet of the Academy, but Mr. Goscombe John was made an Associate just ten years later—in 1899.

We now approach the younger men—the painters and sculptors of the present generation—many of them doubtless marked out for Academical rank in the course of the next decade or two. In 1891 Mr. Ralph Peacock's "Victory" took the medal. In sculpture, the son of a former Gold Medallist, Mr. Paul R. Montford, repeated his father's success of a generation before with a "Jacob and Angel." On the following Gold Medal night, Mr. Harold Speed, with his "Joseph and Pharaoh," and Mr. David McGill, with his sculpture, "Irene and her attendants removing St. Sebastian after his first Martyrdom," were pronounced the victors and forthwith proceeded to study amongst the art treasures of France and Italy.

For many years Lord Leighton had presided over these functions at Burlington House, but the era of the Diamond Jubilee found a new and it is to be feared a somewhat more stern and captious critic occupying the Presidential chair. Whatever cause may be assigned for this break in the continuity of the institution, the Gold Medal for historical painting was not assigned this year. In sculpture, however, Mr. Alfred Turner was lucky enough to carry off the medal and studentship with his "Charity." In 1899 the subject given out in painting was, "Ladas, winner of the long foot-race at Olympia, falling dead as he goes to receive the Crown of Victory," and Mr. Frank Moss Bennet was the successful competitor, while in sculpture ("A Greek Soldier") Mr. Gilbert Bayes bore off the Academy trophy. At the last competition the victorious painter was Mr. George Murray, whose "Saul and the Witch" was voted the best, the sculptor being Mr. S. N. Babb with "Boadicea."

This year, while the Christmas number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE is in the hands of our readers, the voting for the best "Diogenes

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"SAUL AND THE WITCH," BY GEORGE MURRAY—1901.

and Alexander" and "The Three Generations" is proceeding amongst the immortals of Burlington House. On the morning following the fateful Gold Medal night the result will be made known to all the world. Moreover, all these dozens of "Diogeneses" and galleries of "Generations"—successful as well as unsuccessful—will be open to the view of the public—which usually means the friends and relations of the competitors—before they are carried away to the generally modest studios and work-rooms from whence they emanated.

A word remains to be said as to the guarantee which the Royal Academy exacts that the Gold Medal works are genuinely the products of the young artists whose names are appended to them. "Ghostly" assistance is not countenanced; the knowledge that the slightest technical aid had been rendered would be enough in itself to blast the student's future career—so far as Burlington House is concerned. It is required that "all competition works which are to be executed out of the Academy must be accompanied by a printed form of declaration, signed by the competitor, stating that the work is wholly his or her performance."



THE ROYAL ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL.

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The Transit of Venus.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.



I.

"I AM sick of being respectable!" said Celia, suddenly. "Help me, my one and only friend!"

She flopped down upon a black fur rug and looked like Venus rising from the Styx.

"Be a Providence," said Ethel, thoughtfully, "be a Providence; there's nothing like it."

"How do you be it? And is it nice?" asked Celia, curiously.

Ethel pondered.

"Well, it depends upon the man."

"Of course," said Celia. She still appeared careless.

"And on the responsibilities."

"Yes," said Celia, hopefully.

"And what you intend to do when he takes advantage of your care of him."

"Imphm!" said Celia.

"What does 'Imphm' mean?"

"It depends upon—the man," said Celia. "But what do you suppose he would do?"

"That depends upon the man too," said Ethel. "You've been married, and I've not."

"But it was a failure. And all the men say that I mustn't judge them by poor old Jack. Of course, Jack had faults."

"Fifty," said Ethel. "And he died at fifty-one. But I won't talk about him or I shall feel that I must go on the stage."

"Well, he *was* too good to live," said Celia. "But this isn't advancing things! How am I to be a Providence, and how do you know it's nice, and so on?"

Ethel was cautious.

"I've heard so," she said. "But have you anyone in your mind?"

As the fire was burning brightly perhaps the pink glow upon Celia's nose was due neither to indigestion nor emotion.

"I've a sort of very vague idea—of what I'd like to do," she said.

And Ethel said:—

"Why, what's his name and when and where and how did you meet him, and what is he, or does he do anything, and if he doesn't what will he be when his father dies, and what's he like?—oh, do tell me, Celia!"

And Celia told her.

"I'll tell you, because I want your advice as to what I ought to do. Will you give it me?"

"Oh, yes, but do be quick. I'll back you up always, Celia, and I promise on my honourablest honour never, never to advise you to do anything in the world that you aren't just dying to do."

Celia fell upon her neck.

"Oh, you dear, you dear; it's something in my great distress to have a true friend who will advise me like that."

"Yes, yes, but go on," said Ethel. "How can I, unless I know? Now, begin at the beginning. But, oh, I'll ring the bell and you can say you're not at home to anyone. And it's only five now, and I'll stay to dinner, so there will be heaps of time. But, oh, do begin!"

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And Celia began and then broke off to say she wasn't at home, and that there was to be dinner for two.

"Something here, on a tray," urged Ethel. "Some cakes and chocolates!"

"Yes," said Celia, "and yes, oh, yes, that will do, Simpson; chocolates and so on. And it was this way, Ethel. It was at the Royal Academy."

Ethel clapped her hands.

"An artist!"

"I think so, but I don't know. He talked art, but then he might have been a critic."

But Ethel shook her head.

"Quite, quite impossible. I know an art critic, and, my dear, he's hideous, just hideous."

"Well, he must have been an artist then," said Celia. "Oh, may I put my head on your shoulder?"

"My sweetest, do; but you are so long and lingering."

So Celia hastened in order not to be long and lingering, and she told Ethel how she had been to the Academy and had there met a divine artist.

"But the real beauty of him—of it, I mean—was that he looked like a man, too."

"Don't they most?" asked Ethel.

"Not at all," said Celia, decidedly; "far from it. I've seen some five feet high, and he was six, at least; and if he hadn't talked about Sir John Millais, who painted all those sad, crooked people in a French place called Barbican, or something like that, and about a man called Whistler having stolen all he knew from the Japanese, and about other things of the same sort, I might have taken him for a soldier. For, as I said, he was tall——"

"Six feet, you said."

"Six feet, and his hair was short and very black, and his eyes——"

"They're most important—the windows of the soul, as Tennyson says in 'Sordello,'" mused Ethel; "but what were they like?"

"They were large and black and fiery——"

"Oh, darling, why are you not quick and fiery? Do—do—do get on."

So Celia got on, and she said she had quite trembled and had sat down in a convenient seat to listen to his voice.

"It was like music, but I could discern deep and threatening notes in it, just like a summer day with a thunderstorm some distance off. And I knew that if I loved him and he thundered I should just rain tears. And he talked to two other men; and one was short and thick, and the other was long and thin. That's all I know of them; but I'll never forget him—never, and I want to know him. Ethel—Ethel, do you think I could? And if you think so, how can I? And would it be wise? I hate being respectable, and tied up and labelled, and so on, but I want to be wise and good, if I can. And I'm so unhappy about him, for I see if I go on thinking about him any more I shall be in love with him."

"Well," said Ethel, "I'll help you. (You can count me in it, as that sweet American girl who refused Lord Fastnet to marry his father used to say before poker was put out by bridge.) But, first of all, my advice for you is not to fall in love with him any more than you are at present until we find out who he is, for, of course, he may be married."

And Celia started. Then she kissed Ethel.

"Oh, no, he isn't."

"How do you know?"

"I could tell. He hadn't the air of it."

"What is the air of it?" demanded Ethel.

"There are several airs," said Celia, "all according to how long. And they're all obvious. I can tell you nothing about them."

And then they dined on the hearthrug off two kinds of cake, and some chocolate, and half a bottle of an Italian wine for which Celia had an unholy taste, and then she told Ethel all about it once more. And when Ethel had told her all about something which does not come in here they kissed each other devotedly three times three, and said "Good-bye, dearest," four times four, and Ethel went home all in a glow, leaving Celia on the black rug thinking about the artist who was not only an artist but a man as well. But the last thing Ethel said was:—

"I'll promise not to advise you to do *anything* you don't want to do."

II.

Now Celia Hardy was fair and fluffy and not a little given to lying upon hearthrugs and couches with skin rugs on them, and, as she would have said, she was "good at thoughts and things." She believed she had intuitions, and everybody who knew her had the intuition that she was very lovable and a great darling and worthy of being kissed unto seventy times seven or even beyond the computations of Cocker. But Ethel Carrington was (as must have been observed) quite a different character. She had great staying power combined (in an entrancing antinomy) with tremendous go. She flirted and played hockey and was one of those girls

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who go to the Eton and Harrow cricket match and criticise the play until all the past Eton and Harrow men near at hand nearly die of suppressed smiles. But if she loved games she loved life too, and anything like an adventure or an innocent intrigue made her black eyes sparkle like jewels. And though she was young she was evidently one of those who will be match-makers when they are old.

"Of course I shall find him," she declared, as she drove home in a hansom; "I'll find him, and then I shall make up my mind what I shall do."

And when she got home she rushed to her room and wrote a letter to Chelsea, which she had posted at once. And early next morning she went down to that quarter of London and got out of her cab at the Marlborough Studios, and rang a bell at one of them.



"MORTIMER GRAY OPENED THE DOOR FOR HER HIMSELF."

"He's my cousin! Why not? I'm interested in art," she said, as she waited. But she hadn't to wait long, for Mortimer Gray opened the door for her himself, and said:—

"Oh, how sweet of you, Ethel; come in."

"You got my letter?" she asked.

"Of course."

"And there aren't any models or such-like about?"

"Not a single model, except myself," said Mortimer.

"And are your pictures fit to be seen, Mortimer?"

"Quite fit," said Mortimer, "so don't stand on the doorstep, when by coming in you can make my place Paradise. And now what do you want?" asked Mortimer. "Tell me and I'll do it."

Ethel laughed.

"Well, all right; I do want to know something. Can you tell me who you think the handsomest painter in London?"

And Mortimer smiled.

"It's not for me to say."

Ethel smiled too.

"Well, you're not so bad," she said; "but who is the second best?"

"There's Grigson; he's rather good-looking," said Mortimer.

"Oh, it can't be Grigson," cried Ethel, in dismay. "Oh, imagine Grigson! What's he like? Is he dark?"

"As fair as a Norwegian."

"Then he won't do," said Ethel. "Tell me about someone who is very tall and very dark and very handsome, with a voice like music, with deep notes in it like a distant thunderstorm."

And Mortimer clapped his hands.

"Why, you must mean Barton Ogilvy," he said; and as he said it Ethel said to herself, "Mrs. Barton Ogilvy; well, that sounds all right."

"You must mean Barton Ogilvy. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing at all," said Ethel, "or I shouldn't be here."

"You're an unkind cousin," cried Mortimer; and Ethel said:—

"Oh, I didn't mean it; I'm always saying such things, and I'm always forgiven by nice people because I don't mean them. Say you forgive me, and tell me all about Mr. Barton Ogilvy. What does he paint, and does he do it well? And is he nice and good and kind and sweet as you are?"

But Mortimer, who was rather jealous, naturally declined to go so far as that.

"He's all right," he said, just a little sulkily; "and he paints well enough."

"Is he married, by any chance?"

She spoke most airily.

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"No, he isn't," said Mortimer; "and I don't think he ever will. At least, he says not."

"Ah, we'll see," said Ethel, to herself; "we'll see about that. I suppose he's poor?"

"Oh, of course, moderately so," said Mortimer. "But you haven't told me why you want to know all this."

"No more I have! How silly of me," said Ethel. "It's because a friend of mine —a dear, dear, dearest old lady with curls— saw him at the Academy and she fell right in love with him, and she came to me and said, 'Oh, Ethel, darling, find out who he is, and if he's poor I'll buy a picture, and if he isn't poor, find out what I can do for him.' So I said I would, and I'm sorry he's only moderately poor. And what could she do for him?"

And Mortimer was really cross.

"Oh, hang it all, Ethel, how do I know? If your dear, dearer, dearest old woman wants to do a good turn to a struggling fellow, make her buy one of my pictures."

"I'll ask her," said Ethel.

"Or bring her to me and have her portrait painted. I'm rather good at old women—I've a bit of a knack at ancient colour. She'll think she's been done by an old master. Is she still nice to look at? I hate 'em ugly."

"Oh, she's the prettiest woman — old woman, I mean—in London," said Ethel. "But I'm so much obliged to you, Mortimer. And now you can tell me where he lives. That's all I want now, except is he nice, and so on?"

And Mortimer Gray looked at her.

"What a diplomatist you would make. He lives at Milworth Studios, Earl's Court, and he's nice enough to men. But he doesn't seem over-fond of women. Shall I call you a cab at once?"

He meant to be bitterly satirical.

"Yes, please do; I'm in an awful hurry."

And as he left her and saw the hansom drive off, Gray said:—

"What the deuce is she up to now?"

But Ethel forgot all about him as she drove off to see the "dear, dearest old lady in London."

And she rushed in upon Celia, and knelt down and kissed her with the prettiest violence.

"Eureka! I've found him!"

"Oh, no, no!" said Celia.

"Don't contradict; yes," cried Ethel. "I went to see Mortimer Gray (my cousin; he paints), and I went at him so cleverly and cunningly, and though he's jealous (as all men are of all men) he told me without the least idea of what I was driving at, and he paints figure pictures (with their clothes on, fortunately), and he's not poor and not married (and says he won't, the silly), and he lives at Earl's Court, and his name's Barton Ogilvy. There!"



"EUREKA! I'VE FOUND HIM!"

"Oh, you dear," said Celia, as Ethel paused to take breath; "but what's the good?"

"Lots of good, goose," said Ethel; "lots of good, and I've planned it all. You said you were tired of being respectable, didn't you?"

"I said so yesterday," answered Celia, doubtfully; "but to-day——"

"Oh, dear," said Ethel; "how trying of you, when I've the sweetest plan. You're clever, but you can't invent things, and life's a game (like hockey) and it must be played, and if you don't do just what I say I shall give you up. And Mrs. Barton Ogilvy sounds quite right, doesn't it? And Mortimer says he paints well, and with you to back him

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he'll be an R.A. very soon and perhaps President, which is a very good position, after all. So it won't be an affair that I ought to stop, and I'll help if you want me to. For, oh, my dear, I want you to be happy and go about again. So will you do what I say?"

"What is it?" asked Celia, fearfully.

And Ethel planted herself upon the rug and told her, and Celia quailed and cried out:—

"Oh, I can't, I can't! How can I?"

"You can, and you shall," said Ethel, beaming. "Oh, it's a duck of a plan, and such fun, such glorious fun, and I'll find out all about it, and how much you are to ask, and what you are to do, and how you are to behave, and what you are to say to explain how you've come down to it, so that if you are a bit ignorant of their ways it won't matter in the least. And he'll fall in love with you at once, or at least very soon, and then it will be all right, and—I shall lose you."

And they cried in each other's arms, and hugged each other, and had lunch which they didn't eat.

"But I'm such a coward," said Celia.

"Oh, but when you're timid, you're so *very* lovely," cried Ethel. "And, of course, being new to it will make you timid, and so everything is perfection. Isn't it, isn't it, my darling? And isn't it sweet that I have an active brain for planning things? You would have cried on this rug for years, and never, never have thought of such a dilly, dilly, duck of a plan!"

And she kissed Celia on the tip of her nose, and rushed away to find out all about it, and how much Celia was to ask, and how she was to behave. And Celia sat at home and said:—

"Oh, dear; oh, dear!"

III.

IT is positively astounding when one considers with what fiendish alacrity people's best friends are ready to put them into impossible situations for their good. And darling Ethel was such a tornado in petticoats that any poor feminine vessel caught in the storm had to run before her and do as she was told. And this is why she went to Milworth Studios in a simple dress and a hansom cab, and got out some little distance away. For Miss Ethel Hurricane Carrington made her do it.

"For don't I tell you he's one of those men who are not fond of women?" said Ethel. "Mortimer said so, and so what's the use of trying to get to know him in the ordinary way? It's no use. But when a man of that sort falls in love he's really awful and most entrancing. I once flirted with a woman-hater and it was delightful. And *most* dangerous; and I never, never enjoyed myself so much in all my life. So now I've told you how to do it, and what to do and so on, it will be the greatest fun. And really you're not a coward, and what does it matter?"

"Oh, but suppose anyone should find it out?"

"No one will."

"Aunt might. And she——"

Oh, but "Aunt," whose name was Lady Silsoe, was someone very severe and very horrible, with flat curls and dresses that Celia supposed to be made of an ancient moral material known as bombasin.

"She won't, ever," said Ethel. "And if she did, you could say you were having your portrait painted to give her as a present. And then she'll be delighted and will embrace you and make you shiver. At least she made me shiver when she did. So here you are and be brave and simple and explain why. And I'll come and see you this evening and you shall tell me all about it, whether you like him or not, and if he's still musical, and whether he behaves like a thunderstorm."

And, much to her own surprise, in less than five minutes a very beautiful, very desperate, and very much disturbed model knocked at Mr. Barton Ogilvy's studio and was opened to by that very man himself.

And her reception was astounding.

"Good heavens," said Barton Ogilvy; "good heavens!"

"Oh, what?" asked Celia, the model; "oh, what, please?"

And Barton Ogilvy, who had a big palette on his thumb, repeated "Good heavens!" in a wonderfully musical voice as deep as the sea.

"Why, it must be Providence," said Barton Ogilvy; "the direct interposition of a merciful Providence! Are you a model? Say you are, for if you aren't I shall shut the door and cut my throat from ear to ear without a moment's hesitation."

"Oh, please don't, don't," said Celia, in great agitation; "yes, yes, I am a model."

"Then come in," said Ogilvy, "come in and let me gloat over the fact."

"Oh, dear, he must be mad," said Celia; "but he *is* very handsome and his voice makes me quiver."

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And Ogilvy handed her a chair. He might be mad and extraordinary and far too handsome to live, but he had manners, and now that his mind was relieved he behaved quite well, though he did look as if he had been saved from death and despair at the last moment.

"My dear young lady, do not be alarmed," he said; "I am not mad, but a moment ago I was in despair; now I am in the seventh heaven of delight, and I'll explain why. Look at this picture."

Celia looked and saw a vague suggestion of several figures which puzzled her dreadfully.

"I see," she said.

"And do you see this?"



"LOOK AT THIS PICTURE."

He pointed to what had once been the head of a draped woman. It was now a blurred and indistinguishable mass of big brush-marks.

"I see it," said Celia.

"As you knocked at the door I was engaged in wiping her head out," said Barton, tragically. "I was engaged in destroying, for the third time, three weeks' work.

"I'm very sorry," said Celia; "it seems a pity, doesn't it?"

But Barton Ogilvy shook his head till he almost wiped that out.

"It's a joy to me," he said. "And then you knocked and I opened the door in a rage. I was prepared to bite the head off anyone I saw. You may have observed that I was a little abrupt?"

"I did," said Celia.

"But when I saw you——"

"You were rather surprising then," said Celia.

"And no wonder," said Barton, "no wonder; I saw my Venus rising, so to speak, out of the paving-stones of the yard."

"Oh," said Celia, weakly; "did you?"

"I did," nodded Barton, joyfully; "I did. But where have you been all this time that I never saw you before?"

"I've been just as usual, you know," said Celia.

"But not working, not working?"

"I suppose not," said Celia; "at least, not hard."

"And to whom have you sat?"

"I never did," sighed Celia.

"What, never? Are you new to it?"

"Oh, I'm quite new," said Celia.

"I am the first, then," shouted Barton.

"Of course, there was 'poor old Jack.' But he didn't count," thought Celia.

"Yes, you are the first," said Celia, and she blushed.

"And I shall be the last," said Barton, firmly; "the last, at any rate, until I have finished this picture of 'The Transit of Venus.' I engage you day in, day out, at your own price, till then. You'll sit to no one else?"

"Never," said Celia; "at least, I mean not till you say I may."

"Then I'll begin now," said Barton. "Sit in this chair on the daïs. Never mind about the drapery; what I want is your head."

He spoke with the ardour of an anatomist, and Celia shivered.

"It sounds as if you wanted it in a charger," she said.

"I'd rather have it that way than not at all," cried Ogilvy. "Now, look this way and

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keep fairly still. As you're fresh to it, say when you're tired."

He looked at her with his burning eyes till a fine blush rose once more to Celia's cheeks.

"Oh, what a colour," said Barton; "and what a thing it is to try to paint. If the other woman enraged me because she wasn't what she ought to be, I see you'll madden me by being more than I can manage."

"Oh, no," said Celia. She knew she was most gentle and domesticated.

"Oh, yes," said Barton, who was already in despair over the infinitely lovely series of delicate planes that went to make up beautiful Celia Hardy. But he worked rapidly and talked as well. He was curiously abrupt.

"How did you come down to this?" he demanded, as he squeezed carmine on his palette.

"To what?" asked Celia.

"To being a model?"

"A friend of mine suggested it, Mr. Ogilvy."

"Poor dear," said Ogilvy. "Of course, I see you are a lady, and I know it must be hard. But haven't you any people?"

"Lots," said Celia.

"Are they poor, then?"

"Poorer than I am," said Celia. Not one of the luckless wretches had more than two thousand a year. "Much poorer, ever so much poorer."

"The world's a queer place," said Ogilvy. "I've painted all day on a crust of bread and have gone out to dine with the Lord Mayor."

"Oh, dear! I'm so sorry," said Celia, pitifully. "Were you very hungry?"

"Murderously so," replied Ogilvy. "But tell me how you came to me first of all. There must have been a Providence in it. Did you ever hear of me before?"

Celia was now feeling quite at home. She saw Mr. Ogilvy was almost as good as he was handsome; at least, if not good, he was kind and simple.

"Oh, yes," said Celia. "I heard your name and some things about you."

"What things?" asked the curious painter. "Nice things, I hope."

"Not all nice," said Celia, in confusion. "At least, I mean they were nice in a way, if one liked that sort of thing."

"You are obscure," said Ogilvy; "what was it?"

"I heard you didn't like women at all," said Celia. "At least, that's what Ethel said."



"'I HEARD YOU DIDN'T LIKE WOMEN AT ALL,' SAID CELIA."

"Who's Ethel?"

"She's my friend—the hockey one."

"It's not true," said Ogilvy, painting hard; "it's not in the least true. I hate some women, of course. But in the abstract they're charming."

"Not in the concrete?" said Celia.

"Even in the concrete, sometimes," said Ogilvy. "But some are trying, very trying."

He had suffered from wild adoration.

"Oh, yes; they are, I know," said Celia. "There's my aunt, for instance."

"What about her?" asked Ogilvy, staring at his canvas.

"She wears bombasin and has flat curls," said Celia.

"I thought they only did that in Dickens," said Ogilvy.

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And Celia nodded.

"My aunt comes out of Dickens, and she's very strict and very severe, and very moral and religious and hard; and she hates Ethel because she's so lively. And she gives me good advice and looks after me ever since——"

"Ever since what?" asked the artist.

"Oh, ever since I had no home to speak of; no real home, you know," said Celia.

"I don't know, you know," said Barton, looking at her curiously. "Do you mean since your parents died?"

"No, no; not my parents—my——"

And Barton Ogilvy stopped painting.

"I believe you've been married!"

And Celia gasped.

"Yes, long ago; but not now. I had to be—they almost made me."

"Poor dear," said Ogilvy. "I'm very sorry I spoke."

"Oh, no," said Celia; "it couldn't be helped. And it's always better for people to know everything, isn't it?"

"Everything?"

"Oh—well, almost everything," said Celia. And as she said it she looked so lovely that Barton Ogilvy almost forgot that he was a painter.

"Look here," he said, "we'll have some lunch. I daresay you are hungry, and I'm famished. And now I've got you engaged for this picture I feel I have some time to spare. Can you eat cold tongue and biscuits?"

But Celia could have eaten husks with him. And as she ate the tongue Ogilvy kept looking at her.

"I tell you it's Providence—it's Providence! And what did you say your name was?"

"It's Celia," she said; "Celia Hardy."

"Then the day after to-morrow I shall call you Celia," said Ogilvy.

It seemed a very long time to the day after to-morrow, thought Celia.

IV.

"Oh, oh, oh, how splendiferous!" said Ethel, who had no more respect for the English language than a popular novelist; "how very splendiferous! What did I tell you? Oh, tell me all, all about it. And is he really nice? And wasn't it clever of me, and didn't I prophesy it? And did you make arrangements to be paid? I'll have the money, darling, and buy myself something with it. For *really* it's mine, you know. And was his voice very thunderstormy, or did it grow tender and soft? Tell me; tell me all before I die!"

And Celia told her all—or almost all. That he was going to call her "Celia" the day after to-morrow she kept to herself.

"And I said my people were even poorer than I," she said. "Oh, it was funny. But it seemed wrong. Suppose he's angry when he finds out."

"Pooh, bah!" said Ethel; "what kind of man would be cross at finding his wife had five thousand a year instead of nothing? And you needn't tell him till you're married, need you?"

But Celia sighed and blushed, and looked at the hearthrug, and sighed again and again.

"And somehow we talked about aunt. I had to make conversation or I should have died. And talking about her made me quite alarmed. She's not been to see me for days, and any moment she might come, and I'm quite in the wrong frame of mind to be with her; and her eyes are just like needles."

"Don't let her disgruntle you when things are going so sweetly," cried Ethel.

"What's 'disgruntle'?"

"It's an American word, and means it," said Ethel. "How can a word like that mean anything else? So, of course, it doesn't. And did you think him poor?"

Celia nodded.

"And I want to send him some rugs—good ones. You shall come with me and choose them."

"Oh, what fun!" said Ethel.

And when Ogilvy had Celia's head on his canvas and her name on his tongue he had her rugs on his floor as well.

"Now I wonder who sent me these?" said Ogilvy, gloomily. "They're deuced expensive, too. I hope it wasn't one of those women."

"What women?" asked Celia.

Barton Ogilvy shook his head and answered irrelevantly.

"They will do it," he said; "they keep on doing it."

"But are the rugs nice?" asked Celia.

"Oh, they're beautiful, but I haven't the least doubt that the sender will come along here shortly and go down on one of them and offer me marriage," said Ogilvy, very disconsolate.

And Celia went as scarlet as hips and haws, or the King's uniform, or vermilion, or an epithet in a decadent poet's latest red rhyme.

"Oh, I'm sure she won't," she cried.

"Oh, you don't know 'em," said Ogilvy, desperately.

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"No woman could!"

"You couldn't," said Ogilvy; "but they can. They do. They will."

He went on painting, but presently he was sent for by a picture-dealer in Bond Street and had to go away for two hours. He said he should be back in one.

"And will you keep house for me in the meantime, Celia?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Celia.

"Call me Barton."

"Yes, Mr. Barton Ogilvy."

He put on a frock-coat and a high hat, and looked as rich as if he was already what Celia was to make him, and that, of course, was the President of the Royal Academy.

"And don't let anyone in," he said. "Good-bye, Celia."

"Good-bye, sir," said Celia.

And Barton Ogilvy looked as black as a thunderstorm. It was idiotic to say he hated women, thought Celia as she went round his studio and inspected the canvases with their faces to the wall. But it was not the pictures which convinced her of people's folly.

"He's beginning to like me," said Celia.

Then there came a knock at the door. She opened it to find a handsome fury of an Italian model in the peasant's dress of the Campagna standing on the threshold.

"Is the signore in?" asked the Italian woman, eyeing Celia as if she would like to eat her without salt.

"No," said Celia.

"Eet is a lie," said the model, who called herself Carlotta Pisani. "Eet is a lie."

She put her foot inside the door and in spite of Celia came right in. She marched into the studio. Celia followed, trembling.

"Where is he, ha?" asked Carlotta. "I will to see him. And do you know why?"

She stood on the centre rug and lifted her arms.

"No—o," said Celia.

"Eet is because I love him, and he loves me," said Carlotta, tragically. "What doze et mattare eef I have taken a knife to him, and he poot me out?"

"I don't know," said Celia, weakly. "I can't say. But he's not here."

"Then why are you here?"

"I'm waiting," said Celia.

"I do not like that you should wait," said Carlotta, "and I do not like you."

"Don't you?" said Celia. "Oh, I wish he would come back."

"I tell him las' week that eef he spoke to anozzer wooman I would keel him," said Carlotta. "Do you love him, too?"

"No—o," said Celia.

"Eet is a lie," said Carlotta, with simple grandeur, "for all woomens love him. But none shall but me, me, Carlotta Pisani, who sat first for him. I peety you and you had mooch better go away before I get rage in me. When I become raging I use my knife always. It is impossible not, quite impossible, and I have cut him once, not mooch, but a leetle, and he was annoy and poot me out. And I sleep in the yard all night and cry till a policeman come. But you love him too, poor girl, and you had better go at once."

And then there was another knock.

"Ha, it is anozzer," said Carlotta, as Celia went to the door. "Let me. I will speak to her!"

And with one motion of her right arm she



"SHE THREW CELIA ON TO A BIG COUCH."

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threw Celia on to a big couch. Then Carlotta opened to Ethel Carrington.

"I said it was anozzer," said Carlotta, disdainfully. "Go away, wooman, you are not wanted. The signore is not in and wants no models. I am his model—I, Carlotta Pisani."

"Oh," said Ethel Carrington, "and where's Mrs. Hardy?"

"I do not know her," said Carlotta. But Celia squeaked inside.

"Ethel, Ethel, come in, or let me get out. She's terrifying me, and Mr. Ogilvy had to go away, and she *would* come in."

She spoke over Carlotta's shoulder. But Carlotta was as calm as the Alban Hills.

"The signore belongs to me," she declared. "And eef this is your friend, take her away before I keel her. For she has no right here—no, not at all!"

"Let me pass, you foolish person," said Ethel, who considered that hockey made her equal to all emergencies. "Let me pass."

Carlotta smiled, and, placing her ample hand on Ethel's bosom, she propelled her backwards into the middle of the yard. There she subsided gracefully into what was known as a flower-bed, because there were no flowers there.

"Oh, oh," said Ethel, as she rose. "Why, you most extraordinary person, how dare you, and what do you mean? For two pins I would call a policeman."

"Policeman, poof!" said Carlotta. "I do not care; I know them all and they love me, but I love Signor Ogilvy."

"Bah!" cried Ethel. "But Celia, quick, quick; come out if this dreadful woman won't let me come in."

"I can't," said Celia; "I'm in charge."

"It looks like it," said Ethel; "but if you don't you'll be caught—your dreadful aunt——"

"What about her?" quavered Celia.

"She knows, and is coming," shrieked Ethel. "She went to your house just now and marched into your room and found Mr. Ogilvy's address there in my handwriting, and a fool you were to leave it about; and she came right round to me at once, and came in on me like an Assyrian and said, 'Who—who—who is Mr. Barton Ogilvy?' and she frightened me so I couldn't invent quick, and I was forced, like a fool, to speak the truth, or very near it, and I said he was a dear old painter who was painting your portrait, and then she said, 'Is he there now?' and I said 'No' at once in such a way that she rose up and went out and got into her cab and said to the man to come here. And I rushed out and got a hansom; and, oh! I can't be many minutes before her. Come, come!"

"Yes! go, go," said Carlotta, who understood the last words, though she had not followed Ethel's English flowing like the turbid Po in flood times. And taking hold of Celia she hurled her into the yard. "Go, before I become mad and keel you."

"But I can't," said Celia, as Ethel stopped her backward rush. "I can't; I was left in charge."

"I am here," said Carlotta. "I will explain it all—all to the signore."

And just then a four-wheeler stopped at the studio entrance, and Lady Silsoe emerged, with her awful aspect, her Assyrian curls, her bombasin, and an antique known in history as a reticule.

"Wait," said Lady Silsoe, stalking into the yard. She stopped as though she had suddenly been turned into stone.

"Celia, Celia," she said.

And if Medusa's head ever spoke, in such accents did it speak.

Celia became a petrifaction, Ethel put her hand to her heart, and even Carlotta was visibly impressed. There was something as awe-inspiring about Lady Silsoe as if she were first cousin to the ruined temple at Pæstum.

"Celia, *what* is this?"

"I don't know," said Celia. "But she did it."

She indicated Carlotta, who stood in the doorway of the studio with a dark and awful smile.

"Who is this theatrically-clothed person?" asked Lady Silsoe. "And what is she?"

"I am Carlotta Pisani, and I love him wiz all my heart," said the Italian; "and I command you to take these woomans away before I keel them. I cannot bear them. For I love him."

Lady Silsoe inspected her with her naked eyes, and then doubly inspected her through a lorgnette. This mixed process usually reduced the most stubborn person to a perfect flux. But Carlotta, having recovered from the first fearful impression, was calmly scornful.

"I do not mind you," she said; "he will not love you."

"You are an impertinent woman," cried Lady Silsoe, "and I will not talk to you."

"That is good," said Carlotta; "I do not wish to talk with anyone but the signore. And when he sees you he will laugh."

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"CARLOTTA WAS CALMLY SCORNFUL."

"Celia," cried Lady Silsoe, trembling with rage, "get your hat."

But Celia shook her head.

"I daren't," she quavered; "it's inside."

"Then *I* will get it," said Lady Silsoe. She advanced upon the Italian.

"I will not have you here," said Carlotta. "Go away, old woman; I do not like you. I shall push you hard in the chest if you come; very hard, and you will sit down."

As she extended her mighty Campanian hand as evidence of her good faith, Lady Silsoe paused.

"Where is this Mr. Barton Ogilvy?" she demanded.

And at that very moment Barton Ogilvy hurried round the corner and came upon the tableau. He paused—thunderstruck, and Ethel flew at him.

"Oh, say you are your father's son," she implored.

"I am,' said Ogilvy; "I never denied it."

"I told Lady Silsoe you were very old, and you aren't, so say your father will be here by-and-by," whispered the agitated Ethel. "Say it at once to her, and don't hesitate. Oh, save Celia by saying it!"

He was a brave man and said it.

"My father will be here by-and-by," he said, at large, "and he will be pleased to see you all."

He saluted Lady Silsoe and looked at Celia with anxiety. She clasped her hands and said nothing. Lady Silsoe doubly inspected him and he trembled. But Carlotta intervened.

"I have come back again, mio amore," she said, with triumphant simplicity. "I could not stay away any longer. And I have turn these woomans out. Only I do not mind the old one."

And Barton Ogilvy burst into laughter. It cannot be said that it was happy laughter.

"I will wait and see your father," said Lady Silsoe.

"His father is dead," said Carlotta. "He is very dead for many years. It is impossible to see him. He painted; my mother knew him."

"You unholy fiend," said Barton, who did not know whether he was on his head or his heels. For who was Lady Silsoe, and who was the young lady who implored him to say he was his father's son? And what in the name of Heaven had happened since Carlotta came? "You wretch, I hate you!"

"And I love you wiz all my heart," said Carlotta; "and you can beat me if you wish it. But I will not have these other woomans here."

"Stop," said Lady Silsoe, "stop. I wish to have an explanation. Are we to have it in a backyard in a low locality? That is all I ask."

Barton Ogilvy recovered his sangfroid.

"By no means. Let us go inside. Carlotta, be so good as to go."

"Never more," said Carlotta. "I love you wiz all my heart."

"Then at any rate let us go inside," said Barton. And they all entered.

"Now, madam," he said to the Gorgon, desperately, "what can I do for you?"

"You can offer me an explanation. Miss Carrington said you were old."

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"Did she? And who is Miss Carrington?"

Lady Medusa indicated Ethel.

"Well, so I am," said Barton; "so I am, if it comes to that. I'm over thirty."

"And she said that my niece was having her portrait painted. Kindly show it to me."

"It's not begun yet," said Barton, "at least, hardly. And is Mrs. Hardy your niece?"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said Celia, suddenly.

"She is, sir, she is, and I consider that I am her guardian. And I find her in a back-yard in Earl's Court without a hat quarrelling with an Italian person in a costume fit for a pantomime! It is terrible. And as for you, Miss Carrington, I am ashamed of you."

And at that Ethel lost control of herself.

"Celia, darling, will you sit there and let me be abused? This old thing may be your aunt, but she's not your keeper and she's not mine. And I'll do what I like and say what I like and go where I like without asking your permission, Lady Silsoe. So there, so there, so there!"

"And I love him wiz all my heart," chanted Carlotta, mournfully; "and when I cut him I loved him. And I cried in the yard all night."

"Oh, you poor thing," said Celia. She touched Carlotta's hand.

"Ah, you love him, too," said Carlotta, "and though I hate you, you are a kind wooman, and eef I did not love him I would kees you."

Tears rolled down Carlotta's cheeks, and poor Barton Ogilvy said "Confound it!" in an audible voice.

"The only thing I can do is to get married," he said to himself; "it's the only way."

He looked at Celia, who blushed crimson at his glance.

"I don't know who you are, Mrs. Hardy," he said, suddenly, "but I hope you believe that this lady from Italy has no claim on me."

Lady Silsoe inspected the lady from Italy once more.

"But I love you," said Carlotta, "wiz all my heart."

"I can't help that, can I?" asked Barton.

"But *we* can help staying," said Lady Silsoe, rising grandly. "Come, Celia, your hat."

But Barton Ogilvy intervened.

"These ladies will stay to tea," he said, firmly.

"My niece will not," said Lady Silsoe; "and you can consider the order for the portrait cancelled."

"Mrs. Hardy will attend to that," said Barton; "and we have made an arrangement by which she is engaged to me for a year."

"Engaged to you for a year," said Lady Silsoe, in a voice which had notes in it almost as like a thunderstorm as his own. "*What* do you mean, sir?"

"Is it not true, Mrs. Hardy?"

"Yes," murmured Celia.

"I forbid it," said Lady Silsoe. "It's not proper. She has only been a widow three years, and she must not marry, she shall not."

"Aunt, aunt," said Celia, in an agony, "don't be so foolish. It's not that sort of engagement!"

Lady Silsoe had several internal earthquakes.

"Not the sort of engagement that ends in marriage! Then this is no place for me."

She stalked towards the door.

"If you do not follow me to my cab, Celia, we shall not meet again. Miss Carrington, whether you come or not, we are henceforth strangers."

"Thanks," said Ethel, "I am much obliged."

And Lady Silsoe went out.

But Carlotta was all over smiles. She had gathered certain things which, though unpleasing for a time, yet promised joy in the end.

"I will come back at the end of the year, signore, when the time is expired. For I love you wiz all my heart, and eef I cut you I cried. And I will come back—always, always!"

She followed Lady Silsoe and disappeared.

"And now," said Barton Ogilvy, "we'll have some tea, and after that perhaps someone will tell me all about it."

Whatever he was told, whether true or not, does not matter. For the engagement lasted much less than a year. And the transit of Venus never happened, after all.

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A Budget of Puzzles.

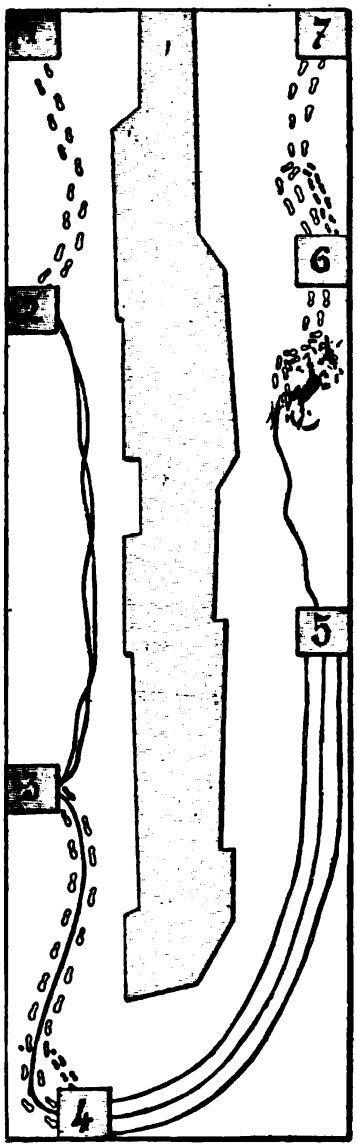
(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES WILL APPEAR IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.)

THE puzzles contained in the following pages will be found to be of almost every degree of difficulty, from very easy up to those which require for their solution a considerable amount of skill. If any of our readers succeed in solving the whole of the puzzles here given before the solutions appear, we think we may congratulate them upon possessing an unusual amount of ingenuity. In the case of such puzzles as necessitate folding or cutting the paper, we advise those who do not wish to mutilate the Magazine to make copies of the drawings, which may be easily done with the aid of a piece of tracing-paper.

The first puzzle we give is a comparatively simple one. It is called

1.—TRACKING THE FUGITIVES.

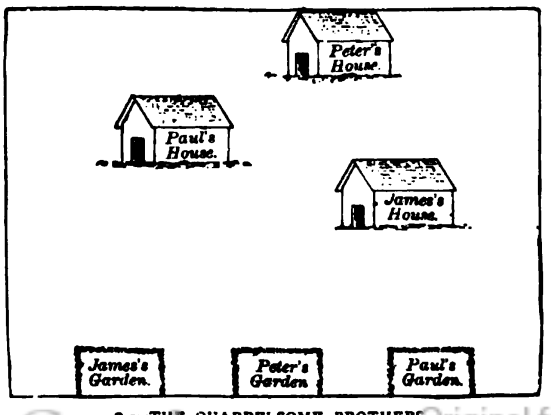
Everyone knows with what extraordinary skill a North-American Indian can follow up a trail — a skill which seems to rise from a kind of instinct, and which has no equal among white races, with the single exception, of course, of our old friend Sherlock Hólmes. We now ask our readers to imagine themselves transformed for the moment into these inhabitants of the prairie, and request them to try to discover, simply by examination of the traces which are reproduced on the accompanying diagram, and which were produced by the flight of a man leading a child, exactly what happened to the two fugitives. In order to throw his pursuers off the trail the man changed his means of locomotion at each of the places marked in numbers on the diagram. The problem consists in discovering the manner of locomotion between each of these stations and the next; what vehicles the man took; what happened to him in the course of his flight; and what he did with the child at the different stages of the journey.



1.—TRACKING THE FUGITIVES.

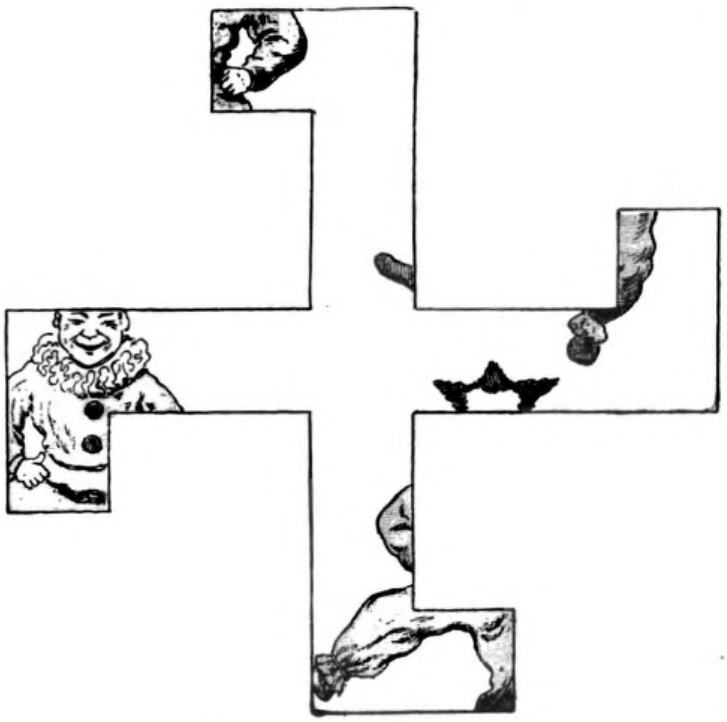
2.—THE QUARRELSOME BROTHERS.

On the death of their uncle, Peter, Paul, and James inherited his whole fortune. The property consisted of three houses and three gardens. The gardens, however, were not attached to the houses, but, as shown in the accompanying drawing, were situated at some little distance away, and each brother desired to have the house nearest the gardens. At last the dispute reached such a pitch of violence that they agreed upon a plan by which each of them could reach his own garden without meeting either of his brothers on the way. The puzzle consists in discovering how the three roads were made from the houses to the gardens without any of them crossing either of the others. We understand that for the last two years the brothers have been in the habit of going daily from their houses to their gardens without having met each other on any single occasion.



2.—THE QUARRELSOME BROTHERS.

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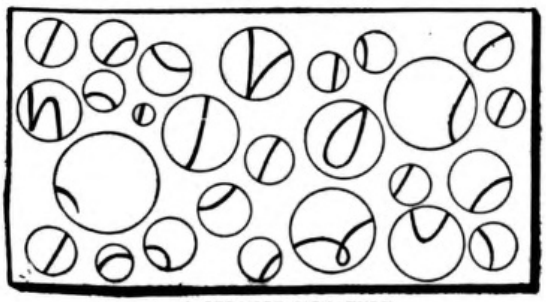
3.—TO RECONSTRUCT THE CLOWN.

3.—TO RECONSTRUCT THE CLOWN.

This problem consists in cutting up the various parts of the above drawing and combining them so as to reconstruct the clown, who is shown in various pieces. This, no doubt, appears to be extremely easy, but it will perhaps seem less so when we say that *only two* cuts must be made with the scissors, making four pieces; these pieces having to be so put together as to form the clown. If correctly done the pieces will at the same time construct a perfect square.

4.—A STRANGE SIGNATURE.

The drawing given below contains the signature of a celebrated French general,



4.—A STRANGE SIGNATURE.

enclosed in portions in the different circles. To discover the name of this general it is necessary to cut out these circles and to place the fragments of writing end to end in their proper order, when the signature will at once become apparent.

5.—TO MAKE A HEN OUT OF AN APPLE.

To see a chicken issue from an egg is a sight in which there is nothing extraordinary; but a hen



5.—TO MAKE A HEN OUT OF AN APPLE.

which issues from an apple is something of a novelty. It is, however, not impossible—at least on paper. Look at this drawing, which represents an apple. With four cuts of the scissors divide it into four pieces; rearrange the pieces in the proper order, and you will obtain a beautiful black hen.

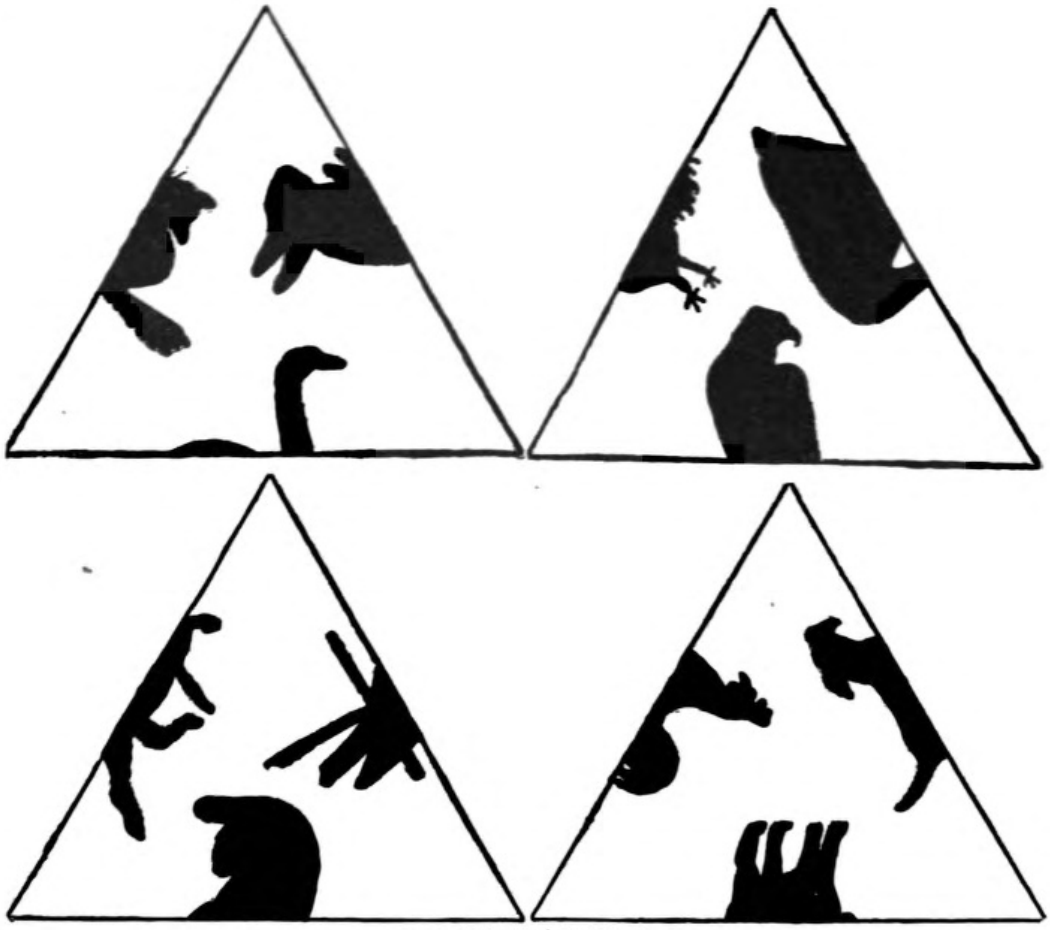
6.—TO TURN THIS MAN INTO ANOTHER.

The accompanying drawing shows something resembling a fat Dutchman with his hands clasped on his chest, enclosed exactly within a square. The curious thing about him is this, that if he is properly cut in pieces and these pieces are correctly put together again he will form a different-looking individual altogether, standing upright on his legs.



6.—TO TURN THIS MAN INTO ANOTHER.

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7.—A CURIOUS MENAGERIE.

7.—A CURIOUS MENAGERIE.

The four triangles represented in the foregoing figure depict a menagerie, but a menagerie which is by no means a common one, since we see living in it, on the best terms with each other, a "happy family," consisting of a dog, a cat, an eagle, a rabbit, a goose, and a cock. The form of this menagerie is also so singular that in order to show all the parts of it the artist has been obliged to divide it into these four triangles. We now rely upon the skill of our readers to cut out these triangles, having first traced them, for preference, on a sheet of white paper, and to put the triangles together again in such a manner that our menagerie may be presented to us in a new geometrical form, which will show all the animals complete instead of being cut in pieces as at present.



8.—A STRANGE GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

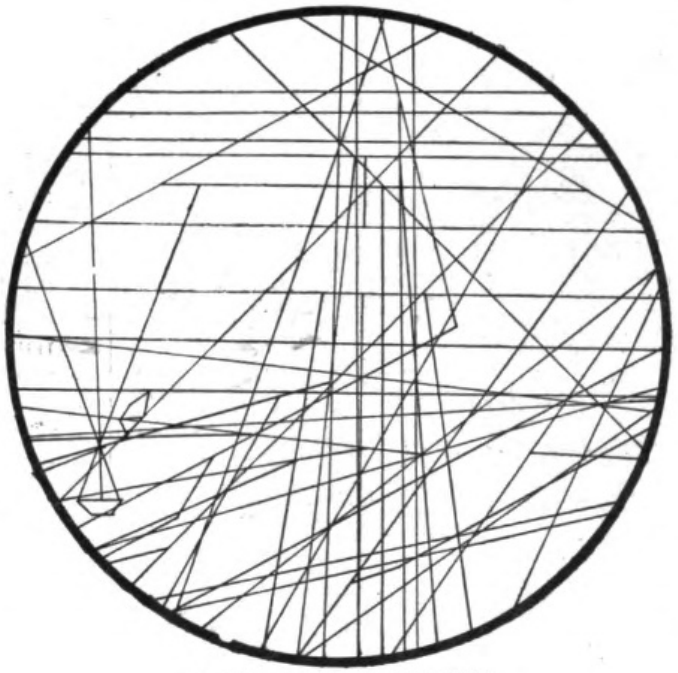
8.—A STRANGE GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

A certain Professor of Geometry, who was never able to get his favourite study out of his head, designed for his wife the costume represented in the accompanying drawing. It is of its kind a real curiosity, for if this portrait is cut into seven pieces it is possible to make of these seven pieces an exact equilateral triangle. It is now for our readers to discover how this is to be done. We may add that this puzzle is by no means one of the most difficult of this series.

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9.—THE FACETIOUS SCHOOLBOY.

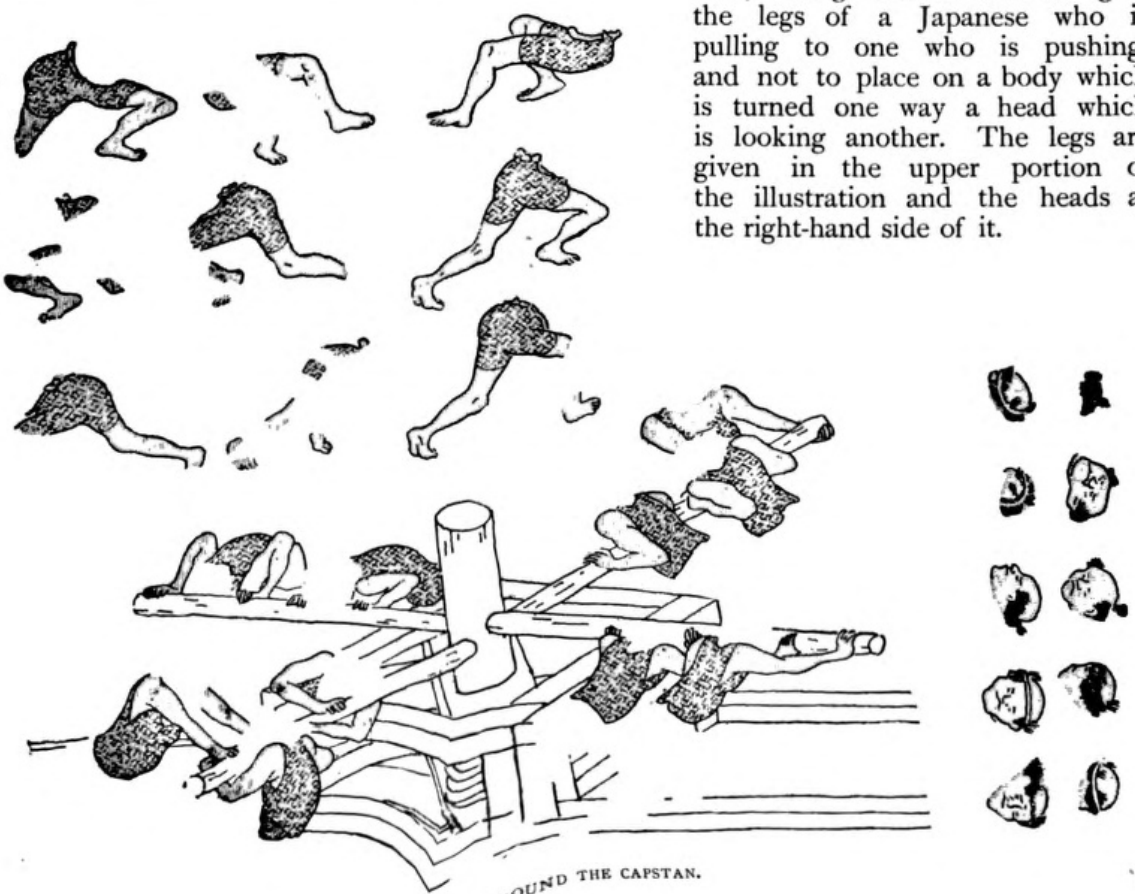
A lazy schoolboy had a classbook containing different kinds of pictures. He chose a page on which the drawing was exclusively composed of straight lines, representing, among other seaside objects, a certain kind of building which is only found on the sea-coast. Taking his pen and his ruler he amused himself during the time when he ought to have been studying his lessons by prolonging all the straight lines of the drawing until the page on his book presented the odd appearance shown in the annexed figure, resembling rather an original form of cobweb than a landcape. Now, the problem which we put before our readers is this: what did the drawing represent in the first instance?



9.—THE FACETIOUS SCHOOLBOY.

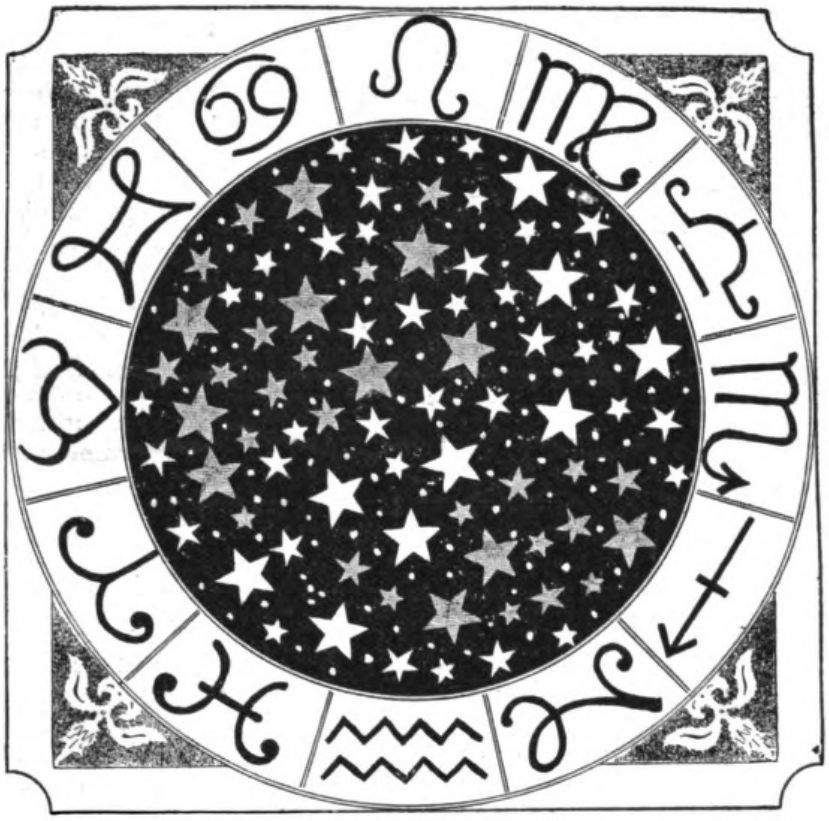
10.—ROUND THE CAPSTAN.

Ten Japanese sailors were working at a capstan. The inventor of this problem, with more regard to his own interests than to the feelings of his victims, decapitated the ten Japanese and also cut off their legs. This process being performed, he mixed the heads and legs together, and now desires our readers to restore to each of the bodies which remain at the bars of the capstan the heads and legs belonging to each particular man, being careful not to give the legs of a Japanese who is pulling to one who is pushing, and not to place on a body which is turned one way a head which is looking another. The legs are given in the upper portion of the illustration and the heads at the right-hand side of it.



10.—ROUND THE CAPSTAN.

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11.—THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

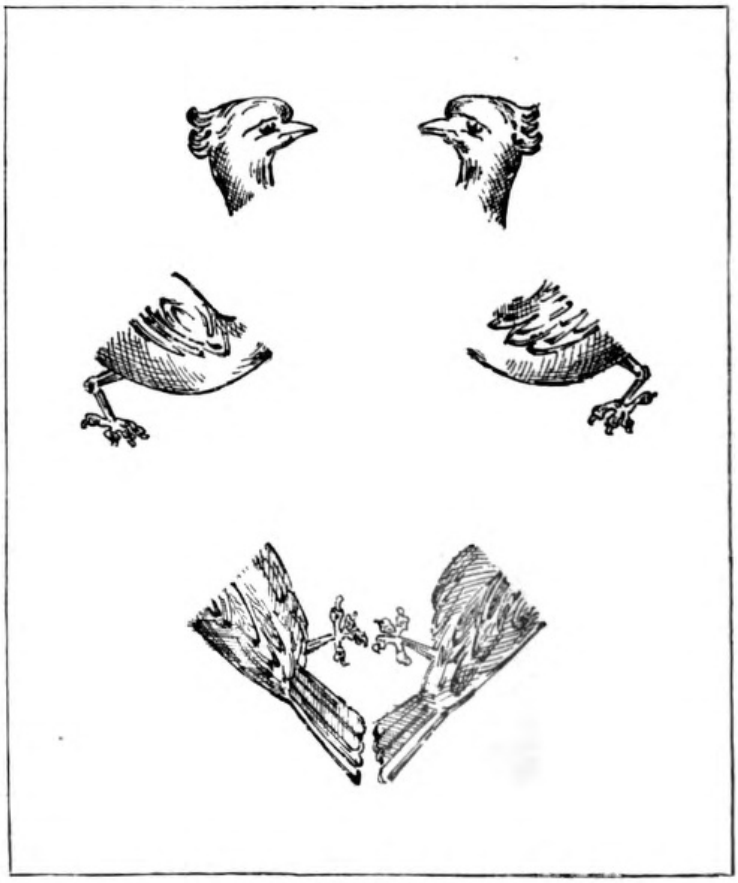
birds, they will no doubt be of opinion that we have made a mistake in admitting a problem which is within the capacity of any child, since apparently nothing can be easier, seeing that all that is required are a few snips with a pair of scissors. But probably they will change their opinion when we add that the problem must be solved by simply folding the paper, with no kind of cut whatever. How, then, is the paper to be folded so as to bring together into their proper places the bodies, heads, and tails of the respective birds?

11.—THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

Here is a celestial map, not, however, strictly correct from the astronomical point of view, and not intended to teach our readers the position of the stars, but only to exercise their patience with an amusing little puzzle. It will be observed that the map is surrounded by twelve signs of the Zodiac. The problem consists in cutting out two of these signs—there are only two which will serve the purpose, and you must find out which they are—and in placing them among the stars and the white dots in such a position that they shall not touch a single star or dot.

12.—TO COMPLETE THE BIRDS.

If we tell our readers that this problem consists of reuniting all the pieces of this drawing in order to form two



12.—TO COMPLETE THE BIRDS.

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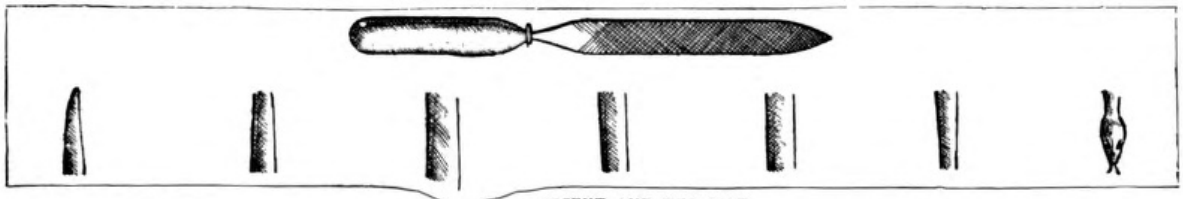
13.—TO MAKE A FLOWER OUT OF THESE FOUR FREAKS.

13.—TO MAKE A FLOWER OUT OF THESE FOUR FREAKS.

This puzzle will be found to require a somewhat different kind of skill and ingenuity from the last, but is by no means so difficult as it may appear at first sight. Here are four of the oddest-looking faces which ever were seen out of a nightmare. And yet if properly combined they are capable of forming one of the most beautiful objects in Nature. It is required to cut out these four grotesque figures and to recombine them so as to form *a flower*, which will appear in white, with the stem, leaves, and bloom complete, upon a black background. This, we may say, is not a very easy problem, and any reader who correctly solves it may pride himself upon having accomplished something unusually clever.

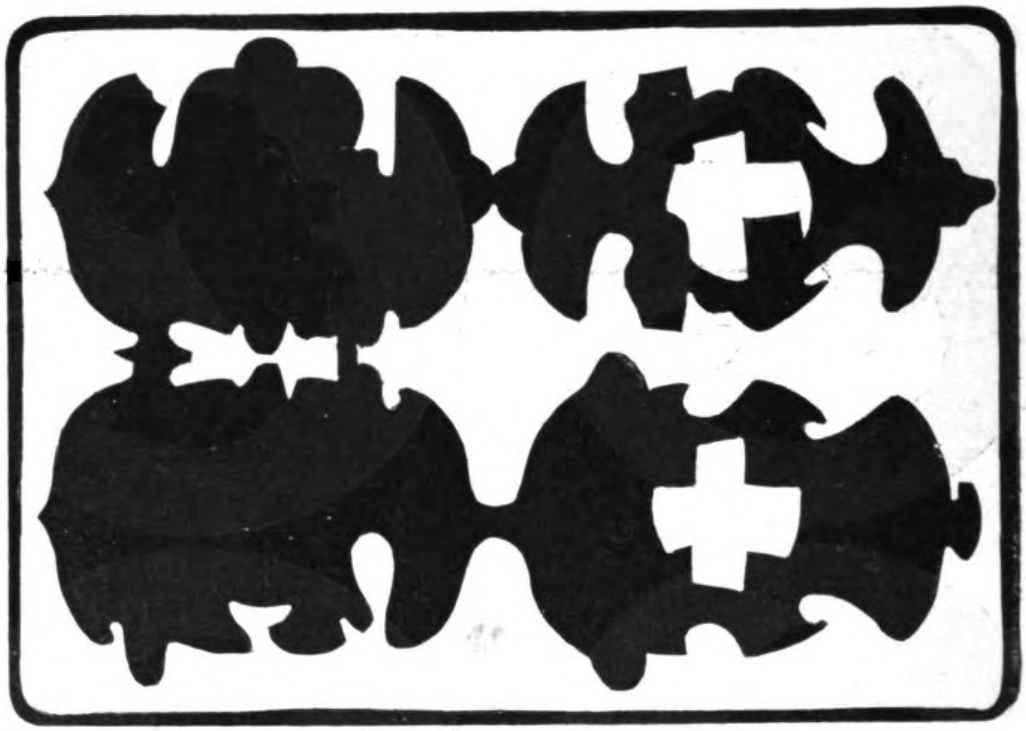
14.—THE SERPENT AND THE FILE.

Those who desire to solve this puzzle are required to cut out the drawing so as to obtain a single strip of paper containing the seven pieces of the serpent and the file. Then, without cutting the paper in any way or marking it with any fold, and without the aid of any instrument, make the file disappear and present only the serpent reconstructed complete.



14.—THE SERPENT AND THE FILE.

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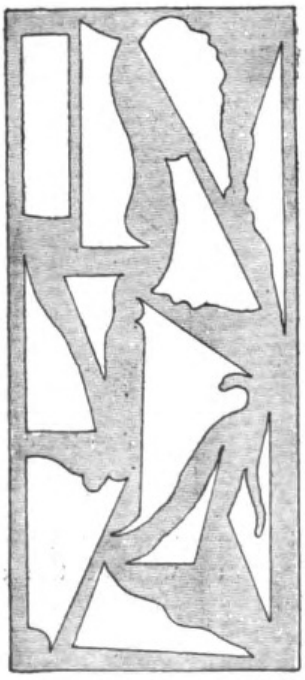
15.—A BLOT OF INK.

15.—A BLOT OF INK.

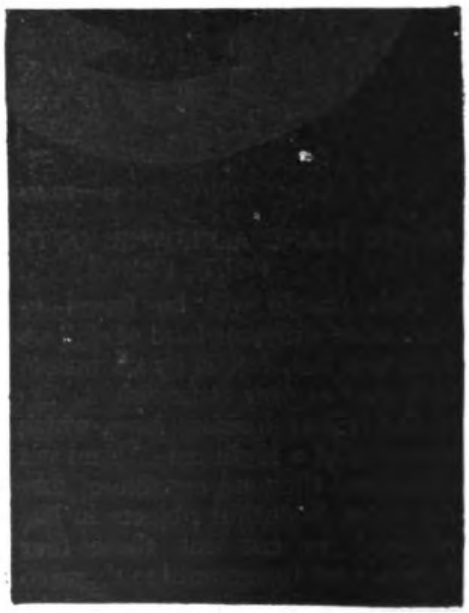
We know what strange designs children amuse themselves in making by pressing blots of ink between two folds of paper. We here publish one which has this particularly curious quality, that on being folded in a certain manner, without cutting, it produces four absolutely round black blots. Moreover, when these folds are made nothing else will be visible in the drawing except these four black discs.

16.—WHAT ANIMAL IS THIS?

Professor Owen, the great naturalist, was able on seeing a bone to reconstruct the entire skeleton of the animal to which it had belonged, though the whole species had disappeared from the globe for many thousands of years. Our readers are required to reconstruct, with the twelve small pieces of white paper which are here shown inserted in the grey background, the outline of a well-known animal. These pieces of paper must be cut out and gummed upon the black rectangle which is here reproduced. The animal we may say, however, will not be a white one but a black one.



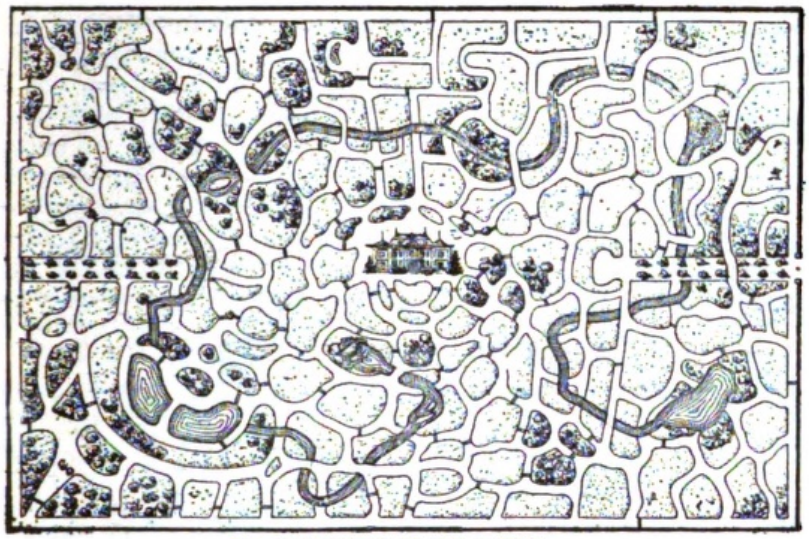
16.—WHAT ANIMAL IS THIS?



17.—THE CASTLE IN THE FOREST.

The drawing on the next page shows a forest traversed by a winding river and many leafy valleys, while in the centre is situated a

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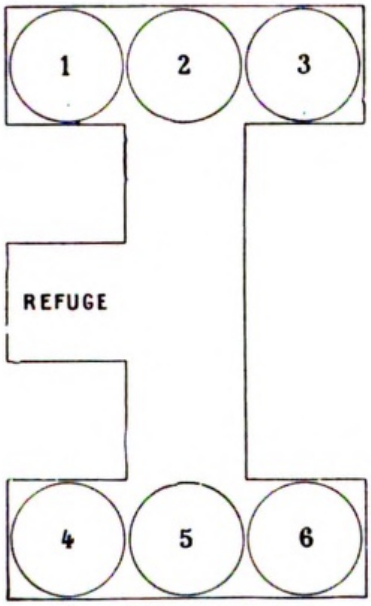


17.—THE CASTLE IN THE FOREST.

magnificent castle. The owner of the castle is very hospitable, but only to those who have shown sufficient ingenuity to arrive at his dwelling by such of the alleys as are not stopped with bars. The visitor is also strictly forbidden to cross the little river except by the bridges, and must never traverse any portion of the route twice over. The problem consists of imagining oneself to be a visitor, to enter the labyrinth by the opening at the right hand, and to make one's way through the forest to the castle in the centre.

18.—A MOTOR-CAR PROBLEM.

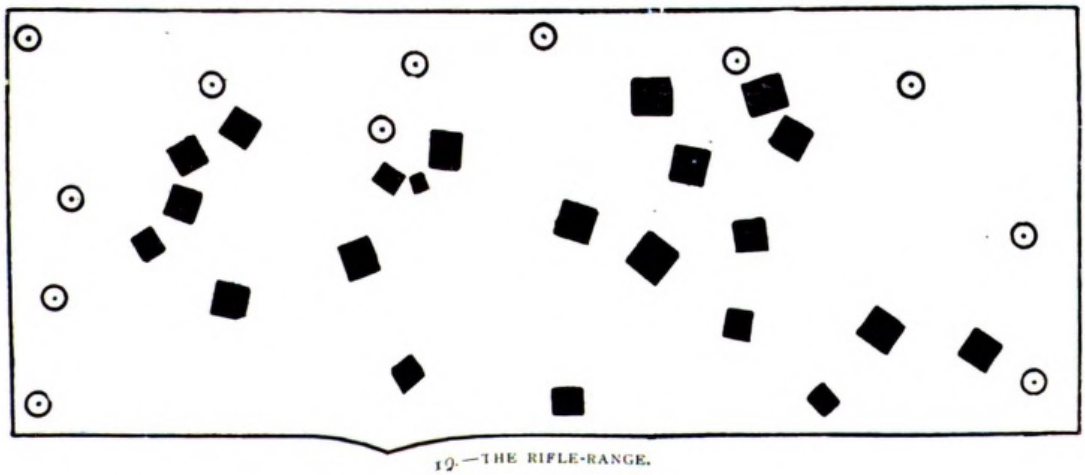
The owner of the building which is represented on the accompanying plan, wishing to utilize it for the storing of motor-cars, constructed a shed at each end, each shed capable of holding three motor-cars. The passage between the sheds is only wide enough to allow one car at a time to pass along it. On the left side of this passage is a "refuge" capable of containing one car only. The two parts of the passage between the refuge and the sheds have also space in each for a single car. Now, the proprietor wished to move the cars from each shed into the opposite one, so that the cars numbered 1, 2, 3 should occupy the shed at present filled by those marked 4, 5, 6—and, *vice-versâ*. In solving this problem the reader can easily draw an enlarged diagram in which shillings and halfpennies will represent the respective cars.



18.—A MOTOR-CAR PROBLEM.

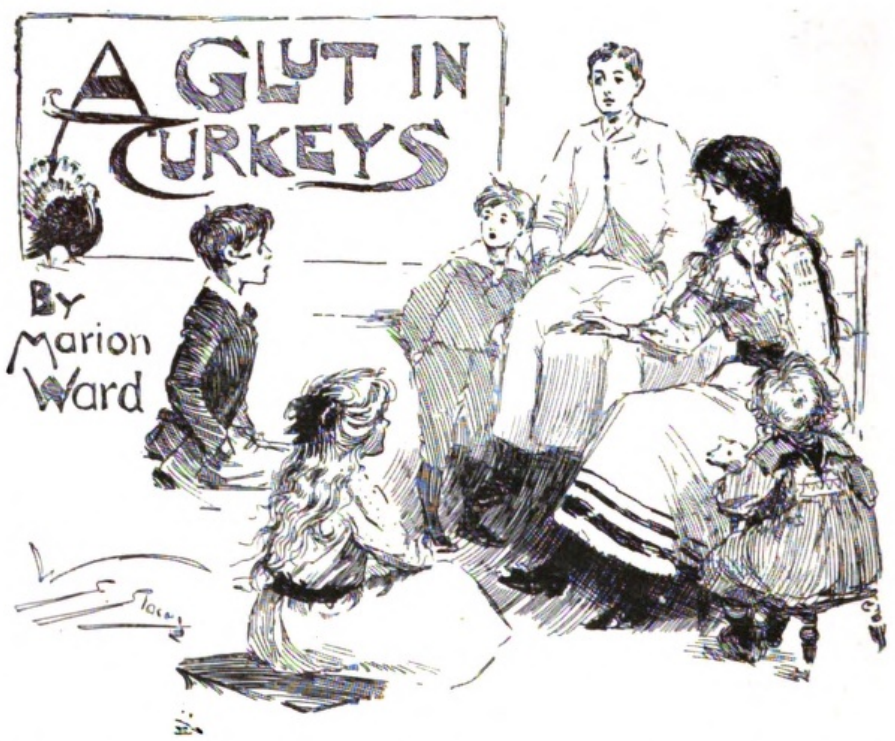
19.—THE RIFLE-RANGE.

This rifle-range contains twelve targets, and between these targets are placed obstacles of sufficient height to hide them. There is a certain point of the ground, however, from whence a marksman can obtain a clear view of all the targets without the intervention of any of these obstacles. Can you find this point?



19.—THE RIFLE-RANGE.

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IT seems to be the fashion nowadays for quite young girls to write stories all about themselves and their thoughts and escapades, and get them published, even when they are most ordinary and uninteresting—excepting to themselves, of course; so I don't see why I should not tell about our Turkey Christmas, or, as Ronald calls it, our Glut in Turkeys, which really was very funny, and tragic as well. It happened last Christmas. I was quite a child—only fifteen. Father had not patented his wonderful discovery then, and made a whole fortune just by——but I forgot; that is another story, as Mr. Kipling would say. We really were horribly poor. Father was abroad on business, and had been unexpectedly delayed, so that he could not possibly get home till after Christmas, and quite suddenly mother had almost come to the end of her ready money.

Mother never kept things from us, so we children knew just how bad things were. There were five of us: myself (Nora) the eldest, then Jack, then Dulcie, then Nicholas, and lastly Noel, who was just a baby of three. And besides us there was Ronald from next door, who was sixteen and very big, and always called himself the head of the family.

So just before Christmas I called a council. First I called down the telephone for Ronald (we made that telephone between the nursery and Ronald's own private sitting-room ourselves, and it had a tremendous bell, an old dinner-bell, so that he could hear plainly if he happened to be in any different part of the house). And when he came I summoned the rest of the family, and solemnly proposed that, owing to the financial resources of the family being pretty well bankrupt, we should one and all cheerfully consent to forego our usual Christmas presents this year.

Ronald seconded the motion, but some of the others looked doubtful. Dulcie consented instantly, and amended further that we should each put our own private little hoards into a general box and give it to mother to add to the housekeeping-money. Dulcie always was a sweet little saint.

But Jack jibbed at that.

"Hang it all!" he said. "I'll go without my present, though I did want that 'Animals in Motion' desperately. But I jolly well can't give up my money as well. Why, I've been saving for months to buy a pair of skates!"

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I put the motion to private vote and decided against it. I had just ten shillings of my own: exactly half enough for that dear little bamboo bookcase I had been saving up for for such a long time. No; I certainly did not want to add my small savings to the family fund.

So I repealed that suggestion and, repeating my former proposition, it was carried unanimously. The fear of the greater had minimized the less. (I got that sentence out of a book.) So we wrote out a declaration, setting forth our determination, and each signed it (Noel could just make his letters, so he put O L, which was the nearest he could get to his name), and I carried the paper to mother.

Mother just looked at it, and then she put her arms round me and hugged me. "You originated it, of course?" she said.

Then I felt mean. So I told her how much nobler Dulcie had been.

"I wonder what a mother feels like who cannot be proud of her children?" was all she said.

Mother never says much; it's not her way, but I saw the tears in her eyes as she kissed me. So that was settled.

And she said nothing would induce her to take our private stores, if we begged her on bended knees; so that was settled too.

"But," said mother, "a turkey we must and shall have."

"Do you think we can afford it?" I asked, gravely.

Mother just laughed at me, with a determined gleam in her pretty eyes. "We're *going* to have one," she said, very firmly.

When mother looks and speaks like that there is no more to be said. And it was really a great relief to me. Christmas with no presents would be bad enough, but Christmas without *turkey!* Talk about "Hamlet" without the Prince! Besides, the children would have been so desperately disappointed. So mother bought the turkey. We all went with her to help her choose a fine fat one, and Noel cried because we would not let her get a horrid, dark-looking one with yellowish marks on it. He cried all the way home for his "pitty feckled birdie," till Ronald took away his sword and helmet, and told him he was dismissed from the army for babyishness. And then he stopped, and smiled dreadfully with his poor little mouth all turned down at the corners, and the sobs still hiccoughing between his words, and called us all to witness he was "laughing." So Ronald gave him back his sword and apologized gravely for his mistake. Noel worships Ronald; he can always make him do anything, even in his worst moods.

So we chose the turkey—a great, fat, white one, and carried it home in triumph. The shopman actually wanted to send it. As if we would have thought of letting him do such a thing! We took it in turns to carry the basket, and Ronald insisted on sharing my turn—to make longer for the little ones, he said; but I knew quite well it was really because he thought it too heavy for me. Ronald is like that.

And then, two days before Christmas, the tragedy happened.

We were sitting in the play-room in the evening, and I was writing a note to Ronald to send by the despatch (we made that ourselves, too; an awfully useful arrangement, composed of two strong pieces of elastic passed through the telephone tube, one end of each nailed respectively to the walls of the play-room and Ronald's room, and at the other end a loop, and attached to the loop a ball of twine. Do you see? That loop was kept fastened to a nail in the farther room, the elastic pulled very tense and taut; then, when either side wanted to communicate with the other, all you had to do was to unloop your end, tie the note—or sweets, or anything you liked small enough—to it, and let it shoot through the tube to the farther room. Then you pulled the loop back by the twine, ready for the next message) telling him to be ready early next morning—Christmas Eve—to come and do some private shopping with me, when suddenly Ellen, our maid-of-all-work, came rushing in like a maniac.

"Oh, mum!—oh, *mum!*" she shrieked. "The turkey!" And flopping into a chair she flung her apron over her head and burst into stormy sobs. And between her sobs the awful truth came out. The turkey was stolen!

I felt stunned. It was too terrible to believe. And then was such a pandemonium that we could hardly hear ourselves speak. Ellen was sobbing and explaining incoherently; Dulcie was patting her shoulder, and begging her not to cry; Jack and I were asking questions; and Noel and Nickey, disturbed in the middle of an exciting game of soldiers, had gleefully hailed Ellen as the foe, and were assaulting her vigorously, and with triumphant shouts, with their wooden swords.

But at last it was all out. Ellen had had the turkey up in the kitchen to prepare for roasting, and had gone out of the room

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"ELLEN, OUR MAID-OF-ALL-WORK, CAME RUSHING IN LIKE A MANIAC."

for a few moments, leaving the window open and the turkey on the table just inside.

She was just in time to see the turkey's tail disappear as she came back, and, although she flew frantically out of the side door and into the street, not a sign of the thief was there to be seen. And that was all.

Mother was very gentle to her; she said it was not her fault, and, of course, she would be more careful in future. But when Ellen had sniffed herself remorsefully out of the room she looked at us very gravely.

I saw what she meant.

"Well, there's the pie," I said, with a big breath.

The others all stood quite still, looking at us with curious expressions.

Jack pressed his lips tight together and looked up at the ceiling.

"There's the pie," he echoed, firmly.

Mother's eyes grew very soft and sweet.

Nickey opened his mouth. "*No turkey?*" he roared.

"There's the pie—a lovely great pie, and the pudding; think of that lovely brown pudding, with its holly, and blue flames," said Dulcie, hurriedly.

Nickey's mouth was still open. He is a fat little boy, and rather greedy.

"But—no—TURKEY!" he wailed. He flung himself at mother. "You'll get another, mums, won't you? 'Twon't be a Christmas at all without a turkey!"

Mother stroked his head. "I'm afraid we can't afford it, dear," she said, sadly.

"Not a *little* one?" begged Nickey.

"Pig!" said Jack and I together, disgustedly.

"Pigs yourselves," retorted Nickey, fiercely.

"We're content with pie," taunted Jack.

"Hush, children; quarrelling won't mend matters. Nickey's content with pie, too, I know, isn't he?"

Nickey struggled hard. "Y-yes," he said, at last, in a very forlorn little voice.

"That's mother's brave boy," said mother, cheerfully, and Nickey brightened up.

But although we all pretended so hard not to care, we did, dreadfully. No presents and no turkey! It was terrible. It could not be—in fact, it *should* not be. I quite jumped with the sudden thought that had come into my mind. That precious ten shillings! To eat half my longed-for bookcase in a day! It seemed too awful: my eyes quite smarted at the thought. But then I thought of the glorious surprise it would be and the difference it would make.

In the middle of my reflections I looked up and found Jack's eyes fixed sombrely on my face, and he looked away so guiltily when he met my eyes that I felt sure he must have been reading my thoughts. Before I went to bed I had made up my mind.

I did not send that note to Ronald, after all. My private shopping was to be *strictly* private.

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I had expected to find it very difficult to get out alone; but, to my relief, next morning mother was busy in the kitchen, with Noel hindering her; Jack had gone off somewhere by himself; Dulcie looked very uncomfortable, and said if I didn't mind she wanted to stay and practise; and Nickey was busy counting his farthings, and told me to go away and not bother. So I went.

I shut my eyes tight when I passed the shop with that dear little bamboo bookcase; but once the money was gone, and I held the firm, heavy turkey in my arms I felt absolutely hilarious. It would be *such* a surprise. Ellen was to be sworn over to secrecy, and to cook it while we were all at church on the next day. And the thought of the family's faces when it came smoking on, in its brown savouriness, made me stand and laugh aloud in the middle of the street.

After all, what was a future bookcase in comparison to such a present surprise?

I went home at such a rate that I collided violently into Jack, who was just coming round the corner. He was hiding something under his overcoat, and went scarlet and seemed very confused.



"I FELT ABSOLUTELY HILARIOUS."

I held my turkey down at my side as best I could, and tried to think of a way to get into the pantry without his seeing me.

As we stood waiting to be let in, to my surprise Dulcie appeared at the gate. She went as red as a rose when she saw us, and half paused, as if she would run away. "You did not practise long!" I could not help calling out.

She blushed still deeper. "No; I—I thought of something I wanted out."

She dawdled about outside the gate till the door was opened, and then she followed us slowly in.

I waited for Jack to go upstairs, so that I could slip down into the pantry, but he stood aside politely, waiting for me to go up, so I had to, holding my bulky parcel carefully in front of me.

Half-way up I paused and looked over.

Jack was still standing there, apparently waiting for Dulcie, and Dulcie was standing in the hall, staring absorbedly at the pictures. A horrible, horrible suspicion formed dimly at the back of my mind. I stood quite still, breathless and waiting.

As I stood there Ronald's knock sounded at the door.

Dulcie opened it slowly.

There stood Ronald, and, all undisguised, there dangled from his hand a colossal fat turkey!

"I say," he cried, "mater's compliments, and could Mrs. Kingsley charitably make use of this beggar? We've had *three* sent us to-day."

I sat down limply on the stairs. There was a dreadful pause. Then Dulcie, looking past his head, said, in a silly little voice, "Postman!" and pointed outside.

"Kingsley?" said the postman, briefly, and plumped a large hamper down inside the hall.

I groaned aloud.

Through the crevices of that detestable hamper unmistakable feathers protruded.

Ronald looked up and quite jumped when he met my tragic face looking at him through the balustrade. Then he looked back at the others bewilderedly.

Mother came out of the kitchen just as Nickey came flying up the front steps.

His cheeks were scarlet and his eyes snapped excitedly. He waved a brown parcel aloft. "Who's a pig now? It's only a half, but I only had a hundred and ten farthings, and he said that would only buy just half a little one, but you may eat it all.

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"'KINGSLEY?' SAID THE POSTMAN."

I don't want it!" and tearing off the wrappings he proudly disclosed half a small and emaciated ready-cooked turkey.

Mother stared. "Dearie!"

"All my own farthings—every one," and he laughed boisterously and stamped about to pretend there wasn't any lump in his throat. Jack and Dulcie looked up at me. We all knew now. I felt quite dazed and giddy. I came slowly downstairs, and Jack and Dulcie came to meet me.

Simultaneously we unwrapped our parcels. Then I sat down in the hall and laughed hysterically till the tears rolled down my face.

For a second mother stared dumfounded, then with a little cry she fled down to the pantry, and returned holding aloft a dish on which reposed a noble turkey.

"I went out before breakfast!" she cried, and, sitting down on the floor beside me, she mingled her tears with mine.

I don't think I have ever laughed so much in all my life as I did that Christmas Eve.

Of course, Ronald had to be told all from the beginning, and there we all sat in that hall round our six and a half turkeys and laughed till we were weak.

"My bookcase!" I gurgled.

"My skates!" roared Jack.

"My muff!" chortled Dulcie.

"My farthings!" spluttered Nickey.

And "My precious reserve-fund!" wept mother.

I don't believe anyone, since the world began, laughed so much over a tragedy before.

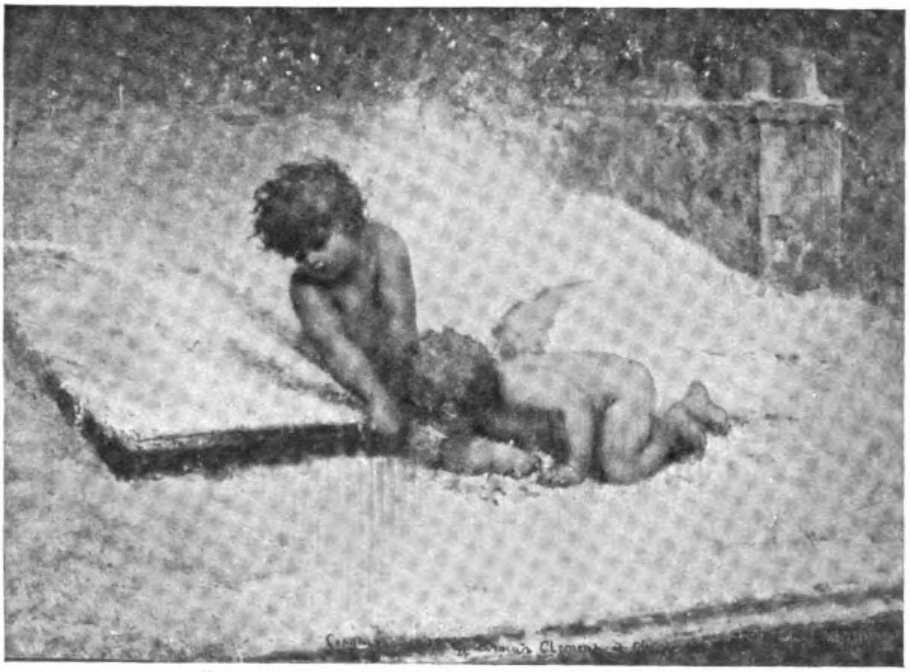
And I suppose that's about all. We lived on turkey till we hated the very mention of it, and even then we were obliged to give two away to deserving poor people. I need not say that the two we so disposed of were Ronald's and the one that came in the hamper from old Uncle Malcolm. They were by far the two biggest and fattest, but we would each have eaten every morsel ourselves rather than give away a drumstick even of our precious bookcase, skates, muff, farthings, or reserve-fund.

But to this day you have only to mention the word "turkey" to set the whole family helplessly laughing. The memory of our six-and-a-half-fold surprise is too much for any of us.

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Cupid.

By S. K. Ludovic.



"LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY." BY JEAN AUBERT.
From a Photo. by Braun, Clément, & Co.

LOVE is the central power around which revolve most of the great joys and sorrows of life. Cupid, the mischievous god, is as busy in our days as in the days of antiquity. He inspired painters and sculptors in the time of Praxiteles, and at the present day we find him invading galleries and salons with pictures of himself and his helpmates. The little boy with the baby face and figure, with the pretty wings and the thousand graces of mischievous pose, is certainly the most delightful outcome of the fancy of antiquity.

Our little collection is just a peep at what the modern schools of painting have made of this charming subject. In all these pictures there is the suggestion of romance; a meaning beyond that which appears at the first view, and at which it is delightful to guess. For the artist's meaning in an allegorical picture must always remain guess-work, and the more of such divinations are possible, the more the painter has succeeded in speaking to our imagination, and the more we shall enjoy his work.

In the first picture, "Love Will Find Out the Way," by the French artist, Jean Aubert, Cupid, with one of his helpers, is trying to enter a house by a skylight in the roof. He is sure to succeed, notwithstanding that the entrance is blocked with snow. No precaution, no walls, no bars, keep the little assailant away; sooner or later he will find a way to storm the best-protected heart. Arm yourself with discretion, with ambition, with studious work, look not right nor left, feel very sure that you do not even think of love. In vain! Cupid comes in by the skylight, as there is no other way, and you are lost.

In the next picture, entitled "Cupid Breaks His Bow," Chantron, the painter, gives him a sulky expression of despair which is the most realistic charm of the whole painting. The time is autumn; all the birds of spring are silent. The love of



"CUPID BREAKS HIS BOW." BY A. J. CHANTRON.
From a Photo. by Braun, Clément, & Co.

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which Cupid whispered into a maiden's ear is dead. Disillusion hard and rough has buried the last ray of happiness in the young heart. The maiden in wounded pride has turned away from the happiness for which she would have gladly sacrificed the world. She will now triumph in her beauty; she will go heartlessly her way of vanity—and Cupid breaks his bow in despair! Chantron provides in this picture not only a wide scope for the imagination, but a most harmonious and realistic conception. The dejected pose of Cupid's pretty body, the expression of his face, the light and shade, rock and vegetation—everything is in unison with the idea of despair.

Let us now contemplate an idea carried out by the French artist, Priou, in his picture entitled "Cupid Baits the Hook." Cupid stands on a stone just large enough to hold him. Cupid, full of charm and mischief, with a roguish smile upon his knowing little face, fastens the bait to the hook which the fisher-girl is about to cast into the water. The inner meaning of the picture is not hard to find. When he sends a coquette a-fishing, Love puts the bait on only for small fry.



"A SURPRISE." BY EDOUARD BISSON.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.



"CUPID BAITS THE HOOK." BY LOUIS PRIOU.
From a Photo. by Braun, Clément, & Co.

In our next example, "A Surprise," by Edouard Bisson, we see a young girl wandering on a mountain path, her lovely head and shoulders wrapped in a gauzy, long veil, which she lets flutter in the wind. What, then, is the thought which the painter desires to express in this beautiful picture? This: The careless maiden, while suspecting nothing and intent on quite different thoughts, is startled to see Love unaware and the little winged assailants who have entangled themselves in the gauze. But, of course, the painter has also had in mind to produce "a thing of beauty"—to fix the graceful undulations of the veil, the movement of the Cupids in their flight, the girl turning her head whilst swiftly walking. All is life and motion. There is great charm in the young eyes uplifted, full

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From a Photo. by] "LOVE GUIDES US." BY SPIRIDON. *[Braun, Clément, & Co.*

of surprise and wonder, which suddenly understand and drink in love. And Cupid in his downward flight looks full of pleading.

Spiridon's picture, called "Love Guides Us," depicts — or rather suggests — with great beauty and power the wonderful serenity and peace of a deep and real love. The idea of the picture is no doubt this: When Cupid finds the rare treasure of two human hearts disposed for a deep and noble love, capable of braving the dangers which lurk in the waters of life, then he spreads his wings and guides their boat along the peaceful waters as well as over the hidden rocks and dangers of the deep.

In our next example, "Love's Secrets," W. Bouguereau, that great master of expression, has depicted the maiden's daydream in his own delightful style. She feels the quiet happiness of her young existence; she feels the glory of spring penetrating to her heart. What emotion, then, speaks out of these lovely eyes and lurks in the half-sorrowful smile? A yearning — incomprehensible and sweet — the presentiment of an unspeakable, barely-dreamed-of happiness. And well are Cupid's helpers fulfilling their mission. One lifts the wavy mass of hair the more easily to reach her ear, and the other steadies himself lightly on her shoulder while he whispers to her of sweet things.



"LOVE'S SECRETS." BY W. BOUGUEREAU.
From a Photo. by Braun, Clément, & Co.

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"COUNTRY NEIGHBOURS." BY JEAN AUBERT.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

In the picture "Country Neighbours," by Jean Aubert, Cupid puts himself in the way of the maiden wandering through the flowering summer fields, reading, and not looking in the hedges, where Cupid has been cutting the wild roses. Probably every reader will attach a meaning of his own to this painting, for it is open to an infinite number of interpretations. Perhaps the favourite will be the simplest. Cupid bids the maiden stop and look at the lovely blossoms, and remember that somebody has told her that she herself resembles a wild rose.

The power of suggestion is admirably displayed in our next picture, "Cupid's Orchestra." Its meaning is as obvious as it is beautiful; it is Cupid who teaches the very birds their songs of love.

The following picture, "Cupid Rests," brings the continuation of the preceding events, though, of course, independent of it so



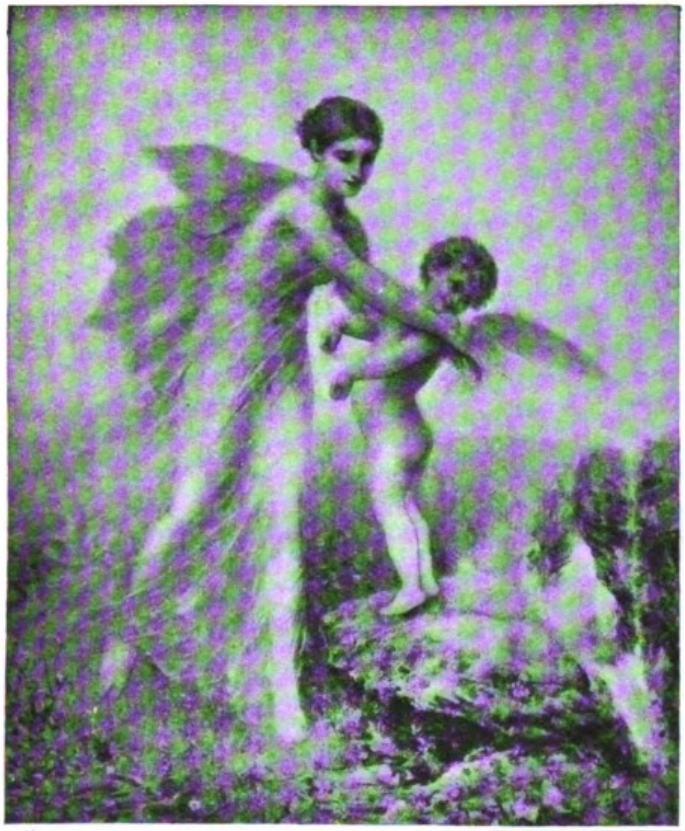
"CUPID'S ORCHESTRA." BY A. GILL.
From a Photo. by Braun, Clément, & Co.

far as the painter is concerned. Cupid has done his work; he lies down and waits further development. In the meantime he listens with the expression of a fastidious critic to the chorus which he himself has taught the birds.



From a Photo. by] "CUPID RESTS." BY LEON PERRAULT. *[Braun, Clément, & Co.*

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"DAWN WASHES CUPID'S WINGS WITH DEW."
BY JEAN AUBERT.
From a Photo. by Braun, Clément, & Co.

Spring is coming: it is the time of flowers; and it is the time of the fair god who is himself the brother of the flowers. And as the flowers are washed by the soft dew of a Spring morning, so Cupid's rose-leaf wings receive their share, and it is the Dawn herself who bathes their flamy gauzes with her own hands. This charming idea is most gracefully carried out by Jean Aubert. Dawn, clad in vapoury gauzes—the faint blue mists of morning—holds the little god with one hand while she smoothes his wings with the slender fingers of the other. Cupid's impetuous, babylike face in trying to see his own wings is more human than godlike, and therein lies its fascination.

From this delightful picture we must turn to a more earthly Cupid, a model in a painter's studio. His pose is forgotten, his sturdy limbs placed firmly apart, as he stands, in his four-year-old manhood, taking greater interest in the blurred colours on the painter's palette than in the work of the artist, whose doings seem to him unutterably slow. How much more quickly he could make a pretty picture, if she would only let him take a feather out of his wings and smear it in the colours of the palette! The realism of this picture is amusing. Not a detail is forgotten in the little study. On the floor is Cupid's jacket, with other accessories of his toilet.

On the next page Cupid tries to play the serpent by offering apples to three of Eve's lovely daughters. The beauty of the maidens, who seem so willing to accept the offered temptation, shows with what a happy brush the painter can portray the loveliness of women. But what is the inner meaning of the picture? That Cupid is a tempter? That his gifts are dangerous, like those which beguiled our mother Eve in Paradise?—or, rather, that they are harmless and delightful? Or is the picture a sly satire on the sex which de Musset called *adorable et absurde?*



"A MODEL CUPID." BY KNAUS.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

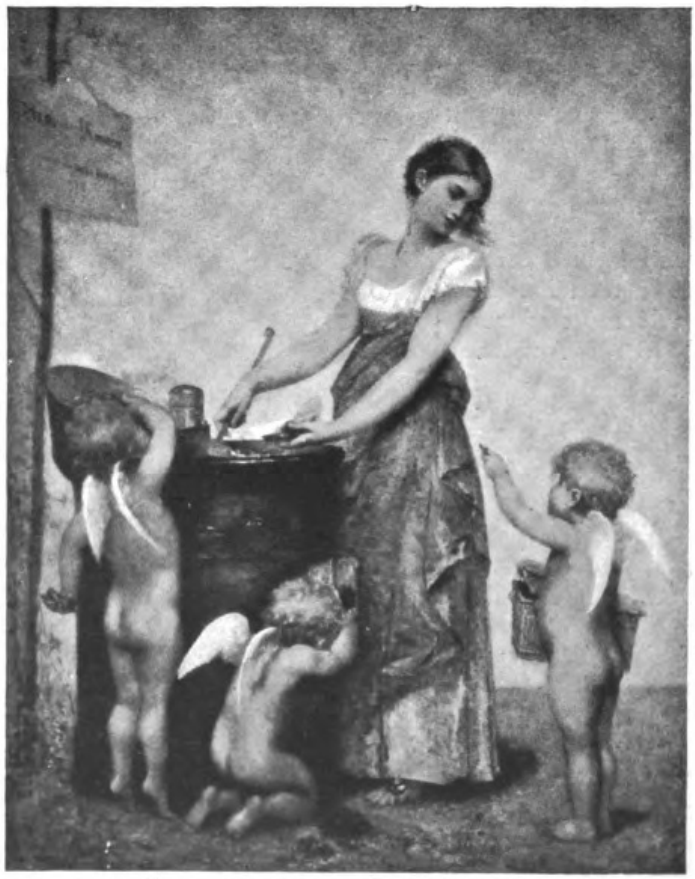
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From a Photo. by] "DAUGHTERS OF EVE." BY EDOUARD BISSON. *[Braun, Clément, & Co.*

—that, if only out of curiosity, the maidens mean to taste Love's apple, whatever the result may prove to be?

Our last example may seem at first glance to be more prosaic than the preceding. In reality it is at least as rich in romantic suggestion. What if the lady of the house has to prepare the humble meal herself? What though one Cupid lifts his finger and says, mockingly: "Well, you wanted love rather than money; you have your will. Do you like to fry potatoes and wear your simple frock?" But another puts fuel upon the fire, and the third gazes at her with admiration, so that she forgets the humble condition which she has chosen of her own free will, and feels herself a Queen in possession of the one great treasure—the love of the man for whom she would surrender everything and still be rich. May Cupid and his helpers be with her always!



"LOVE IN A COTTAGE." BY JEAN AUBERT.
From a Photo. by Braun, Clément, & Co.

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The Land Ironclads.

By H. G. Wells.

I.

THE young lieutenant lay beside the war correspondent and admired the idyllic calm of the enemy's lines through his field-glass.

"So far as I can see," he said, at last, "one man."

"What's he doing?" asked the war correspondent.

"Field-glass at us," said the young lieutenant.

"And this is war!"

"No," said the young lieutenant; "it's Bloch."

"The game's a draw."

"No! They've got to win or else they lose. A draw's a win for our side."

They had discussed the political situation fifty times or so, and the war correspondent was weary of it. He stretched out his limbs. "Aaai s'pose it *is!*" he yawned.

"*Flut!*"

"What was that?"

"Shot at us."

The war correspondent shifted to a slightly lower position. "No one shot at him," he complained.

"I wonder if they think we shall get so bored we shall go home?"

The war correspondent made no reply.

"There's the harvest, of course . . ."

They had been there a month. Since the first brisk movements after the declaration of war things had gone slower and slower, until it seemed as though the whole machine of events must have run down. To begin with, they had had almost a scampering time; the invader had come across the frontier on the very dawn of the war in half-a-dozen parallel columns behind a cloud of cyclists and cavalry, with a general air of coming straight on the capital, and the defender-horsemen had held him up, and peppered him and forced him to open out to outflank, and had then bolted to the next position in the most approved style, for a couple of days, until in the afternoon, bump! they had the invader against their prepared lines of defence. He did not suffer so much as had been hoped and expected: he was coming on it seemed with his eyes open, his scouts winded the guns, and down he sat at once without the shadow of an attack and began grubbing trenches for himself, as though he meant to sit down there to the very end of time. He was slow, but much more wary than the world had been led to expect, and he kept convoys tucked in and shielded his slow marching infantry sufficiently well, to prevent any heavy adverse scoring.

"But he ought to attack," the young lieutenant had insisted.

"He'll attack us at dawn, somewhere along the lines. You'll get the bayonets coming into the trenches just about when you can see," the war correspondent had held until a week ago.

The young lieutenant winked when he said that.

When one early morning the men the defenders sent to lie out five hundred yards before the trenches, with a view to the unexpected emptying of magazines into any night attack, gave way to causeless panic and blazed away at nothing for ten minutes, the war correspondent understood the meaning of that wink.

"What would you do if you were the enemy?" said the war correspondent, suddenly.

"If I had men like I've got now?"

"Yes."

"Take these trenches."

"How?"

"Oh—dodges! Crawl out half-way at night before moonrise and get into touch with the chaps we send out. Blaze at 'em if they tried to shift, and so bag some of 'em in the daylight. Learn that patch of ground by heart, lie all day in squatty holes, and come on nearer next night. There's a bit over there, lumpy ground, where they could get across to rushing distance—easy. In a night or so. It would be a mere game for our fellows; it's what they're made for. . . . Guns? Shrapnel and stuff wouldn't stop good men who meant business."

"Why don't *they* do that?"

"Their men aren't brutes enough; that's the trouble. They're a crowd of devitalized townsmen, and that's the truth of the matter. They're clerks, they're factory hands, they're students, they're civilized men. They can write, they can talk, they can make and do

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all sorts of things, but they're poor amateurs at war. They've got no physical staying power, and that's the whole thing. They've never slept in the open one night in their lives; they've never drunk anything but the purest water-company water; they've never gone short of three meals a day since they left their devitalizing feeding-bottles. Half their cavalry never cocked leg over horse till it enlisted six months ago. They ride their horses as though they were bicycles—you watch 'em! They're fools at the game, and they know it. Our boys of fourteen can give their grown men points. . . . . Very well——"

The war correspondent mused on his face with his nose between his knuckles.

"If a decent civilization," he said, "cannot produce better men for war than——"

He stopped with belated politeness. "I mean——"

"Than our open-air life," said the young lieutenant, politely.

"Exactly," said the war correspondent. "Then civilization has to stop."



"'BOOM!' CAME FROM SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY TO THE LEFT."

"It looks like it," the young lieutenant admitted.

"Civilization has science, you know," said the war correspondent. "It invented and it makes the rifles and guns and things you use."

"Which our nice healthy hunters and stockmen and so on, rowdy-dowdy cow-punchers and nigger-whackers, can use ten times better than——*What's that?*"

"What?" said the war correspondent, and then seeing his companion busy with his field-glass he produced his own. "Where?" said the war correspondent, sweeping the enemy's lines.

"It's nothing," said the young lieutenant, still looking.

"What's nothing?"

The young lieutenant put down his glass and pointed. "I thought I saw something there, behind the stems of those trees. Something black. What it was I don't know."

The war correspondent tried to get even by intense scrutiny.

"It wasn't anything," said the young lieutenant, rolling over to regard the darkling evening sky, and generalized: "There never will be anything any more for ever. Unless——"

The war correspondent looked inquiry.

"They may get their stomachs wrong, or something—living without proper drains."

A sound of bugles came from the tents behind. The war correspondent slid backward down the sand and stood up. "Boom!" came from somewhere far away to the left. "Halloa!" he said, hesitated, and crawled back to peer again. "Firing at this time is jolly bad manners."

The young lieutenant was incommunicative again for a space.

Then he pointed to the distant clump of trees again. "One of our big guns. They were firing at that," he said.

"The thing that wasn't anything?"

"Something over there, anyhow."

Both men were silent, peering through their glasses for a space. "Just when it's twilight," the lieutenant complained. He stood up.

"I might stay here a bit," said the war correspondent.

The lieutenant shook his head. "There's nothing to see," he apologized, and then went down to where his little squad of sun-brown, loose-limbed men had been yarning in the trench. The war correspondent stood up also, glanced for a moment at the business-like bustle below him, gave perhaps twenty seconds to those enigmatical trees again, then turned his face toward the camp.

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He found himself wondering whether his editor would consider the story of how somebody thought he saw something black behind a clump of trees, and how a gun was fired at this illusion by somebody else, too trivial for public consumption.

"It's the only gleam of a shadow of interest," said the war correspondent, "for ten whole days."

"No," he said, presently; "I'll write that other article, 'Is War Played Out?'"

He surveyed the darkling lines in perspective, the tangle of trenches one behind another, one commanding another, which the defender had made ready. The shadows and mists swallowed up their receding contours, and here and there a lantern gleamed, and here and there knots of men were busy about small fires. "No troops on earth could do it," he said. . . .

He was depressed. He believed that there were other things in life better worth having than proficiency in war; he believed that in the heart of civilization, for all its stresses, its crushing concentrations of forces, its injustice and suffering, there lay something that might be the hope of the world, and the idea that any people by living in the open air, hunting perpetually, losing touch with books and art and all the things that intensify life, might hope to resist and break that great development to the end of time, jarred on his civilized soul.

Apt to his thought came a file of the defender soldiers and passed him in the gleam of a swinging lamp that marked the way.

He glanced at their red-lit faces, and one shone out for a moment, a common type of face in the defender's ranks: ill-shaped nose, sensuous lips, bright clear eyes full of alert cunning, slouch hat cocked on one side and adorned with the peacock's plume of the rustic Don Juan turned soldier, a hard brown skin, a sinewy frame, an open, tireless stride, and a master's grip on the rifle.

The war correspondent returned their salutations and went on his way.

"Louts," he whispered. "Cunning, elementary louts. And they are going to beat the townsmen at the game of war!"

From the red glow among the nearer tents came first one and then half-a-dozen hearty voices, bawling in a drawling unison the words of a particularly slab and sentimental patriotic song.

"Oh, *go* it!" muttered the war correspondent, bitterly.

II.

IT was opposite the trenches called after Hackbone's Hut that the battle began. There the ground stretched broad and level between the lines, with scarcely shelter for a lizard, and it seemed to the startled, just-awakened men who came crowding into the trenches that this was one more proof of that green inexperience of the enemy of which they had heard so much. The war correspondent would not believe his ears at first, and swore that he and the war artist, who, still imperfectly roused, was trying to put on his boots by the light of a match held in his hand, were the victims of a common illusion. Then, after putting his head in a bucket of cold water, his intelligence came back as he towelled. He listened. "Gollys!" he said; "that's something more than scare firing this time. It's like ten thousand carts on a bridge of tin."

There came a sort of enrichment to that steady uproar. "Machine guns!"

Then, "Guns!"

The artist, with one boot on, thought to look at his watch, and went to it hopping.

"Half an hour from dawn," he said. "You were right about their attacking, after all. . . ."

The war correspondent came out of the tent, verifying the presence of chocolate in his pocket as he did so. He had to halt for a moment or so until his eyes were toned down to the night a little. "Pitch!" he said. He stood for a space to season his eyes before he felt justified in striking out for a black gap among the adjacent tents. The artist coming out behind him fell over a tent-rope. It was half-past two o'clock in the morning of the darkest night in time, and against a sky of dull black silk the enemy was talking searchlights, a wild jabber of searchlights. "He's trying to blind our riflemen," said the war correspondent with a flash, and waited for the artist and then set off with a sort of discreet haste again. "Whoa!" he said, presently. "Ditches!"

They stopped.

"It's the confounded searchlights," said the war correspondent.

They saw lanterns going to and fro, near by, and men falling in to march down to the trenches. They were for following them, and then the artist began to feel his night eyes. "If we scramble this," he said, "and it's only a drain, there's a clear run up to the ridge." And that way they took. Lights came and went in the tents behind, as the men turned out, and ever and again they came

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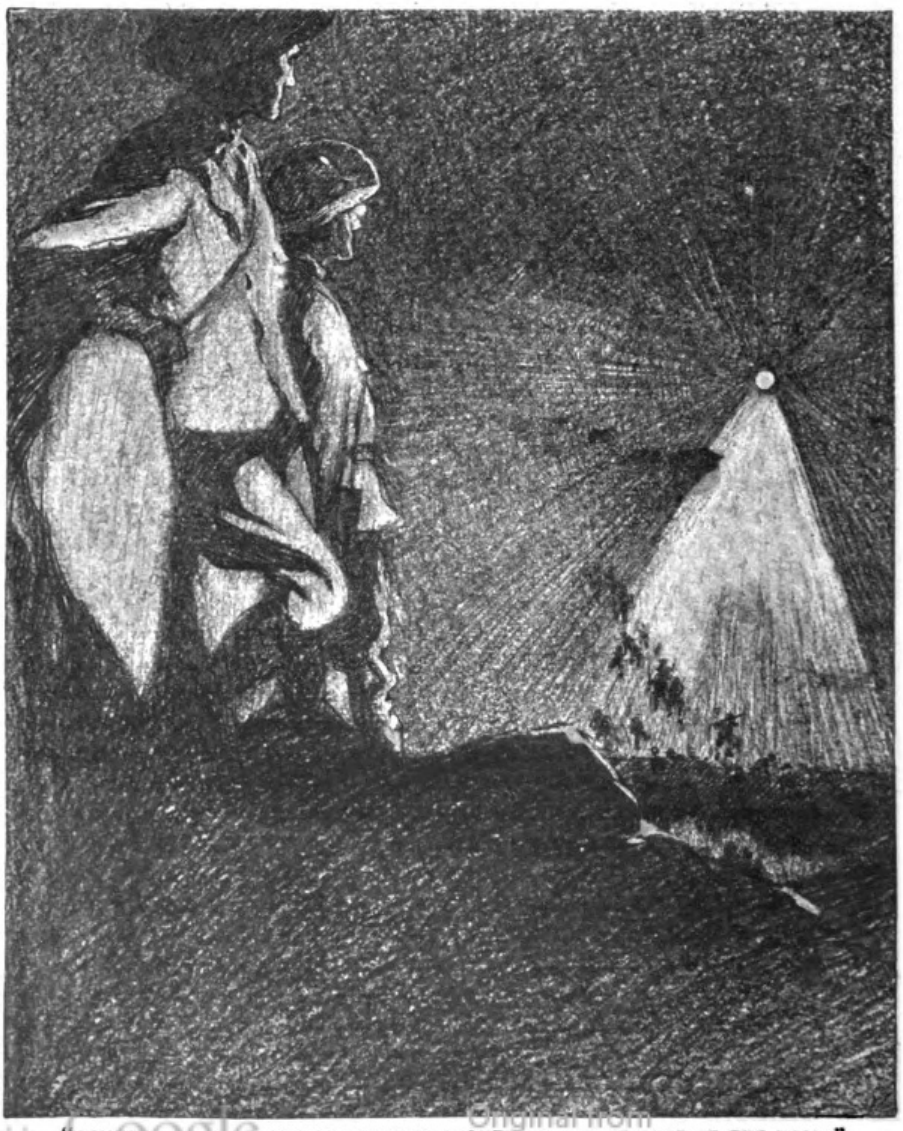
to broken ground and staggered and stumbled. But in a little while they drew near the crest. Something that sounded like the impact of a very important railway accident happened in the air above them, and the shrapnel bullets seethed about them like a sudden handful of hail. "Right-ho!" said the war correspondent, and soon they judged they had come to the crest and stood in the midst of a world of great darkness and frantic glares, whose principal fact was sound.

Right and left of them and all about them was the uproar, an army-full of magazine fire, at first chaotic and monstrous and then, eked out by little flashes and gleams and suggestions, taking the beginnings of a shape. It looked to the war correspondent as though the enemy must have attacked in line and with his whole force—in which case he was either being or was already annihilated.

"Dawn and the Dead," he said, with his instinct for headlines. He said this to himself, but afterwards, by means of shouting, he conveyed an idea to the artist. "They must have meant it for a surprise," he said.

It was remarkable how the firing kept on. After a time he began to perceive a sort of rhythm in this inferno of noise. It would decline—decline perceptibly, droop towards something that was comparatively a pause—a pause of inquiry. "Aren't you all dead yet?" this pause seemed to say. The flickering fringe of rifle-flashes would become attenuated and broken, and the whack-bang of the enemy's big guns two miles away there would come up out of the deeps. Then suddenly, east or west of them, something would startle the rifles to a frantic outbreak again.

The war correspondent taxed his brain for some theory of conflict that would account for this, and was suddenly aware that the artist and he were vividly illuminated. He could see the ridge on which they stood, and before them in black outline a file of riflemen hurrying down towards the nearer trenches. It became visible that a light rain was falling, and farther away towards the enemy was a clear space with men—"our men?"—running across it in disorder. He saw one of those men throw up his hands and drop. And something else black and shining loomed up on the edge of the beam-coruscating flashes; and behind it and far away a calm, white eye regarded the world. "Whit, whit, whit," sang something in the air,



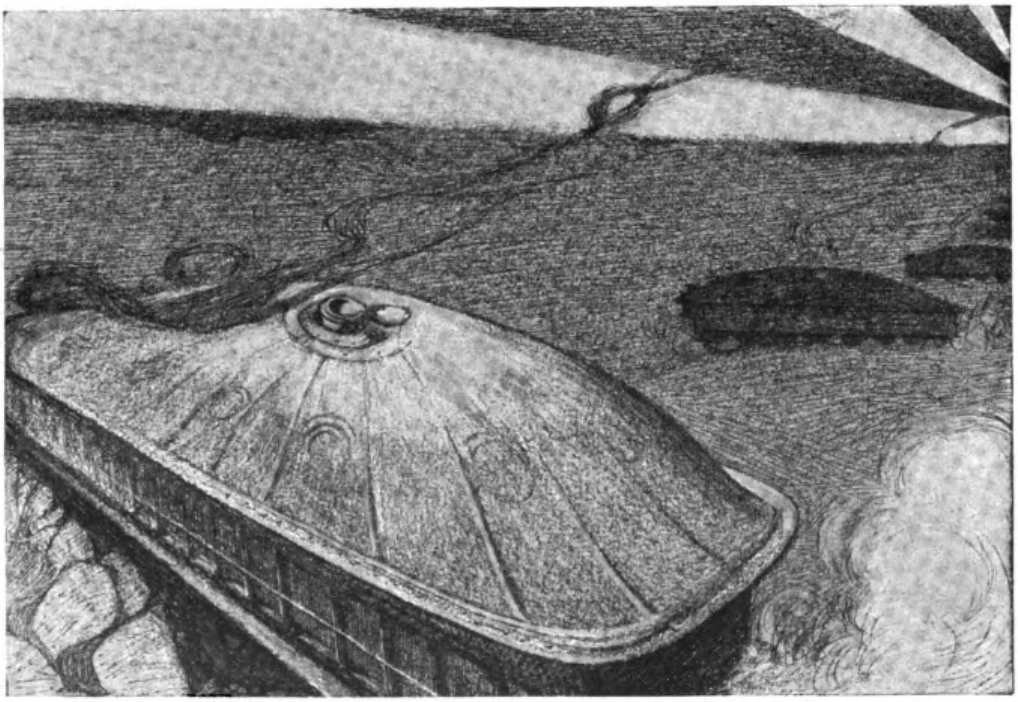
"SOMETHING ELSE BLACK AND SHINING LOOMED UP ON THE EDGE OF THE BEAM."

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and then the artist was running for cover, with the war correspondent behind him. Bang came shrapnel, bursting close at hand as it seemed, and our two men were lying flat in a dip in the ground, and the light and everything had gone again, leaving a vast note of interrogation upon the night.

The war correspondent came within bawling range. "What the deuce was it? Shooting our men down!"

"Black," said the artist, "and like a fort. Not two hundred yards from the first trench."



"IT HAD THE EFFECT OF A LARGE AND CLUMSY BLACK INSECT."

He sought for comparisons in his mind. "Something between a big blockhouse and a giant's dish-cover," he said.

"And they were running!" said the war correspondent.

"*You'd* run if a thing like that, with a searchlight to help it, turned up like a prowling nightmare in the middle of the night."

They crawled to what they judged the edge of the dip and lay regarding the unfathomable dark. For a space they could distinguish nothing, and then a sudden convergence of the searchlights of both sides brought the strange thing out again.

In that flickering pallor it had the effect of a large and clumsy black insect, an insect the size of an ironclad cruiser, crawling obliquely to the first line of trenches and firing shots out of portholes in its back. And on its carcass the bullets must have been battering with more than the passionate violence of hail on a roof of tin.

Then in the twinkling of an eye the curtain of the dark had fallen again and the monster had vanished, but the crescendo of musketry marked its approach to the trenches.

They were beginning to talk about the thing to each other, when a flying bullet kicked dirt into the artist's face, and they decided abruptly to crawl down into the cover of the trenches. They had got down with an unobtrusive persistence into the second line, before the dawn had grown clear enough for anything to be seen. They found themselves in a crowd of expectant riflemen, all noisily arguing about the thing that would happen next. The enemy's contrivance had done execution upon the outlying men, it seemed, but they did not believe it would do any more. "Come the day and we'll capture the lot of them," said a burly soldier.

"Them?" said the war correspondent.

"They say there's a regular string of 'em, crawling along the front of our lines. . . . Who cares?"

The darkness filtered away so imperceptibly that at no moment could one declare decisively that one could see. The searchlights ceased to sweep hither and thither. The enemy's monsters were dubious patches of darkness upon the dark, and then

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no longer dubious, and so they crept out into distinctness. The war correspondent, munching chocolate absent-mindedly, beheld at last a spacious picture of battle under the cheerless sky, whose central focus was an array of fourteen or fifteen huge clumsy shapes lying in perspective on the very edge of the first line of trenches, at intervals of perhaps three hundred yards, and evidently firing down upon the crowded riflemen. They were so close in that the defender's guns had ceased, and only the first line of trenches was in action.

The second line commanded the first, and as the light grew the war correspondent could make out the riflemen who were fighting these monsters, crouched in knots and crowds behind the transverse banks that crossed the trenches against the eventuality of an enfilade. The trenches close to the big machines were empty save for the crumpled suggestions of dead and wounded men; the defenders had been driven right and left as soon as the prow of this land ironclad had loomed up over the front of the trench. He produced his field-glass, and was immediately a centre of inquiry from the soldiers about him.

They wanted to look, they asked questions, and after he had announced that the men across the traverses seemed unable to advance or retreat, and were crouching under cover rather than fighting, he found it advisable to loan his glasses to a burly and incredulous corporal. He heard a strident voice, and found a lean and sallow soldier at his back talking to the artist.

"There's chaps down there caught," the man was saying. "If they retreat they got to expose themselves, and the fire's too straight. . . ."

"They aren't firing much, but every shot's a hit."

"Who?"

"The chaps in that thing. The men who're coming up——"

"Coming up where?"

"We're evacuating them trenches where we can. Our chaps are coming back up the zigzags . . . . No end of 'em hit. . . . But when we get clear our turn'll come. Rather! Those things won't be able to cross a trench or get into it; and before they can get back our guns'll smash 'em up. Smash 'em right up. See?" A brightness came into his eyes. "Then we'll have a go at the beggar inside," he said. . . .

The war correspondent thought for a moment, trying to realize the idea. Then he set himself to recover his field-glasses from the burly corporal. . . .

The daylight was getting clearer now. The clouds were lifting, and a gleam of lemon yellow amidst the level masses to the east portended sunrise. He looked again at the land ironclad. As he saw it in the bleak, grey dawn, lying obliquely upon the slope and on the very lip of the foremost trench, the suggestion of a stranded vessel was very great indeed. It might have been from eighty to a hundred feet long—it was about two hundred and fifty yards away—its vertical side was ten feet high or so, smooth for that height, and then with a complex patterning under the eaves of its flattish turtle cover. This patterning was a close interlacing of portholes, rifle barrels, and telescope tubes—sham and real—indistinguishable one from the other. The thing had come into such a position as to enfilade the trench, which was empty now, so far as he could see, except for two or three crouching knots of men and the tumbled-looking dead. Behind it, across the plain, it had scored the grass with a train of linked impressions, like the dotted tracings sea-things leave in sand. Left and right of that track dead men and wounded men were scattered—men it had picked off as they fled back from their advanced positions in the searchlight glare from the invader's lines. And now it lay with its head projecting a little over the trench it had won, as if it were a single sentient thing planning the next phase of its attack. . . .

He lowered his glasses and took a more comprehensive view of the situation. These creatures of the night had evidently won the first line of trenches and the fight had come to a pause. In the increasing light he could make out by a stray shot or a chance exposure that the defender's marksmen were lying thick in the second and third line of trenches up towards the low crest of the position, and in such of the zigzags as gave them a chance of a converging fire. The men about him were talking of guns. "We're in the line of the big guns at the crest, but they'll soon shift one to pepper them," the lean man said, reassuringly.

"Whup," said the corporal.

"Bang! bang! bang! Whir-r-r-r-r!" it was a sort of nervous jump, and all the rifles were going off by themselves. The war correspondent found himself and the artist, two idle men crouching behind a line of preoccupied backs, of industrious men discharging magazines. The monster had moved. It continued to move regardless of the hail that splashed its skin with bright new specks

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of lead. It was singing a mechanical little ditty to itself, "Tuf-tuf, tuf-tuf, tuf-tuf," and squirting out little jets of steam behind. It had humped itself up, as a limpet does before it crawls; it had lifted its skirt and displayed along the length of it—*feet!* They were thick, stumpy feet, between knobs and buttons in shape—flat, broad things, reminding one of the feet of elephants or the legs of caterpillars; and then, as the skirt rose higher, the war correspondent, scrutinizing the thing through his glasses again, saw that these feet hung, as it were, on the rims of wheels. His thoughts whirled back to Victoria Street, Westminster, and he saw himself in the piping times of peace, seeking matter for an interview.

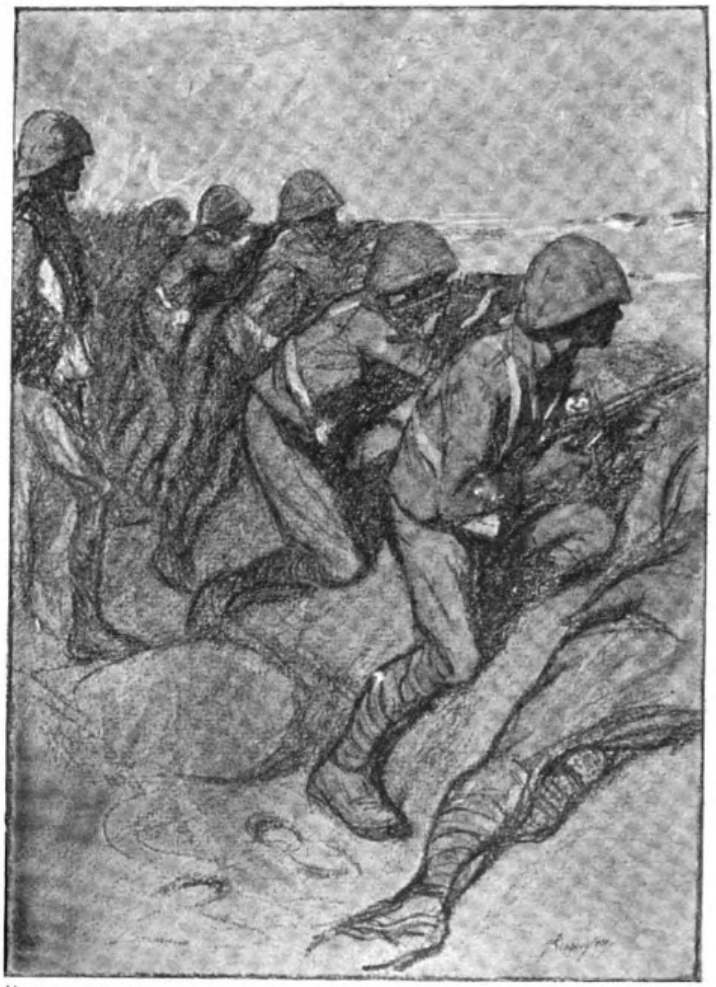
"Mr. — Mr. Diplock," he said; "and he called them Pedrails .... Fancy meeting them here!"

The marksman beside him raised his head and shoulders in a speculative mood to fire more certainly —it seemed so natural to assume the attention of the monster must be distracted by this trench before it—and was suddenly knocked backwards by a bullet through his neck. His feet flew up, and he vanished out of the margin of the watcher's field of vision. The war correspondent grovelled tighter, but after a glance behind him at a painful little confusion, he resumed his field-glass, for the thing was putting down its feet one after the other, and hoisting itself farther and farther over the trench. Only a bullet in the head could have stopped him looking just then.

The lean man with the strident voice ceased firing to turn and reiterate his point. "They can't possibly cross," he bawled. They——"

"Bang! Bang! Bang, bang!"—drowned everything.

The lean man continued speaking for a word or so, then gave it up, shook his head to enforce the impossibility of anything crossing a trench like the one below, and resumed business once more.



"THE MEN ABOUT HIM STUCK TO THEIR POSITION AND FIRED FURIOUSLY."

And all the while that great bulk was crossing. When the war correspondent turned his glass on it again it had bridged the trench, and its queer feet were rasping away at the farther bank, in the attempt to get a hold there. It got its hold. It continued to crawl until the greater bulk of it was over the trench — until it was all over. Then it paused for a moment, adjusted its skirt a little nearer the ground, gave an unnerving "toot, toot," and came on abruptly at a pace of, perhaps, six miles an hour straight up the gentle slope towards our observer.

The war correspondent raised himself on his elbow and looked a natural inquiry at the artist.

For a moment the men about him stuck to their position and fired furiously. Then the lean man in a mood of precipitancy slid backwards, and the war correspondent said "Come along" to the artist, and led the movement along the trench.

As they dropped down, the vision of a hillside of trench being rushed by a dozen vast cockroaches disappeared for a space, and

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instead was one of a narrow passage, crowded with men, for the most part receding, though one or two turned or halted. He never turned back to see the nose of the monster creep over the brow of the trench; he never even troubled to keep in touch with the artist. He heard the "whit" of bullets about him soon enough, and saw a man before him stumble and drop, and then he was one of a furious crowd fighting to get into a transverse zigzag ditch that enabled the defenders to get under cover up and down the hill. It was like a theatre panic. He gathered from signs and fragmentary words that on ahead another of these monsters had also won to the second trench.

He lost his interest in the general course of the battle for a space altogether; he became simply a modest egotist, in a mood of hasty circumspection, seeking the farthest rear, amidst a dispersed multitude of disconcerted riflemen similarly employed. He scrambled down through trenches, he took his courage in both hands and sprinted across the open, he had moments of panic when it seemed madness not to be quadrupedal, and moments of shame when he stood up and faced about to see how the fight was going. And he was one of many thousand very similar men that morning. On the ridge he halted in a knot of scrub, and was for a few minutes almost minded to stop and see things out.

The day was now fully come. The grey sky had changed to blue, and of all the cloudy masses of the dawn there remained only a few patches of dissolving fleeciness. The world below was bright and singularly clear. The ridge was not, perhaps, more than a hundred feet or so above the general plain, but in this flat region it sufficed to give the effect of extensive view. Away on the north side of the ridge, little and far, were the camps, the ordered waggons, all the gear of a big army; with officers galloping about and men doing aimless things. Here and there men were falling-in, however, and the cavalry was forming up on the plain beyond the tents. The bulk of men who had been in the trenches were still on the move to the rear, scattered like sheep without a shepherd over the farther slopes. Here and there were little rallies and attempts to wait and do—something vague; but the general drift was away from any concentration. Then on the southern side was the elaborate lacework of trenches and defences, across which these iron turtles, fourteen of them spread out over a line of perhaps three miles, were now advancing as fast as a man could trot, and methodically shooting down and breaking up any persistent knots of resistance. Here and there stood little clumps of men, outflanked and unable to get away, showing the white flag, and the



"HERE AND THERE STOOD LITTLE CLUMPS OF MEN, OUTFLANKED AND UNABLE TO GET AWAY."

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invader's cyclist infantry was advancing now across the open, in open order but unmolested, to complete the work of the machines. So far as the day went, the defenders already looked a beaten army. A mechanism that was effectually ironclad against bullets, that could at a pinch cross a thirty-foot trench, and that seemed able to shoot out rifle-bullets with unerring precision, was clearly an inevitable victor against anything but rivers, precipices, and guns.

He looked at his watch. "Half-past four! Lord! What things can happen in two hours. Here's the whole blessed army being walked over, and at half-past two——

"And even now our blessed louts haven't done a thing with their guns!"

He scanned the ridge right and left of him with his glasses. He turned again to the nearest land ironclad, advancing now obliquely to him and not three hundred yards away, and then scanned the ground over which he must retreat if he was not to be captured.

"They'll do nothing," he said, and glanced again at the enemy.

And then from far away to the left came the thud of a gun, followed very rapidly by a rolling gun-fire.

He hesitated and decided to stay.

III.

THE defender had relied chiefly upon his rifles in the event of an assault. His guns he kept concealed at various points upon and behind the ridge ready to bring them into action against any artillery preparations for an attack on the part of his antagonist. The situation had rushed upon him with the dawn, and by the time the gunners had their guns ready for motion, the land ironclads were already in among the foremost trenches. There is a natural reluctance to fire into one's own broken men, and many of the guns, being intended simply to fight an advance of the enemy's artillery, were not in positions to hit anything in the second line of trenches. After that the advance of the land ironclads was swift. The defender-general found himself suddenly called upon to invent a new sort of warfare, in which guns were to fight alone amidst broken and retreating infantry. He had scarcely thirty minutes in which to think it out. He did not respond to the call, and what happened that morning was that the advance of the land ironclads forced the fight, and each gun and battery made what play its circumstances dictated. For the most part it was poor play.

Some of the guns got in two or three shots, some one or two, and the percentage of misses was unusually high. The howitzers, of course, did nothing. The land ironclads in each case followed much the same tactics. As soon as a gun came into play the monster turned itself almost end on, so as to get the biggest chance of a glancing hit, and made not for the gun, but for the nearest point on its flank from which the gunners could be shot down. Few of the hits scored were very effectual; only one of the things was disabled, and that was the one that fought the three batteries attached to the brigade on the left wing. Three that were hit when close upon the guns were clean shot through without being put out of action. Our war correspondent did not see that one momentary arrest of the tide of victory on the left; he saw only the very ineffectual fight of half-battery 96B close at hand upon his right. This he watched some time beyond the margin of safety.

Just after he heard the three batteries opening up upon his left he became aware of the thud of horses' hoofs from the sheltered side of the slope, and presently saw first one and then two other guns galloping into position along the north side of the ridge, well out of sight of the great bulk that was now creeping obliquely towards the crest and cutting up the lingering infantry beside it and below, as it came.

The half-battery swung round into line—each gun describing its curve—halted, unlimbered, and prepared for action. . . . .

"Bang!"

The land ironclad had become visible over the brow of the hill, and just visible as a long black back to the gunners. It halted, as though it hesitated.

The two remaining guns fired, and then their big antagonist had swung round and was in full view, end on, against the sky, coming at a rush.

The gunners became frantic in their haste to fire again. They were so near the war correspondent could see the expression of their excited faces through his field-glass. As he looked he saw a man drop, and realized for the first time that the ironclad was shooting.

For a moment the big black monster crawled with an accelerated pace towards the furiously active gunners. Then, as if moved by a generous impulse, it turned its full broadside to their attack, and scarcely forty yards away from them. The war correspondent turned his field-glass back to the gunners and

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perceived it was now shooting down the men about the guns with the most deadly rapidity.

Just for a moment it seemed splendid and then it seemed horrible. The gunners were dropping in heaps about their guns. To lay a hand on a gun was death. "Bang!" went the gun on the left, a hopeless miss, and that was the only second shot the half-battery fired. In another moment half-a-dozen surviving artillerymen were holding up their hands amidst a scattered muddle of dead and wounded men, and the fight was done.

The war correspondent hesitated between stopping in his scrub and waiting for an opportunity to surrender decently, or taking to an adjacent gully he had discovered. If he surrendered it was certain he would get no copy off; while, if he escaped, there were all sorts of chances. He decided to follow the gully, and take the first offer in the confusion beyond the camp of picking up a horse.



"HE DECIDED TO FOLLOW THE GULLY."

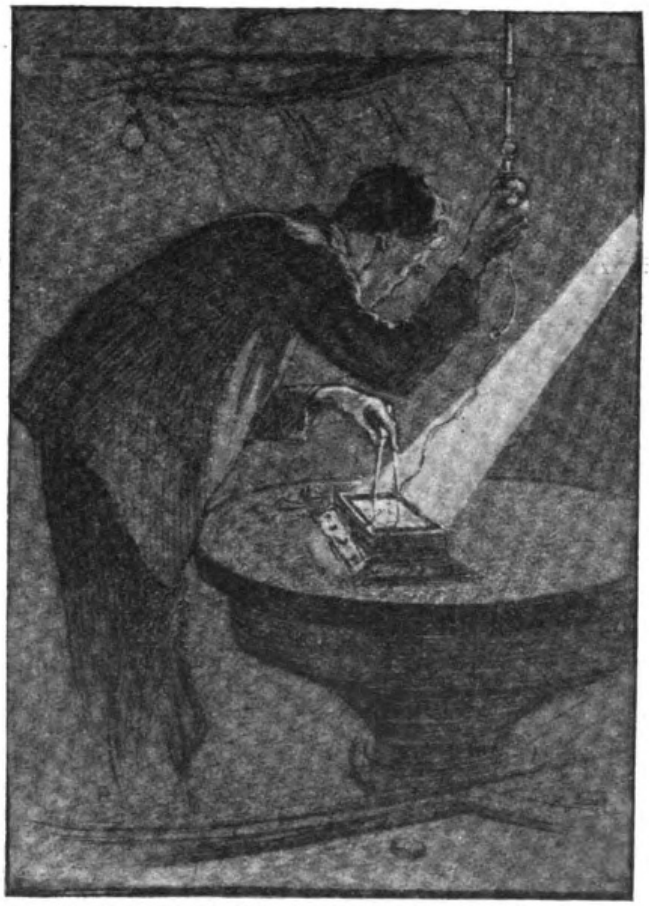
IV.

SUBSEQUENT authorities have found fault with the first land ironclads in many particulars, but assuredly they served their purpose on the day of their appearance. They were essentially long, narrow, and very strong steel frameworks carrying the engines, and borne upon eight pairs of big pedrail wheels, each about ten feet in diameter, each a driving wheel and set upon long axles free to swivel round a common axis. This arrangement gave them the maximum of adaptability to the contours of the ground. They crawled level along the ground with one foot high upon a hillock and another deep in a depression, and they could hold themselves erect and steady sideways upon even a steep hillside. The engineers directed the engines under the command of the captain, who had look-out points at small ports all round the upper edge of the adjustable skirt of twelve-inch iron-plating which protected the whole affair, and who could also raise or depress a conning-tower set about the portholes through the centre of the iron top cover. The riflemen each occupied a small cabin of peculiar construction, and these cabins were slung along the sides of and before and behind the great main framework, in a manner suggestive of the slinging of the seats of an Irish jaunting-car. Their rifles, however, were very different pieces of apparatus from the simple mechanisms in the hands of their adversaries.

These were in the first place automatic, ejected their cartridges and loaded again from a magazine each time they fired, until the ammunition store was at an end, and they had the most remarkable sights imaginable, sights which threw a bright little camera-obscura picture into the light-tight box in which the rifleman sat below. This camera-obscura picture was marked with two crossed lines, and whatever was covered by the intersection of these two lines, that the rifle hit. The sighting was ingeniously contrived. The rifleman stood at the table with a thing like an elaboration of a draughtsman's dividers in his hand, and he opened and closed these dividers, so that they were always at the apparent height—if it was an ordinary-sized man—of the man he wanted to kill. A little twisted strand of wire like an electric-light wire ran from this implement up to the gun, and as the dividers opened and shut the sights went up or down. Changes in the clearness of the atmosphere, due to changes of moisture, were met by an ingenious use of that meteorologically sensitive substance, catgut, and when the land ironclad moved forward the sights got a compensatory deflection in the direction of its motion. The rifleman stood up in his pitch-dark chamber and watched the little picture

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before him. One hand held the dividers for judging distance, and the other grasped a big knob like a door-handle. As he pushed this knob about the rifle above swung to correspond, and the picture passed to and fro like an agitated panorama. When he saw a man he wanted to shoot he brought him up to the cross-lines, and then pressed a finger upon a little push like an electric bell-push, conveniently placed in the centre of the knob. Then the man was shot. If by any chance the rifleman missed his target he moved the knob a trifle, or readjusted his dividers, pressed the push, and got him the second time.



"THE PICTURE PASSED TO AND FRO LIKE AN AGITATED PANORAMA."

This rifle and its sights protruded from a porthole, exactly like a great number of other portholes that ran in a triple row under the eaves of the cover of the land ironclad. Each porthole displayed a rifle and sight in dummy, so that the real ones could only be hit by a chance shot, and if one was, then the young man below said "Pshaw!" turned on an electric light, lowered the injured instrument into his camera, replaced the injured part, or put up a new rifle if the injury was considerable.

You must conceive these cabins as hung clear above the swing of the axles, and inside the big wheels upon which the great elephant-like feet were hung, and behind these cabins along the centre of the monster ran a central gallery into which they opened, and along which worked the big compact engines. It was like a long passage into which this throbbing machinery had been packed, and the captain stood about the middle, close to the ladder that led to his conning-tower, and directed the silent, alert engineers—for the most part by signs. The throb and noise of the engines mingled with the reports of the rifles and the intermittent clangour of the bullet hail upon the armour. Ever and again he would touch the wheel that raised his conning-tower, step up his ladder until his engineers could see nothing of him above the waist, and then come down again with orders. Two small electric lights were all the illumination of this space — they were placed to make him most clearly visible to his subordinates; the air was thick with the smell of oil and petrol, and had the war correspondent been suddenly transferred from the spacious dawn outside to the bowels of this apparatus he would have thought himself fallen into another world.

The captain, of course, saw both sides of the battle. When he raised his head into his conning-tower there were the dewy sunrise, the amazed and disordered trenches, the flying and falling soldiers, the depressed-looking groups of prisoners, the beaten guns; when he bent down again to signal "Half speed," "Quarter speed," "Half circle round towards the right," or what not, he was in the oil-smelling twilight of the ill-lit engine-room. Close beside him on either side was the mouthpiece of a speaking-tube, and ever and again he would direct one side or other of his strange craft to "Concentrate fire forward on gunners," or to "Clear out trench about a hundred yards on our right front."

He was a young man, healthy enough but by no means sun-tanned, and of a type of feature and expression that prevails in His Majesty's Navy; alert, intelligent, quiet. He

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and his engineers and his riflemen all went about their work, calm and reasonable men. They had none of that flapping strenuousness of the half-wit in a hurry, that excessive strain upon the blood-vessels, that hysteria of effort which is so frequently regarded as the proper state of mind for heroic deeds. If their machine had demanded anything of the sort they would, of course, have improved their machine. They were all perfectly sober and in good training, and if any of them had begun to ejaculate nonsense or bawl patriotic airs, the others would probably have gagged him and tied him up as a dangerous, unnerving sort of fool. And if they were free from hysteria they were equally free from that stupid affectation of nonchalance which is the refuge of the thoroughly incapable in danger. Death was abroad, and there were marginal possibilities of the unforeseen, but it is no good calculating upon the incalculable, and so beyond a certain unavoidable tightening up of nerve and muscle, a certain firmness of the lips, this affected them not at all.

For the enemy these young engineers were defeating they felt a certain qualified pity and a quite unqualified contempt. They regarded these big, healthy men they were shooting down precisely as these same big, healthy men might regard some inferior kind of nigger. They despised them for making war; despised their bawling patriotisms and their emotionality profoundly; despised them, above all, for the petty cunning and the almost brutish want of imagination their method of fighting displayed. "If they *must* make war," these young men thought, "why in thunder don't they do it like sensible men?" They resented the assumption that their own side was too stupid to do anything more than play their enemy's game, that they were going to play this costly folly according to the rules of unimaginative men. They resented being forced to the trouble of making man-killing machinery; resented the alternative of having to massacre these people or endure their truculent yappings; resented the whole unfathomable imbecility of war.

Meanwhile, with something of the mechanical precision of a good clerk posting a ledger, the riflemen moved their knobs and pressed their buttons. . . .

The captain of Land Ironclad Number Three had halted on the crest close to his captured half-battery. His lined-up prisoners stood hard by and waited for the cyclists behind to come for them. He surveyed the victorious morning through his conning-tower.

He read the general's signals. "Five and Four are to keep among the guns to the left and prevent any attempt to recover them. Seven and Eleven and Twelve, stick to the guns you have got; Seven, get into position to command the guns taken by Three. Then we're to do something else, are we? Six and One, quicken up to about ten miles an hour and walk round behind that camp to the levels near the river — we shall bag the whole crowd of them," interjected the young man. "Ah, here we are! Two and Three, Eight and Nine, Thirteen and Fourteen, space out to a thousand yards, wait for the word, and then go slowly to cover the advance of the cyclist infantry against any charge of mounted troops. That's all right. But where's Ten? Halloa! Ten to repair and get movable as soon as possible. They've broken up Ten!"

The discipline of the new war machines was business-like rather than pedantic, and the head of the captain came down out of the conning-tower to tell his men. "I say, you chaps there. They've broken up Ten. Not badly, I think; but anyhow, he's stuck!"

But that still left thirteen of the monsters in action to finish up the broken army.

The war correspondent stealing down his gully looked back and saw them all lying along the crest and talking fluttering congratulatory flags to one another. Their iron sides were shining golden in the light of the rising sun.

V.

THE private adventures of the war correspondent terminated in surrender about one o'clock in the afternoon, and by that time he had stolen a horse, pitched off it, and narrowly escaped being rolled upon; found the brute had broken its leg, and shot it with his revolver. He had spent some hours in the company of a squad of dispirited riflemen, who had commandeered his field-glass and whose pedestrianism was exemplary, and he had quarrelled with them about topography at last, and gone off by himself in a direction that should have brought him to the banks of the river and didn't. Moreover, he had eaten all his chocolate and found nothing in the whole world to drink. Also, it had become extremely hot. From behind a broken, but attractive, stone wall he had seen far away in the distance the defender horsemen trying to charge cyclists in open order, with land ironclads outflanking them on either side. He had discovered that cyclists could retreat over open turf before horsemen with a sufficient margin of speed to

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allow of frequent dismounts and much terribly-effective sharpshooting; and he had a sufficient persuasion that those horsemen, having charged their hearts out, had halted just beyond his range of vision and surrendered. He had been urged to sudden activity by a forward movement of one of those machines that had threatened to enfilade his wall. He had discovered a fearful blister on his heel.

He was now in a scrubby gravelly place, sitting down and meditating on his pocket-handkerchief, which had in some extraordinary way become in the last twenty-four hours extremely ambiguous in hue. "It's the whitest thing I've got," he said.

He had known all along that the enemy was east, west, and south of him, but when he heard war ironclads Numbers One and Six talking in their measured, deadly way not half a mile to the north he decided to make his own little unconditional peace without any further risks. He was for hoisting his white flag to a bush and taking up a position of modest obscurity near it, until someone came along. He became aware of voices, clatter, and the distinctive noises of a body of horse, quite near, and he put his handkerchief in his pocket again and went to see what was going forward.



"HE HAD SPENT SOME HOURS IN THE COMPANY OF A SQUAD OF DISPIRITED RIFLEMEN."

The sound of firing ceased, and then as he drew near he heard the deep sounds of many simple, coarse, but hearty and noble-hearted soldiers of the old school swearing with vigour.

He emerged from his scrub upon a big level plain, and far away a fringe of trees marked the banks of the river.

In the centre of the picture was a still intact road bridge, and a big railway bridge a little to the right. Two land ironclads rested, with a general air of being long, harmless sheds, in a pose of anticipatory peacefulness right and left of the picture, completely commanding two miles and more of the river levels. Emerged and halted a little from the scrub was the remainder of the defender's cavalry, dusty, a little disordered and obviously annoyed, but still a very fine show of men. In the middle distance three or four men and horses were receiving medical attendance, and a little nearer a knot of officers regarded the distant novelties in mechanism with profound distaste. Everyone was very distinctly aware of the twelve other ironclads, and of the multitude of townsmen soldiers, on bicycles or afoot, encumbered now by prisoners and captured war-gear but otherwise thoroughly effective, who were sweeping like a great net in their rear.

"Checkmate," said the war correspondent, walking out into the open. "But I surrender in the best of company. Twenty-four hours ago I thought war was impossible—and these beggars have captured the whole blessed army! Well! Well!" He thought of his talk with the young lieutenant. "If there's no end to the surprises of science, the civilized people have it, of course. As long as their science keeps going they will necessarily be ahead of open-country men. Still. . . ."

He wondered for a space what might have happened to the young lieutenant.

The war correspondent was one of those inconsistent people who always want the beaten side to win. When he saw all these burly, sun-tanned horsemen, disarmed and dismounted and lined up; when he saw their horses unskilfully led away by the singularly not equestrian cyclists to whom they had surrendered; when he saw these trun-

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cated Paladins watching this scandalous sight, he forgot altogether that he had called these men "cunning louts" and wished them beaten not four-and-twenty hours ago. A month ago he had seen that regiment in its pride going forth to war, and had been told of its terrible prowess, how it could charge in open order with each man firing from his saddle, and sweep before it anything else that ever came out to battle in any sort of order, foot or horse. And it had had to fight a few score of young men in atrociously unfair machines!

"Manhood *versus* Machinery" occurred to him as a suitable headline. Journalism curdles all one's mind to phrases.

He strolled as near the lined-up prisoners as the sentinels seemed disposed to permit and surveyed them and compared their sturdy proportions with those of their lightly-built captors.

"Smart degenerates," he muttered. "Anæmic cockneydom."

The surrendered officers came quite close to him presently, and he could hear the colonel's high-pitched tenor. The poor gentleman had spent three years of arduous toil upon the best material in the world perfecting that shooting from the saddle charge, and he was inquiring with phrases of blasphemy, natural under the circumstances, what one could be expected to do against this suitably consigned ironmongery.

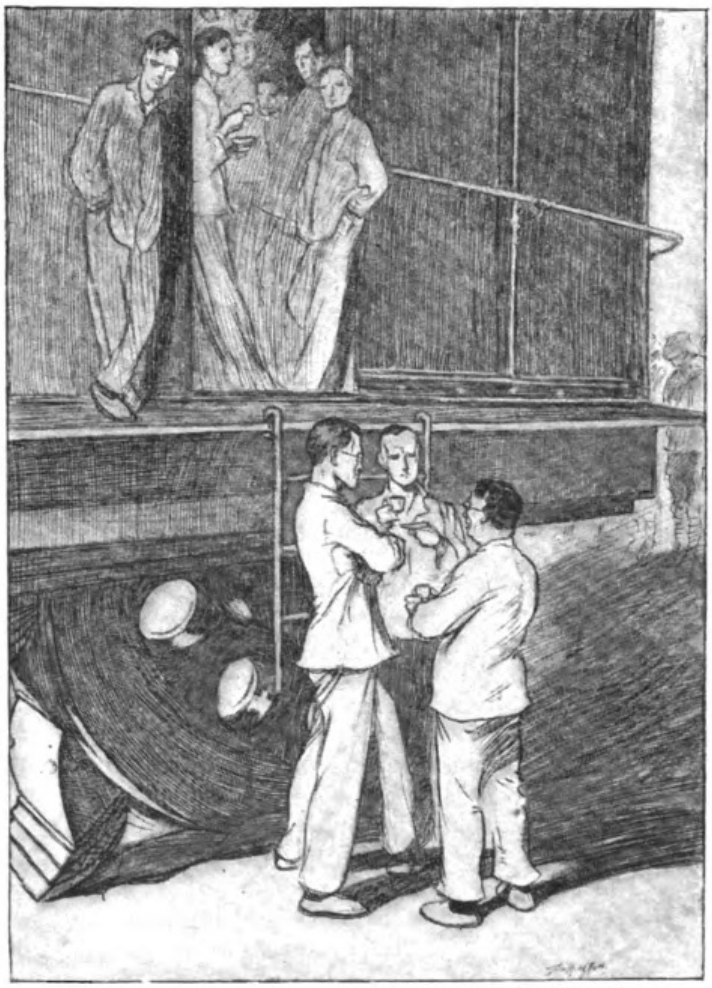
"Guns," said someone.

"Big guns they can walk round. You can't shift big guns to keep pace with them, and little guns in the open they rush. I saw 'em rushed. You might do a surprise now and then—assassinate the brutes, perhaps——"

"You might make things like 'em."

"What? *More* ironmongery? Us? . . ."

"I'll call my article," meditated the war correspondent, "'Mankind *versus* Ironmongery,' and quote the old boy at the beginning."



"SOMETHING NOT ALTOGETHER DEGRADED BELOW THE LEVEL OF A MAN."

And he was much too good a journalist to spoil his contrast by remarking that the half-dozen comparatively slender young men in blue pyjamas who were standing about their victorious land ironclad, drinking coffee and eating biscuits, had also in their eyes and carriage something not altogether degraded below the level of a man.

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A Tiresome Child.

By Winifred Graham.

I.

EDITHA stood on tip-toe, trying to reach an old picture-frame. At her feet on the oak staircase lay a heap of evergreens, and in one small hand the little girl grasped a spray of variegated holly. Some of the leaves were white and waxen, with the purity of the snow, while their red berries seemed reflecting the glow on Editha's cheeks, rosy from health rather than happiness. The child's eyes held a wistful expression as she looked up again at the stern profile of an ancestor.

"Can I help you, miss?"

Jane, the under-housemaid, had been watching Editha for some moments unobserved. It struck her as singularly sad, the sight of a lonely child decorating a practically deserted house.

"Oh! thank you, Jane," piped the little voice, and the wistful eyes brightened in response. "Your arm is so much longer than mine — or you might lift me up if — if I am not too heavy?"

Editha's consideration was proverbial among the servants, and the stalwart Jane smiled as she hoisted the frail little form on her shoulder.



"EDITHA STOOD ON TIP-TOE, TRYING TO REACH AN OLD PICTURE-FRAME."

"Heavy!" she said, "I wish there was more of you, miss; why, you are as light as a lady-bird!"

Editha placed the holly with care above the plumed hat of a warrior arrayed for battle.

"It wouldn't be a bit like Christmas week if I didn't decorate just the staircase and the hall," she said. "I am sure Miss Cary will like to see it looking gay. Don't you think Miss Cary is very, very pretty?"

Jane considered a moment. Her answers were always slow and deliberate. She was conjuring up the young, delicately-chiselled face of Miss Editha's new governess, features stamped by the hall-mark of breeding, and framed in soft, naturally waving hair.

"Yes," the reply came at last in a tone of decision; "too pretty to be shut up in a school-room — leastways, so we think downstairs."

"Oh, but she isn't shut up; the door is never locked or anything!"

Editha spoke in childish surprise, as Jane put her down on the quaint, shallow steps of oak.

"Shut away from all the festivities other young ladies of

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her age enjoy," Jane explained. "You see, miss, it's easy to tell she's a perfect lady. But, there, I oughtn't to be talking to you about such things; it's no business of mine."

With these words Jane whisked away, a long trail of ivy hanging to her skirt. Editha sat amongst the evergreens—thinking.

"Too pretty to be shut up in a schoolroom, kept from all the festivities which other people enjoy." Yes; it was strange, she told herself, comparing in her small but busy brain Miss Cary's life with the lives of the pretty girls who stayed with mamma. Shadows were creeping round the old hall, enveloping this child-philosopher in a grey haze, and with the shadows came whispering voices, which only children hear. Ahead loomed the mystery of Christmas—a season whose very name thrills the baby-heart with wonder and expectation—a time of fantasy, when Santa Claus roams the earth, when fairies steal abroad!

Miss Cary opened the schoolroom door and looked down the staircase. Her Christian name was Marigold, and her hair resembled that harvest flower.

At sight of the holly-boughs her heart gave a little, painful throb, not so much for herself as for the solitary child. She had always looked upon Christmas as the children's season, when older folk gave up their leisure willingly to the entertainment of little people whose eager faces waited for the magic appearance of Father Christmas, or his miraculous tree blossoming with bon-bons and gifts. Yet only a week ago she had been engaged by Mrs. Raglan, a typical society mother, who stipulated that the new governess must come for Christmas.

"My husband and I have a delightful invitation to a large house-party," she said; "and unless you can manage this, our little girl, Editha, will be quite alone. Of course, I could perfectly well trust the servants, but think it would be rather dull for her, and shall feel relieved if you could fall in with my wishes."

Miss Marigold Cary assented gladly enough, for tragedy had stolen a march upon her youth, and she wanted to hide away, far from the pitying glances of all her old friends.

But a few months ago she had known only the sunny side of life, as the one petted daughter of a wealthy widower; then suddenly the crash came, an unexpected loss of fortune, resulting in her father's death.

Editha knew nothing of this sad story, for Miss Cary's kind, bright smile, and the simple little black dress she wore, in no way suggested lugubrious mourning, since her sorrow lay too deep for outward signs or tears.

"The place looks quite Christmassy!" she cried; "but it's cold for you out here. Come to the fire and finish decorating to-morrow."

Editha suddenly realized that her fingers were blue and numb; she ran at the sound of that musical voice—gladly into the glow of a great flaming log.

"Isn't it a story-telling fire?" she said, coaxingly. "Shall we tell each other stories, Miss Cary?"

The face framed in baby curls looked up with subtle entreaty, and the slim, childish figure kneeling on the hearth-rug appeared oddly ethereal.

"As many as you like," replied the soft voice, while loving fingers toyed with the ruddy locks.

"I've been thinking out a story all about you," murmured the child, dreamily, a strange imaginative expression dawning in her face, which Miss Cary had noticed, and marvelled at, before. "There was a lady much too pretty to be shut up in a schoolroom with a little girl, a very sweet lady named Marigold. She'd never been to balls or parties, because she had no nice dresses like my mamma wears, only black ones. Well, when Christmas came the fairies said if the little girl could manage to catch Santa Claus he might give her a wish, so she made up her mind to lie awake all night and watch the chimney."

"What did she mean to ask?" queried Miss Cary.

"Why, of course it was about Marigold. She wanted to tell Santa Claus the pretty lady was shut up. She thought if he was a really nice old man he might get a fairy god-mother to take her to a ball, or send a prince to marry her, or do something to make her very happy at Christmas."

A pair of sympathetic eyes were gazing up with such a wealth of feeling into Miss Cary's that she felt a lump rise suddenly in her throat, while a wave of surprise swept over her, with a queer emotional thrill. Her heart had been silently bleeding for the child whose mother was too pleasure-loving to stay at home for Christmas; and all the time the child was quite ignorant of any personal grievance, but merely thought of another's solitude. "Shut up," as she called it (in Jane's language), "with only a little girl for companion."

"If," answered Miss Cary, smiling, "Santa Claus granted the wish, then our little girl,

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you know, would be left quite alone. What of her?"

Just for a moment the small fingers clutched convulsively at Miss Cary's skirt; it seemed as though the child had forgotten this terrible sequel. A second only of wavering, and the demon self died down like the blue flames round the log.

"She didn't mind," answered Editha, staunchly, "because she loved the pretty lady; you—you had forgotten that!"

Miss Cary caught the child in her arms.

"We will tell a fresh story now," she said, in a tremulous whisper, "about different people altogether; something to make us laugh."

When Jane brought up tea she subsequently reported downstairs that "anyway they was wonderfully merry in the schoolroom!"

II.

Miss Cary set herself the task of keeping Editha amused. The following afternoon she fell in with the child's suggestion that they should play hide and seek, as the snow kept them prisoners. The game had just commenced, when silently up the drive came a station cab, and a moment later Miss Cary found herself face to face in the chilly drawing-room with an old friend.



"'CAPTAIN NOBLE!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'WHATEVER BROUGHT YOU HERE?'"

"Captain Noble!" she exclaimed, a rush of colour mounting to her cheeks. "Whatever brought you here?"

She stood staring at him as if he were a

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ghost, while his eyes rested upon her with that unmistakable look which only women who are loved know. She forgot the room was cold and fireless; she only realized that her heart beat to suffocation and her pulses throbbed with feverish excitement.

"I have just set foot in England again," he said. "My regiment returned last week. I heard for the first time of all your troubles, and discovered, after some difficulty, your present address. I could not rest until I had seen you. I have brought a letter from my mother, begging you to return with me to her house. I can't bear to think of you staying here. If you will only let me take care of you; if——"

He did not finish his sentence, but his arms went out to her instinctively, and like a tired child she crept into them, burying her head upon his shoulder.

"Dad was so fond of you; he would have been pleased," she said at last, after moments of exquisite tenderness, which might have thawed the very snow outside. "Oh, you don't know how lonely I felt before!"

He dried the tears which started to her eyes, making plans for the future so rapidly that her head whirled. She could hardly have believed herself awake, only somehow—for the past year—she had vaguely suspected that he loved her, with a mysterious foretaste of this blissful moment.

"Oh, no," she found herself saying quickly, "I could not possibly come back with you for Christmas. Thank your mother from me, and tell her I am staying with Editha. The poor child is quite alone. There's something very pathetic about a child being deserted by her parents at this time of year."

Captain Noble's face fell. His great passion for the woman blurred his sympathy for the small unknown creature who came between them. Love's dominion made for a sudden selfishness unusual to his kindly nature.

"Surely," he protested, in wounded tones, "you could get out of it somehow if you tried. Telegraph to her people; make a push at least to free yourself. It is too maddening that you should be tied here just for the one week, and all through a tiresome child! I have my leave. If you really cared for me you would sweep aside all obstacles!"

He checked his bitter tone as his eyes met Marigold's. Surely they left no room for doubt in his heart, with their love-light turning a grey, cold day into summer. Very softly, in that low, musical voice of hers, she told him how much she cared, what it meant to her to give up those golden days, to put self on one side. She longed with a feverish yearning to clutch quickly—greedily at the happiness within her reach, to greet Christmas, and all its sad memories, under a roof where a new love had dawned. But the child remained between them, a helpless little figure, demanding consideration—the child who, only the night before, had pitied Miss Cary, wishing that Santa Claus might "do something to make her happy."

It almost seemed as if this child's desire had worked some strange spell, and brought her lover to her side.

Marigold roused herself as from a dream, and held out her hand in farewell.

"You mustn't stay. I am sorry, but Mrs. Raglan would not like it. I have just remembered she said I should not, of course, be seeing any friends away here in the country, adding it was as well, since Editha and I were alone! I fear she might resent your visit, for you know it isn't quite the right thing for a governess to receive gentlemen in her employer's drawing-room!"

Marigold threw him a brilliant smile, though her heart sank at the thought of saying good-bye. She wanted him not to know really how hard the struggle seemed, or how impossible it appeared at that moment to live through Christmas without a sight of the face she loved. He caught her once again in his arms, and whispered she was "very unkind," then he tore himself away, to drive back through the sleet and snow, with the glowing recollection of that last embrace.

No sooner had Marigold slipped upstairs in search of her charge than a heavy curtain veiling the drawing-room window-seat was pushed aside by small, tremulous fingers, and a pale, childish face peeped out. This nook had been chosen as an admirable corner for purposes of hide and seek, the interrupted game in full swing when Captain Noble arrived. For a moment Editha stood against the curtain, her slight frame trembling and her hands still clutching the long velvet folds.

The now silent room held a wonderful life-story, which set even her young heart beating faster. But the story had its dark side, portrayed unconsciously by "a tiresome child," as Editha distinctly heard herself called.

"I want Miss Cary, too. Oh! I want her badly!" said the little voice aloud, as if addressing the man who but recently stood

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quite near the curtain. "She's very kind, and makes the days go by so quickly. Must you take her away from me?"

A sob rose in Editha's throat, but she choked it back with an effort, for she knew he would not only take her eventually—there was something harder in store. The good angel walking by Editha, making her tender and considerate, whispered of sacrifice, that beautiful flower with its drooping scarlet leaves, only blooming in aching hearts and souls which are strong.



"A PALE, CHILDISH FACE PEEPED OUT."

Miss Cary wanted to be with him for Christmas; the man who had looked at her so fondly and kissed her many times. She was staying with Editha against her inclination, out of pity, and, grateful as the child felt, a certain heroism, born of love, made her resolve this should not be. A very shrewd reasoning power for a juvenile intellect warned her also that merely to ask Miss Cary to go would prove mere wasted words. Some deeper plan must be found to work the spell, some scheme which would leave her no loophole for escape from the happy Christmas in store.

Editha let the curtain go, and only a slight quiver betrayed the excitement of a sudden thought. Swiftly she ran to her mother's writing-table, and in her big childish hand scrawled a hurried letter which began:—

"Please, dear mamma——"

After the opening line the correspondent paused, and bit the tip of dear mamma's pen, but a sound overhead sent the busy fingers off again:—

"I want you please, please, to be very kind and send a telegrame derectly you get this to tell Miss Cary to go away at once. I do so want her to go, and I know she has a place to go to, and I shall engoy my Christmas if she goes. I shall be alright with the servents, and will tell you why I want Miss Cary to go when you come home. If the telegrame does not come I shall be very miserrable. Just say in the telegrame she is to go, dear mamma, and oblige your loving child,

"EDITHA.

"P.S.—I am sending you a Christmas-card panted by myself."

The card was in a big envelope already stamped and addressed, so Editha found no difficulty in adding this private epistle unobserved. As she did so, a wild desire came over her to rush and pull down the holly wreaths which decked the hall with subtle mockery for the pain at her poor little heart. But the wish only lasted a moment, and Editha recalled her words penned in perfect truthfulness: "I shall enjoy my Christmas if she goes."

"Of course," the child repeated, "of course I shall enjoy my Christmas; for Marigold will be so glad!"

III.

To Miss Cary's great surprise, early on the morning of Christmas Eve she received the following extraordinary telegraphic message from Mrs. Raglan:

"Kindly leave my house at once; wish

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you to instantly give up your charge of Editha. The London express leaves Mettlebury at twelve o'clock ; catch that if possible.

"ARABELLA RAGLAN."

For a moment Marigold thought her eyes deceived her. Then a sudden explanation flashed across her mind. There had just been time for a letter to reach her employer since Captain Noble's visit if written and posted that night. Without doubt, she concluded, one of the servants must have told of his afternoon call and the interview in the drawing-room, with the result that, after all, the fates drove her homewards for the merry Yuletide. Henceforth, wherever he dwelt would mean "home" for her — home with its love and sympathy, its thousand unspoken joys!



"'EDITHA, DEAR,' SHE SAID, 'I AM GOING AWAY THIS MORNING.'"

"Editha, dear," she said, taking the child in her arms, "I am going away this morning."

She held the small, delicate frame close to her heart, with something of mother-love in that long, fast holding.

"I shall never forget you, little Editha, though I don't suppose you and I will ever see each other again. Will you think of me sometimes, and say to yourself, 'She wouldn't have left me on Christmas Eve if she could have helped'?"

Editha laid her cheek against Miss Cary's face.

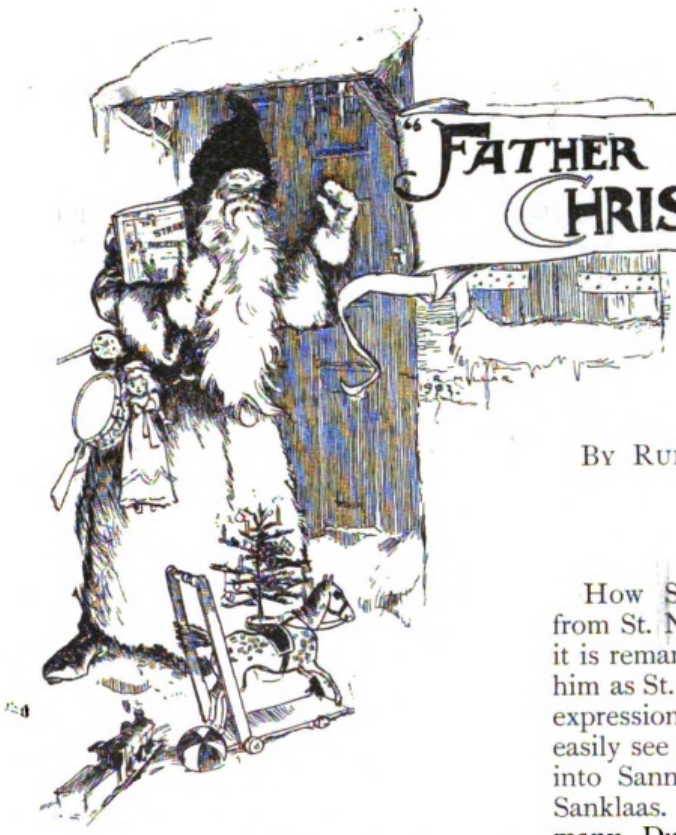
"It's like the story we told the other evening in the firelight," whispered the child, and the whisper concealed the tremor of a sigh. "Santa Claus found out the pretty lady was shut up, and sent a fairy prince to look after her. The fairy prince was not a bit different to any other man ; he wore ordinary clothes and drove in a station-cab instead of a coach. The little girl felt very glad he took the pretty lady away, because everyone ought to be happy at Christmas-time."

"Everyone!" The word came with a pained gasp as Miss Cary saw a single tear trickle from under one of Editha's eyelids.

She wriggled herself free and got rid of the tear, hoping it had escaped Miss Cary's notice.

Beneath that surface-tear a glad sense of triumph — the joy of a battle won — made music in the child's heart. She had pulled the wires of fate in all the simplicity of an affectionate, self-forgetful nature, and the big rewards which are felt, rather than seen, came softly, as the snows on Christmas Eve, with magic balm. Only half realizing the glory of the ascent, those tiny feet mounted a pinnacle above the drear things of earth, and who shall say, as she waved good-bye, whether Editha had not found the greater happiness?

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"Father Christmas."

By Rudolph de Cordova.

SEEING that Christmas is the children's festival, it is peculiarly appropriate that it should be dominated by the saint who is the patron of children—St. Nicholas—whose name is to be found both in the almanacs and in the Church of England calendar. Santa Claus is only another name for St. Nicholas, and in many families it is usurping, if it has not already usurped, that of the older "Father Christmas," who, with his ruddy complexion, his bright, twinkling eyes, his snow-white hair and beard, and his thick winter clothing, has long been the accepted ruler of the festive season.

If Santa Claus is a comparatively modern name with us, it is, nevertheless, that by which Father Christmas is universally known throughout the length and breadth of the United States. There the name is already undergoing that process of shortening which is characteristic of the American nation, and probably children talk more of "Santa" or "Santy" than they do of Santa Claus, so that it is by no means improbable some future archæologist may have to inquire into the origin of that name for Christmas.

How Santa Claus came to be evolved from St. Nicholas is at once as interesting as it is remarkable. The Dutch children know him as St. Nikolaas. It is rather an elaborate expression for little mouths, and one can easily see how it must have been shortened into Sannik'laas, and so into Santiklaas or Sanklaas. One has only to remember that many Dutch folk migrated to New York, which was originally called New Amsterdam, to see that they took "Sanklaas" with them, and the English population annexing their name of the saint spelt it Claus, as it was pronounced, and changed San or Sanni into Santa or Santy for the sake of euphony. In the ordinary intercourse between the United States and our own country we imported the name as we have imported so many other products of that plentifully dowered country, and Santa Claus began usurping the place of Father Christmas.

People who are disposed to question the accuracy of this reasoning would do well to remember that the now universal use of the Christmas-tree is a comparatively modern institution, for which we are largely indebted to the late Prince Consort. One writer on the subject records that the custom of gracing the day with a gaily decorated tree is but little older than our King, for it dates back only to about the period of the marriage of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, "previous to which time," he says, "it was almost unknown in this country."

Father Christmas, or Santa Claus, by which ever name we choose to call him, is the embodiment of St. Nicholas of Myra, to give

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him his full title, and his special date is December 6th, a day on which in many places the preparations for Christmas begin. While, however, we hold St. Nicholas in high repute only at this season of the year, he is to the Russian people what St. George is to us — the patron saint of the country—to which fact the popularity of the name is due; and no one needs reminding that it is borne by the present Czar, as it was by his father.

The way in which the saint came to be adopted as the patron of the children is naturally most interesting. His own childhood was remarkable.

The son of wealthy parents, he was a native of Patara, a town of Lycia, in Asia Minor. Soon after he was born his nurse prepared to give him his first bath, and to her astonishment and the no less amazement of the other women who were in the room he stood upright in the basin, and remained standing, in an attitude of ecstatic adoration, for two hours. This earliest recorded act in his life has been selected for pictorial representation by many artists, notably by Jan Van Coninxlo, whose picture is here reproduced. He not only shows the saint in this remarkable attitude and the astonishment in the faces of the attendants, but he also adds a delightful touch of domesticity in the women waiting on the mother. He also cleverly suggests how the news of this extraordinary event is being communicated to the people in the neighbourhood by the woman who is seen through the open window stopping for a moment in order to impart the tidings to the people in the next house.



THE FIRST MIRACLE OF ST. NICHOLAS—THE NEW-BORN BABY STANDS UPRIGHT IN HIS BATH.
From the Painting by Jan Van Coninxlo.

Later on, as he grew up, he acquired a great knowledge of the Scriptures, and entered the monastery of Sion, near Myra, where in due course he became an Abbot. He was subsequently made Bishop of Myra by Constantine the Great, and he filled that office with great distinction until his death.

So much for the moment about the saint. Now for the legend which has made him for all time the patron of children. A gentleman in Asia determined to send his two sons to Athens to be educated. They had to pass through Myra on their way, and, in accordance with their father's instructions, they were to call on the Holy Nicholas, the Archbishop, to obtain his blessing before proceeding on their journey. They arrived in Myra late one day, and with a considerateness rare in youth, though quite understandable if they were tired, determined to postpone their visit until the following morning. They took lodgings at an inn, and in order to get possession of their baggage the landlord murdered them. He then cut their bodies into pieces, salted them, and put them into a pickle-tub in which he kept pork, as he intended to dispose of them in that way. During the night, however, the Archbishop of Myra was vouchsafed a miraculous vision, in which he saw all the circumstances of the murder of the youths who were to have besought his blessing. It is a well-known fact that a criminal

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startled out of his sleep is apt, if charged with his crime, to be surprised into a full confession. Whether the Archbishop acted on this theory or not there are no means of ascertaining with certainty. At all events, he went to the murderer, charged him with the deed, and obtained from him a complete confession. Great is the power of truth! In consideration of his not denying the crime the Archbishop there and then prayed for forgiveness for the murderer, and then went to the tub. He made the sign of the cross over it and supplicated for the restoration to life of the pickled youths. So immediate was the answer to the prayer that, as soon as the saint had finished, the mangled limbs reunited themselves, each to its proper part, and the youths were restored to life. They got out of the brine-tub, threw themselves at the feet of the saint, and began to do him homage. He then gave them his benediction and sent them safe to Athens.



HOW ST. NICHOLAS BECAME THE PATRON SAINT OF CHILDREN—AN EARLY ILLUSTRATION OF THE LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS, THE BUTCHER, AND THE CHILDREN.
From the Salisbury Missal of 1534.

It is a curious fact that, though the legend only makes mention of two children, the saint is invariably represented with three, who are shown in the act of getting out of the tub. In the Bodleian Library at Oxford there is to be found an engraving of this circumstance, and in the Salisbury Missal of 1534 there is, before a prayer to St. Nicholas, a wood-engraving of the Bishop in the act of restoring the children to life; while, in accordance with a license which artists often took of representing various scenes in the same print, the landlord himself is shown cutting a leg into parts suitable for putting into the brine-tub.

This legend of St. Nicholas has naturally been treated in many ways, and that there should be variants of the details is only what was to be expected. It has received a poetical form, and, set to music, has been published in Paris with the words in French, German, Dutch, and Russian. The poem differs in certain respects from the legend, and it is so interesting in itself that I venture to translate it into English prose, with reproductions of the illustrations:—

Once upon a time there were three little children, who went into the fields to glean the corn which the reapers had left. In the evening they went to a butcher's shop, and, knocking at the door, said, "Butcher, butcher, will you please give us a lodging for the night?"

"Come in, come in, my little ones," he replied; "of course I will, with pleasure." Hardly had they entered, however, when the butcher killed them, cut them up into little pieces, and put them into the brine-tub as if they were bits of pork. After seven years



"THREE LITTLE CHILDREN WENT INTO THE FIELDS TO GLEAN."



"IN THE EVENING THEY WENT TO A BUTCHER'S SHOP."

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"THE BUTCHER KILLED THEM AND PUT THEM INTO THE BRINE-TUB."



"AFTER SEVEN YEARS ST. NICHOLAS KNOCKED AT THE BUTCHER'S DOOR."



"THE BUTCHER TURNED AND FLED FROM THE ROOM."



"THE CHILDREN WERE RESTORED TO LIFE."

had passed, St. Nicholas went into the same field and knocked at the butcher's door. "Butcher, butcher, will you give me a lodging for the night?" he asked, using exactly the same words as the children had done.

"Come in, come in, St. Nicholas. Of course I will find a place for you," replied the man.

No sooner had the saint entered than he asked for some supper.

"Will you have a piece of ham?" asked the butcher.

"No, thank you," said the saint; "it is not good."

"Will you have a piece of veal?" asked the butcher.

"No, thank you; I don't like the look of it. What I should like is some of the salted stuff which has been in that tub for the last seven years."

As soon as the butcher heard the saint's words he turned and fled from the room and from the house.

"Nay, butcher, don't run away," said the saint; "repent and God will pardon you." Then the saint raised his three fingers in the sign of benediction over the old brine-tub, and in answer to his prayers the children were restored to life. The first one, opening his eyes, said, "Oh, I have had a beautiful sleep." "So have I," said the second; while the third replied, "And as for me, I think I have been in Paradise."

In relation to his patronage of children, the attention of the reader is requested to the next illustration of St. Nicholas after Beato Angelico. Along the edge of the cope it will be noticed that the artist has, with a delightful imagination, introduced the faces of children as an ornament. The effacing hand of Time has almost entirely destroyed

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those on the right-hand side, and though it has affected three or four on the left there are still as many in a perfect state of preservation. In the right-hand corner of the illustration, too, there will be seen, at the saint's feet, three bags or purses with the mouths carefully tied up. These bags or purses are the attributes of St. Nicholas, and are always used to give a pictorial clue to his identity, as in the picture of Bonvicino, in which they are seen in his left hand; in just the same way as the arrows serve to identify St. Sebastian, the gridiron St. Lawrence, the lion St. Jerome, and the pig St. Anthony.

Every visitor to the National Gallery, for instance, will remember the famous Sistine Madonna, in which the Virgin and Child are supported by St. John and St. Nicholas. In that picture the saint has three golden apples at his feet. These, however, are but variations of the purses, which, without their tops, would be more or less circular, and would, therefore, become globes of gold.

Just as there is a charming legend which connects St. Nicholas with the children, so there is one which binds him indissolubly to the maidens through the medium of the purses of gold.



ST. NICHOLAS, BY BEATO ANGELICO.
Illustrating the story of the Maidens and the Three Purses: the origin of the children's custom of hanging up their stockings.

It is as follows: In the town of Patara, where, as has been already said, he was born, there dwelt a nobleman who had three daughters. They were so poor that he was unable to give them a dowry. The three girls were therefore more than likely to be passed by in the matrimonial market—a proof that the manners and customs of fifteen centuries ago were not so very different from those of our own day. Somehow, the matter came to the knowledge of St. Nicholas, who always made it a point to use his wealth for the purpose of alleviating distress. Putting a sum of gold into a purse, he went off one night to the nobleman's house. He wanted to give him the money, yet he was unwilling to show himself, for he was evidently one of those who prefer "to do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." He was still pondering how he should be able to do this when he reached his destination, and the moon, which had hitherto been obscured, suddenly shone out through a break in the clouds. Then he saw that a window in the house had, most dramatically and most opportunely for his purpose, been left open. He took aim and threw the purse through it. It fell at the feet of the father of the girls, and with it he was able to give the eldest a dowry. As soon as she was married—the event was not long deferred as soon as the men heard she had some money—the saint portioned the second girl in the same manner and with the same result. The nobleman determined to discover who his benefactor was, and began to watch.

Did he foresee a possible allowance for himself when his daughter got her purse through the window, which he probably kept open night and day? Who shall say? When St. Nicholas, armed with the third purse, arrived, the nobleman caught him and, throwing himself at his feet, said, "Oh, St. Nicholas, why seek to hide thyself?" Nicholas, however, blushing to find it fame, or perhaps fearful that all the portionless girls of the town would besiege him, extracted a promise,

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From the Painting by] ST. NICHOLAS AS THE PATRON SAINT OF SAILORS. *[Angelico.*

which was given without difficulty by the nobleman, to keep the secret.

In consequence of this incident there are certain parts of the Continent where, during the night preceding St. Nicholas's Day, the parents and older members of the family always put little presents into the shoes or stockings of the younger people, and when next morning they are found they suppose St. Nicholas put them there. This custom we all preserve, and Santa Claus, or Father Christmas, still gets the reputation of filling the children's stockings.

Another attribute of the saint is the protection he affords to sailors. The reason for this is that on one occasion, when he was making a voyage to the Holy Land and a tempest arose, his prayers assuaged it ; while another time he is said to have appeared to and saved some mariners who implored his assistance. For this reason St. Nicholas is frequently seen with ships in the background, as he is in the picture by Angelico reproduced above.

In honour of St. Nicholas there are at the present time close on, if not quite, four hundred churches dedicated to the saint in England, and there are few seaport towns throughout the world which have not one at least. The largest parish church in England is St. Nicholas at Yarmouth, which dates back to 1190, while another scarcely smaller is at Hull. In inland towns these St. Nicholas churches are rare, but when they do occur they are generally close to navigable rivers, and London boasts more than one. The most notable is probably St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, within a stone's throw of the Thames, and no one needs to have it pointed out that Cole is merely another way of writing Cola, which is a shortened form of Nicholas. St. Nicholas Cole Abbey is, therefore, nothing more than the Abbey Church of St. Nicholas, with the name written twice over.

After having lived a life of great piety and renown Nicholas died on December 6th, 326, and was buried with the most magnificent rites at Myra. There his relics were preserved until the end of the eleventh century, when certain merchants of Bari, on the Adriatic, went on an expedition to Lycia, broke open the coffin containing Nicholas's bones, and took them to Bari. The remains were placed in the Church of St. Stephen in that town, and eventually a magnificent church was built for the purpose of containing them. This was consecrated by Pope Nicholas II., and is known as the Church of St. Nicholas.

In the old days the Prior of St. Nicholas claimed to rank with the Archbishop of Milan, the Bishop of Loretto, and the Cardinal of Capua, and even took precedence of the King of Naples when His Majesty was in the precincts of the church, another suggestive proof of the fact that at this season of the year even Kings have to yield place to the Lord of the Season, whose vicegerents, the children, crowned with Love, with the magic sceptre of Imagination in one hand and the orb of Innocence in the other, give to our earth an added glory and a joy which it somehow lacks at other times.

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By E. Nesbit.

VI.—DOING GOOD.

"WE sha'n't be able to go anywhere on the carpet for a whole week, though," said Robert.

"And I'm glad of it," said Jane, unexpectedly.

"Glad?" said Cyril; "*glad?*"

It was breakfast-time, and mother's letter, telling them how they were all going for Christmas to their aunt's at Lyndhurst and how mother and father would meet them there, having been read by everyone, lay on the table, drinking hot bacon-fat with one corner and eating marmalade with the other.

"Yes, glad," said Jane. "I don't want any more things to happen just now. I feel like you do when you've been to three parties in a week—like we did at granny's once, and extras in between—toys and chocs and things like that. I want everything to be just real, and no fancy things happening at all."

"I don't like being obliged to keep things from mother," said Anthea. "I don't know why, but it makes me feel selfish and mean."

"If we could only get the mater to believe it, we might take her to the jolliest places," said Cyril, thoughtfully. "As it is we've just *got* to be selfish and mean—if it is that—but I don't feel it is."

"I *know* it isn't, but I *feel* it is," said Anthea, "and that's just as bad."

"It's worse," said Robert; "if you knew it and didn't feel it it wouldn't matter so much."

"That's being a hardened criminal, father says," put in Cyril, and he picked up mother's letter and wiped its corners with his handkerchief, to whose colour a trifle of bacon-fat and marmalade made but little difference.

"We're going to-morrow, anyhow," said Robert. "Don't," he added, with a good-boy expression on his face—"don't let's be ungrateful for our blessings; don't let's waste the day in saying how horrid it is to keep secrets from mothers, when we all know Anthea tried all she knew to give her the secret, and she wouldn't take it. Let's get on the carpet and have a jolly good wish. You'll have time enough to repent of things all next week."

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"Yes," said Cyril, "let's. It's not really wrong."

"Well, look here," said Anthea. "You know there's something about Christmas that makes you want to be good—however little you wish it at other times. Couldn't we wish the carpet to take us somewhere where we should have the chance to do some good and kind action? It would be an adventure just the same," she pleaded.

"I don't mind," said Cyril. "We sha'n't know where we're going, and that'll be exciting. No one knows what'll happen. We'd best put on our outers, in case——"

"We might rescue a traveller buried in the snow, like St. Bernard dogs, with barrels round our necks," said Jane, beginning to be interested.

"Or we might arrive just in time to witness a will being signed—more tea, please," said Robert—"and we should see the old man hide it away in the secret cupboard; and then, after long years, when the rightful heir was in despair, we should lead him to the hidden panel and——"

"Yes," interrupted Anthea; "or we might be taken to some freezing garret in a German town, where a poor little pale, sick child——"

"We haven't any German money," interrupted Cyril, "so *that's* no go. What I should like would be getting into the middle of a war and getting hold of secret intelligence and taking it to the General, and he would make me a lieutenant, or a scout, or a hussar."

When breakfast was cleared away Anthea swept the carpet and the children sat down on it, together with the Phœnix, who had been specially invited, as a Christmas treat, to come with them and witness the good and kind action they were about to do.

Four children and one bird were ready, and the wish was wished.

Everyone closed its eyes, so as to feel the topsy-turvy swirl of the carpet's movement as little as possible.

When the eyes were opened again the children found themselves on the carpet, and the carpet was in its proper place on the floor of their own nursery at Camden Town.

"I say," said Cyril, "here's a go!"

"Do you think it's worn out? The wishing part of it, I mean?" Robert anxiously asked the Phœnix.

"It's not that," said the Phœnix; "but—well—what did you wish——?"

"Oh! I see what it means," said Cyril, with deep disgust; "it's like the end of a fairy story in a Sunday magazine. How perfectly beastly!"

"You mean it means we can do kind and good actions where we are? I see. I suppose it wants us to carry coals for the cook or make clothes for the bare heathens. Well, I simply won't. And the last day and everything. Look here!" Cyril spoke loudly and firmly. "We want to go somewhere really interesting, where we have a chance of doing something good and kind; we don't want to do it here, but somewhere else. See? Now, then."

The obedient carpet started instantly, and the four children and one bird fell in a heap together, and as they fell were plunged in perfect darkness.

"Are you all there?" said Anthea, breathlessly, through the black dark. Everyone owned that it was there.

"Where are we? Oh! how shivery and wet it is! Ugh!—oh!—I've put my hand in a puddle!"

"Has anyone got any matches?" said Anthea, hopelessly. She felt sure that no one would have any.

It was then that Robert, with a radiant smile of triumph that was quite wasted in the darkness, where, of course, no one could see anything, drew out of his pocket a box of matches, struck a match and lighted a candle—two candles. And everyone with its mouth open blinked at the sudden light.

"Well done, Bobs," said his sisters, and even Cyril's natural brotherly feelings could not check his admiration of Robert's foresight.

"I've always carried them about ever since the lone tower day," said Robert, with modest pride. "I knew we should want them some day. I kept the secret well, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes," said Cyril, with fine scorn. "I found them the Sunday after, when I was feeling in your Norfolks for the knife you borrowed off me. But I thought you'd only sneaked them for Chinese lanterns, or reading in bed by."

"Bobs," said Anthea, suddenly, "do you know where we are? This is *the* underground passage, and look there—there's the money and the money-bags, and everything."

By this time the ten eyes had got used to the light of the candles, and no one could help seeing that Anthea spoke the truth.

"It seems an odd place to do good and kind acts in, though," said Jane. "There's no one to do them to."

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"ROBERT LIGHTED A CANDLE."

"Don't you be too sure," said Cyril; "just round the next turning we might find a prisoner who has languished here for years and years, and we could take him out on our carpet and restore him to his sorrowing friends."

"Of course we could," said Robert, standing up and holding the candle above his head to see farther off; "or we might find the bones of a poor prisoner and take them to his friends to be buried properly—that's always a kind action in books—though I never could see what bones matter."

"I wish you wouldn't," said Jane.

"I know exactly where we shall find the bones, too," Robert went on. "You see that dark arch just along the passage? Well, just inside there——"

"If you don't stop going on like that," said Jane, firmly, "I shall scream, and then I'll faint—so now then!"

"And *I* will, too," said Anthea.

Robert was not pleased at being checked in his flight of fancy.

"You girls will never be great writers," he said, bitterly. "They just love to think of things in dungeons, and chains, and knobbly bare human bones, and——"

Jane had opened her mouth to scream, but before she could decide how you began when you wanted to faint the golden voice of the Phœnix spoke through the gloom.

"Peace!" it said; "there are no bones here except the small but useful sets that you have inside you. And you did not invite me to come out with you to hear you talk about bones, but to see you do some good and kind action."

"We can't do it here," said Robert, sulkily.

"No," rejoined the bird. "The only thing we can do here, it seems, is to try to frighten our little sisters."

"He didn't, really, and I'm not so *very* little," said Jane, rather ungratefully.

Robert was silent. It was Cyril who suggested that perhaps they had better take the money and go.

"That wouldn't be a kind act, except to ourselves; and it wouldn't be good, whatever way you look at it," said Anthea, "to take money that's not ours."

"We might take it and spend it all on benefits to the poor and aged," said Cyril.

"That wouldn't make it right to steal," said Anthea, stoutly.

"I don't know," said Cyril. They were all standing up now. "Stealing is taking things that belong to someone else, and there's no one else."

"It can't be stealing if——"

"That's right," said Robert, with ironical approval; "stand here all day arguing while the candles burn out. You'll like it awfully when it's all dark again—and bony."

"Let's get out, then," said Anthea. "We can argue as we go." So they rolled up the carpet and went. But when they had crept along to the place where the passage led into the Topless Tower they found the way blocked by a great stone, which they could not move.

"There!" said Robert. "I hope you're satisfied!"

"Everything has two ends," said the Phœnix, softly; "even a quarrel or a secret passage."

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So they turned round and went back, and Robert was made to go first with one of the candles, because he was the one who had begun to talk about bones. And Cyril carried the carpet.

"I wish you hadn't put bones into our heads," said Jane, as they went along.

"I didn't; you always had them. More bones than brains," said Robert.

The passage was long, and there were arches and steps and turnings and dark alcoves that the girls did not much like passing. The passage ended in a flight of steps. Robert went up them.

Suddenly he staggered heavily back on to the following feet of Jane, and everybody screamed: "Oh! what is it?"

"I've only bashed my head in," said Robert, when he had groaned for some time; "that's all. Don't mention it; I like it. The stairs just go right slap into the ceiling, and it's a stone ceiling. You can't do good and kind actions underneath a paving-stone."

"Stairs aren't made to lead just to paving-stones as a general rule," said the Phœnix. "Put your shoulder to the wheel."

"There isn't any wheel," said the injured Robert, still rubbing his head.

But Cyril had pushed past him to the top stair and was already shoving his hardest against the stone above. Of course, it did not give in the least.

"If it's a trap-door——" said Cyril. And he stopped shoving and began to feel about with his hands. "Yes, there *is* a bolt. I can't move it."

By a happy chance Cyril had in his pocket the oil-can of his father's bicycle; he put the carpet down at the foot of the stairs and he lay on his back with his head on the top step, and his feet straggling down among his brothers and sisters, and he oiled the bolt till the drops of rust and oil fell down on his face. One even went into his mouth—open, as he panted with the exertion of keeping up this unnatural position. Then he tried again, but still the bolt would not move. So now he tied his handkerchief—the one with the bacon-fat and marmalade on it—to the bolt, and Robert's handkerchief to that, in a reef knot, which cannot come undone, however much you pull, and, indeed, gets tighter and tighter the more you pull it. This must not be confused with a granny's knot, which comes undone if you look at it. And then he and Robert pulled, and the girls put their arms round their brothers and pulled too, and suddenly the bolt gave way with a rusty scrunch and they all rolled together to the bottom of the stairs—all but the Phœnix, who had taken to his wings when the pulling began.

Nobody was hurt much, because the rolled-up carpet broke their fall; and now, indeed, the shoulders of the boys were used to some purpose, for the stone allowed them to heave it up. They felt it give; dust fell freely on them.

"Now, then," cried Robert, forgetting his head and his temper, "push all together. One, two, three!"

The stone was heaved up. It swung up on a creaking, unwilling hinge, and showed a growing oblong of dazzling daylight, and it fell back with a bang against something that kept it upright. Everyone climbed out, but



"'NOW, THEN,' CRIED ROBERT, 'PUSH ALL TOGETHER. ONE, TWO, THREE!'"

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there was not room for everyone to stand comfortably in the little paved house where they found themselves, so when the Phœnix had fluttered up from the darkness they let the stone down and it closed like a trap-door, as indeed it was.

You can have no idea how dusty and dirty the children were. Fortunately there was no one to see them but each other. The place they were in was a little shrine, built on the side of a road that went winding up through yellow-green fields to the Topless Tower. Below them were fields and orchards, all bare boughs and brown furrows, and little houses and gardens. The shrine was a kind of tiny chapel with no front wall — just a place for people to stop and rest in and wish to be good. So the Phœnix told them. There was an image that had once been brightly coloured, but the rain and snow had beaten in through the open front of the shrine, and the poor image was dull and weather-stained. Under it was written: "St. Jean de Luz. Priez pour nous." It was a sad little place, very neglected and lonely, and yet it was nice, Anthea thought, that poor travellers should come to this little rest-house in the hurry and worry of their journeyings and be quiet for a few minutes, and think about being good. The thought of St. Jean de Luz—who had no doubt in his time been very good and kind — made Anthea want more than ever to do something kind and good.

"Tell us," she said to the Phœnix, "what is the good and kind action the carpet brought us here to do?"

"I think it would be kind to find the owners of the treasure and tell them about it," said Cyril.

"And give it them *all?*" said Jane.

"Yes. But whose is it?"

"I should go to the first house and ask the name of the owner of the castle," said the golden bird, and really the idea seemed a good one.

They dusted each other as well as they could and went down the road. A little way on they found a tiny spring, bubbling out of the hillside and falling into a rough stone basin surrounded by draggled heart's-tongue ferns, now hardly green at all. Here the children washed their hands and faces and dried them on their pocket-handkerchiefs, which always, on these occasions, seem unnaturally small. Cyril's and Robert's handkerchiefs, indeed, rather undid the effects of the wash. But in spite of this the party certainly looked cleaner than before.

The first house they came to was a little white house with green shutters and a slate roof. It stood in a prim little garden, and down each side of the neat path were large stone vases for flowers to grow in; but all the flowers were dead now.



"THEY FOUND A TINY SPRING BUBBLING OUT OF THE HILLSIDE."

Along one side of the house was a sort of wide veranda, built of poles and trellis-work, and a vine crawled all over it. It was wider than our English verandas, and Anthea thought it must look lovely when the green leaves and the grapes were there; but now there were only dry, reddish-brown stalks and stems, with a few withered leaves caught in them.

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The children walked up to the front door. It was green and narrow. A chain with a handle hung beside it, and joined itself quite openly to a rusty bell that hung under the porch. Cyril had pulled the bell and its noisy clang was dying away before the terrible thought came to all. Cyril spoke it.

"My hat!" he breathed. "We don't know any French!"

At this moment the door opened. A very tall, lean lady, with pale ringlets like whity-brown paper or oak shavings, stood before them. She had an ugly grey dress and a black silk apron. Her eyes were small and grey and not pretty, and the rims were red, as though she had been crying.

She addressed the party in something that sounded like a foreign language, and ended with something which they were sure was a question. Of course, no one could answer it.

"What does she say?" Robert asked, looking down into the hollow of his jacket, where the Phœnix was nestling. But before the Phœnix could answer the whity-brown lady's face was lighted up by a most charming smile.

"You—you ar-r-re fr-r-rom the England!" she cried. "I love so much the England. Mais entrez—entrez donc tous! Enter, then—enter all. One essuyes his feet on the carpet."

She pointed to the mat.

"We only wanted to ask——"

"I shall tell you all that what you wish," said the lady. "Enter only!"

So they all went in, wiping their feet on a very clean mat, and putting the carpet in a safe corner of the veranda.

"The most beautiful days of my life," said the lady, as she shut the door, "did pass themselves in England. And since long I have not heard a English voice to repeal me the past."

This warm welcome embarrassed everyone, but most the boys, for the floor of the hall was of such very clean red and white tiles, and the floor of the sitting-room so very shiny—like a black looking-glass—that each felt as though he had on far more boots than usual, and far noisier.

There was a wood fire, very small and very bright, on the hearth—neat little logs laid on brass fire-dogs. Some portraits of powdered ladies and gentlemen hung in oval frames on the pale walls. There were silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece, and there were chairs and a table, very slim and polite, with slender legs. The room was extremely bare, but with a bright foreign bareness that was extremely cheerful, in an odd way of its own.

At the end of the polished table a very un-English little boy sat on a foot-stool in a high-backed, uncomfortable-looking chair. He wore black velvet, and the kind of collar—all frills and lacey—that Robert would rather have died than wear; but then the little French boy was much younger than Robert.

"Oh, how pretty!" said everyone. But no one meant the little French boy, with the velvety short knickerbockers and the velvety short hair.

What everyone admired was a little, little Christmas-tree, very green, and standing in a very red little flower-pot, and hung round with very bright little things made of tinsel and coloured paper. There were tiny candles on the tree, but they were not lighted yet.

"But yes—is it not that it is genteel?" said the lady. "Sit down you then, and let us see."

The children sat down in a row on the stiff chairs against the wall, and the lady lighted a long, slim red taper at the wood flame, and then she drew the curtains and lit the little candles, and when they were all lighted the little French boy suddenly shouted "Bravo, ma tante! Oh, que c'est gentil," and the English children shouted "Hooray!"

Then there was a struggle in the breast of Robert and out fluttered the Phœnix—spread his gold wings, flew to the top of the Christmas-tree, and perched there.

"Ah! catch it, then," cried the lady; "it will itself burn—your genteel parrakeet!"

"It won't," said Robert, "thank you."

And the little French boy clapped his clean and tidy hands; but the lady was so anxious that the Phœnix fluttered down and walked up and down on the shiny walnut-wood table.

"Is it that it talks?" asked the lady.

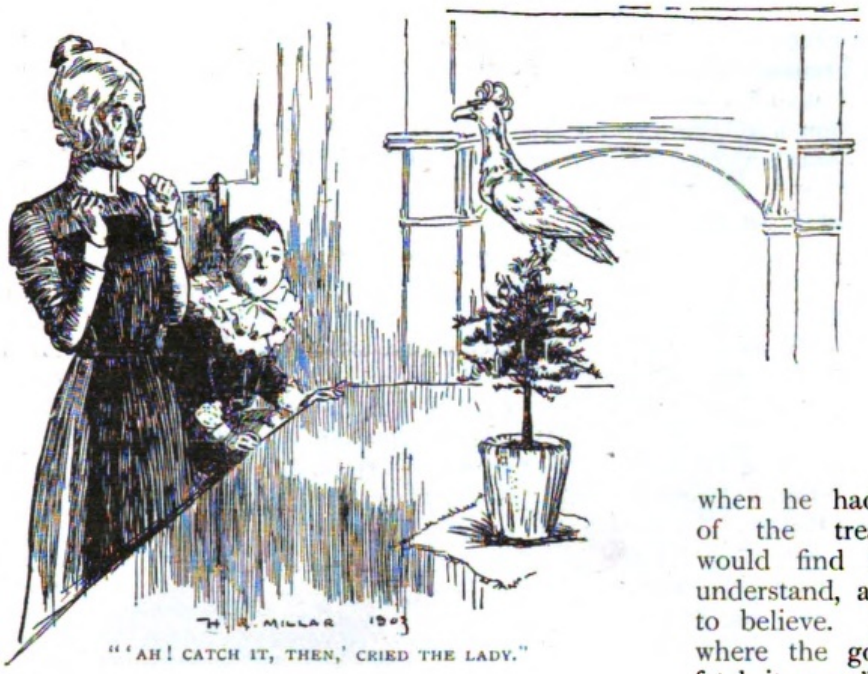
And the Phœnix replied in excellent French. It said, "Parfaitement, madame!"

"Oh, the pretty parrakeet," said the lady. "Can it say still of other things?"

And the Phœnix replied, this time in English: "Why are you sad so near Christmas-time?"

The children looked at it with one gasp of horror and surprise, for the youngest of them knew that it is far from manners to notice that strangers have been crying, and much worse to ask them the reason of their tears. And, of course, the lady began to cry again, very much indeed, after calling the Phœnix a bird without a heart; and she could not find

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"'AH! CATCH IT, THEN,' CRIED THE LADY."

her handkerchief, so Anthea offered hers, which was still very damp and no use at all. She also hugged the lady, and this seemed to be of more use than the handkerchief, so that presently the lady stopped crying and found her own handkerchief and dried her eyes, and called Anthea a cherished angel.

"I am sorry we came just when you were so sad," said Anthea, "but we really only wanted to ask you whose that castle is on the hill."

"Oh, my little angel," said the poor lady, sniffing, "to-day and for hundreds of years the castle is to us, to our family. To-morrow it must that I sell it — to some strangers—and my little Henri, who ignores all, he will not have never the lands paternal. But what will you? His father, my brother — Mr. the Marquis — has spent much of money, and it the must, despite the sentiments of familial respect, that I admit that my sainted father he also——"

"How would you feel if you found a lot of money—hundreds and thousands of gold pieces?" asked Cyril.

The lady smiled sadly.

"Ah! one has already recounted to you the legend?" she said. "It is true that one says that it is long time; oh! but long time one of our ancestors has hid a treasure—of gold, and of gold, and of gold—enough to enrich my little Henri for the life. But all that, my children, it is but the accounts of fays——"

"She means fairy stories," whispered the Phœnix to Robert. "Tell her what you have found."

So Robert told, while Anthea and Jane hugged the lady for fear she should faint for joy, like people in books, and they hugged her with the earnest, joyous hugs of unselfish delight.

"It's no use explaining how we got in," said Robert, when he had told of the finding of the treasure, "because you would find it a little difficult to understand, and much more difficult to believe. But we can show you where the gold is and help you to fetch it away."

The lady looked doubtfully at Robert as she absently returned the hugs of the girls.

"No, he's not making it up," said Anthea; "it's true, *true*, TRUE!—and we *are* so glad."

"You would not be capable to torment an old woman," she said; "and it is not possible that it be a dream?"

"It really *is* true," said Cyril; "and I congratulate you very much."

His tone of studied politeness seemed to convince more than the raptures of the others.

"If I do not dream," she said, "Henri come to Manon — and you — you shall come all with me to Mr. the Curate. Is it not?"

Manon was a wrinkled old woman with a red and yellow handkerchief twisted round her head. She took Henri, who was already sleepy with the excitement of his Christmas-tree and his visitors, and when the lady had put on a stiff black cape and a wonderful black silk bonnet and a pair of black wooden clogs over her black cashmere house-boots, the whole party went down the road to a little white house—very like the one they had left—where an old priest, with a good face, welcomed them with a politeness so great that it hid his astonishment.

The lady with her French waving hands and shrugging shoulders and her trembling French speech told the story. And now the priest, who knew no English, shrugged *his* shoulders and waved *his* hands and spoke also in French.

"He thinks," whispered the Phœnix,

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"that her troubles have turned her brain. What a pity you know no French!"

"I do know a lot of French," whispered Robert, indignantly; "but it's all about the pencil of the gardener's son and the penknife of the baker's niece—nothing that anyone ever wants to say."

"If *I* speak," the bird whispered, "he'll think *he's* mad, too."

"Tell me what to say."

"Say 'C'est vrai, monsieur. Venez donc voir,'" said the Phœnix; and then Robert earned the undying respect of everybody by suddenly saying, very loudly and distinctly:—

"Say vray, mossoo; venny dong vwaw."

The priest was disappointed when he found that Robert's French began and ended with these useful words; but, at any rate, he saw that if the lady was mad she was not the only one, and he put on a big beavery hat, and got a candle and matches and a spade, and they all went up the hill to the wayside shrine of St. John of Luz.

"Now," said Robert, "I will go first and show you where it is."

So they prised the stone up with a corner of the spade, and Robert did go first, and they all followed and found the golden treasure exactly as they had left it. And everyone was flushed with the joy of performing such a wonderfully kind action.

Then the lady and the priest clasped hands and wept for joy, as French people do, and knelt down and touched the money, and talked very fast and both together, and the lady embraced all the children three times each, and called them little garden angels, and then she and the priest shook each other by both hands, and talked, and talked, and talked, faster and more Frenchly than you would have believed possible. And the children were struck dumb with joy and pleasure.

"Get away *now*," said the Phœnix, softly, breaking in on the radiant dream. So the children crept away, and out through the little shrine, and the lady and the priest were so tearfully, talkatively happy that they never noticed that the guardian angels had gone.

The "garden angels" ran down the hill to the lady's little house, where they had left the carpet in the veranda, and they spread it out and said "Home," and no one saw them disappear, except little Henri, who had flattened his nose into a white button against the window-glass, and when he tried to tell his aunt she thought he had been dreaming. So that was all right.

"It is much the best thing we've done," said Anthea, when they talked it over at tea time. "In the future we'll only do kind actions with the carpet."



"ROBERT DID GO FIRST, AND THEY ALL FOLLOWED."

"Ahem!" said the Phœnix.

"I beg your pardon?" said Anthea.

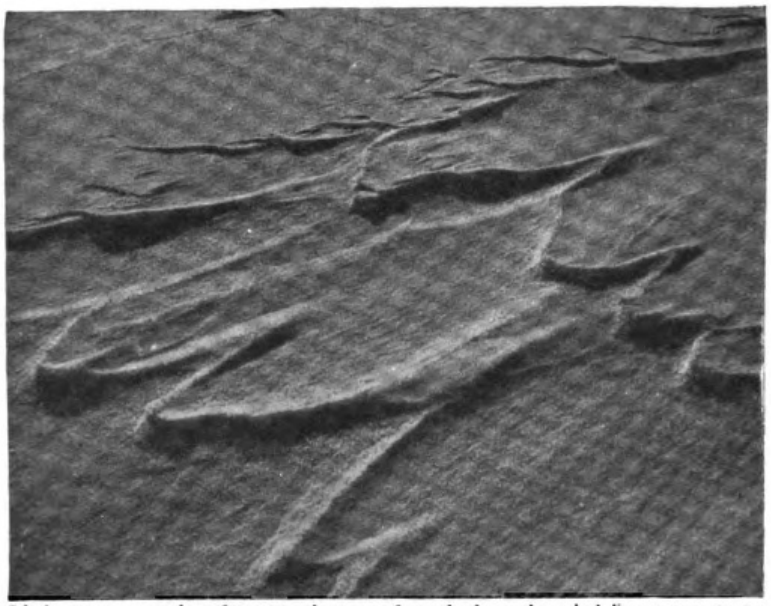
"Oh, nothing," said the bird. "I was only thinking!"

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Snow-Waves.

By John Swaffham.

Illustrated by Photographs by G. R. Ballance.

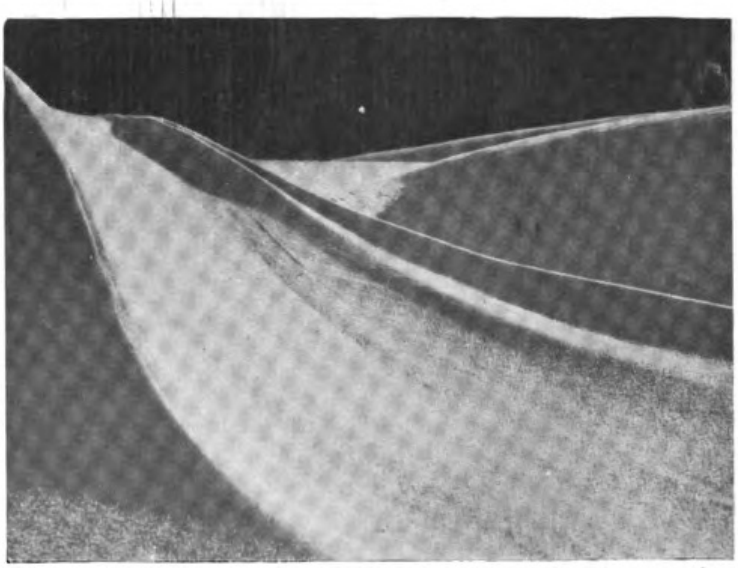


Little snow-waves in soft snow—these are formed where the wind is not too strong and are of the same description as in the next photo.

THE Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution in 1901–2 were devoted to the subject of "Waves and Ripples in Water, Air, and Æther," but it may be doubted whether the learned lecturer ever noticed the existence of those curious "snow-waves," photographs of which illustrate the following pages. Yet they are a very real variety of the eternal ripple which pervades all creation, and the little notice they have attracted is due rather to the rarity of that particular alliance of weather and place necessary to their occurrence than to any doubts of their actuality.

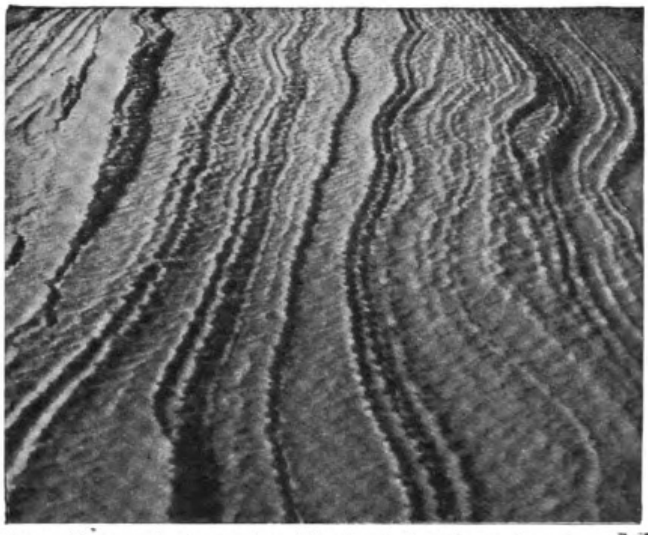
Water-waves we all know, and that waves exist in, one may almost say constitute, the air which we breathe, the entire atmosphere which surrounds us, we take on trust as a truth which needs no demonstration. It is also matter of common knowledge that electric signals, whether transmitted through a wire or without the intervention of any visible connection, telephonic communication, and the primary functions of sight and hearing, are all due to specific wave-motions. Clever experimentalists have even devised means for rendering these motions visible, by fastening a glass plate, coated with an opaque viscous fluid, directly against the receiver of a telephone or over the mouth of a speaking trumpet. The sound-waves impinging upon this plate disturbed the fluid, which now arranged itself along the lines of the sound-ripples forming the motor agency, from mouth to ear, of the specific notes or words used by the experimenter. One might in this way obtain ocular demonstration of the relative tonic value of a high "A" from the mouth of, say, Patti and the latest popular Diva. Whether the manager of an opera-house who selected his artistes after this method would survive their indignation, or even succeed from the financial standpoint, is another question. It is probable that theory and practice would, as is so often the case, somehow fail to agree in point of result.

Wind, like the sea tides or the sound of a singer's voice, moves by a series of undulations or waves, and what may be called "snow-waves" are merely Nature's own equivalent for the ingenious toy previously



This is not a section of a toboggan run, but a huge drift of loose powdery snow caused by gentle wind blowing through a small gully—the gully "condenses" the wind so as to merge its "waves" in one regular blast.

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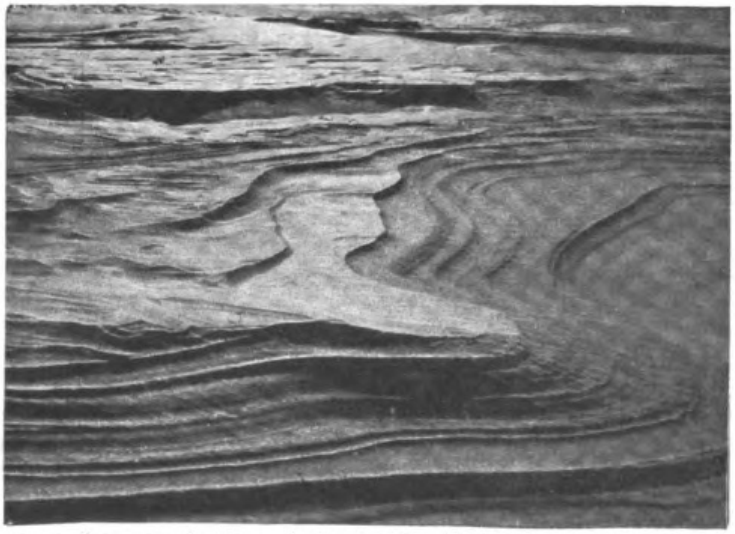
Snow-ridges, or ripples, produced by the wind on the surface of the frozen Lake of Sils.

described. When the snow is in a certain state and the surrounding atmosphere in suitable conditions, the passage of a wind over the hillsides leaves visible notice of the wave-frequency, wave-length, and wave-velocity at which the breeze was travelling. These terms may require a brief elucidation.

A wave of the sea is not a motion *of* the water, but rather a motion *through* the water. Strange as this idea may seem, a moment's consideration will demonstrate its truth. If a wave from the middle of the North Sea, which breaks upon Yarmouth beach, literally carried its constituent volume of water on to the shore, the "flow" of each tide would mean that the German Ocean was being moved bodily on to the Norfolk coast. If now, following out this idea, you watch a mass of floating seaweed, you will observe that it rises and falls with succeeding waves, but that its relative position towards a rock or other fixed object does not materially vary during the whole course of a tide. Similarly, a given drop of water does not move forward with each wave, but it forms a part of many waves, rising and falling continually, and lending its services to each and all. The number of times which a given drop of water or air thus forms part of succeeding waves in one second or one minute is called the *wave-frequency* of the particular current or tide in which it is doing service. *Wave-length* is equally simple, being no more than the distance, measured in feet or inches, from crest to crest, or from hollow to hollow, of successive pairs of waves in the same series. Having grasped this, the question of measuring *wave-velocity*, or speed, presents little difficulty. The stock criterion is to suppose yourself endowed with the wings of a bird, and that you are hovering exactly over the crest of a breaker as it rushes towards the shore. The rate, in feet per minute or in miles per hour, at which you would then travel is called the velocity of the wave whose course you accompanied in the imaginary journey.



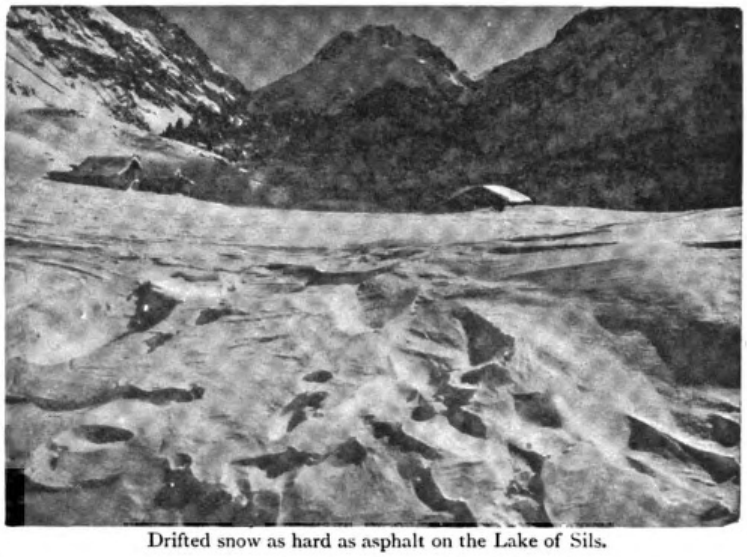
View on the wind-swept Maloja Pass.



A marvellous example of snow-ripples—in this subject the strata varied from two inches to eighteen inches in depth.

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Many years ago the present writer used to marvel at the regular undulating contours of the grass lands in our Midland counties, until older heads taught him that this was no handiwork of Nature, but the reminder of times when all the shires were under the plough. The brown earth of plough lands veils, rather than exhibits, this "ripple," but the accident of a turf covering at once throws the crests and hollows into sharp relief. The surface of a snow-covered hillside may be compared to these fields. Fresh snow under a bright sun appears quite smooth in surface, but the discriminating eye of the impersonal camera goes behind appearances to show that some agency has been at work, moulding and fashioning the ductile dress in a way which cannot all be accounted for by the contours of the ground beneath. It is these ripples which have been termed snow-waves, and—reverting to the terms of my previous comparison—they are the visible natural record of the frequency, length, and velocity of the winds which have passed over their surface.



Drifted snow as hard as asphalt on the Lake of Sils.

It will be readily understood from this that the visible forms of snow-waves are not always "regular." In the open sea the waves move in long, orderly series. Inshore the direction of their flow is hampered, and reformed, by innumerable agencies. There are stray rocks which crop up through the surface; there are shore currents; and there are headlands which interfere with the sequence and order. More than all there is the backwash, the rebound which varies everywhere with the contours of the shore. As another instance, the ripples, or circles, which follow the casting of a stone into a still pool of water radiate shoreward in a series of concentric rings. If you throw in two stones, the consequent ripples interlace. If, further, you wait until the ripples touch the shore and are repelled from it, all order vanishes. There are now as many contrary ripples as there were eccentric waves in the first series. Wind, in like manner, seldom blows regularly from one quarter. It veers and changes, or is partially diverted by the contours of the ground over which it is passing. The marks which it leaves on the snow are, as a result, frequently cross-cut and intermingled.

Let us now turn to the first illustration. The wind has been blowing in waves of a fairly long and regular strength; the consequent ripples are uniform and clearly defined. The wind blew in the open and there was nothing to interfere with, or to mutilate, the records which it left as it passed. Close at hand, however, it passed through a deep gully. Here the formation of the ground condensed its action. Its feet had no room in which to set down every separate step. They cleared two long furrows, regular tracks as though



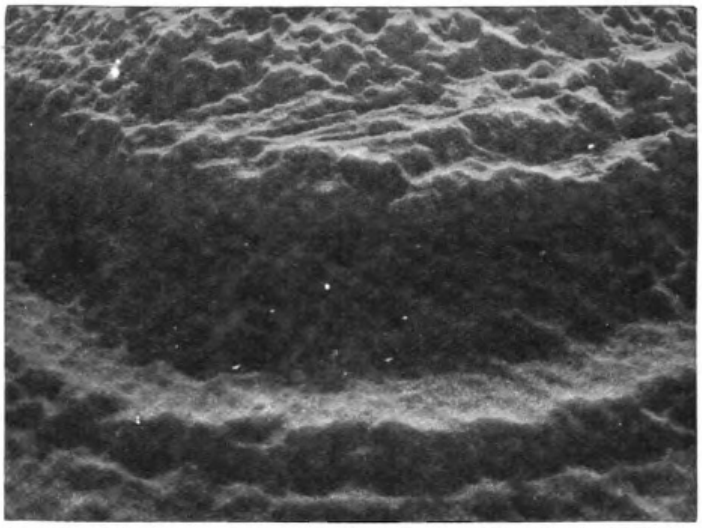
The last fall of snow almost blown away—by a curious opticial delusion the smooth snow seems sometimes to stand up and at others to be below the level of the surrounding pitted surface, and this is also to some extent reproduced in the photo.

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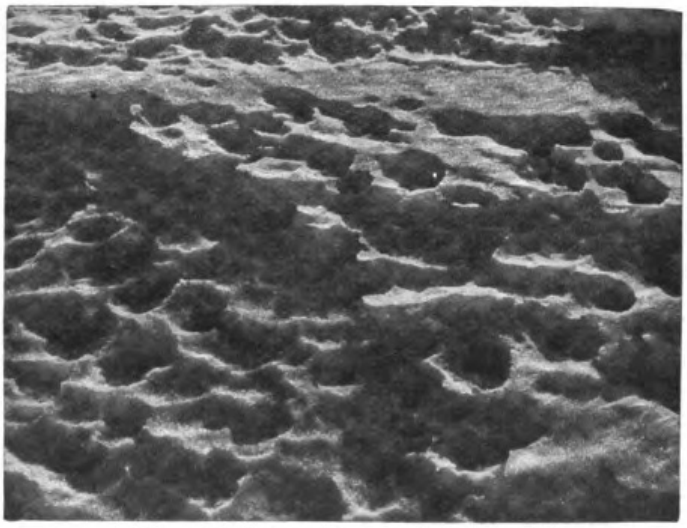
from the passing of a giant snow-plough. Yet the wind was the same as before, both as to speed and power.

The wind does not always move thus regularly. A series of gusts of medium length will be followed by a little squall of infinitesimal puffs, and before the old frequency reappears the variation may have been modified several times. When this occurs the ripple-marks are piled one upon another, often several interlace. Or, like the "curvature" of wave-lines at sea, the register is displayed in undulating bays; hollows and humps appear within the arc of direct motion, while, again, it is sometimes so hurried that you may see how what would have been the "tops" of water-waves have been blown clean away, leaving numerous blunted dimples, which overlap in obvious ruin of other and fuller intentions.

The mutabilities of temperature, interacting with wind currents, produce curious results. All wind is ultimately dependent upon changes of temperature. Cold air sinks and warm air rises, each displacing and replacing the other: thus winds arise. Among the mountains conditions of temperature operate with particular force, because, instead of a fall of a few hundred feet, the cold air from a high valley can pour down-hill for six or seven thousand feet. The upblast of warm lowland air then develops into a great local gale, before which no snowdrift, however closely packed, can hope to stand fast. A drift is only formed to be undone; its face is scarred into ridge and layer as though by the hand of the Master of all the masons, and no sooner is the first decoration complete than a shift of half a point sends the same tools to work at a new angle. Or a thaw comes, and the hollows and sinkings which ensue are mingled with the wind's proper toil. Following frost will weld the



Waved and pitted snow as hard as asphalt, to which the wind can do no more—a penknife can hardly make an impression. The effect of the last change of wind may be noticed on the top ridge, which appears as if a broom had been passed along its edge.

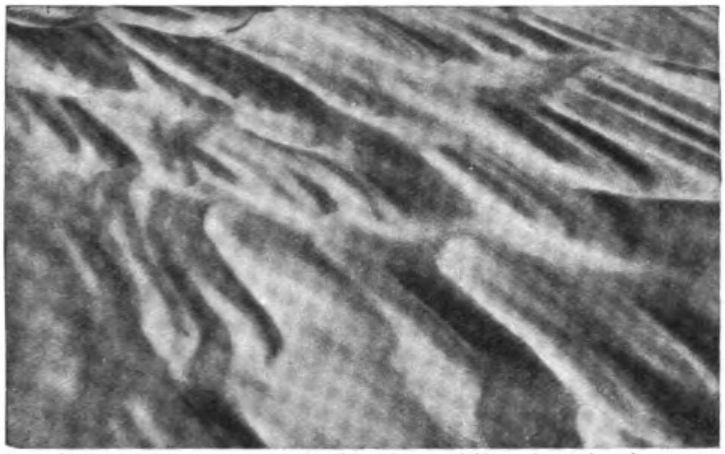


Soft newly fallen snow honeycombed out by wind.



Where the wind rushes down below Maloja Castle most weird and grotesque markings are caused in the snow, reminding one of the "Glacier Mills" to be seen in various parts of Switzerland. This photo. was taken looking sheer over the edge of the Maloja precipice, the surface running down at an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees from the level above.

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Beautiful marblings on the windy side of snow-drifts, where the air-currents have blown vertically upwards.

broken masses so firmly that they develop a consistency little short of concrete, while a curious optical delusion makes the observer doubtful as to which are the hollows and which the raised portions of the mass.

After the first winter storms have formed the great drifts, calm steady airs will blow daily for many weeks. Gradually the face of a drift is scored and seamed. Presently another great wind comes by, adding a buttress here and hollowing out bays there. To this a third succeeds, which mutilates everything with strict impartiality, and, when another spell of level weather has redecorated the result with quiet persistence, it is hard to say where the new ends and the old work begins. Yet further changes follow. The sun increases by day, but the frost remains by night. Their combined product is a wall of almost pure ice, pitted and pocked with depressions which the ignorant may deem good foothold, but which are a very snare of destruction to unwary explorers.

It is not very easy to find a concrete simile which may bring home the general scheme of such a drift-face to one who has not seen it. Wind leaves its impress on any suitable material, directly or indirectly, and the sides of the sand-dunes on any part of the English coast afford a fairly accurate parallel. Naturally, sand is not so stable a register as snow, even if we disregard the "fixing" powers of frost, so that the complex cross undulations seldom remain upon the dry material. In certain places, such as the Soudan or Aden, a more immutable register is available. Here the wind action is indirect, and the work which it does is due to the fretting action of innumerable particles of loose sand driven by the wind against the face of exposed rocks. It is notorious that the most deeply cut inscription upon the memorial stones in Aden cemetery never remains legible for more than ten or twelve years. The sand is here the chisel which is wielded by the hand of the wind.

A particularly remarkable cross-action may be seen in narrow mountain defiles. Here the wind rushes through at all sorts of angles — often, indeed, climbing straight uphill, or descending as abruptly. The consequent "tooling" on drifts in this position is further complicated, the lines and waves running vertically and at steep angles, as well as following the normal left-right and crosswise directions. This is well shown in the later pictures, taken at considerable risk in the exposed pass of the Maloja, a defile which leads from the Engadine Valley, little less than seven thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, direct on to the Italian plains, which are, perhaps, a full seven thousand feet lower. A real "wind" in this defile exercises a power which nothing can resist, having a velocity which will literally lift a grown man off his feet, and which is so cold that a particle of dry snow driven before it induces a feeling like that of a red-hot needle when it comes in contact with the skin.



Immense drifts, thirty feet to forty feet high, are blown up, each gust of wind contributing a layer; when the wind veers round and attacks the corner of the banked-up snow curious markings like spiders' webs are often seen.

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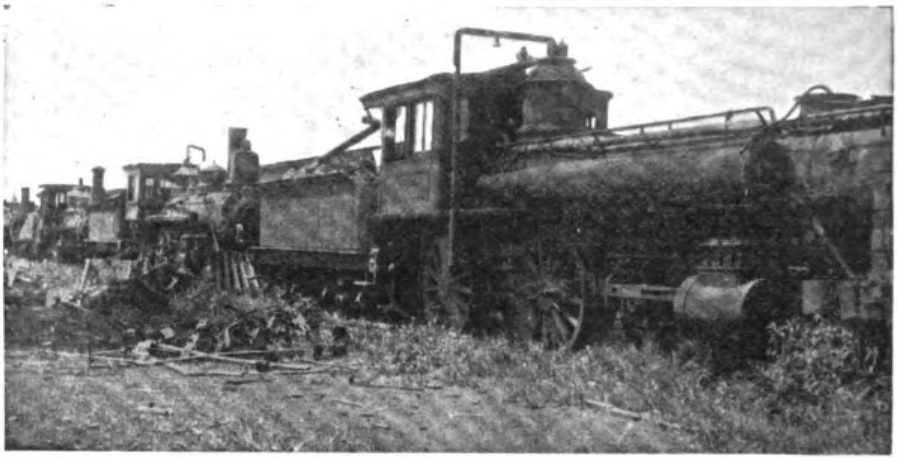
Some Wonders from the West.

LXV.—A LOCOMOTIVE GRAVEYARD.

THE strangest graveyard in the world is to be found in America, and is used exclusively by the Pennsylvania Railroad of the States. It has neither tombstones, graves, nor vaults. The quiet inhabitants are exposed to view and daily handled and dissected by the caretakers of the place.

All this is not so mysterious as it seems; in fact, a chance visitor would not be at all likely to know that it was a cemetery. The grounds are in the rear of the Pavonia car-shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, located in New Jersey, and it is here that played-out or "dead" engines are placed previously to being sent to the scrap-heap. It is officially and commonly known as the locomotive graveyard.

During the existence of this peculiar and interesting cemetery twenty-five locomotives have been condemned by the company's experts and placed in the yard, where the important and still useful parts are removed and utilized in repairing engines whose days of activity are not yet at an end.



From a] GENERAL VIEW OF THE "CORPSES" IN THE LOCOMOTIVE GRAVEYARD. *[Photo.*

As soon as a played-out locomotive is sent to the graveyard, all hands—and there are about four hundred employed in the yard—turn out to view it. The engine is carefully examined, accurate account taken of the condition of its various parts, and its name and number are entered in the books, with the word "good" or "scrap" placed after it, signifying either that it is worth overhauling for the purpose of being used in repairs, or that it is so dead that the scrap-heap will be its end.

This ceremony over, the old locomotive is carefully placed at the end of the row of earlier comers. It is seldom that more than twelve engines remain in the yard at once, and it is a strange collection of used-up power that comprises these dozen engines. They are of every make, size, and age, and in various stages of dissolution.

H. C. Schange, foreman and general superintendent of the graveyard, takes quite an interest in the used-up locomotives under his charge, and knows the history or some interesting incident connected with the active days of nearly every one of them.

The life of an engine stretches, as a rule, over a number of years, and it takes many runs, visits many towns, and acknowledges many disasters before it is run into the graveyard. For this reason Mr. Schange learns some strange and interesting things when he unearths the history of these iron monsters. His brain is a perfect storehouse of thrilling adventures, romantic happenings, and tragic deaths, and did he care to put them into pen-pictures, the stories of which these locomotives are the heroes would win him fame in the literary world.

The last "corpse" brought to this graveyard of old fliers was run in quite recently, and it is one of the most interesting on the ground. It is a locomotive without a smoke-stack, and first saw active service in the days of the West Jersey Railroad. It was in its youth quite a celebrity on that line, making, and for many years holding, the record of ninety minutes from Camden to Atlantic City.

It was a sorrowful day for this much-admired monarch when a younger and more active power was put upon the line and broke the ninety-minute record by twenty minutes. Flier number one, however, was plucky, and, although the new King far outstripped him, he still puffed away at his ninety-minute rate and did good work.

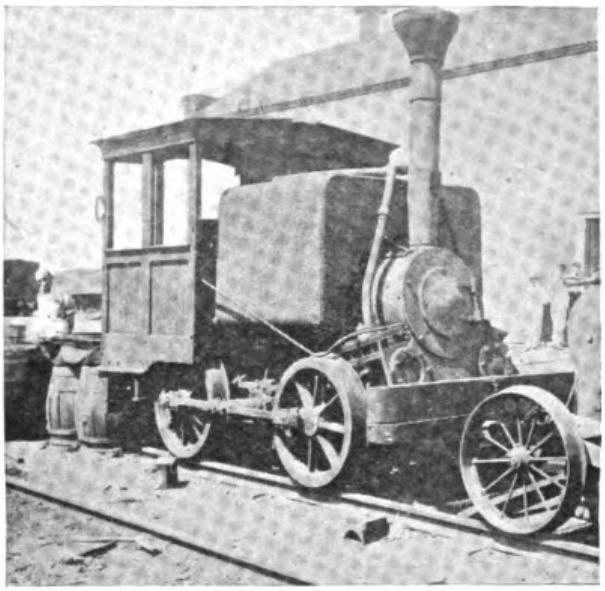
When the great sixty-minute flier entered

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the race seventy fell back with a sigh and let her steam ahead, and old ninety, after a few more trips, gave up entirely, broken-hearted at being pushed so absolutely to one side.

This veteran's days of usefulness being over on the Atlantic City line, it was about five years ago placed in the Camden yards and used to pump water into waiting trains. When the new terminal depôt was completed there was no necessity for this work, and old "ninety minutes" was taken to the Pavonia graveyard, where it has recovered some of its old-time glory as a hero of many trips. This old flier is No. 566, and about all that is left of it is the tank now attached to engine No. 920. These old cronies have much in common, but both are pretty nearly done for. No. 920 is minus the smoke-stack and looks very much as though she had been in a collision, but this is due to her useful parts being taken from her to be put on sick locomotives whose disease is not yet fatal. Foreman Schange says that, much as he and the rest of the crew hate to part with them, he thinks No. 566's tank and what is left of No. 920 will soon go to the scrap-heap.

About twice a year, and sometimes oftener, the authorities have a sale of the remains of these old locomotives, and the scrap-iron is knocked down to the highest bidder, the money from the same going to the railroad company.



LOCOMOTIVE BUILT FIFTY YEARS AGO: THE VETERAN OF THE YARD AND A MUCH-PRIZED RELIC. [*From a Photo.*]

The most ancient relic of the graveyard is a locomotive of the type built fifty years ago. Its earliest history lies among musty records which cannot be found, and those who were connected with its first trips are either dead or in other States. It is well remembered, however, that in 1861 it was running in New York, and has the honour of being the first locomotive used on the elevated road in that city. She was then placed on the Cape May and Laurel Point road, being later transferred to the Amboy Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Here she spent her remaining days of usefulness, and when the experts pronounced her dead she was carefully conveyed to the graveyard, where she is visited on Memorial Day by an old engine-driver who once held the antique creature's throttle. Tenderly the master looks over his loyal subject, and before leaving he gives way to a very natural touch of feeling and places some flowers in the cab.

The owners of this unique graveyard have their eyes on other old fliers, now almost too antique for use, whose records have long been broken by more modern locomotives, and as soon as they can make room other engines with interesting histories will join the silent company in the New Jersey graveyard.

LXVI.—A TREE THAT TEACHES HISTORY.

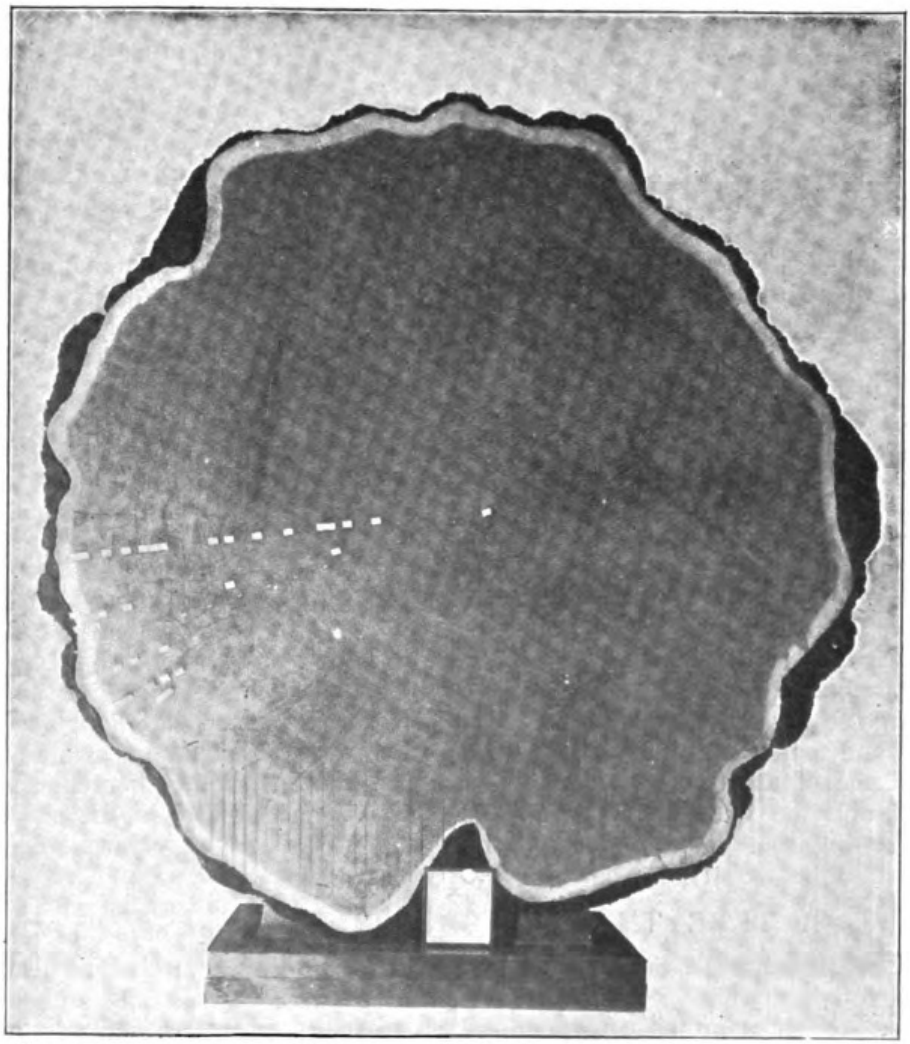
To cut down a tree that has lived for thirteen hundred and forty-one years seems almost as heartless as to shoot a human centenarian. But there are moments when the fell act is pardonable. In the case of that healthy and wonderful old monarch of the forest, "Mark Twain," whose later history is here pictorially told, it was an act advantageous to science and education. Had Mark been left to stand in his Californian home his story would have been, like that of many others, merely the story of a humdrum existence, begun in an environment of primeval nature to end, perhaps, as furniture or firewood. As things are he has been put to a practical use. He is a teacher of men. He—or at least a cross-section of him—is to-day a fully-installed professor of history, and he gives daily lectures in his subject to anyone who cares to hear.

When Mark was cut down, some thirteen years ago, he gave away his age at once. Those who assisted at his passing to a better life quickly counted up his rings in the manner which is common knowledge and knew that he was born in A.D. 550, or seventy-four years after the fall of Rome. It was a fact that opened up a lengthy story.

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The rings in his giant trunk were mute records of countless past events. The world had been moving when he was alive, Europe had been overrun by the Goths and Vandals when he was a little child, and not for centuries after was he himself, and the land in which he lived, discovered by the restless explorers of a now bygone age. What stories could he tell were he but to speak !

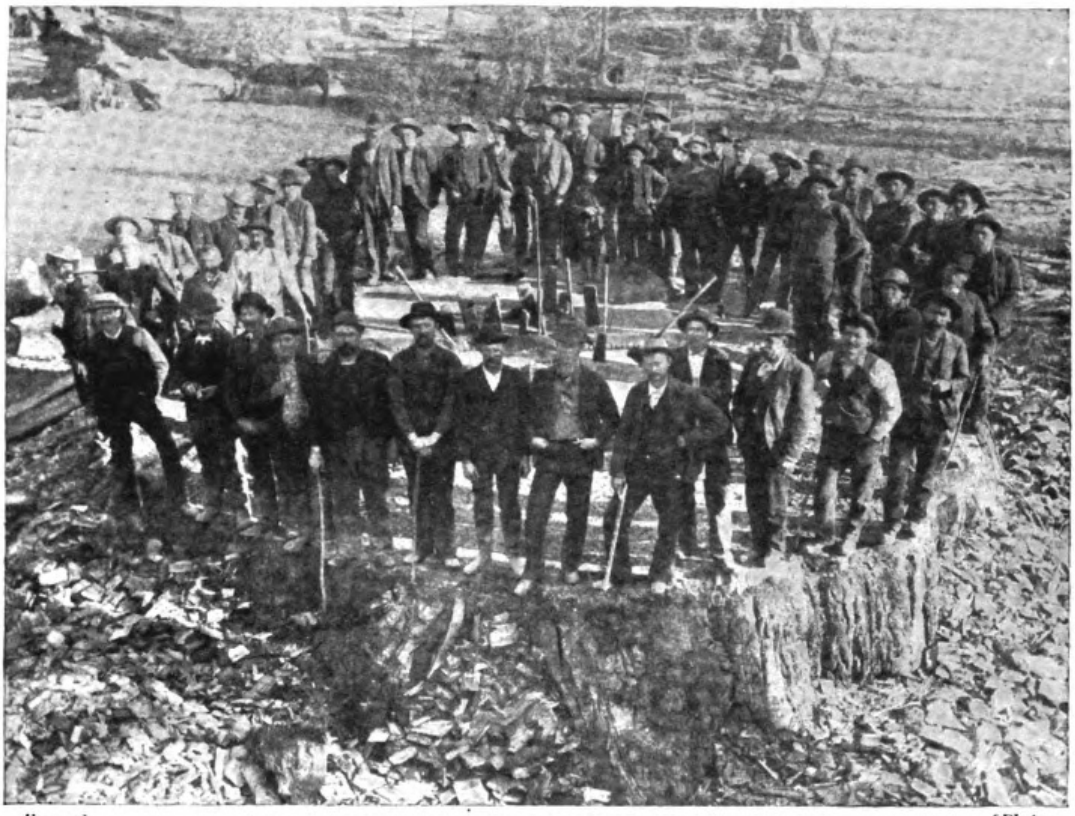
All he needed was a little help. This was soon given by one or two learned men who happened to know more about his history than he did. They moved a cross-section of his trunk from California to New York, set it up in the American Museum of Natural History, and coached him into a full professorship. They did it with pins and cards. Each card, inscribed with a date and a reference to some historical event on or about that date, was mounted on a pin and stuck into the ring of growth which corresponded to the date on the card. A series of small black cards was first placed on the tree to mark the successive centuries of his existence, and to give the growth of the tree during each hundred years. Then a long row of white cards was placed above to indicate the political events and discoveries which have influenced the progress of civilization since the year 550. Other cards show the progress of biology, and another group, placed immediately above the black cards, represent the change in thought in philosophical biology.



From a] SECTION OF TREE TRUNK, SHOWING THE DATE-CARDS. *[Photo.*

In such a manner Mark was given speech, and full learnedly does his labelled discourse show forth the epochs in a mighty past. When Mahomet was born Mark was twenty. He witnessed the establishment of the Mohammedan religion, its wonderful growth, and the downfall of its devotees, the Saracens, at Tours. He saw the coming-in of Charlemagne, the attempts of King Alfred to establish schools in England, the voyages of the Norsemen, and the great Crusades. He was nearly seven hundred when the University of Paris was founded, and nearly nine hundred when Gutenberg first printed with wooden type. When Columbus, Magellan, and Cortes turned toward the West he awaited their coming. He knew of Copernicus and Keppler and the truths that they discovered, the heated quarrels of the Reformation, the horrors of the French Revolution, and the freedom of thought which brought it into being. Nothing had happened from birth till death which he was not a silent witness of, and great men had been born and had died while he was yet alive.

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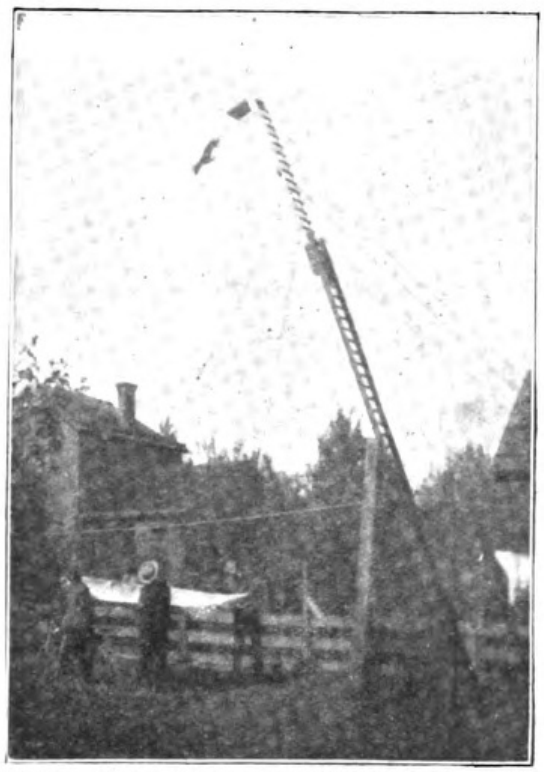


From a] MEN STANDING ON THE STUMP OF THE TREE AFTER FELLING. *[Photo.*

A casual glance at the labels on the tree shows forcefully how much has been done in the field of learning during Mark's old age. Biology alone, both scientific and speculative, is a product of the last three hundred years. Whatever ideas men may have had when the tree was young regarding the principles underlying Nature, it was not until the seventeenth century, when modern zoology and inductive methods began with Harvey, that these ideas were verified or thrown aside. Anatomy, which had remained at a standstill since the time of Galen, took on a new lease of life with Vesalius, and Harvey revolutionized the study of physiology, in 1619, with his discovery of the circulation of the blood. Following at different periods came Gesner, Linnæus, Cuvier, Goethe, and Darwin, each with his contribution to the world's knowledge. It would be impossible to recount here all the scientific discoveries, all the social, religious, industrial, and intellectual movements, which have taken place in this brief period of the world's history, but where it has been possible to do it on the trunk of this gigantic *Sequoia* it has been well and thoroughly done.

The section on which these cards are exhibited is nearly four feet in thickness, and was cut from the trunk about twelve feet from the base. Its estimated weight is about thirty tons, and the face of the specimen, as it now stands, is sixteen feet two inches in diameter, measured inside the bark, which in places is nearly a foot in thickness. Mark was a tree of fine proportions. He stood fully three hundred feet in height—over twice the height of the famous Nelson Column—and at the ground measured ninety feet in circumference. The American Museum of Natural History, being anxious to secure a specimen of the "big tree" before the grandest specimens became extinct, sent a representative to California in 1891, who was permitted to select any tree he might desire. The felling took several days, and the downfall of the giant was a vivid sight. After the section was brought to New York and the cards were put upon it, it was made the subject of a most interesting pamphlet by Mr. George H. Sherwood, the Assistant Curator of the Museum, in which is told the whole history of the tree and its relation to the great events of thirteen hundred years. Our illustrations are from photographs provided by the American Museum of Natural History.

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From a] A DOG THAT DOES THE HIGH-NET DIVE. *[Photo.*

LXVII.—A HIGH-DIVING DOG.

THIS remarkable photograph represents a dog making the high dive. He was taught to do this wonderful trick by George W. Jason, junior, aged sixteen. The ladder from which he dives is about forty feet high, and when his master tells him to climb the ladder "Mud" proceeds at once until he reaches the top. There he pauses and looks around at his surroundings below, and at the signal "Three!" he dives head foremost into the net, which is held by four people.

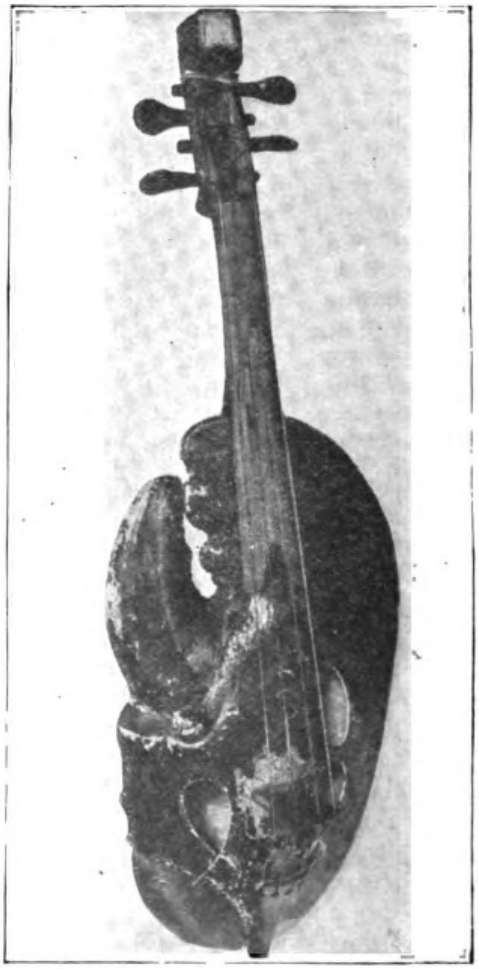
"Mud" also has been taught to do a great many other tricks, such as walking a very slender horizontal pole, which is placed in the air about eight feet high.—Sent by Mr. A. Eugene Jason, Delaware, O.

LXVIII.—A LOBSTER VIOLIN.

THE only violin in the world made from the claw of a giant lobster has just been completed by John H. Dadmun, of 429, Berkley Street, Camden, N.J. This unique instrument, strange to say, can be made to produce as sweet musical tones as any high-class violin. Its owner gives the following as the story of its life.

The lobster from which the claw was taken was caught off Gloucester, Mass., in March, 1862. In time it came to Concord, N.H., where Mr. Dadmun saw it. At that time the lobster weighed seventeen pounds and a half. A single claw weighed five pounds and a quarter. The claw that Mr. Dadmun preserved, after the lobster had gone the way of such things, was thirteen and a quarter inches long, seven inches broad, and three and a quarter inches thick.

Preserved among other curiosities of the Dadmun household the giant claw remained a claw for many years. One day it occurred to its owner that it was shaped something like a violin, and he tried the experiment of fashioning it to look more like that popular musical instrument. After much patient effort Mr. Dadmun managed to transform the claw into a violin that could be played. The tone was very sweet, but not loud enough for an orchestra. Experiment proved that by changing the fittings and settings the tone could be made much louder. As it is now the violin when played properly sounds exactly like any other violin. It is doubtless the most curious musical instrument ever made.



From a] THE LOBSTER VIOLIN. *[Photo.*

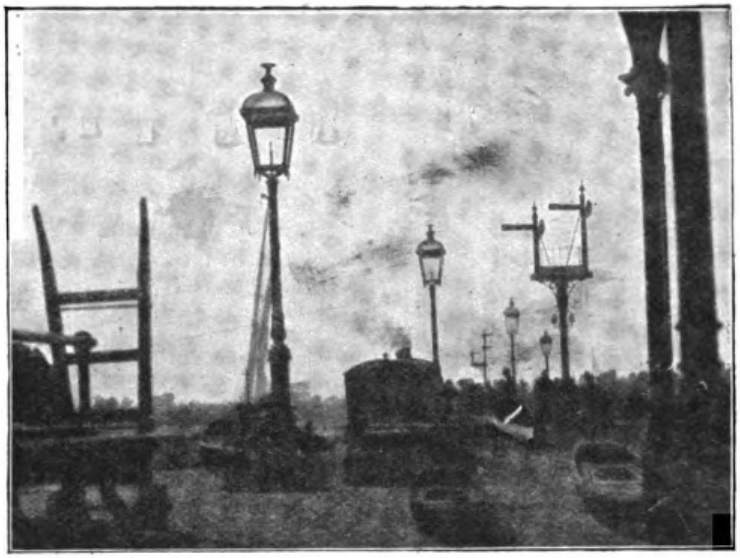
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Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

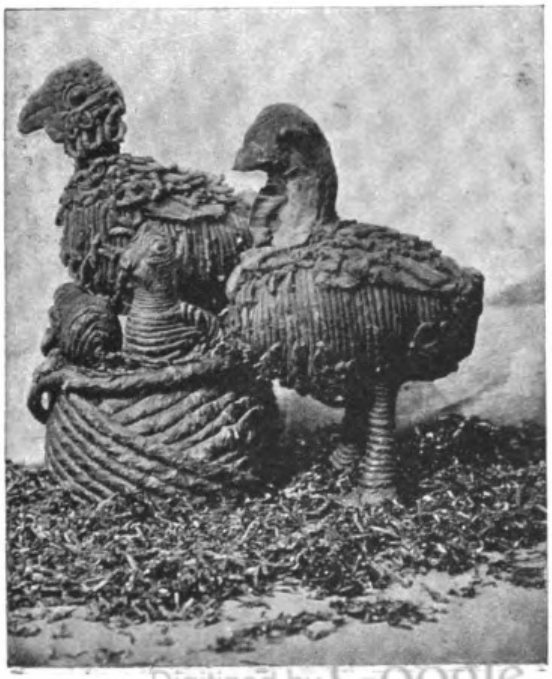
A CHANCE TO WIN A GUINEA.



"I don't know whether you might like this perfectly genuine case of double exposure for your pages of photographic freaks. It is printed just as it came from the camera, and if you like to give me a guinea for its use, I will hand back the entire sum to the first person who will name the station (which I will hand you in a sealed envelope) within six months of publication. It is about the most perfect case of double exposure, making a picture without any really ridiculous effect, that I have ever had in the course of a long photographic experience."—Any reader who wishes to compete for this guinea is requested to apply direct to Mr. F. G. Aflalo, Courtenay House, Teignmouth, South Devon.

TOBACCO BIRDS.

"The South American Indians must be blessed with a superfluity of tobacco, which probably accounts for the peculiar uses to which they have put the fragrant leaf. Here is an example of the South American Indian's idea of art. Father and mother, baby bird and the nest in which it reposes, are all made of twisted tobacco leaves, and, though the group may not be a beautiful one from an artistic point of view, it certainly proves the modeller to have possessed no inconsiderable amount of ingenuity and patience."—Miss Florence A. Meigle, Ash Hall, Stoke-on-Trent.





A CURIOUS BOUNDARY-POST.

"I send you a photograph of a boundary-post which attracts the attention of many passers-by. It is situated on the main London Road between Barnet and St. Albans. At first sight it appears to bear an inscription in a foreign language, but the letters are merely reversed. How they came to be so is a mystery, which only the authorities can explain."—Mr. T. R. Marriott, Monkswood House, St. Albans.

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AN AGREEABLE EXPRESSION.

"On first glancing at my photo. you no doubt would be inclined to think that some new race had been discovered, but this pleasant-looking person is an American who has simply fitted himself out with ornaments of the napkin-ring variety."—Mr. H. Carter, 1160, 85th Street, Dyker Hts., Brooklyn, N.Y.

IN THE TRACK OF THE FLOOD.

"On June 5th of the present year an overflow of the Pacolet River washed away several of the largest cotton-mills in Spartanburg County. Clifton No. 1 and No. 2 were badly damaged, and No. 3, the largest mill in the county, containing fifty-two thousand spindles, was completely demolished. Pacolet No. 1 and No. 2 were washed from their foundations, not a vestige of them remaining except a small portion of the cloth-room. Pacolet No. 3 was also slightly damaged. The financial losses in the aggregate ran up to several million dollars. The illustration, which looks more like a swamp or the foundation of an old wharf, is nothing less than the weaving-room of Clifton No. 2. At this mill the heaviest loss of life occurred, and the general impression is that many bodies lie buried under this wreckage. The picture was taken by Mr. Petersen, photographer."—Mr. Jos. R. Robertson, Spartanburg, S.C.

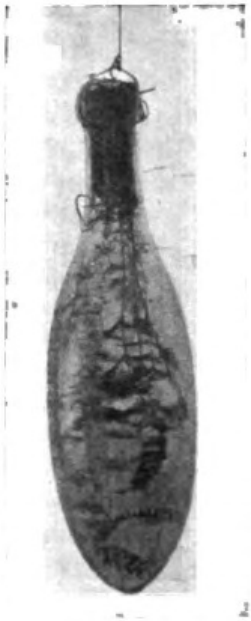


EYES OPEN OR CLOSED?

"Held at a distance the eyes of the subject in the photograph appear closed, while nearer inspection shows the eyes to be open. Which are they?"—Mr. R. H. Yeo, 49, Addison Mansions, Blythe Road, W.

FERN IN A SODA-WATER-BOTTLE.

"I send you a photo. taken by J. E. Middlebrook, of a strange growing-place for a fern. This soda-water bottle was found head downwards in the earth to the depth of 3in. by one of my boys filled as you see it in this





picture. It is, of course, suspended in a good light for convenience of photography."—Mr. H. A. Dickinson, Musgrave Road, Durban, Natal.

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A SHIP'S MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

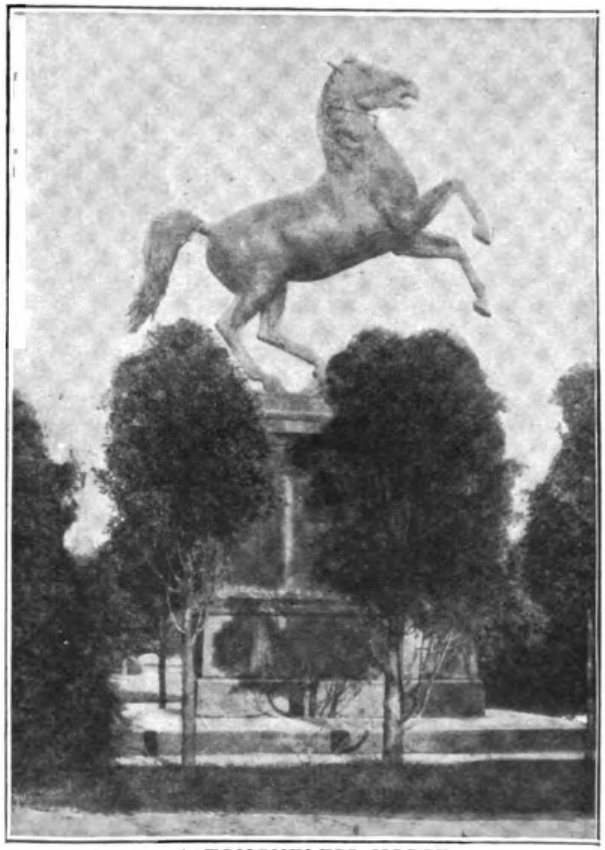
"My photo. shows a case of kerosene which was discharged from the ss. *Heathdene*. This vessel put into



Albany (Australia), on her way from New York to Dunedin (New Zealand), on fire. The fire started in the coal bunkers and worked its way through the bulkhead to the hold where some four thousand four hundred cases of kerosene were stowed. It will be observed that the case above referred to had been considerably burnt, even right to the tin, and it will be as readily understood that had this particular case caught fire the entire shipment of thirty thousand tins of kerosene would have been destroyed. I was fortunate enough to be present at the discharge of the *Heathdene's* cargo at Lyttelton, New Zealand, and thought this partly burnt case something unique in the way of 'narrow escapes.'"—Mr. Edgar Steed, care of Chrystall and Co., Christchurch, New Zealand.

WATER FROM A GRANITE BOULDER.

"The huge granite boulder shown herewith is on the country home of Mr. William Rockefeller, near Greenwich, Connecticut. Some years ago workmen started to blast the stone to remove it from a pasture, as scores of other rocks of a similar size and shape had been removed. When a piece of the stone was blasted away a stream of water gushed forth. Mr. Rockefeller had a pipe inserted, a bowl-like place dug in the piece of granite that had been blown off, and a drain pipe to carry the overflow out of the field. The water is pure and sweet, and in summer is deliciously cool. The curious spring is a quarter of a mile from the nearest road, and a mile from Mr. Rockefeller's home. Mr. William Rockefeller is a brother of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, and is a millionaire several times over."—From Mr. W. Bob Holland, 440, Third Street, Brooklyn, New York.



A TONGUELESS HORSE.

"The horse a photograph of which I send you was modelled by a great Saxon sculptor for the Kaiser Wilhelm I. The sculptor, having presented his work of art to the Kaiser, was told that it had but one fault—it had no tongue. The disappointment so preyed upon the mind of the sculptor that he committed suicide. Note the marvellous accuracy of the model. If the horse were not perfectly proportioned it must of necessity overbalance. The statue stands in front of the Technische Hochschule, and is worked in bronze. It is generally known as the Sachsenross, or Saxon Horse."—Mr. Edwyn Johnston, The Vicarage, St. Peter's-in-Thanet.



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A NINETY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GANDER.

"At Laggan Farm, Laggan, on the Caledonian Canal, Inverness-shire, there can be seen an old gander authenticated to be ninety-seven years old, who has since the death of his mate (accidentally drowned in a mill-pond) attached himself to the horses on the farm, following them into the fields in the morning and back again to the stables at night, where he sits on the manger and watches them eat their food. He is blind in one eye and his beak has contracted with age, otherwise he looks very fit and likely to live many more years."—Miss Ethel Instone, Mucomir, Spean Bridge, N.B.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

"A curious instance of following somebody's initiative may be seen at the booking-office at Highbury Station, on the North London Railway. While



waiting in the queue to obtain tickets someone has, consciously or unconsciously, used the milled edge of a coin to dig a groove into the wooden ledge running round the office. This has been followed by countless others, until at the present time the rut is more than an inch deep at the pay-hole, and extends backwards some twenty or thirty feet. Owing to the front being curved the extent of the groove does not appear in the photo."—Mr. G. G. Woodward, 23, Marquess Road, Canonbury.

CURIOUS ICICLES.

"My photograph is of a rather curious formation of icicles on ivy, due to a pipe in my greenhouse bursting during the



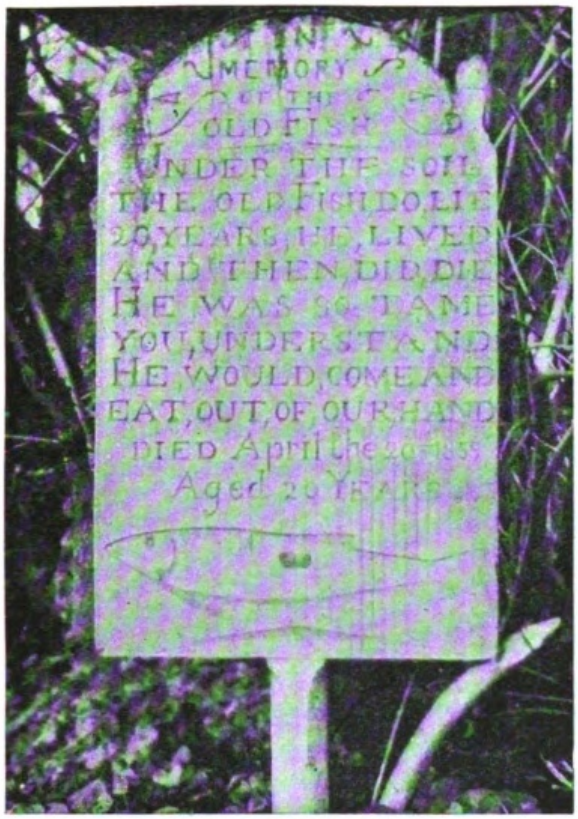
night. I took the photograph at about 8 a.m. the following morning, so that the formation was very rapid for this country."—Mr. J. E. Denison, Sondes House, Bekesbourne, Canterbury.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

"Was this sunshade really turned inside out when I took the photo., or is this merely an optical illusion? I took two photographs of the same lady and the result was the same in both cases."—Mr. James Coster, 21, Selwin Road, Eastbourne.



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A TROUT'S GRAVESTONE.

"Gravestones erected to the memory of animals are very common, but one to the memory of a fish is, I believe, unique. The accompanying photograph, taken by me last Christmas, shows one which can still be seen near the old fish-pond at Fish Cottage, Blockley, Worcestershire."—Mr. H. E. Figgures, 14, Berkeley Road, Newbury.



covered by the cook when she went to make herself an early cup of tea the next morning."—Mr. H. W. Shepheard-Walwyn, F.Z.S., F.E.S., Dalwhinnie, Kenley.

SPELLING MADE EASY.

"Perhaps this curious arrangement of letters may interest your readers. If read as words the letters work out into two complete sentences. You will observe that the eighteen letters and figures read into fifteen words, which I think is unique."—O.U.C. (Oh, you see), Culver's Close, Winchester.

O I C U 3 R M T 2 !
Y R U 3 M T B 4 T ?

Oh! I see you three are empty too!
Why are you three empty before tea?

R.S.V.P.

POTTED HEDGEHOG.

"The hedgehog in the illustration I send you evidently had an eye to his own comfort. He was put in the kitchen at night to consume the cockroaches, which were becoming too plentiful to be pleasant. How many he accounted for will never be known, but anyhow he could not resist the temptation to take advantage of the accommodation afforded by the warm kettle which he found on the hearth, in which snug retreat he was dis-

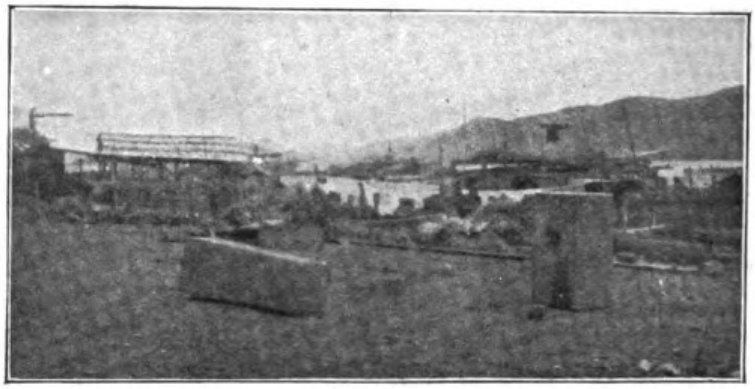


AN AUTOMOBILE RECORD.

"Many tests have been made of the climbing ability of the automobile, but it is doubtful if a chauffeur ever ventured down such a grade as shown in this picture. The test was made to determine, not only the power of the engine when reversed, but the strength of the brake. The vehicle, however, was guided slowly from the open doorway to the street, although the grade is probably the most abrupt on which an automobile ever travelled. This test was made at Warren, Ohio, and when the picture was taken the auto. was slowly moving."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore,

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AN ANCIENT MILITARY TEST.



"The two blocks in the foreground of this picture are of stone, and weigh between two hundred and fifty and three hundred pounds, and till recently formed one of the tests at the military examination held once every two years at this port. The candidate to be successful had to lift the stone and rest it on his knees, a recess in each side of the stone assuring a grip. The above test, which had been in force for more than two hundred years, was abolished during 1900."—Mr. W. H. Campkin, I.M. Customs, Wuchow, West River, China.

A PREHISTORIC ENGAGEMENT RING.

"Who would think, to look at it, that the old holed stone in the picture is a prehistoric engagement ring? When two young people had decided to share each other's joys and sorrows, they sealed the compact by joining hands through the hole in the stone. This little ceremony was quite as binding as the putting of a ring on the fourth finger at the present time. The stone stands in a field on the farm of Crouse, near Kirkcowan, among the wilds of Galloway, and is an interesting and curious relic of the past."—Mr. W. L. Smith, 21, Oakley Square, London, N.W.





A WHITE NEGRO.

"This is a picture of a negress and her child aged nine months. The father and mother are pure-blooded negroes, but the child is perfectly white: an albino, with hair like a toy-lamb, and skin fairer than any English child. He keeps his eyes shut in the sunlight, and one can only see a thick fringe of white eyelashes, but when taken into a subdued light 'Charlie' looks about intelligently."—Photographed by Audrey Thornton, Santa Cruz Mountains, Jamaica.

"DIALSTONE LANE," By W. W. JACOBS,

WILL commence in our next number. This great serial story will excite even keener interest than the author's previous works, inasmuch as it will display both sides of his genius—not only the humorous, by which he is best known, but the sensational, of which he is quite as great a master. Those who love a laugh as well as a thrill will find them both in the new story beginning

In the JANUARY Number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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INDEX.

PAGE.

"ANIMAL PROVERBS." By E. D. CUMING 133
(*Illustrated* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

ATHLETIC FESTIVAL, THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD. By FRANKLIN HAYES ... 418
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BUTTERFLY, THE BIRTH OF A 29
(*Written* and *Illustrated* by L. W. BROWNELL.)

CAMELS' FESTIVAL, THE. By TOM C. NEWTON 296
(*Illustrated* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

CHAUFFEURS, A SCHOOL FOR... 386
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

COMEDIES, LIFE'S LITTLE 273
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CONDUCTORS AND CONDUCTING. By HUGH SCOTT 564
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

COSTUME, MY FAVOURITE 689
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CRICKET MATCHES, ECCENTRIC. By A. WALLIS MYERS 58
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints and Photographs.)

CUPID. By S. K. LUDOVIC 745
(*Illustrations* from Paintings.)

CURIOSITIES 116, 236, 356, 476, 596, 795
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DINING AROUND THE WORLD. By GEORGE LYNCH 305
(*Illustrations* from Sketches and Facsimiles.)

DIXON'S RETURN. By W. W. JACOBS 81
(*Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.)

EARLY BIRDS. By E. D. CUMING 401
(*Illustrated* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

EBONY BOX, THE. By A. E. W. MASON 283
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

ENGLISH HOUSE OF THE FUTURE, THE. VIEWS OF LEADING ARCHITECTS 673
(*Illustrations* from Sketches and Photographs.)

"ENIGMA," THE LOSS OF THE 657
(*Illustrations by* E. S. HODGSON and from Photographs.)

EYES OF TERROR. By L. T. MEADE 698
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

FAMOUS TEST, A. By ROBERT BARR 642
(*Illustrations* by J. FINNEMORE, R.I.)

FAMOUS WALKERS OF THE PAST. By T. D. DUTTON 73
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

FASCINATION OF MISS CARLINGFORD, THE. By A LONDON LAWYER 311
Given to the World by FLORENCE WARDEN.
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

FATHER CHRISTMAS. By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA 771
(*Illustrations* from Paintings and Old Prints.)

Digitized by Google
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PAGE

FIRST ASCENT OF MOUNT BRYCE, THE. By JAMES OUTRAM 153
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

FOR THE LOVE OF A LADY. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 200
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

GERVAIS OF BLOIS. By MAX PEMBERTON 409
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

"GIBLETS." By E. GERTRUDE THOMSON... 40
(*Illustrated* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

GLUT IN TURKEYS, A. By MARION WARD 740
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

GOLD MEDAL, THE ROYAL ACADEMY 711
(*Illustrations* from Paintings and a Facsimile.)

GOVERNMENT'S NEWSPAPER, THE. By ARTHUR HILL 88
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints and Facsimiles.)

HANDCUFF TRICK, THE SECRET OF THE GREAT... 206
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

HEAD OF THE FIRM, THE. By GEORGE MAKGILL 521
(*Illustrations* by HARRY ROWNTREE.)

HOAXES 460
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

HOSPITABLE STRANGER, THE. By EDWIN PUGH 65
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I.)

HUNTING MISHAPS, SOME. By J. CRAWFORD-WOOD 558
(*Illustrations* by THE AUTHOR and G. D. ARMOUR.)

IRON MAIDEN, THE. By MAX PEMBERTON 243
(*Illustrations* by E. S. HODGSON.)

JEWELS OF VISHNU, THE. By HARRIETT BENNETT 681
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

JOHN BULL THROUGH FOREIGN SPECTACLES. By SERGE NELIDOFF 541
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

JUDGE'S DRESS, AN ENGLISH 527
(*Illustrations* from Paintings, Old Prints, and Photographs.)

KING AND I, THE. By MAX PEMBERTON 664
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

LAND IRONCLADS, THE. By H. G. WELLS 751
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I.)

LAWYER QUINCE. By W. W. JACOBS 210
(*Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.)

LIAR AND AN ELEPHANT, A. By BARRY PAIN 302
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

LIFE'S LITTLE COMEDIES 273
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MAKING OF STARS, THE. By A. SARATH KUMAR GHOSH, F.R.A.S. 515
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MAN'S WORD, A. By OWEN OLIVER 146
(*Illustrations* by H. SANDHAM.)

MASTERPIECES OF HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION. By ADRIAN MARGAUX 636
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

MEMORIAL CARD ORDER, A. By ELIZABETH STUART-LANGFORD 33
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

MRS. AMAURY "AT HOME." By G. M. ROBINS (Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS) 264
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

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PAGE.
MODERN TOWER OF BABEL, A—THE JEZREEL TEMPLE, CHATHAM. By E. J. DARK ... 233
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
MOTOR IN THE BULL-RING, A. By R. B. TOWNSHEND 575
(*Illustrations* by WARWICK GOBLE.)
MOUNT BRYCE, THE FIRST ASCENT OF. By JAMES OUTRAM 153
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
MY LADY GUIDE. By Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON 626
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

NEWSPAPER, THE GOVERNMENT'S. By ARTHUR HILL... 88
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints and Facsimiles.)

OLD LACE. By Mrs. EGERTON EASTWICK 454
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)
OUR ANIMATED FLAT. By Mrs. FRED MATURIN 48
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)
OYSTER AT HOME, THE. By JOHN CLEVELAND 173
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PHŒNIX AND THE CARPET, THE. By E. NESBIT.
I.—THE EGG 103
II.—THE TOPLESS TOWER 223
III.—THE QUEEN-COOK 348
IV.—THE BAZAAR 467
V.—THE TEMPLE 588
VI.—DOING GOOD 777
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)
PICTURE FORGERS AND THEIR METHODS. By RONALD GRAHAM 193
(*Illustrations* from Paintings.)
POINT OF LAW, A. By WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM 393
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)
PORRIDGE, A FRIENDLY POT OF. By MARTIN PIERCE... 113
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
PUZZLES, A BUDGET OF 732
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles and Diagrams.)

ROYAL ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL, THE 711
(*Illustrations* from Paintings and a Facsimile.)

SAMSON MAKES SPORT. By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON 123
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)
SAND SCULPTORS, THE GREATEST OF. By EMORY JAMES 259
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
SCHOOL FOR CHAUFFEURS, A... 386
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
SCULPTURING MACHINE, THE NEW. By M. DINORBEN GRIFFITHS... 569
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
SECRET OF THE GREAT HANDCUFF TRICK, THE 206
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE RETURN OF. By A. CONAN DOYLE.
I.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE 363
II.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE NORWOOD BUILDER... 483
III.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE DANCING MEN 603
(*Illustrations* by SIDNEY PAGET.)
SIMPLE BEGUILER, A. By JOHN OXENHAM 503
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)
SNOW-WAVES. By JOHN SWAFFHAM 785
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
SOLOMON SAFWELL'S RIVAL. By MARY STUART BOYD 177
(*Illustrations* by A. S. BOYD.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PAGE.

SOVEREIGNS I HAVE MET. By HÉLÈNE VACARESCO.
II.—SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EDWARD VII. ... 14
III.—QUEEN ALEXANDRA ... 139
IV.—THE SOVEREIGNS OF SERVIA ... 329
V.—QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA") ... 377
VI.—MARGHARETA DI SAVOIA, DOWAGER QUEEN OF ITALY ... 497
VII.—THE GERMAN EMPEROR ... 618
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

STARS, THE MAKING OF. By A. SARATH KUMAR GHOSH, F.R.A.S. ... 515
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

STATUE, THE FINEST IN ENGLAND. THE VIEWS OF LIVING SCULPTORS... ... 448
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTION, A. By E. S. VALENTINE ... 252
(*Illustrations* by A. GUEST and from a Photograph.)

STRENUOUS SPORTSMAN, THE. By HAROLD MACFARLANE ... 182
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

TAMMERS' CAMP FIRES, BY. By K. and HESKETH PRICHARD.
II.—TAMMERS AND THE CANNIBAL ... 3
III.—THE BRIDGE OF A THOUSAND LIVES ... 162
IV.—TAMMERS AND THE CONVOY ... 336
V.—TAMMERS AND THE FALSE DESPATCH ... 432
VI.—TAMMERS AND HIS LUCK ... 548
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

THEIR MARRIAGE DAY. By MAYNE LINDSAY ... 186
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN ... 581
(*Illustrations* by STEPHEN REID.)

TIRESOME CHILD, A. By WINIFRED GRAHAM ... 765
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

TOWER OF BABEL, A MODERN—THE JEZREEL TEMPLE, CHATHAM. By E. J. DARK ... 233
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TRANSIT OF VENUS, THE. By MORLEY ROBERTS ... 720
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

TRUTH-BEARER, THE. By MAYNE LINDSAY ... 22
(*Illustrations* by J. FINNEMORE, R.I.)

TUNNELS. By HILARY BECKLES ... 95
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

VIEW, THE FINEST IN LONDON. WHAT ARTISTS THINK ... 323
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

WALKERS OF THE PAST, FAMOUS. By T. D. DUTTON... ... 73
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

WHALES AT HOME. By FRANK T. BULLEN ... 424, 534
(*Illustrations* by A. TWIDLE.)

WONDERS FROM THE WEST, SOME.
LVIII.—TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY ... 217
LIX.—A PHONOGRAPH SCHOOL FOR PARROTS ... 219
LX.—WHERE GODS ARE MANUFACTURED ... 221
LXI.—THE LARGEST WINE VAT IN THE WORLD ... 442
LXII.—A HOG-GUESSING CONTEST ... 444
LXIII.—A PRIZE LOAD OF WOMEN ... 446
LXIV.—CIGAR-LABEL DESIGNING ... 447
LXV.—A LOCOMOTIVE GRAVEYARD ... 790
LXVI.—A TREE THAT TEACHES HISTORY ... 791
LXVII.—A HIGH-DIVING DOG ... 794
LXVIII.—A LOBSTER VIOLIN ... 794
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

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GRAND CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER

ONE SHILLING 1903

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa

See Page XXII.



No. 156 VOL. 26

DEC. 1903

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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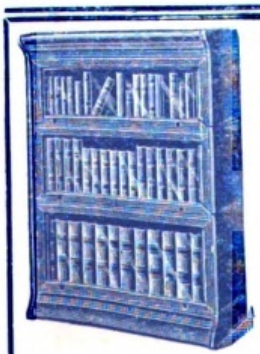


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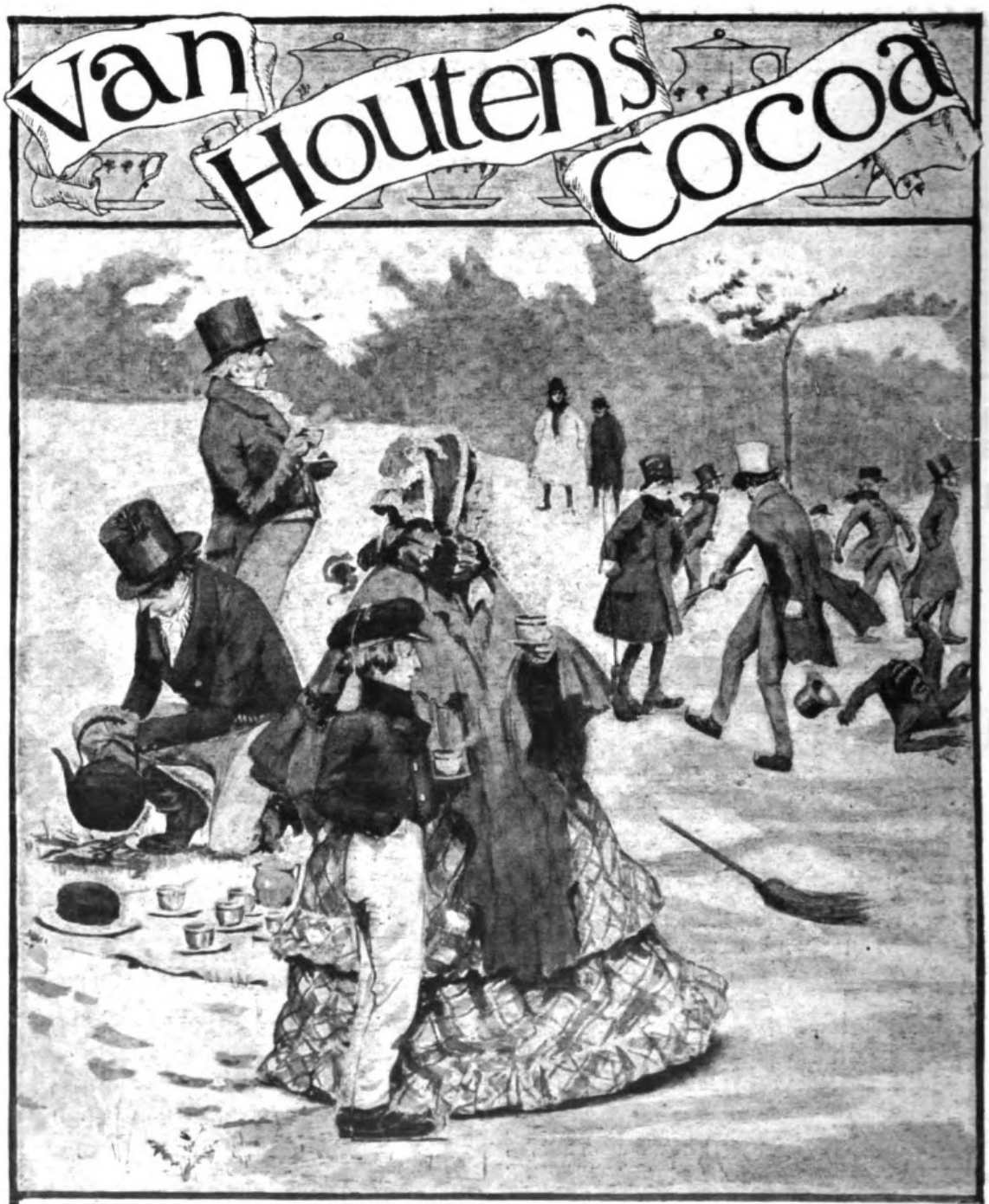
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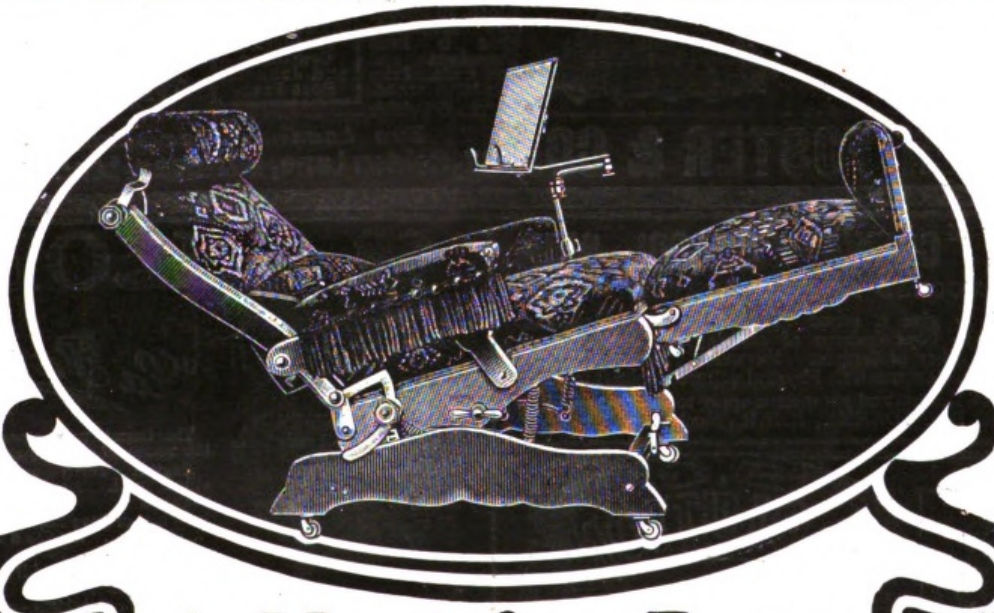


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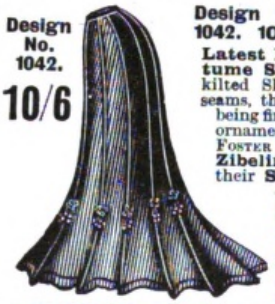


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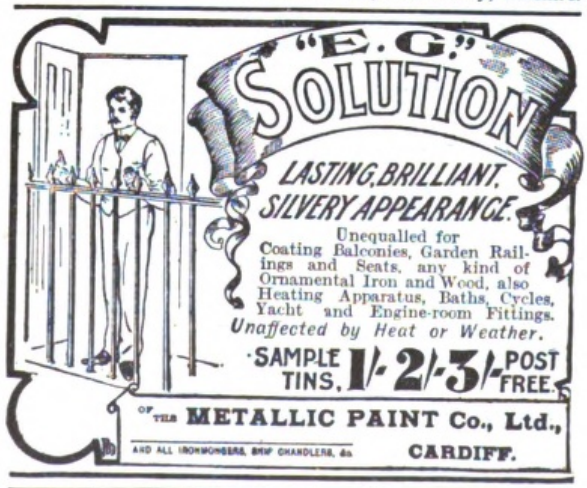
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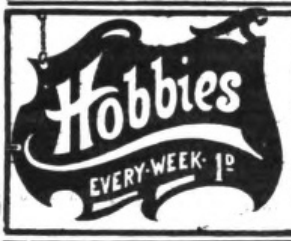


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STRAND MAGAZINE (Dec., 1903).

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H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA.
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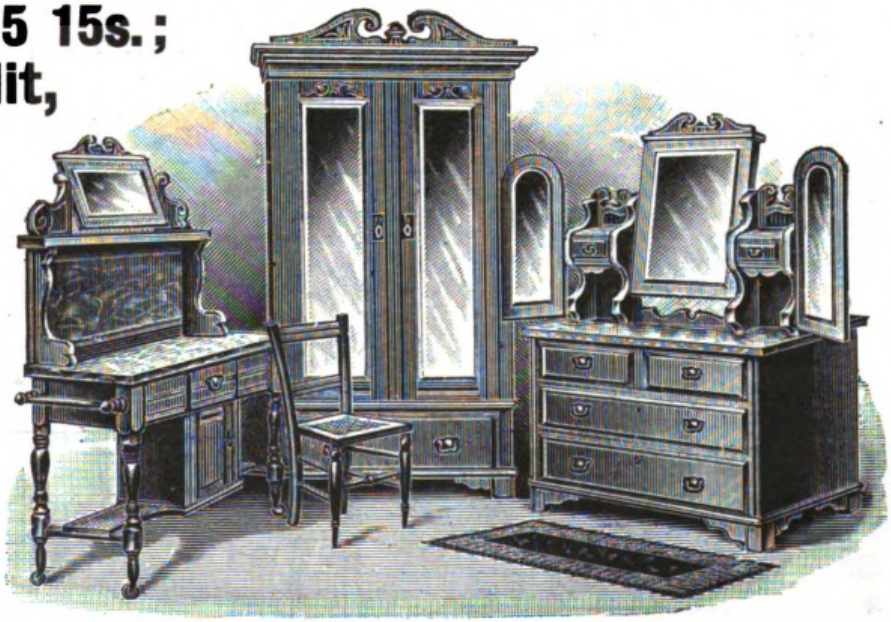
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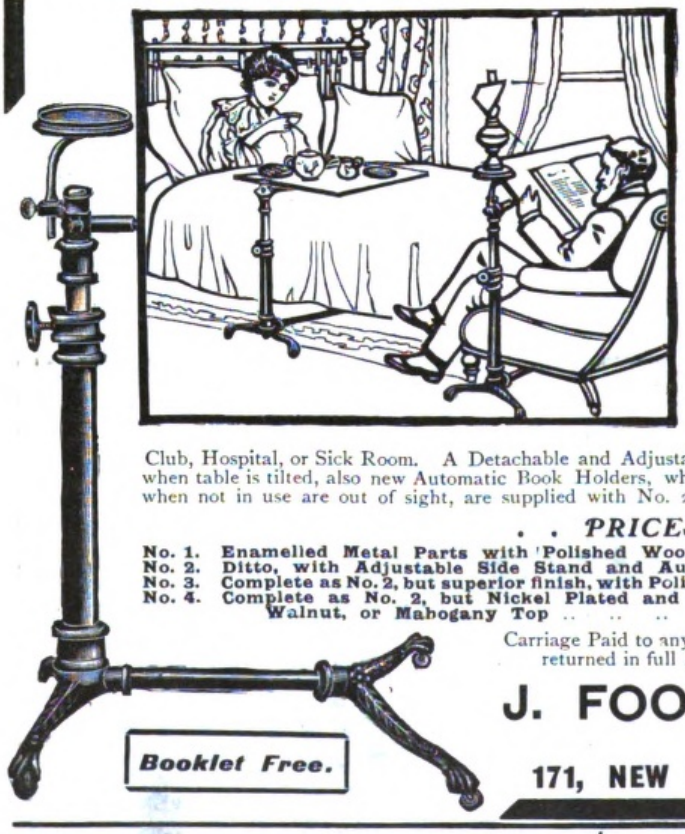
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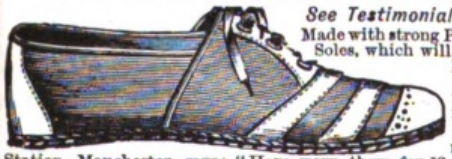
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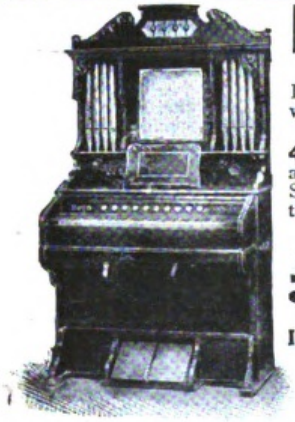
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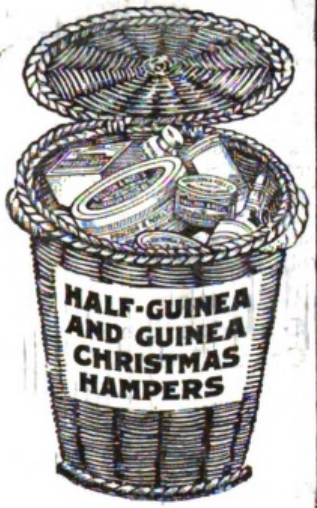
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1 "Belgravian" Ox Tongue, in Glass.
1 Large Smoked Ox Tongue.
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1 Glass Turkey and Tongue.
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1 Glass Mock Turtle Soup.
1 Glass Ox Tail Soup.
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1 ,, Chutney.
1 Xmas Plum Pudding.

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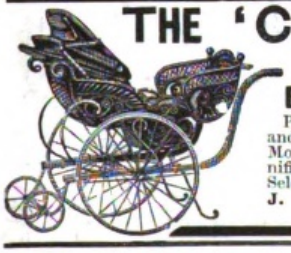


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1 Teapot, 1½pts.,
1 Cocoa Jug, 1½pts.
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1 Covered Butter,
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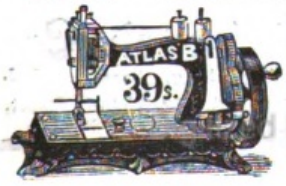
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Consisting of 37 pieces of exquisitely thin, transparent china, embellished with rich gold and floral sprays. The painting is by hand, and every piece is perfectly finished. See illustrations for pattern and painting.

6 Tea Cups, 6 Saucers,
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3 Breakfast Cups, 3 Saucers,
3 Breakfast Plates,
2 Bread and Butter or Cake Plates,
1 Hot Toast Dish,
1 Tea Pot, with our patent sliding lid,
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ESTABLISHED 1885.



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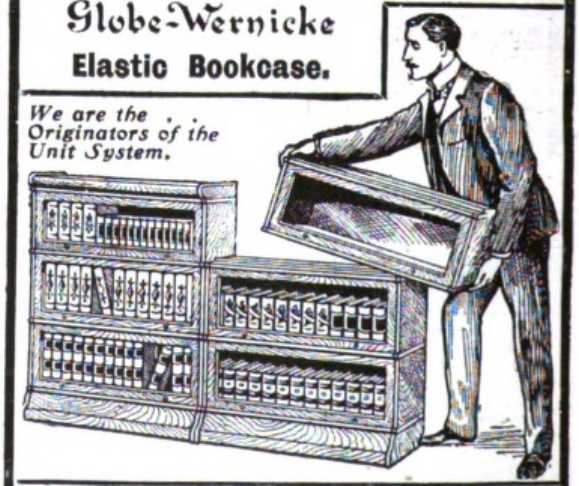


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Cures Headache	in **5**	minutes.
Cures Faceache	in **5**	minutes.
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Cures Tic	in **5**	minutes.
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And it is the best cloth the best English wool can make.

When you ask for **Hydea** see that you get **Hydea.**

You can tell it, for the name is stamped every two yards on the selvedge.

English Cloth
OF
English Wool.

Hydea.

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By the thread: It is much longer than that of common cloth.

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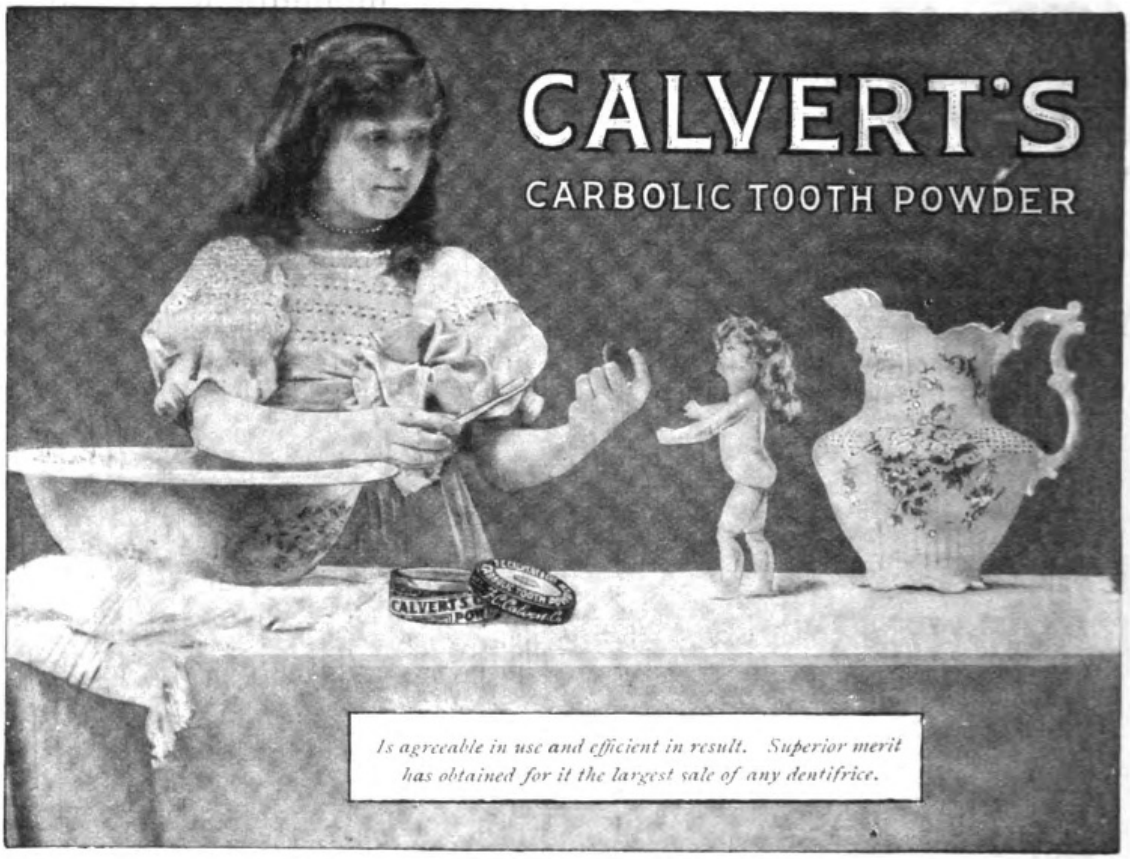
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English Cloth
OF
English Wool.

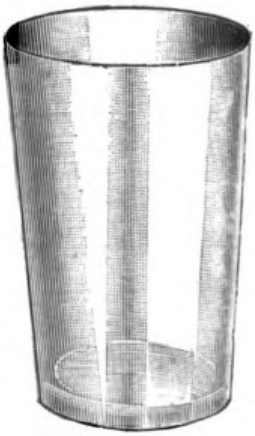
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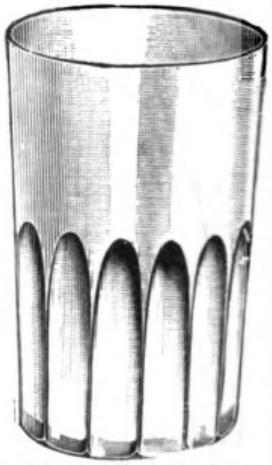


Real China Tea Set.

SHAPE



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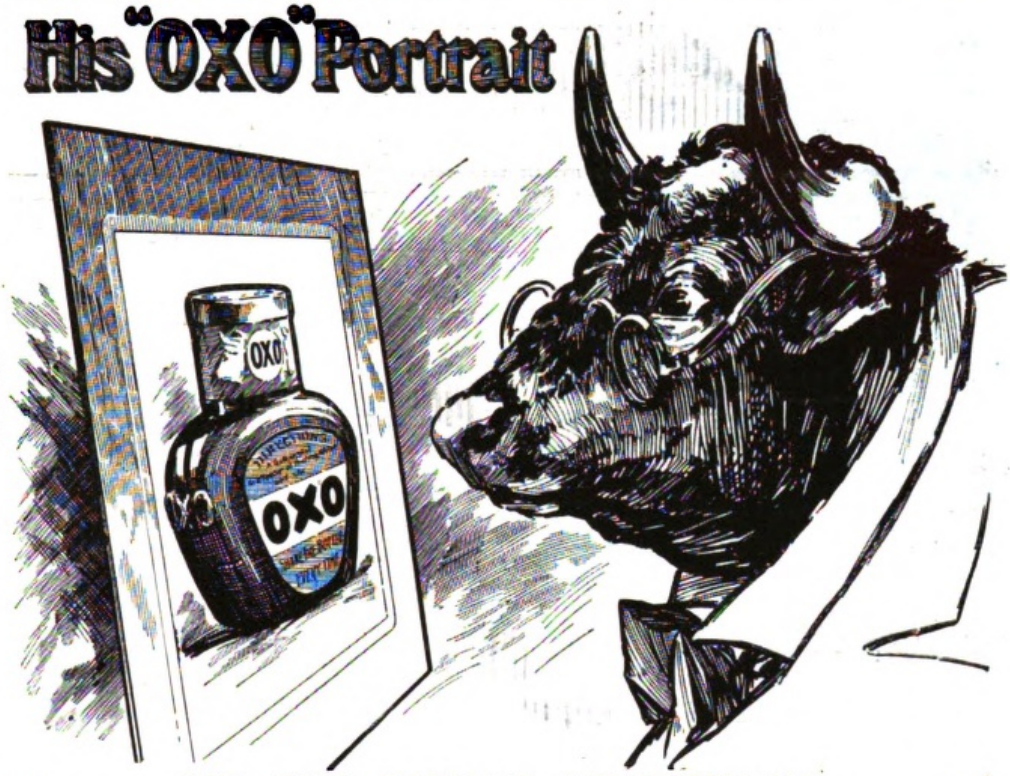
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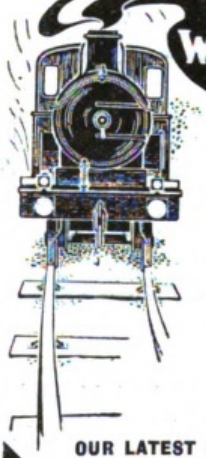
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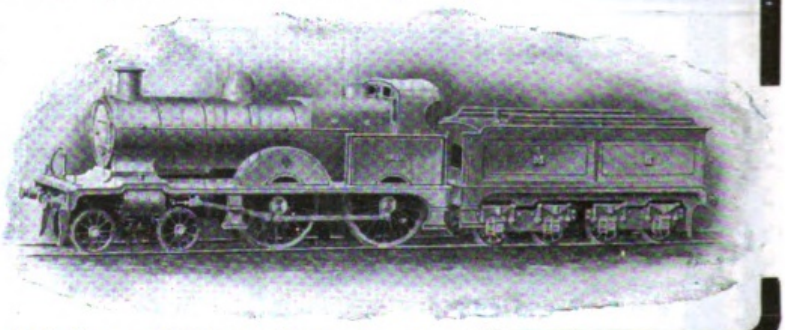
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BILLIARD TABLES FOR PRIVATE

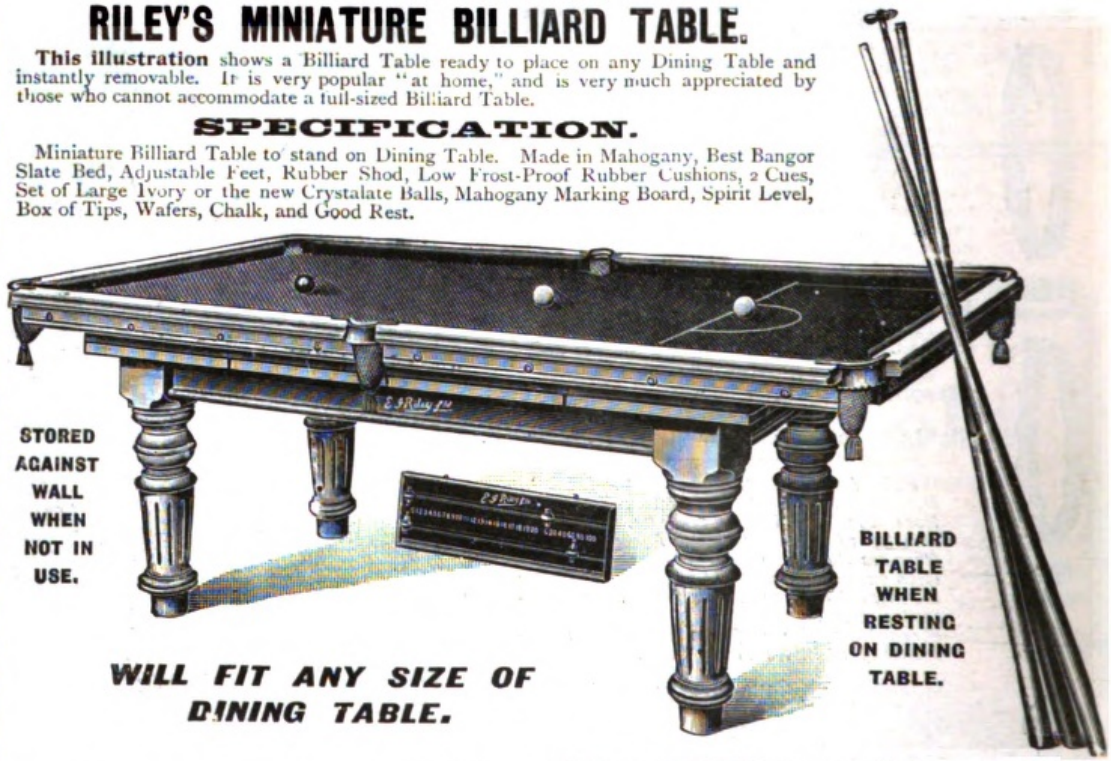
CASH or EASY

RILEY'S MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLE.

This illustration shows a Billiard Table ready to place on any Dining Table and instantly removable. It is very popular "at home," and is very much appreciated by those who cannot accommodate a full-sized Billiard Table.

SPECIFICATION.

Miniature Billiard Table to stand on Dining Table. Made in Mahogany, Best Bangor Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-Proof Rubber Cushions, 2 Cues, Set of Large Ivory or the new Crystalate Balls, Mahogany Marking Board, Spirit Level, Box of Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and Good Rest.



STORED AGAINST WALL WHEN NOT IN USE.

BILLIARD TABLE WHEN RESTING ON DINING TABLE.

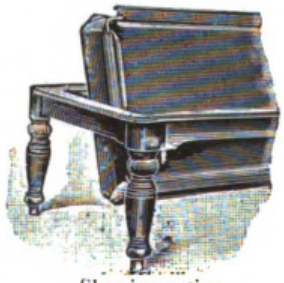
WILL FIT ANY SIZE OF DINING TABLE.

Size.	Cash Price.	or in 13 Monthly Payments of
4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in.	£3 17 6	6/6 per month.
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	£5 2 6	9/- per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	£6 0 0	10/9 per month
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	£8 0 0	14/6 per month.

SPECIAL QUALITY (very superior).

Size.	Cash Price.	or in 13 Monthly Payments of
5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in.	£5 15 0	10/- per month.
6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	£7 0 0	12/6 per month.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	£9 5 0	16/6 per month.

Delivered Carriage Paid at Our Risk.



Showing action converting Table.

REVERSIBLE BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE.

A most admirable arrangement where it is not convenient to have a room specially devoted to Billiards. There are no leaves to lift off, and no screwing machinery to get out of order, but by the simple act of turning over the inside of the table, which acts on a swivel, the Dining Table is converted to a Billiard Table and *vice versa* in five seconds. When once adjusted it remains perfectly true, and most accurate Billiards can be played.

SPECIFICATION

Combined Billiard and Dining Table, made in Mahogany, Oak, or Walnut, and including the following

Accessories:—

Six Cues. Marking Board. Cue Rack. Three Ivory Balls.
Spirit Level and Rules. Best Billiard Cloth. Low Frost-Proof Cushions. Rest, Tips, etc.

SIZES AND PRICES.

Dining Table	*Making a Billiard Table*	
6ft. by 3½ft. ..	5ft. by 2½ft. ..	**20 Guineas.**
7ft. by 4ft. ..	6ft. by 3ft. ..	**23** ,,
8ft. by 4½ft. ..	7ft. by 3½ft. ..	**28** ,,
9ft. by 5ft. ..	8ft. by 4ft. ..	**34** ,,

FREE. Full detailed Catalogue with illustrations of all kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and Dining Tables, Combined Couch, Billiard and Dining Table, all kinds small and full size Tables and Sundries.

London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Billiard Table Builders . . ACCRINGTON.

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HOUSES & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

PAYMENTS.

BILLIARDS is a universal game, and perhaps the reason of this is that it requires just that amount of mental judgment sufficient to make it really worth playing. Now that the Winter Season is on us, heads of houses, and those who have to entertain many guests, will be looking around for the best means of furnishing their establishment for that purpose. A glance at the tables here shown will be of service. Every Table is made in high-grade style by skilled Billiard Table Makers, whether it be the regulation full-sized Billiard Table or any of the smaller combined tables. The game can be scientifically played as well on one table as on the other.

Tables built by Messrs. E. J. RILEY, Ltd., are in use the world over, and it is clear from testimonials received that the Combination Tables are giving as great satisfaction in private houses as their full-sized Regulation Tables have always done in large Clubs and Institutions.

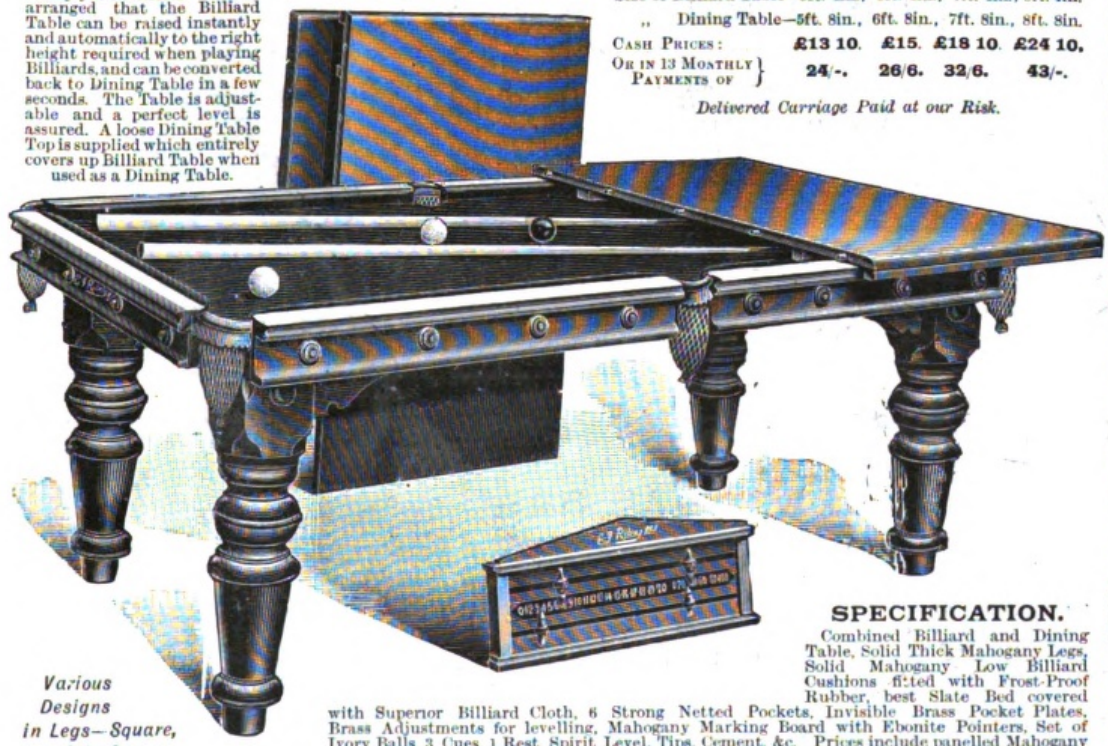
RILEY'S BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES COMBINED (PATENTED).

The easiest to manipulate of any yet invented. It is so arranged that the Billiard Table can be raised instantly and automatically to the right height required when playing Billiards, and can be converted back to Dining Table in a few seconds. The Table is adjustable and a perfect level is assured. A loose Dining Table Top is supplied which entirely covers up Billiard Table when used as a Dining Table.

Size of Billiard Table—5ft. 4in., 6ft. 4in., 7ft. 4in., 8ft. 4in.
,, Dining Table—5ft. 8in., 6ft. 8in., 7ft. 8in., 8ft. 8in.

CASH PRICES:	£13 10.	£15.	£18 10.	£24 10.
OR IN 13 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF	24/-.	26/6.	32/6.	43/-.

Delivered Carriage Paid at our Risk.



Various Designs in Legs—Square, Art, &c.

SPECIFICATION.

Combined Billiard and Dining Table, Solid Thick Mahogany Legs, Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best Slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Netted Pockets, Invisible Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for levelling, Mahogany Marking Board with Ebonite Pointers, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tips, Cement, &c. Prices include panelled Mahogany Dining Top, and all woodwork is handsomely French Polished and Table Warranted.

RILEY'S FULL SIZE BILLIARD TABLES, 45 to 250 Guineas.

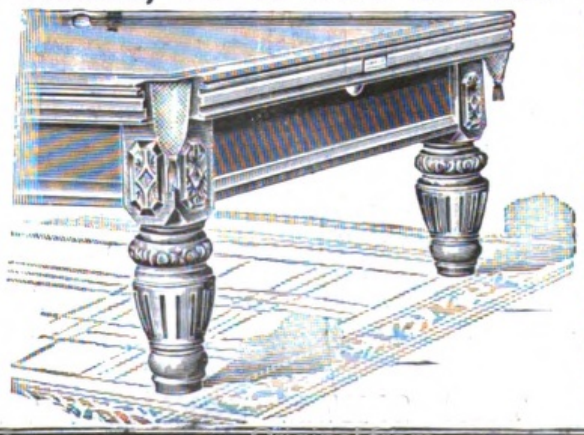
Complete Heavy BILLIARD TABLES FOR SMALL ROOMS.

PRICES :—

6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in.	15	Guineas.
7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in.	18	,,
8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in.	25	,,
9ft. 4in. by 4ft. 10in.	32	,,

8ft. and 9ft. sizes have six legs.

Solid Mahogany Legs and Cushions, Best Thick Bangor Slates, Fast Low Frost-Proof Cushions, Bolted (not screwed), Superior Billiard Cloth, Handsome Marking Board, 6 Cues, Ivory Balls, Cue Rack, Dust Cover, Rest, Brush, Iron, &c. (Made to suit full size balls if required.)



CHAMPIONSHIP SOUVENIR, with Photographs of C. Dawson and H. W. Stevenson, and Illustration of Championship Table built by E. J. Riley, Ltd., along with Press Opinions, sent post free.

REPAIRS.—Old Tables converted and fitted with the New Championship Cushions as used in 1903 Championship—STEVENSON *v.* DAWSON.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Billiard Table Builders. ACCRINGTON.

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To

ENSURE EASY TEETHING,
PROMOTE DIGESTION
INSTANTLY STOP SICKNESS,
FLATULENCE, AND PAIN,
PREVENT CONVULSIONS,
ESTABLISH THE CONSTITUTION,

ADMINISTER



WOODWARD'S "GRIPE WATER"



Wesleyan School, Whitchurch, Aylesbury,
June 24th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—Several years ago the wife of one of our Wesleyan Ministers advised my wife to obtain a bottle of your "Gripe Water" for use with our first child. We have seven children, and have used your "Gripe Water" with each child, and have found it most effectual. We could not think of doing without it. We have recommended it to numerous folk, and my wife has urged me to write you a testimonial.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JOHN T. TITCHENER.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Stores, 1/1½.





The Man and The Machine

Mr. Alexander T. Brown, inventor of the Smith Premier Typewriter, is unquestionably the foremost writing-machine expert of the world. He built the first



Smith Premier Typewriter

not only for handsome and speedy work, but to endure under the severest demands of actual business. The Smith Premier is free from the weaknesses of eccentric, unpractical construction, and to-day embodies the latest *demonstrated* improvements of this typewriter expert, who continues to devote his time and inventive genius to maintain the Smith Premier where, more than ever, it now stands as

THE WORLD'S BEST TYPEWRITER

Send to-day for our little book, "The Premier," explaining exactly why the Smith Premier is best; or send to our nearest branch office for the machine itself on a ten days' free trial.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,

14, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

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Strength: How Gained.

Food, its Digestion, and the creation of Strength therefrom, are the mainstays of Life.

But with many people these processes are not performed efficiently.

With the result that the Health suffers, and Life becomes a burden.

Nervous Disorders, Exhaustion, Brain-fag, Weariness, lack of Energy, Weakness, Debility, Liver Troubles, Depression, and many other Ailments often ascribed to other causes, are mostly due to Digestive derangement.

Which gives you a hint as to the correct method of treatment.

Guy's Tonic promotes Appetite, enables you to enjoy Food, gives you the capacity to Digest it, and the power to make new Life and Vitality out of it.

And it does so in this way.

Guy's Tonic has properties similar to those of the Digestive Juices, and is thus able to actually assist in the process of Digestion.

At the same time it strengthens the Stomach until this organ has regained the ability to perform its function naturally.

All the nourishment Food contains is then absorbed into the Blood.

By which it is carried to every part of the Body.

The Tissues throughout the System should assimilate this Nutriment from the Blood, but have partially lost the power when Debilitated.

Guy's Tonic restores this power by virtue of its Tonic-Restorative effect upon the Nerves and Tissues.

So that the whole work of making Strength, Energy, Vitality and new Life from Food is aided by Guy's Tonic from beginning to end.

Which is one of the reasons why it succeeds after everything else has failed.

When you are Tired-out, feel Weak, Food does not Nourish you, and your Appetite is poor, Guy's Tonic will revive your Strength, make Digestion perfect, promote Appetite, and restore Nerve power. It Strengthens the entire System, correcting the causes of Indigestion, Debility, and Emaciation. Guy's Tonic is a British preparation of purely Vegetable Origin, compounded under the direct supervision of a skilled Pharmacist.

Miss E. Simmonds, of West Cottage, Burgess Hill, writes on 27th February, 1903:—"I must just write to express my thanks for the efficacy of Guy's Tonic. "I had been under several Doctors, and tried all sorts of things for three years, but "nothing did me any good. After using two or three bottles of Guy's Tonic I "began to feel great relief, and now I am quite well. I have recommended Guy's "Tonic to many of my friends. I shall never be without a bottle in the house."

Guy's Tonic is not simply a stimulant, but a scientific medicine that braces up every Organ to vigorous action, and confers Tone upon the whole System. For this reason its good effect is lasting. A Six-ounce bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 13½d., is sold by Chemists and Stores Everywhere. You are urged to give it a trial—it never fails.

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Men Who Do Things.

THE GREAT WANT OF THE DAY IS THE MAN WHO CAN PUT HIS IDEAS INTO PRACTICE.

This thought, in a recent Editorial, is the basis of a series of articles on men who have learned to put their ideas into practice.



WHEN you hear the well-worn expression coming from young men of their trade being too crowded and progress slow you may be sure this expression is equivalent to failure, and an entire lack of foresight and appreciation of the future. Young men have nearly always an equal chance at the commencement of their career. Some progress and others never move out of the rut. The young man who gets on makes his own opportunities.

There is nothing more pitiful than to see the man of 40 in a mediocre position. The very look of the man tells his story, and you instinctively feel that he is a business wreck. Probably if he was to relate his life story it would show many missed opportunities. The young man of to-day is content to wait an opportunity. Sometimes he may be lucky, but more often not.

Do any of the instances related above fit in with your case? If so, read the following true story of an ambitious young man who made his own opportunities, and took full advantage of them.

A young man of 22 (who will be named John Smith for the present), had lived all his life in a Yorkshire town without making any special stir in the community. He was an assistant to his father in the grocery line, and a good one, too.

The limit of the grocery trade, however, is about 30/- a week, and, although thousands and thousands never think of a salary above this, Smith had a greater conception of the future. He was always looking for something better. One of the openings that attracted him was advertising.

He had sufficient foresight to see the future possibilities in this direction and its adaptability to every business in the world. How to enter the profession was another question.

One day he read the following advertisement:—

"LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS.

IF YOU, TOO, WILL ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT, we will prove conclusively that we will teach you advertisement-writing by correspondence—thoroughly, practically, successfully. You will know why our graduates are earning £5 per week. You will also know why the majority of our students are taking the instructions through the recommendations of friends who have previously taken the course. Write for our 64-page Prospectus, SENT FREE."

He wrote to the Institution asking for further particulars. When the literature came he was more convinced than ever of the great possibilities of the profession, and arranged to begin the study by correspondence.

Smith's career really started from this date. The studies made him think. He became alive to the fact that absence of growth under any circumstances is largely the fault of the man. The unsuccesses of the world are the satisfied, and a satisfied employee is done growing. If your work does not call on you to ascend as well as extend, you may be certain that you have not made a wise choice of vocation. That was exactly Smith's position, and it is the position of thousands of similarly situated men.

Smith commenced the study, and applied every lesson to his own business. He soon saw that he was taught how to put his arguments on paper so that other people would understand them as he did. He became enthusiastic.

As his business knowledge improved his scope widened, and at this period he made an arrangement with the biggest Advertising Agency in his own town and became their Ad-writer. He gained further experience and earned more money than he had ever done before.

He had a splendid position and improved his employers' business considerably. His mind, however, outgrew his opportunities. He made the very best use of the School and his instructors in his craving for more knowledge. Recognising that Smith was a man bound to reach the top, they were soon able to advise him of a more lucrative engagement as Ad-writer to a large firm in London.

Mr. Smith is a man who acts promptly, and herein lies the success of many a man and woman. On receiving a letter from the firm he took train to London the same day without waiting for a formal appointment. His knowledge of advertising made an impression and they started him there and then on a month's approbation.

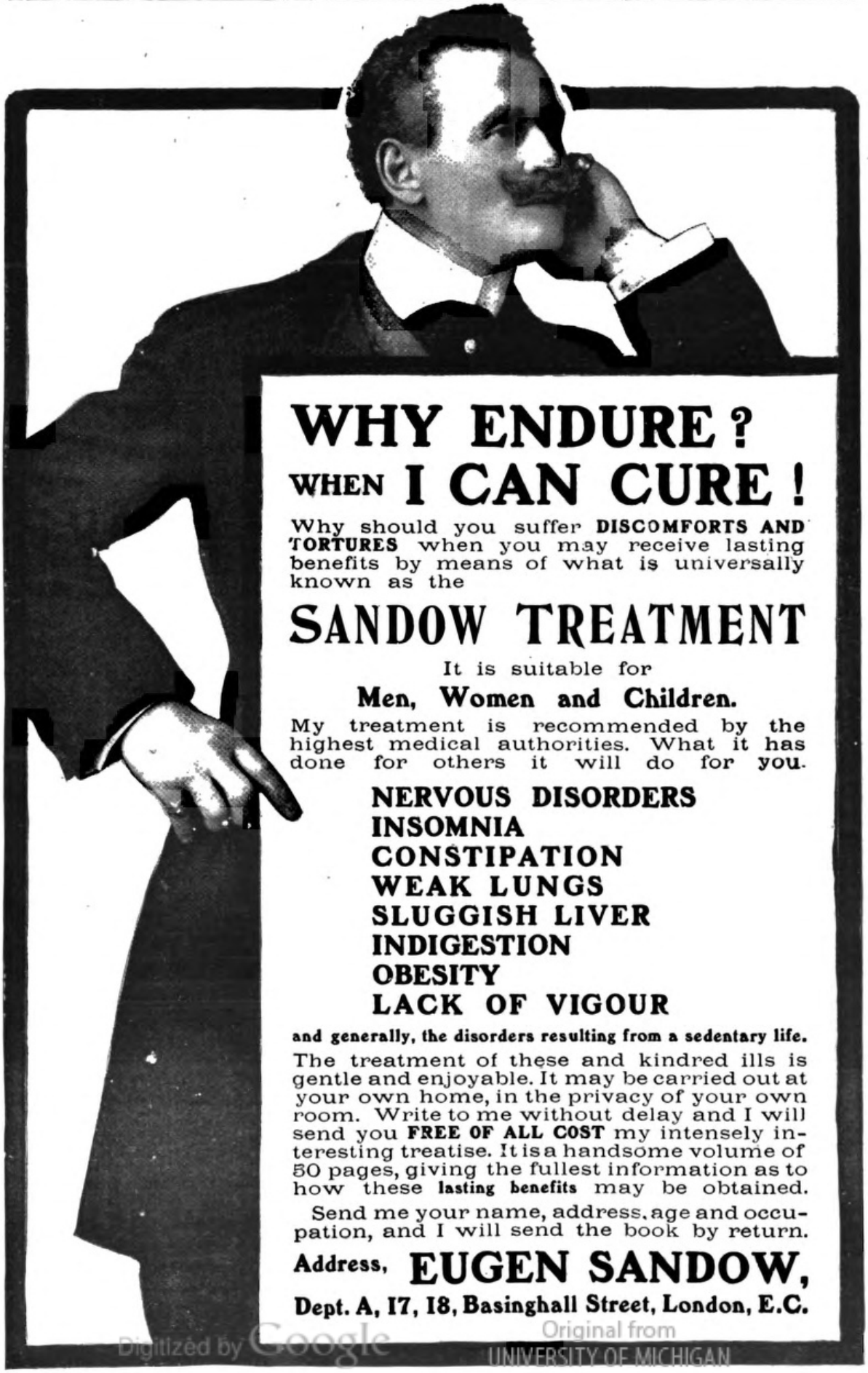
As it always happens, the man who is anxious to learn and takes instant advantage of opportunities is never a failure. The month's approbation has long since passed, and Smith is now a valued member of the staff.

The real name of Smith is Arthur Taylor, and he works on that well-known journal *Cycling*.

Mr. Taylor has progressed further since his introduction to this paper, and now he holds a responsible position on this, the largest and most important cycling journal in the world.

Such is the story of a young man moulding his own future, and one which is being enacted by those men who do not think only of the present, but make provision for the future. The world is full of mediocre men, while there are innumerable positions vacant through the absence of earnest workers of sufficient knowledge to fill them.

NOTE.—If the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE are sufficiently interested in their future, and will write to the Original School of Advertising, PAGE-DAVIS CO. (Dept. L), 195, Oxford Street, London, W., they will receive free an interesting Prospectus setting forth the advantage of an Advertising Education. A most profitable and fascinating business for ambitious men and women.



WHY ENDURE?
WHEN I CAN CURE!

Why should you suffer **DISCOMFORTS AND TORTURES** when you may receive lasting benefits by means of what is universally known as the

SANDOW TREATMENT

It is suitable for

Men, Women and Children.

My treatment is recommended by the highest medical authorities. What it has done for others it will do for **you.**

NERVOUS DISORDERS
INSOMNIA
CONSTIPATION
WEAK LUNGS
SLUGGISH LIVER
INDIGESTION
OBESITY
LACK OF VIGOUR

and generally, the disorders resulting from a sedentary life.

The treatment of these and kindred ills is gentle and enjoyable. It may be carried out at your own home, in the privacy of your own room. Write to me without delay and I will send you **FREE OF ALL COST** my intensely interesting treatise. It is a handsome volume of 50 pages, giving the fullest information as to how these **lasting benefits** may be obtained.

Send me your name, address, age and occupation, and I will send the book by return.

Address, EUGEN SANDOW,

Dept. A, 17, 18, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

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WILL YOU SAVE MONEY?

Showrooms: London and Birmingham.

If so write to-day for my Price Lists of



BEDSTEADS, BEDDING,

WIRE MATTRESSES, COTS, CHAIR BEDS, BEDROOM FURNITURE, &c., &c.

Lists Give Full and Useful Information.

All goods sent (on "appro" if desired) **DIRECT FROM WORKS.** Packed Free. Carriage Paid. **Cash or on Instalment Terms.**

(Established 1889.)

LARGE STOCKS.

Please mention this Magazine.

CHARLES RILEY,
62, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.

STAFFORDSHIRE CHINA

For **13/9** carriage paid (2/- extra Scotland or Ireland) we will forward direct from the factory this charming and superior China Tea Service in Peacock Blue and Gold (sample cup and saucer for twelve stamps). Please do not forget it will be carriage paid and carefully packed. A beautiful and lasting present. Contents:—



12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Slop, 1 Cream Jug.

40 PIECES.



For **18/6** we will forward, carriage paid (2/- extra Scotland or Ireland), this complete Dinner Service. Lovely new design in Peacock Blue. 36 Plates (3 sizes), 5 Meat Dishes, 2 Covered Vegetable Dishes, 1 complete Sauce Tureen with Ladle and Stand, and 1 Butter Boat. If required, we can add a Soup Tureen (full size) and 12 Soup Plates for 2/- extra. Don't forget, carriage paid. On goods for export we pay carriage to English port and ship at lowest rates. Buy china fresh and bright from the potteries.

Our No. 8 Catalogue, a real work of art, containing numerous illustrations of Tea, Coffee, Dinner, Dessert, and Chamber Services, is now ready, and will be sent to any address FREE to intending purchasers.

Please mention THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Badged and Crested Ware for Schools, Clubs, Hotels, etc.

HASSALL & CO.,
CHARLES STREET, HANLEY (Staffordshire Potteries).

Artistic Furnishing



The J. G. GRAVES' SYSTEM OF . . . FURNISHING. . .

Embodies every element of satisfaction which the most exacting customer could desire. We hold one of the finest stocks of finished goods ready for immediate selection, and will give estimates and expert advice free by post.

Advantageous arrangements for gradual payment may be made in strict confidence for all orders from £5 to £500 and upwards.

J. G. GRAVES' guide to high-class furnishing is sent post free on application.

Designs and Estimates for special fittings in any part of the United Kingdom supplied free.

J. G. GRAVES, 15, Division St., SHEFFIELD.

PHONOGRAPH BARGAINS

One dozen **New Series Selected Records** (consisting of *Edison-Bell, Columbia,* and *Pathé*) and this superb up-to-date **Phonograph** (equal to the best machine made) for only **12/-**. The greatest value ever offered. Largest assortment of **Phonographs** and **Records** in the Kingdom. **A few Good Agents wanted.** *Send for Catalogue.*



MEAD & CO., Dept. 30c, LIVERPOOL.

THIS TYPEWRITER

The "SIECLE" gets through its work the same as a £20 machine. Compact and portable. Complete range of characters. **Easy to operate.** Takes any size paper. Post free, **10/6**. List of Cheap and Efficient Typewriters and Novelties post free. **VARIETY CO.,** Baltimore House, Bergholt Crescent, London, N.



10/6

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CUTLERY BARGAINS.

REAL "SILVA"
TABLE SPOONS & FORKS 6/6 DOZ.
DESSERT DITTO 5/6 DOZ.
TEA SPOONS 2/6 DOZ.

SOLID WHITE BONE
BEAUTIFUL IVORY FINISH
TABLE KNIVES 5/- DOZ.
DESSERT KNIVES 5/6 DOZ.


No 15. PRICE 8/6


No 14 PRICE 8/6

EVERY ARTICLE Guaranteed
SAVE 50 PER CENT OR HALF.


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No 25 PRICE 21/6

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST "N" FREE.


No 27 PRICE 7/6


No 13 PRICE 29/-

ALL GOODS SENT CARRIAGE PAID ON APPROVAL.
REPAIRS & REPLATING


No 23 PRICE 7/6

T.C. WILSON & Co
Manufacturers


No 24 PRICE 5/-


PRICE 1/- EACH





No 22 PRICE 4/6



No 26 PRICE 7/6 EACH.

LION WORKS.
SHEFFIELD.


No 18 PRICE 5/6


No 19 PRICE 7/6


No 20 PRICE 21/- THE SET

PLATE BARGAINS.

The illustrations shown are all A1 quality Electro-Silver Plate.

BORAX STARCH GLAZE
IMPROVES ALL STARCH

There is no starch made that can alone give to linen, lace, and muslin that exquisite gloss and pleasing stiffness which Borax Starch Glaze imparts. It also prevents the iron sticking, and eases the work right through. Use it next ironing-day, and be convinced. 1d. packets—good for several ironings — wherever starch is sold.

By Special Appointment  Makers to the King.

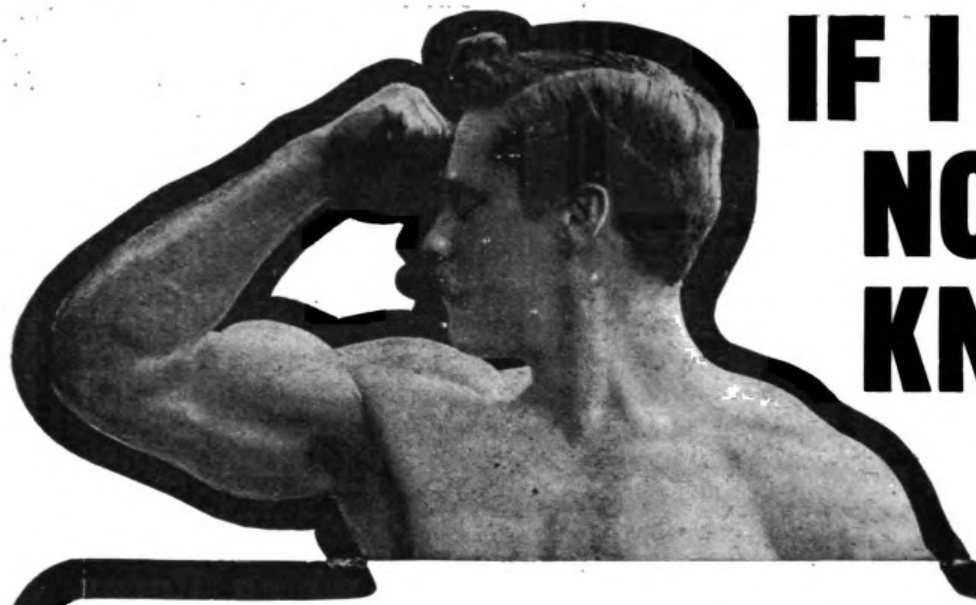
The Patent Borax Co., Ld., Birmingham.

Write for FREE SAMPLE AND NOVELTIES.

Name this Magazine and your Grocer.

BORAX DRY SOAP
FOR WASHING EVERYTHING

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IF I DID NOT KNOW

That my system for obtaining and retaining perfect Health and Physical Development to be the best ever devised, I would not repeatedly buy expensive space in this magazine to tell you about it. The VIN BULLEN SYSTEM of physiological exercise is the best and most intelligent method in the world. It is taught by post with perfect success, takes up but ten minutes of your time each day, for both sexes age from seven to seventy. The only system that does not overtax the heart, on the contrary, it strengthens that vital organ. It positively and permanently cures **Constipation, Indigestion, Corpulency, Insomnia, Flabby Muscles, Heart Trouble,** restores **Nervous Force,** and imparts that **Masterly, Manly Power** that is so necessary in these strenuous days. By the scientific application of Nature's laws it restores **HEALTH,** corrects defects which occur in the human body, gives **STRENGTH** to the waning energies and ensures **SUCCESS.** It builds up the run-down man, averts nervous breakdown, strengthens the lungs, and wards off consumption. There is no book, no chart, **NO APPARATUS** to bother you. My System is for each individual, my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. I want every reader, man or woman, whether directly interested in physical culture or not, to have my booklet, which contains interesting and valuable reading, which I send along with full particulars, photos., and fac-simile testimonials, free. Send post-card or letter to-day. I can be seen by appointment.

Ladies taught by Madame Leonarde Bullen. All letters addressed to her will be treated in the strictest confidence, as she alone opens and answers all letters addressed Madame Bullen. She will be pleased to send her charming 24-page booklet, beautifully illustrated, which explains her system of physical culture for ladies. She has been very successful in her treatment for bust development in a Natural way without drugs. She can be seen by appointment, and cordially invites all ladies who are able, to call upon her, but must first make an appointment.—VINCENT BULLEN, 24, Apsley House, Sandon Street, Liverpool.

"HIGH CROSS" BABY CIGARS



(measuring 3in. small size, or 4in. larger size)

are made from choice blends of tobacco, and thus are most delightful little smokes.

SMALL SIZE. LARGER SIZE.

PRICES: Per box of 50, 2/1 ... 4/2

The Reason of their Low Price is

that by our new process cost of manufacture is so reduced that these choice little cigars can be supplied at practically cost of tobacco only. If you cannot obtain them from your tobacconist please send **2/1** for Sample Box of **50**, post free (larger size, **4/2**), to—

SWAIN & VAN DEN AREND,

'High Cross' Cigar Factory, RUGBY.

DEFECTIVE SIGHT

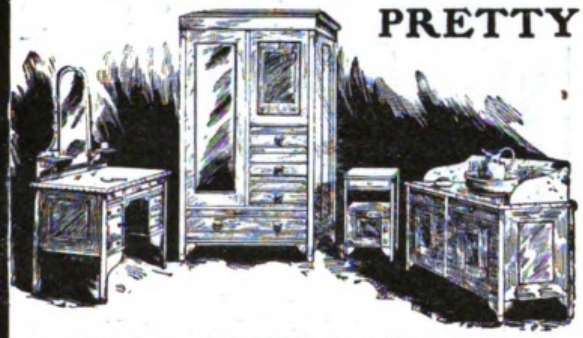
Many people suffer from **bad sight, or** films and specks. All such should send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his little book, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This tells of **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT,** a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelids, and eyelashes, having 300 years' reputation as the best remedy. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each by all chemists & stores.

Please note that it retains its healing virtues for years.

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BENTWOOD FURNITURE

LIGHT,
DURABLE,
PRETTY





Rocking Chairs from **15/-**; Nest of Tables from **30/-**; Smoking Chairs from **16/-**

BEDROOM SUITES for the Colonies

Beautifully made. Only well-seasoned wood used. The whole suite can be taken to pieces for shipping if required. Prices on application.

The extreme beauty of Bentwood Furniture cannot be duly appreciated unless it is seen. Its everlasting wear is well known. It is the most beautiful furniture made. All Bentwood Furniture sold by us is guaranteed to have been made at one of our own factories. We are the inventors and largest manufacturers of Bentwood Furniture in the World, and employing about 6,000 men and women. Our Furniture is sold by all respectable furnishers. If any difficulty be found in obtaining, **Write for Illustrated Catalogue,** and on sending same we will refer you to the nearest Agent in your district.

CIGAR or MEDICINE CABINET,



in dark Oak or Green, with Coppered Hinge Plates, Rosette, and Escutcheon. Strong Lock and Key. Two Shelves inside. Size 17in. high, 11¼in. wide.
Price, **4/9**;
Copper fittings, **5/-**.

CANDLESTICK



with 4 Copper Bands. In Solid Oak and stained Green, or Solid Mahogany polished. Height, 17in.
Price, **4/-**.

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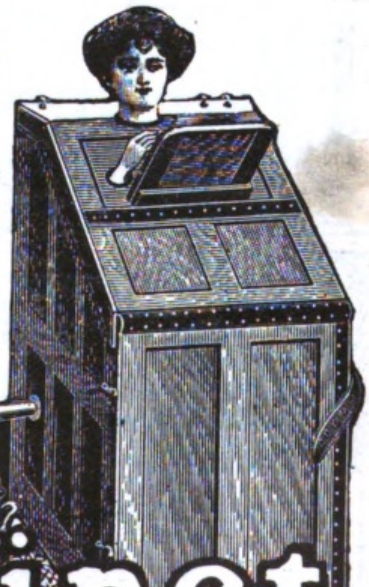
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Prices complete, with **Outside** Heater, Vapourizer, etc., **35/-, 50/-, 70/-,** and **90/-.** Superior Qualities, as illustrated, from **£5 10s.** to **£13.** Gradual payments if desired.

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CURE YOUR RUPTURE AT HOME.

No Need to Suffer or Dread an Operation. A Wonderful Method of Cure.

Persons afflicted with rupture are in a state of constant fear that it may be necessary for them to have an operation performed almost any time. But since the method of cure invented and perfected by Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 543), 8 & 9, Stonecutter St., London, E.C., has been placed before the public this feeling of dread and fear has been changed to one of hope. This wonderful method cures all forms of rupture without pain, danger, operation or loss of time from work, and best of all it is used in your home. It seems almost too good to be true that so simple a cure accomplishes such wonderful results, but the letters Dr. Rice receives every day would convince the most sceptical that his treatment is one of exceptional merit.



MR. E. KINNESON.

The portrait given is that of Mr. E. Kinneson, of 232, Birchfield Road, Perry Bar, Birmingham. As a gardener he has much heavy work, but in a letter to Dr. Rice he says:—"After suffering 14 years from severe rupture, I am glad to say your method has cured me at the age of 66 years. I can do a hard day's work mowing without any truss, while before using your method I did not dare do it for 14 years. I am telling everyone I meet who is ruptured of the wonders of your cure."

Write to Dr. Rice at once for a free sample of his wonderful method, also book describing rupture and the simplest and most effective method of treating it. Do not delay, but write him at once. It has cured thousands in all parts of the world. Now is your opportunity.

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Write for unsolicited testimonials.

STAINS GREY HAIR, WHISKERS, EYEBROWS, any shade desired.

Does not Stain the Skin.

Is applied in a few minutes. It is Harmless, Washable, Lasting, and Restores the Colour to the Root, making detection impossible, and is undoubtedly the Cleanest and Best Hair Stainer in the world. No. 1, Light Brown; No. 2, Golden; No. 3, Dark Brown; No. 4, Black. Sent secretly packed by post for 1/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/-, and 10/-. Medical Certificates sent with each Bottle.

LEICH & CRAWFORD (28 Dep.),
32 and 33, Brooke St., Holborn, London, E.C.

ECZOLINE
CURES ECZEMA
PIMPLES, RASHES, ITCHING, *Try It.*
Sample Free. **OR ANY SKIN TROUBLE.**
Of **HUNTER, Regent Street, Swindon, Wilts,**
Or in Pots, 1/1½ & 2/9, of your Chemist.
If for animals order Veterinary.

FOR PRIVATE HOUSES
40/-
PER SET.



Please write at once for Descriptive Circular.

These Chimney-sweeping and Drain-clearing Machines are specially designed for Hotels, Private Houses, Country Mansions, etc. They are always useful and last a lifetime. There are hundreds of uses to which they can be put.

ASHFORD, Kent St., BIRMINGHAM.

Goddard's Plate Powder.
For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
Sold everywhere, 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

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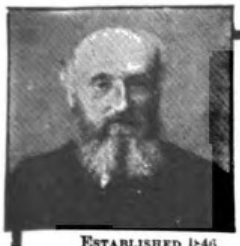
A CLEVER IDEA

You will have no difficulty in getting a gloss just like china on your linen if you go the right way about it. The right and easy way is to use

REDFORD'S STARCH GLOSS.

You do not add this to the Starch, but just rub it over the linen before ironing and you get a beautiful polished surface. Ask your grocer. Large box for 1/- P.O., or sample for post-card from S. C. REDFORD & SON, Oxford Street, Liverpool.

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HORNER'S Cream Cheese

Made from Pure Cream by a secret process that produces its inimitable flavour and deliciousness.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

For use as Cheese with Salt. For use as imitation Crab with Mustard, Pepper, Vinegar and salt mixed to taste. For use as Solid Cream with Fruit Tarts, Fruit Pies, Preserves, Jams, &c.

Highly recommended by the Medical faculty.

Of all Grocers, Fishmongers, &c. If any difficulty in obtaining send name of your dealer, and **6D.** stamps for sample packet to

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TRY **HORNER'S RICH CREAMS**
Sold everywhere IN JARS, **6D.** & **1/-.**

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CAUTION! SEE TOM SMITH'S NAME ON EVERY BOX.

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Fortunes are Waiting for People to Claim them.

Opportunity Knocks at your Door. Will you Answer? Read carefully the following facts.

On December 21, 1871, a lady named Brown died at 28, Hertford Street, London, leaving an enormous fortune, exceeding £300,000, and as she had not made a will, nor appeared to have any near relatives to claim her great wealth, her estate was administered by the Treasury, and then paid into the Court of Chancery to await a claimant. There it would have probably remained, as no one knew where the rightful heir was to be found. Advertisements were inserted in newspapers inviting relatives to make application for the money; and years afterwards, quite by chance, one of these was seen by the heir—a poor man—living in complete ignorance of the great wealth due to him. He accordingly made application as directed, and on June 21, 1880, duly received this vast fortune.

Similar information to that which proved of such extraordinary value to this fortunate man is contained in a most valuable register published by Messrs. A. W. FOSTER & CO., 19, ALEXANDER HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C., called "FOSTER'S LIST OF HEIRS," price, post free, 1s. 6d., by Postal Order. Nearly £100,000,000 lies buried in the Court of Chancery awaiting claimants, and 50,000 persons have been advertised for by the Court of Chancery and Trustees to claim this and other money. Yet this fact is known to but few people, hence the vast sums that are not claimed; and Messrs. FOSTER & CO. have collected all this valuable information together into a Register which will undoubtedly be the means of enabling large numbers of people in all parts of the country to claim what rightly belongs to them.

Every page of this book, as it was formerly published, has been carefully revised, and many thousands of new names have been added. In its present enlarged form it contains invaluable information about unclaimed money and estates which cannot be obtained from any other source. New names have been added right up to the present time, and "Foster's New List of Heirs" is now the most complete, correct, and up-to-date book on the subject published.

It would almost seem as if people were too busy to notice the chances of life—opportunities are being continually missed for the want of a little trouble and inquiry. Do not be amongst this number. We earnestly recommend our readers to get a copy of "FOSTER'S LIST OF HEIRS" at once. It may easily prove the great opportunity of their lives. A fortune may await them as it did many other people who lived in ignorance of money being due to them.

IS YOUR NAME IN THIS LIST?

The following List contains a small selection from Foster's New and Revised List of Heirs. If your name is not here it is probably in the full List, which also contains fuller particulars about all the names here reprinted:

Ackland	Bartlett	Cracroft	Fryer	Harrison	Kierman	Mundy	Pickman	Snowdon	Wallace
Adams	Basan	Craggs	Fulcher	Hart	Kill	Murray	Pidgeon	Soames	Waltham
Adkins	Basford	Crallan	Fulford	Harvey	Lambton	Mussard	Pierce	Solomon	Walters
Adlam	Baskett	Crampton	Fulham	Hayes	Landor	Mustow	Pierpoint	Somerfield	Walton
Adlard	Bassett	Crane	Fulton	Hearn	Lane	Myers	Pigram	Somersgill	Wardle
Adolphus	Bastard	Cruwys	Fytche	Heaton	Langley	Nanson	Pike	Sorrell	Waring
Akers	Bateman	Cull	Gaches	Hedge	Lara	Napier	Pilcher	Southall	Warne
Alcock	Bates	Cullum	Gale	Hellings	Latter	Nash	Quarterman	Southwell	Watkins
Allen	Bath	Cumberledge	Gallard	Hemming	Laud	Nathan	Quested	Sowray	Watson
Allison	Baxter	Cuthbertson	Gallois	Henery	Laurence	Naylor	Quick	Sowton	Weare
Alman	Bayley	Dadley	Gardener	Herbert	Lavender	Neale	Quiney	Spackman	Weatherell
Ames	Bayne	Daniell	Gardner	Herrick	Lawford	Neatby	Rackham	Sparding	Webb
Anderson	Beames	Darenant	Garlick	Hibbert	Layton	Neave	Radcliffe	Sparkes	Webster
Annesley	Beare	Darling	Garrard	Hickman	Lidicott	Nedby	Rainford	Sparrow	Wedderburn
Anstruther	Beauchamp	Daubney	Garrett	Hill	Ledward	Needham	Ramsden	Spashett	West
Anthony	Bedall	Davidson	Gaskell	Hirst	Leech	Neilson	Raper	Speakman	Westcott
Aquilar	Bedford	Davis	Gatcum	Hitchins	Leicester	Nelmes	Rawlings	Specke	Western
Arden	Beech	Davys	Gaudy	Hodge	Leigh	Nelson	Raybould	Speed	Wheelwright
Arnold	Belk	Dawson	Gauge	Hogan	Levey	Nemes	Rayley	Spencer	Whitaker
Arran	Bellamy	Dean	Gee	Holloway	Lewes	Nettleship	Rayment	Spicer	Whitcomb
Ashby	Belsey	Delaval	Gernon	Holmes	Lockey	Nevile	Read	Spiller	Whitehead
Astbury	Benbow	Delmedico	Gerrish	Honey	Logan	Oakley	Reeve	Spilsbury	Whittingstall
Aubrey	Bendy	Denshire	Gibbons	Hooker	Lomax	Ogden	Reid	Spires	Wilkinson
Austin	Benet	Dering	Gibson	Houlden	Long	Ogilvy	Reily	Spooner	Willatts
Ayres	Benfield	De Runge	Gifford	Houlgate	Louisana	Oliver	Rennie	Sprigg	Willcock
Baber	Benn	Detillin	Gilbanke	Howard	Loveday	Orange	Reppen	Squire	Williams
Backhouse	Bensley	Devaynes	Gilchrist	Howe	Lovegrove	Orme	Revett	Stacey	Wise
Backman	Bentinck	De Winton	Giles	Howlett	Lownds	Orr	Revitt	Staff	Witham
Bacon	Bentley	Donnithorne	Gillespie	Huckelbridge	Lucas	O'Toole	Reynolds	Summers	Withers
Badcock	Benton	Dorgan	Gilpin	Huckstop	Luke	Ottaway	Rhodes	Summersgill	Withington
Baddeley	Berrow	Dorsdell	Ginnett	Hughes	Luntley	Oulton	Ricard	Sutcliff	Wix
Bagshaw	Besley	Downes	Glover	Hunt	Luxmore	Owen	Rice	Sutton	Wodley
Bagster	Caslon	Drake	Goforth	Ibach	Lyddon	Packer	Rich	Swandale	Wollaston
Bailey	Chadwick	Draper	Gold	Icely	Macdonald	Packham	Richard	Sward	Wombwell
Bain	Chambers	Driver	Gollond	Ilott	Macey	Padwick	Roffey	Swindall	Woodgate
Bainbridge	Champion	Dudley	Gooch	Ingram	Macfarlan	Page	Rogers	Symes	Woodham
Baker	Cheveley	Dugdale	Goodrich	Innes	MacGregor	Paine	Rogerson	Taggart	Woodhouse
Balcarras	Cheyne	Dupuis	Goodwin	Ironmonger	Mackenzie	Palliser	Rolleston	Tarbuck	Woodman
Baldwin	Chidloe	Dyke	Goodyer	Irwin	Mackie	Palmer	Rolph	Taylor	Woodroffe
Balgowan	Chilcott	Dysart	Gordon	Isaac	Mackinnon	Paplay	Rose	Thomas	Woods
Ballantyne	Chisholme	East	Gough	Isaacs	Maclean	Papps	Roskell	Thompson	Woodyatt
Ballard	Choppin	Eaton	Goulburn	Ivory	MacMullon	Pardo	Rothwell	Thrower	Woolcock
Baltus	Christie	Edgson	Gouldsmith	Jackson	Maddox	Parfitt	St Aubyn	Thwaites	Wooldridge
Banfield	Chubb	Edwards	Govey	Jacob	Mallam	Pargiter	St John	Tipping	Woolgar
Bangham	Clare	Egleton	Grace	Jamison	Maltwood	Park	St Quintin	Tobin	Woollett
Banks	Clark	Eisenberg	Grafton	Jaques	Manning	Parke	Salmon	Todhunter	Wordsworth
Banner	Clayton	Ellender	Graham	Jeapes	Markwell	Paton	Sandeman	Toghill	Worlton
Barber	Cleghorn	Elliot	Grant	Jenking	Martin	Patterson	Sanderson	Tonkin	Worrall
Barbor	Clough	Elsworthy	Gray	Jenkins	Marshall	Payne	Sandwich	Torrington	Worthington
Barence	Coates	Essom	Greatorex	Jerrom	Massey	Pearsall	Saunders	Tournay	Wotton
Barfoot	Cochran	Fairbank	Green	Jessup	Mason	Pearson	Scarlett	Tovey	Wraxall
Bariff	Coghlan	Fairchild	Grey	Johns	Medlicott	Pecke	Schutz	Townsend	Wreaks
Baring	Colclough	Farmer	Griffith	Johnson	Merritt	Pelham	Scottney	Trapps	Wren
Barker	Coleman	Fellows	Grise	Johnstone	Metcalfe	Pell	Selby	Travers	Wrench
Barlow	Coles	Felt	Grocock	Jones	Miller	Pendleton	Shaw	Trefusis	Wrentmore
Barnard	Colleton	Fenman	Haight	Judd	Minnett	Penny	Sharples	Troy	Wride
Barnes	Collett	Fenton	Halfpenny	Kaye	Mitchell	Penson	Shefford	Truss	Wright
Barnett	Colliers	Fenwick	Hamilton	Kayes	Monson	Petman	Shelton	Tufnell	Wyatt
Barnewall	Colls	Forrest	Hamlet	Keen	Montagu	Petty	Smallwood	Turner	Wynch
Baron	Colsell	Fortnum	Hanley	Keene	Montefiore	Peyton	Smart	Twigg	Wyndham
Barr	Colville	Franklin	Hannon	Kelleher	Montford	Phelps	Smith	Tyrrell	Wynn
Barrance	Comber	Frayley	Harding	Kelly	Moon	Phene	Smither	Ullathorne	Wynne
Barratt	Comyn	Freak	Hardy	Kemp	Moore	Phillips	Smithson	Usher	Yapp
Barrett	Cooke	Freeland	Hargrave	Kendall	Mordaunt	Philpot	Smyth	Van	Yates
Barringer	Cooper	Freeman	Harlington	Kendrick	Mules	Phippard	Snaith	Varney	Yea
Barrow	Coppock	French	Harmon	Kennard	Mullett	Phipps	Snape	Vezey	Yearsley
Barrowcliff	Cornish	Frisker	Harnet	Kenneally	Mullins	Pichi	Snell	Vickers	Yeatman
Barry	Corrall	Frost	Harper	Kercheval	Mullock	Pickard	Snelson	Vince	Yelverton
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Many Live and Die in Want who are entitled to Fortunes.

HOW A FORTUNE WAS MISSED.

In addition to the names in the Chancery Court Register, "Foster's New List of Heirs" contains particulars of thousands of heirs who have been advertised for in the leading newspapers by Solicitors and trustees, who would only be too pleased to hand over the money to the rightful owners if they could be found. Yet the heirs to this unclaimed property and money are actually in complete ignorance of their good fortune, otherwise there would be no need to advertise for them. The money may be sorely needed, yet the heir, knowing nothing about it, does not claim his own.

A leading newspaper reports the following case, which we quote in proof of this statement:—

"Tragic! A man named Benjamin Walter Roper has died in the utmost poverty, and in one of the lowest and most squalid slums of Nottingham. At Wakefield, only a few hours' journey away, a legacy of £2,000 and an annuity of £300 had been awaiting him for some time, but his whereabouts were not known." Could Fate be unkinder than this? Yet a similar loss may be sustained by anyone who neglects to make sure that they have not been inquired for.

No reader of this paper should miss the opportunity of sending for "Foster's New List of Heirs," which costs so little, and contains such a quantity of valuable information about tens of thousands of Heirs. Instructions are given in this book how to proceed (if poor, free of cost) until the amount claimed is recovered.

Send to-day a Postal Order for 1s. 6d. to A. W. FOSTER & CO., 19, ALEXANDER HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C., and you will receive the List at once.

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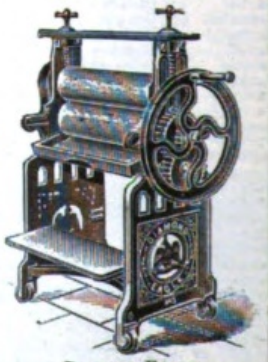
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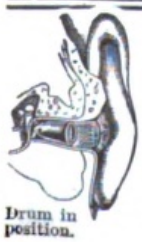
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Will Fit any Leg.
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A Most Comfortable Support to the Leg.
Can be Worn under Trousers to keep the Leg Dry in Wet or Snow.
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6/- SEWING MACHINE. 6/-

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THIS machine does work which will bear comparison with that of other machines costing higher prices. Entirely made of metal, with plated fittings, improved stitch regulator, etc. It works at great speed. It has no complications like the old-fashioned intricate machines, therefore no experience is required. It works fine and coarse materials equally as well.

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"W. R. JONES, M.D.

"(Professor of Medical Chemistry and Toxicology, University College, June 3rd)."

NOTE.—This splendid tribute to the remarkable merit of KUTNOW'S POWDER arrived entirely unsolicited. Dr. Jones evidently considered it his duty to publish his experience. But Dr. Jones is not the only distinguished medical man who has spontaneously testified to the value of KUTNOW'S POWDER. We have pleasure in giving a few selected names, all of whom have tested, prescribed, and approved this valuable remedy.

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STRAND MAGAZINE, Dec., '03.

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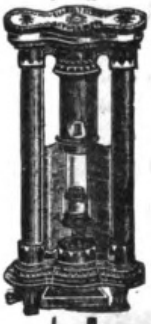
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	Reduced Sale Price. £ s. d.	Former Price. £ s. d.
4ft. 5in. by 6ft. 7in. ..	0 13 6	0 17 9
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9ft. by 10ft. 10in. ..	2 8 6	2 19 6
10ft. by 12ft. 10in. ..	3 8 6	3 19 6
10ft. 10in. by 14ft. 3in. ..	4 3 0	4 19 6

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Prestonville House, Brighton, March 24th.

Colonel James Philips writes:—"The Axminster Carpet to hand is just what I wanted. Send two more with Hearthrug to match. Cheque £2 10s. 6d. enclosed."

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS (Regd.)

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ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

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8 ft. by 9 ft. .. 9/-	SALE	12 ft. by 12 ft. .. 21/-	SALE
6 ft. by 12 ft. .. 10/6	PRICES.	12 ft. by 13½ft. .. 22/-	PRICES.
9 ft. by 9 ft. .. 11/-		12 ft. by 15 ft. .. 25/6	
9 ft. by 10½ft. .. 13/6		12 ft. by 18 ft. .. 30/-	
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"Queen's Royal" Hearthrugs, 2/- each, 6ft. by 3ft. Postage 6d. extra.

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Prudential Brusselette **HEARTHRUGS** 6ft. by 3ft., **1/6** each; postage, 6d. extra. 3 for **4/3**; 6 for **8/-**.

Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey Patterns and Colourings, superior quality, with handsome Border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty.

These Carpets are superb imitations of Real Brussels, and, except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

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6 ft. by 7½ft. ..	3/11	REDUCED	9 ft. by 15 ft. ..	12/6
6 ft. by 9 ft. ..	4/9	SALE	12 ft. by 12 ft. ..	12/9
7½ft. by 9 ft. ..	5/11	PRICE.	12 ft. by 13½ft. ..	14/6
9 ft. by 9 ft. ..	7/6		12 ft. by 15 ft. ..	15/9
9 ft. by 10½ft. ..	8/6		12 ft. by 18 ft. ..	19/6
9 ft. by 12 ft. ..	9/6		12 ft. by 21 ft. ..	22/6

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Lady Clan William writes:—"The 'Prudential' Brusselette Carpets have arrived, and are quite satisfactory. Her further orders are sent with cheque."

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With every Carpet we shall **ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY** *a very Handsome RUG to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for* **9/6.** *Money Willingly Returned if not approved. Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials Received.*

Illustrated Bargains, Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, etc., post free, if mentioning THE STRAND MAGAZINE (1/12/1903) while writing.

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1 Beautiful Reversible Art Crimson Plush Red Rug, Sofa Cover or Table Cover, Double Warp, very heavy, size 50in. by 78in.
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4½ft. by 6 ft. .. 7/11		11 ft. by 12 ft. .. 33/9	
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Mrs. H. Jameson writes:—"I am very much pleased with the Brussels Carpet and Hearthrug, which arrived safe last week, and would feel obliged by you forwarding the following order. Remittance £1 15s. 7d."



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10,000 PATENT ODOURLESS WADDED BED QUILTS

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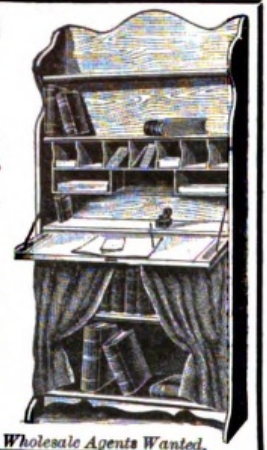
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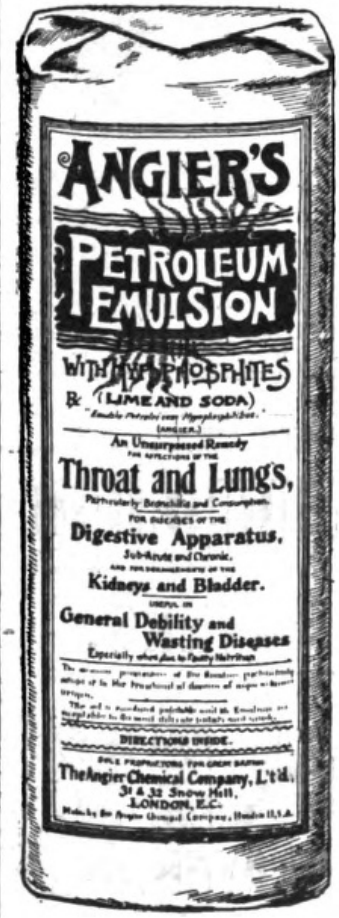
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AN IDEAL SALINE.

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We have decided that a quantity of our Symonds' Premier Phonographs shall be distributed for advertising purposes. We offer to give you one of these Phonographs, provided that whenever friends ask where you obtained it, you will mention that it came from Symonds' London Stores, and also provided that you keep a few of our Records according to the Award which you may obtain from us (after having answered this advertisement) regarding the Phonograph Records (playing selections of band music, songs, &c.), so that your friends may know their quality. You will not be required to pay a penny for the complete Phonograph. We will send the Phonograph, carefully packed, and by the directions you can learn to operate it quickly and easily. We can supply comic songs, sentimental songs, religious selections, or band music. What kind do you prefer? Our catalogue will help your choice.



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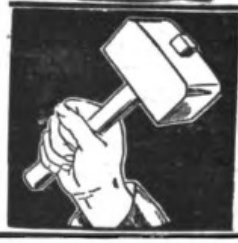
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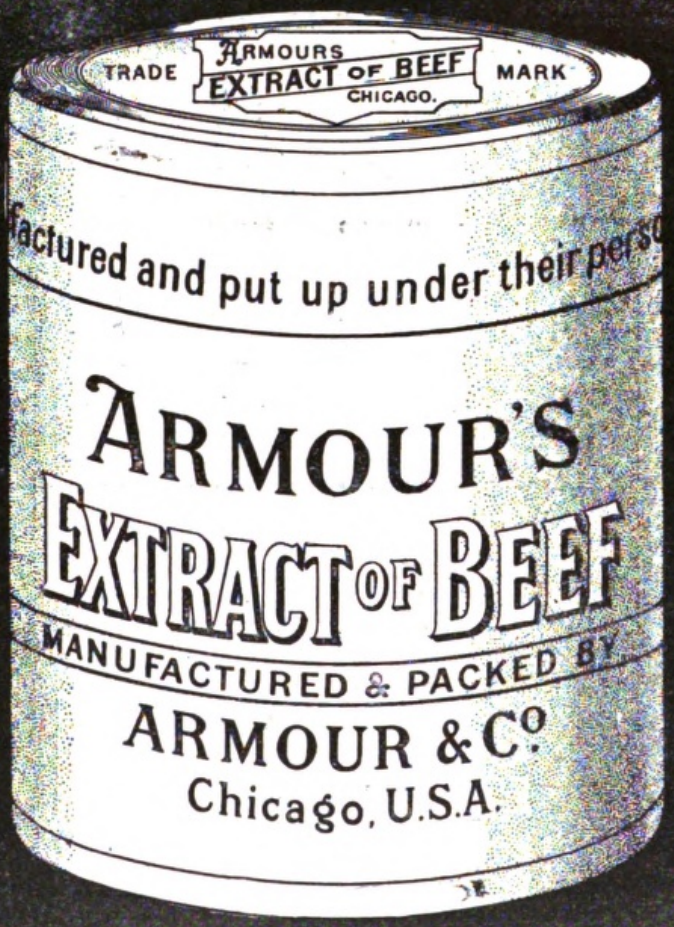
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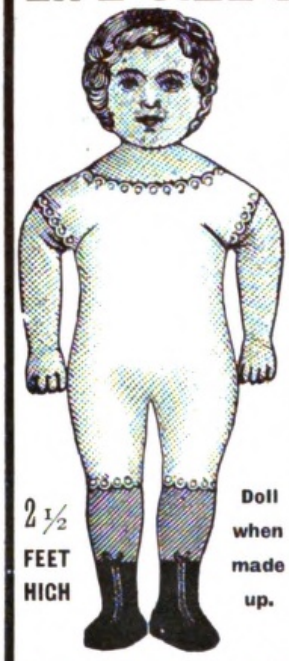
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2½ FEET HIGH

Doll when made up.

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O'er waving fields of Quaker Oats,
And on each farmer's face one notes,
The Smile that won't come off.

From British soil by British folk,
These oats are shipped in British oak
To England, where they soon provoke
The Smile that won't come off.

Because these Quaker Oats are grown
In countries that are Britain's own,
Upon each loyal face is shown
The Smile that won't come off.

Quaker Oats

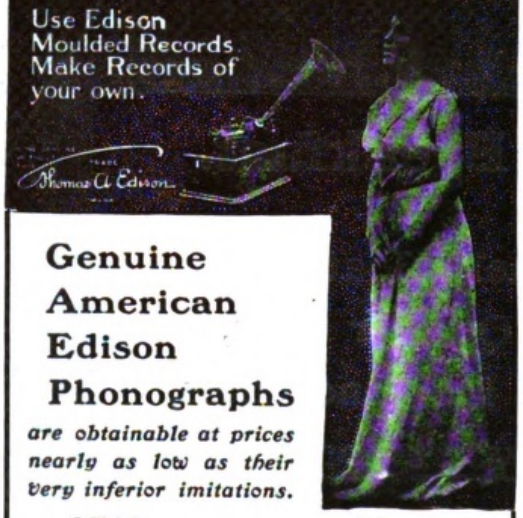
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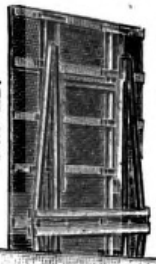
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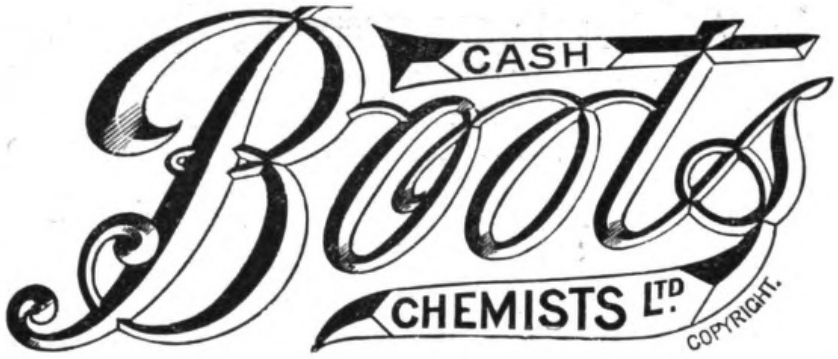




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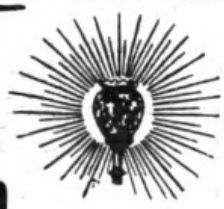
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WHAT IS TALCUM? Talcum or magnesium silicate and boracic acid when skilfully blended forms the purest antiseptic toilet powder known. Containing *no* vegetable matter it cannot ferment, clog the pores, or set up distressing eruptions. For this reason all vegetable violet powders should be rigidly avoided,

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Pamphlet and samples free, of all Chemists, or post free, **1/1½** *per box.*

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"CITIZEN" BOOTS

embody all these and many other points equally essential.

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Just try them at your Bootmakers', and satisfy yourself

Sold by all Bootmakers at **10/6, 12/6, & 15/6.**

See "Citizen" Trade Mark on Sole.

If any difficulty, send post-card for name of nearest agent to the Manufacturers, **Phœnix Shoe Works, Northampton.**

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TOWER TEA

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It is Pure, Economical & A Boon to the Thrifty Housewife

From 1/4 to 3/- per pound.

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MADE PERFECTLY STRAIGHT

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THE MOST MARVELLOUS DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SCIENCE.

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Drooping Cheeks, Wrinkles in the Face, Neck, about the Eyes or Mouth Removed, Baggy Eyes Cured. Warts and Moles Removed.

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500 40-EGG INCUBATORS.

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DEEP BREATHING LENGTHENS LIFE

Read about a Wonderful Little Instrument that vastly increases your lung capacity, and enables you to breathe strongly and deeply without Exertion.



The Breathing Tube is a marvellous little instrument that quickly teaches one the True Science of Breathing. Very many people only partially use their lungs, and through improper breathing suffer from lung and throat complaint and general impaired vitality.

Deep breathing kills disease and promotes long life. The body lives on oxygen; the more oxygen absorbed the healthier the body is. The Breathing Tube (which is small, portable, and can be carried in the pocket) exercises the lungs to their fullest extent. This means the absorption of perhaps **Double the usual quantity of Oxygen.** Regular exercise with the instrument rapidly increases the chest measurement 2 to 4 inches. Buy a Breathing Tube, and in a very short time you will be a different being, feeling stronger, healthier, more cheerful, and more energetic.

Price 2s. 6d., post free. Securely packed.

FREE BOOK. Illustrated Brochure on Correct Breathing, and Copies of Testimonials, post free, on receipt of postcard. Address: **C. MARTIN COLVILLE** (Dept. E), **61-62, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.**

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, London, 1900.

Neave's Food

For Infants, Growing Children, Invalids and the Aged.

Ivy Cottage, Bembridge, Isle of Wight,
Dear Sirs, *26th August, 1902.*

I am sending a photo of my little boy, aged 7 months, who has been brought up almost from birth on **Neave's Food.** At first we tried several expensive Foods, but nothing satisfied him until we tried **Neave's Food.** From the first he improved rapidly, and now he is in perfect health, and as you will see, a living advertisement of what **Neave's Food** can do. You may use this as you please. I am, Sirs,

Yours truly *(Signed),* C. F. POWELL.

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

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HAIR GROWS
BALDNESS DISAPPEARS

If you look about among your friends, or in the churches, you may notice fewer bald heads than you could have counted three years ago. The number of those suffering from baldness decreases every month.

The large number of testimonials which I have received is the best proof that the use of my pomade, whose merits are world-renowned, has substantially contributed to this diminution. When I was bald I came into possession of the receipt of my true hair growing preparation. **It brought forth a new growth** of hair on my head in less than forty days. Since then I have been selling the pomade prepared according to this receipt, which has achieved remarkable results with others, both **men and women.** The beautiful new hair grows in a natural manner. I have letters from customers who state that their **grey brittle hair** has been replaced by new hair of **natural colour.** Among the persons who have used my pomade are many who testify that hair has grown on the bald places although they had been **bald for years.**

I ASSURE YOU

that I always do business in an honourable manner. Although I have received striking endorsements about my pomade from my customers, I prefer to undertake no guarantee that **hair begins to grow in every case after the use of my preparation.** I would rather that you convince yourself whether it will or will not. To prove that I advertise in good faith, you shall receive a **free tin. Satisfy yourself as to whether my preparation will yield for you**

A NEW GROWTH OF HAIR

From my numerous Testimonials I take the following extracts, the original letters of which (with full addresses, of course) can be inspected in my office, also thousands of other similar letters.

Miss NORA EVANS, Godalming: "Four months ago, being almost bald, I tried your preparation, with wonderful result. My head is now quite covered with beautiful soft hair."

Mr. P. T. FLEMING, Crookstown: "One box of your hair grower has stopped my hair from falling out, and started a new growth."

Miss FANNY J. TASKER, Ringwood: "In the autumn my hair began to fall out so rapidly that there was the dreaded probability of my being compelled to wear a 'transformation.' I tried all the preparations that are advertised as beneficial for the hair, but with no result until I used Mr. John Craven-Burleigh's true hair grower. Now I have a new growth of hair all over my head, and all fear of baldness has passed away."

Mr. H. McINTYRE, Greenock: "I thoroughly advise anyone who is inclined to be bald to use your true hair grower, as it is a wonderful prescription. I used only half a box, and my hair is thoroughly restored."

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Mr. G. C. AITKEN, Glasgow: "My hair is falling out no more, and there is now a steady growth."

Mr. JOHN COOKE, Ballinasloe: "Your true hair grower has worked wonders. I have a nice new growth."

Mr. R. T. GUY, Bwll Llanelly: "This is to certify that your true hair grower has thus far produced half an inch of hair by using only one box. I was completely bald."

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From a well-known London Editor (name on application): "I had a bald patch on my head which has existed 12 years, and a box of your true hair grower has grown hair over it."

Mr. E. WEST, Newcastle, Staffs: "I can see quite a thick growth of hair now, which is marvellous, as my age is 78 years."



I WAS BALD.

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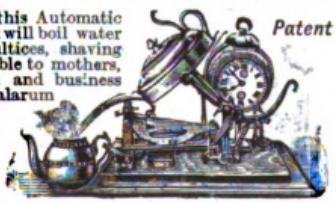
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If you will call at my office you will obtain a sample tin of my hair growing preparation free of charge. My office is open daily from 9 to 6. If you prefer to receive the same by post, I must request you to send two penny stamps for postage, etc. It makes no difference where you live, your orders will be as promptly and conscientiously executed as though you were served in my office.

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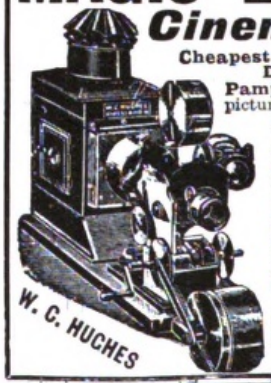
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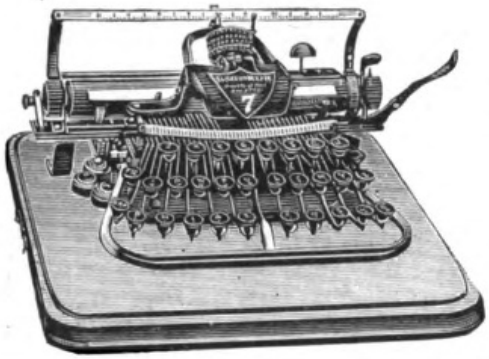
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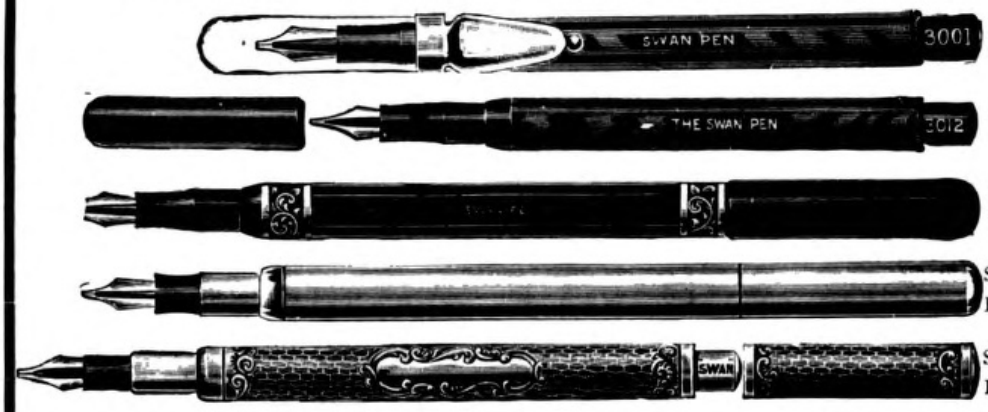
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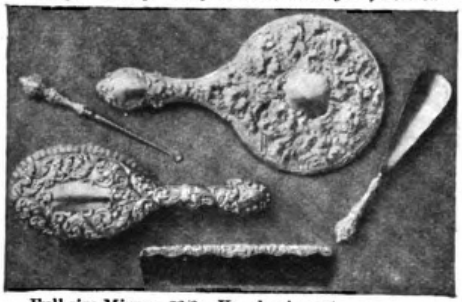
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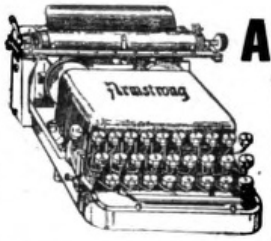


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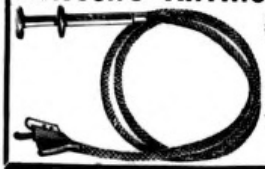
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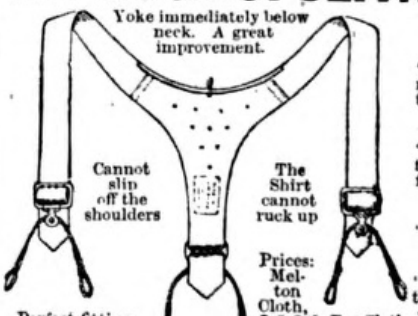


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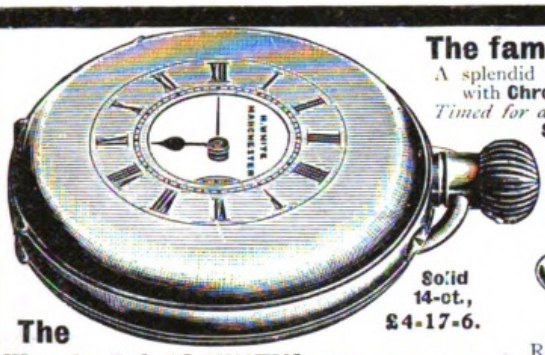
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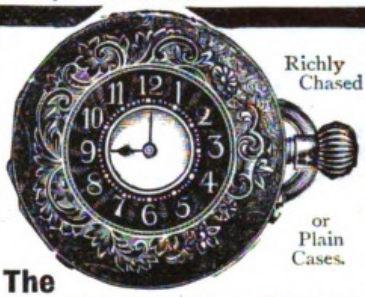
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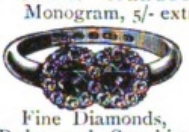
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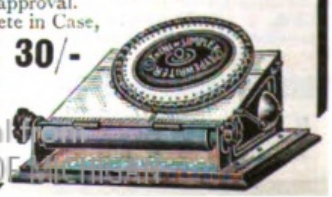
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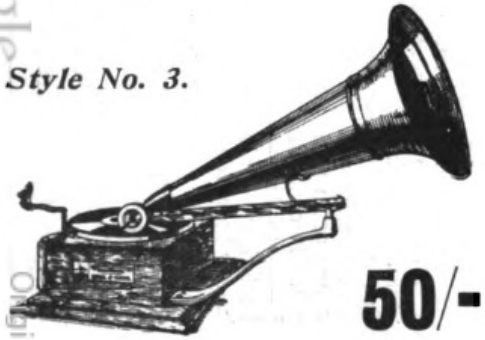
There are several kinds of Talking Machines, there is, however, ***ONLY ONE***

GRAMOPHONE

which is manufactured only by The Gramophone & Typewriter, Ltd.

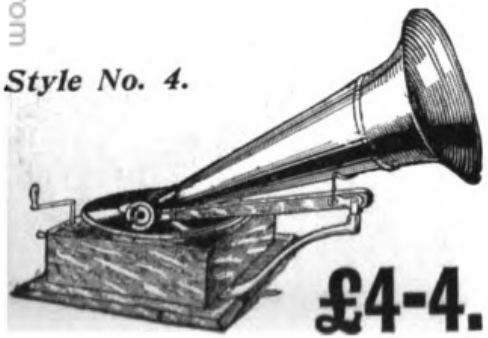
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The Board is finished in red, green, and natural wood, with a fine polish.

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TRISCUIT

BAKED BY ELECTRICITY

THE PERFECT FOOD FOR PERFECT MAN

Superior to any form of Bread known because of its Crispness & Digestibility.

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The ONLY Porridge Cake

Warm a biscuit, and then serve. Simply pour on milk, and add sugar or salt.

Samples Free.

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HARPER & CO., of BELFAST

Royal Irish Travelling Rugs.



Beautiful Quality, all Pure Wool, soft as velvet, warm as seal. Size, 2¼ yds. by 1¼ yds., weight about 5lb. Stylish crimson, fawn, brown, or grey checks. Direct from the Factory, at the Wholesale price of **15/6**, worth **22/6**. Colonial & Foreign postage extra.

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XMAS, WEDDING, OR OTHER PRESENT.

A Charming Flower Pot, made of Brass and Copper. Beautifully chased. Handsome ornament.

Price (carriage paid) **14/6 each.**

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EFFICIENCY, ECONOMY, & COMFORT

BRITISH MADE BY BRITISH LABOUR.

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PETROLEUM OIL

WARMING STOVES AT ONCE.

Have the BEST MAKE and avoid trouble.

Ask for **Our Patent "Sunrise Burner,"** which is universally acknowledged to be the **Best in the World,** and to prevent disappointment, **have no other.**

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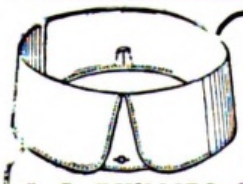


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The best pen. The easiest-going pen. The well-behaved pen. The pen that does not blot or leak or spurt. The pen that does not give up or give in, but just keeps on writing.

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PERMANENTLY REMOVED

By my Scientific Treatment Especially Prepared for Each Individual Case.



I SUFFERED FOR YEARS with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success; but I ultimately discovered the TRUE SECRET for the permanent removal of hair, and for more than two years have been applying my treatment to others, thereby rendering happiness to, and gaining thanks of, thousands of ladies. I assert, and WILL PROVE TO YOU, that my treatment will destroy the follicle, and otherwise PERMANENTLY REMOVE THE HAIR FOR EVER. No trace is left on the skin after using, and the treatment can be applied privately by yourself in your own chamber. IF YOU ARE TROUBLED, WRITE TO ME for further information, and I will convince you of all I claim. I will give prompt, personal, and *strictly confidential* attention to your letter. Being a woman, I know of the delicacy of such a matter as this, and act accordingly.

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A Complete DINNER SERVICE
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A Complete TOILET SET (full size) to each buyer of the above package. This **Free Gift** alone is worth almost half the amount charged.

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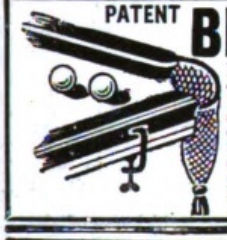
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Rigid sides, solid rubber cush, to fix on ordinary extending dining table, with 1⅛in. balls, two **4ft.** cues, chalks, tips, spots, and wafers. *Splendid practice at home, almost perfect game.* Set for table 6ft. by 3ft. 6in. **£2 5s.** Separate sliding point marker, 24in. long, **5/6** extra. For other sizes and illustrated list write **W. MAJOR**, Patentee, Dept. B, **Evington Street, Leicester.**

HAIR. HAIR. HAIR.

Write Prof. G. F. MOSS, 44 & 70, Sparkenhoe Street, Leicester, for his "TREATISE ON THE HAIR," GRATIS. Extremely interesting to all who through illness, shock, age, or any other reason are losing their hair. **MARVELLOUS CURES**, with convincing photographs and testimonials.

WHY LOSE IT?

FAT FOLK

Should take

Fell's Reducing Tablets

REGISTERED BY GOVERNMENT



"Getting Fleshier every day.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY
that Reduces weight 28lb. a month.

Every person who is suffering from too much fat can easily be reduced in weight by this new remarkable remedy that quickly removes all superfluous fat in either sex at the rate of 7lb. A WEEK.

IT IS GUARANTEED TO REDUCE WEIGHT A POUND A DAY

without the slightest inconvenience. Do not be afraid of evil consequences. It is a vegetable treatment, is perfectly safe, and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excessive fat. It improves the breathing, gives the heart freedom, takes off the big stomach, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful HOME TREATMENT.

Lost 40lb. *Lady —— writes:* **"Since taking your Tablets, I am reduced in weight 40lb."**

FREE

Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one send us your name and address, and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed packet, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address:

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PERMANENTLY DESTROYED BY CAPILLUS.

SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.



Marred Beauty.



Beauty.

The permanent extirpation of hair without injury to the skin is a subject which has engrossed the attention and research of scientists for years, and the only method known to science previous to the discovery of Capillus was ELECTROLYSIS, an operation performed by means of a needle connected with an electric battery, and inserted into each separate follicle. This destroys the growth and permanently removes the hair; but the operation is lengthy, because each follicle must be separately and accurately treated. Excessively painful (many who attempt its use give it up, being unable to endure the INTENSE torture inflicted) and very expensive, the cost of the operation ranging from £5 to £20, and often more, according to the growth of hair, amount of service necessary, and the financial condition of the patient; and after results do not justify its use, as for each and every follicle, or hair sac, destroyed or burnt out by electrolysis, there remains a small white spot plainly discernible, resembling a miniature white bead beneath the cuticle. These beads or spots are most unsightly in appearance, and are equally as disfiguring as objectionable hair. **We mention Electrolysis** and its impotent results, that you may form an opinion of its disappointing and injurious character. The skin of the face and other portions of the body is almost as plentifully supplied with hair follicles as the scalp, and upon every inch of skin surface there are hundreds of undeveloped hair follicles; hence, new hair may make its appearance at any time, more especially after the age of maturity is reached. Should new hair make its appearance, persons can certainly afford to devote a few minutes to eradicating this embarrassing and humiliating affliction. **Capillus will leave no injurious results,** and is the only solvent known to science for the permanent extirpation of hair without the slightest injury or disfiguration of the most delicate skin. **Capillus has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose;** it is so simple, anyone can use it; **dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility.** CAPILLUS REMOVES THE HAIR ONLY WHERE IT IS APPLIED. It has no effect whatever on the complexion, blood, health, or hair on any part of the person. It is especially prepared for the most delicate skin, which it leaves in the natural state.

The number of applications required for Capillus to do its work effectually is governed by the thickness of the skin, the strength of the growth, and the depth of the roots of the hair; each case being peculiar to itself. The heavy and deep-rooted growth, such as the beard, or hair on moles, may require several applications before all the roots are destroyed, although **all hair will be removed at each application.** This is not theory, it is practice; if anyone tells you it can't be done, it is because they don't know; nothing is impossible to science, all who have used Capillus do know.

One Bottle is sufficient. Large Size, 10s., Post Paid. *Obtainable direct only.*
Not on Sale at Chemists.

FREE In order that no one may be in ignorance of this wonderful discovery, an authoritative book has been prepared which fully describes the nature of this chemical invention, and contains the most convincing testimonials from those who have proved its exterminating qualities. By sending your name and address to THE CAPILLUS MANUFACTURING CO., 18, CENTURY HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W., you will receive this book free. It will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

AGENTS WANTED.

To quickly introduce Capillus into this country we have decided to adopt the same plan as we did in America, and to place it with pushing agents. It often requires actual demonstration by removing hair from the face, hands, etc., of purchasers, and for this reason **we desire to appoint a reliable person of either sex, in every locality,** to show and sell Capillus, to advertise or superintend advertising, to employ, supply, and oversee sub-agents when necessary, and to look after the interests of our house in general. Write for terms.

CRASH! CRASH!! CRASH!!!

Have you ever thought what a tremendous amount of nerve energy is daily wasted in the exertion of walking? Every time you make a step forward, practically the whole weight of your body goes upon the heel. It stands to reason that this continual crash, crash, must jar upon the nerves—anyhow, it did upon mine, and I started experimenting to try and find some remedy—and I succeeded. My rubber heel tips are the result of my researches, and I can thoroughly recommend them to everybody. They have numerous advantages over other heels—they are considerably cheaper (under half price), prevent slipping, and the "sucking" so common with circular heels, is entirely absent. You can easily fix them, and they outlast three ordinary heels.



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Price, 6d. per pair.

Mention whether for Ladies' or Gentlemen's Boots or Shoes. . . . From all Bootmakers.

Sample **3 pairs for P.O., 1/6.**

J. J. ECKERT, Strood, Kent.

Smoky Chimneys Cured



By using Cochrane's world-renowned

PATENT "ACME" REVOLVING SMOKE-CURER.

An instant and permanent Cure. The largest sale in the world. Over **100,000** in use. Delivered, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom, on receipt of Postal Order for **12/6.** Printed directions sent with each. Any person can fix them. State inside diameter of chimney-pot. Particulars and Testimonials of the SOLE MAKER— *(Established 1850).*

JOHN COCHRANE, Sheet Iron Works, 44, Kirkgate, Leith, N.B.

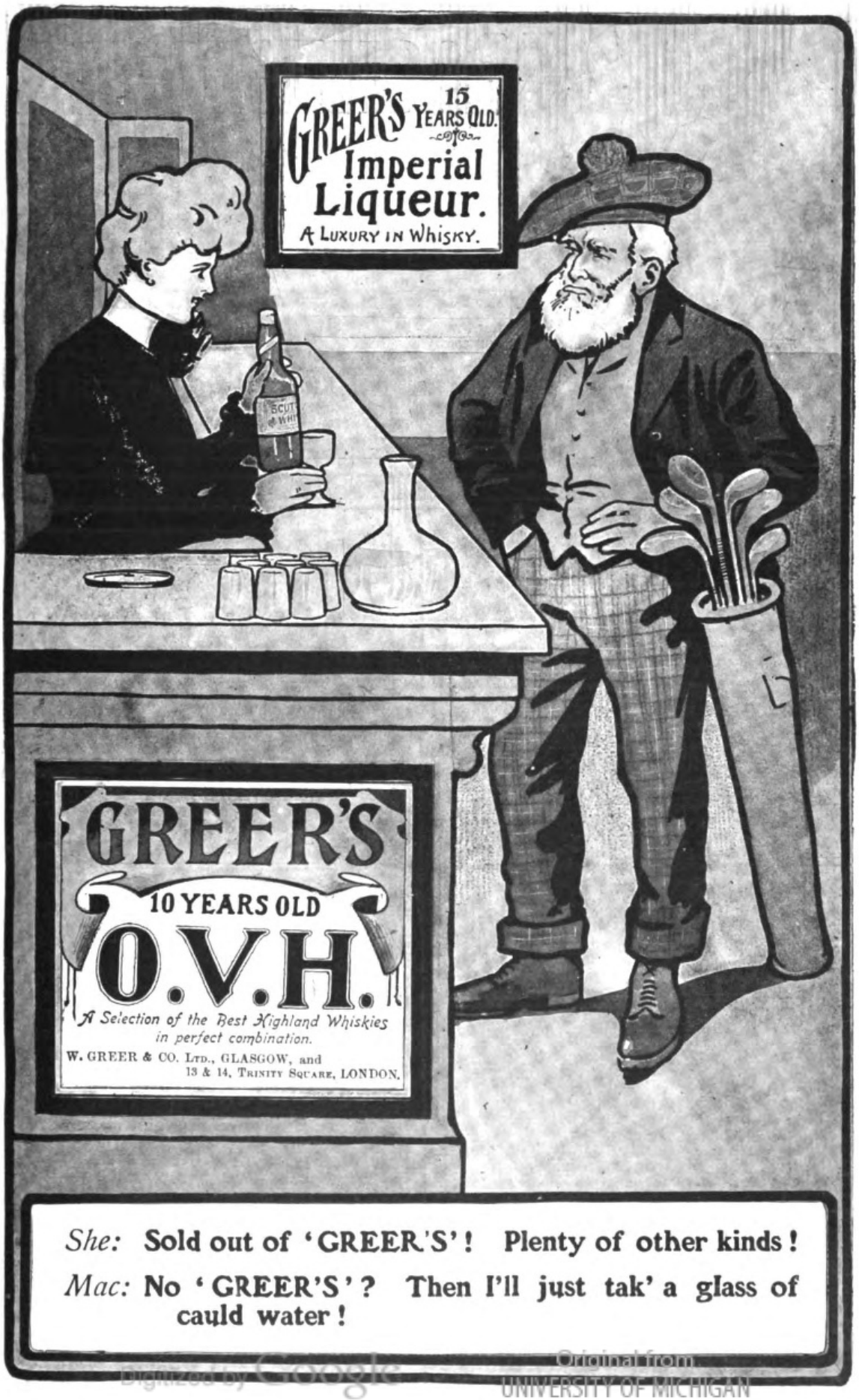


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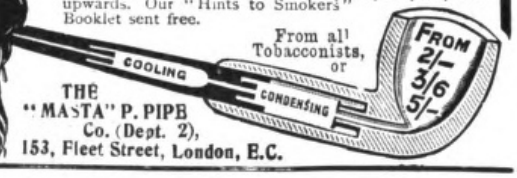
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"It's MACKINTOSH'S
EXTRA-CREAM TOFFEE!"

MACKINTOSH'S
Extra-Cream
TOFFEE

Doctors Recommend it.
Delicious! Delicious!! Delicious!!! SOLD EVERYWHERE.
If any difficulty in obtaining, send us Eight Penny Stamps for a very Large Sample Packet sent Post Free.
Have you tried MACKINTOSH'S Old Fashioned TREACLE TOFFEE?
J. MACKINTOSH, Ld., The Toffee Mills, Halifax.
Accept No Substitutes.

Every Puff a Puff of Satisfaction with
The "MASTA."

THE "MASTA" PIPE delights where an ordinary Pipe barely gives pleasure. It is the embodiment of perfection, and is the only Patent Pipe which absolutely obviates the possibility of nicotine reaching the mouth or Pipe Bowl. It makes
An excellent XMAS GIFT.
Beautifully made and finished in all shapes. Worth its weight in gold, but sold at 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, 7/6, and upwards. Our "Hints to Smokers" Booklet sent free.



From all Tobacconists, or
THE "MASTA" P. PIPE Co. (Dept. 2), 153, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



The Best Looking Heel on Market

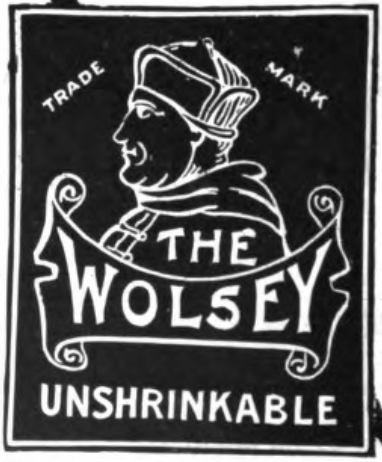
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Note the STAR Metal Centre.
YOUR BOOT HEEL ALWAYS LEVEL
WILL WEAR 3 TO 6 MONTHS.
Reduces fatigue. Recommended by Doctors.
OBTAINED FROM ALL BOOT STORES.
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IMPROVED PATENT
For Remedying Prominent Ears, Preventing Disfigurement in after life. Keeps the Hair Tidy.
In all sizes. Send measure round head just above ears. Price 3/11. Postage, 1d.
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The Wolsey
Pure Wool Underwear

NON-IRRITATING, STRONG, & DURABLE.
CANNOT THICKEN OR HARDEN.
SOFT AND ELASTIC.
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Various textures and qualities for Ladies' and Gent's wear. Of all Hosiers, Drapers, and Outfitters at home and abroad.

Insist on "Wolsey" and refuse imitations.

If any difficulty in obtaining write at once to the "Wolsey" Underwear Co., Leicester, who will give name of nearest Retailer.

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Made by Special Process which prevents Cracking, Stickiness, and keeps them always soft and pliable. Guaranteed Waterproof. COATS (as shown), Black lined yellow, 9/-. JACKETS, do. (36in. long), 7/11. OVERALLS (as shown), 2/3 pair. CAPES, 7/6. SOU'WESTERS (Black), 1/6. YACHTING COATS (Black or Yellow) made of Imperial Cambric, very light texture, with Epaulette and Shoulder Pieces, &c., 25/-, 21/- and 18/6. Every description of Oilskin Clothing. Send for Special Catalogue to Parker's, Dept. 16, Lancaster.



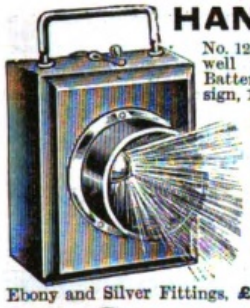
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Superbly Finished in Russian and Morocco Leather, also in Solid Ebony with Silver Fittings, and many other pleasing styles at prices to suit everybody.

The most useful invention of Modern Times. Portable Electric Lights form the most convenient, the safest, and the cleanest light you can possibly have. They are made in various designs, and are particularly useful about the house and for Travellers, Cyclists, &c. The following are a few of our most popular novelties:—

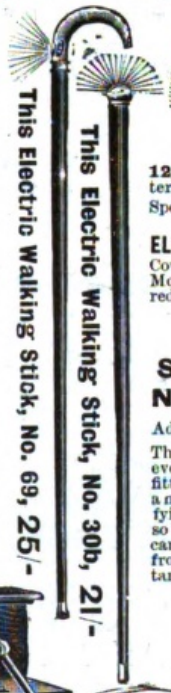


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No. 12.—Highly equipped and well made, complete with Battery, **14/6**. Special Design, **19/-**. Extra Batteries, **1/6** each. Useful when Boating, Riding, Cycling, Driving, etc.

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Covered in Morocco Leather, in dark blue, dark green, or dark red, **26/-**, & Russia Leather, **27/6** each. Also in Solid Ebony and Silver Fittings, **£3-3**. Refills **1/6** each.





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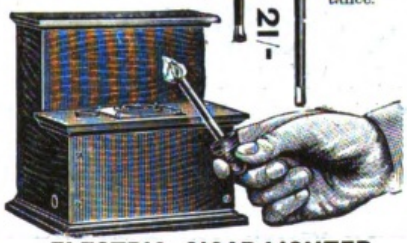
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This light should be in every bedroom. It is fitted with long cord and magnifying lens, so that time can be seen from a distance.



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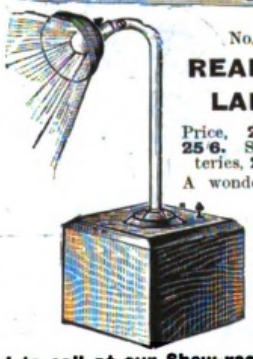
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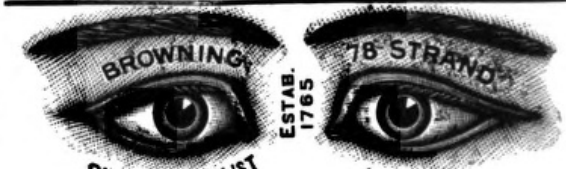


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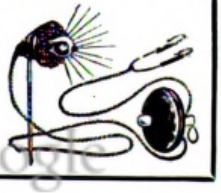
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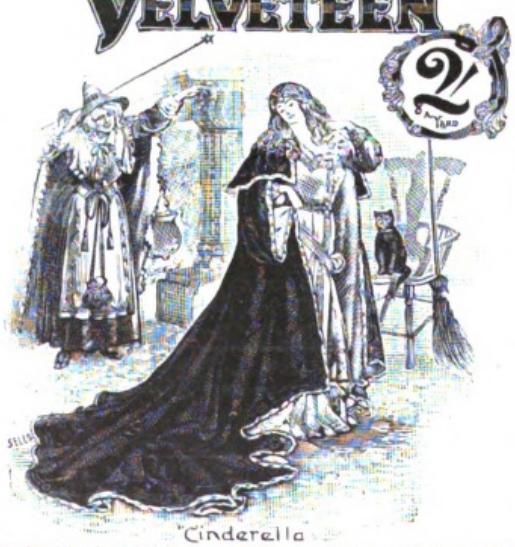
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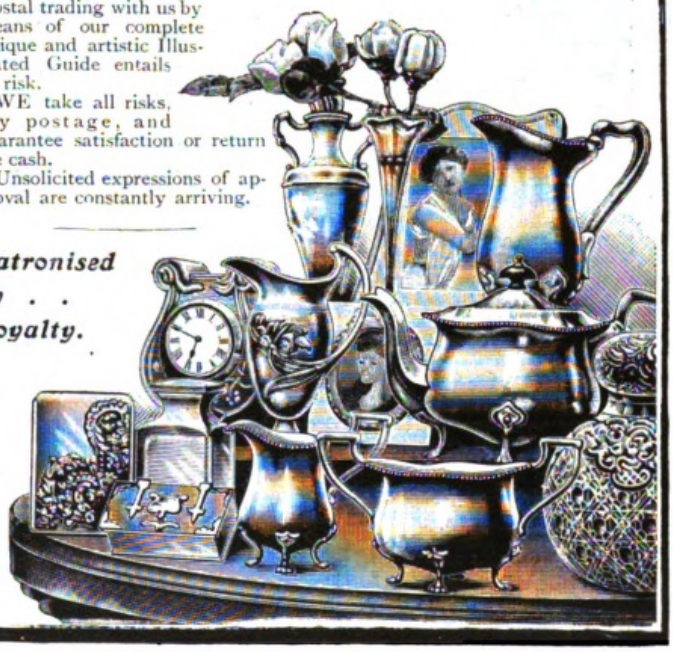
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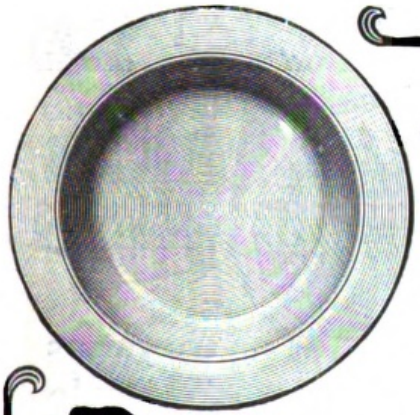
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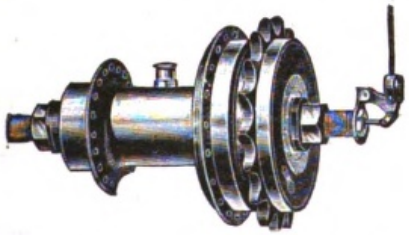
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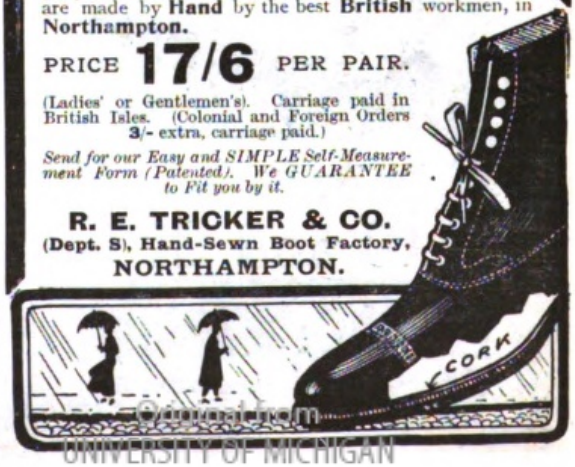
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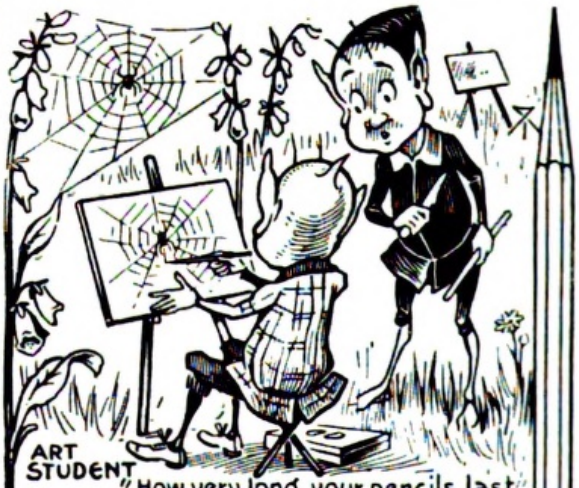
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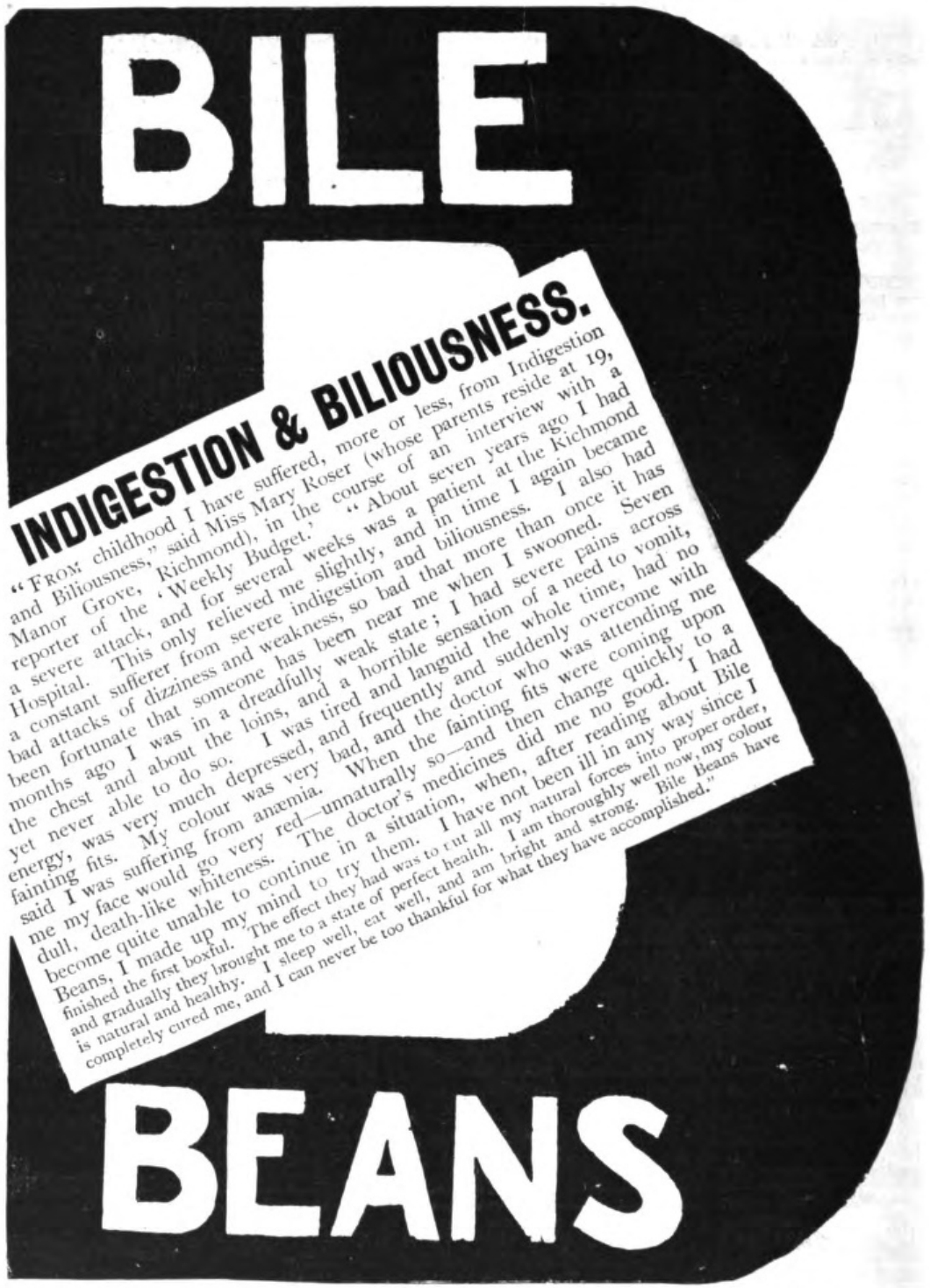
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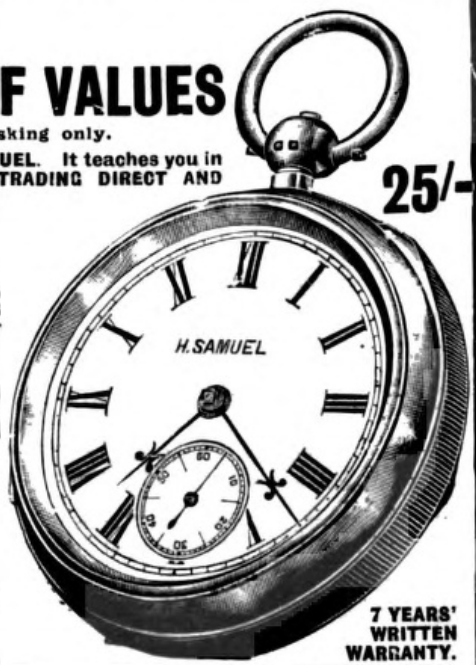
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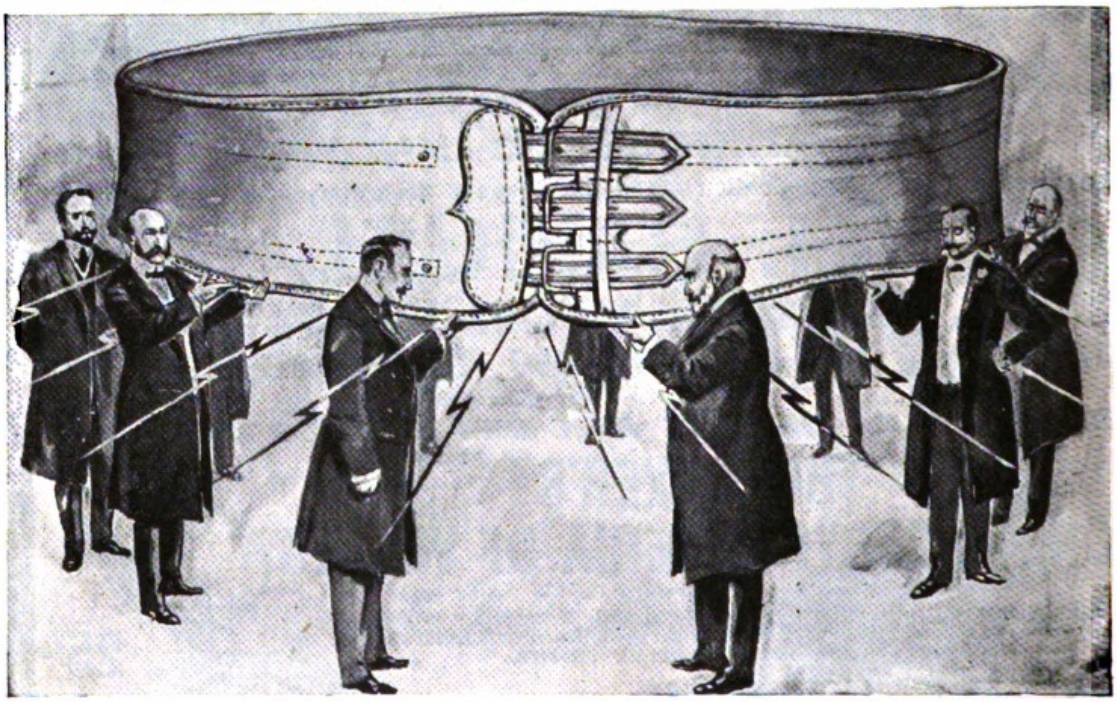
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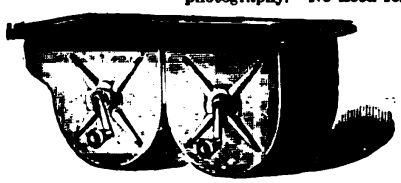
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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Contents for December, 1903.

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FRONTISPIECE: "HOLMES CLAPPED A PISTOL TO HIS HEAD AND MARTIN SLIPPED THE HANDCUFFS OVER HIS WRISTS."

PAGE

603 THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. CONAN DOYLE. III.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE DANCING MEN. *Illustrations* by SIDNEY PAGET.

618 SOVEREIGNS I HAVE MET. By HÉLÈNE VACARESCO. VII.—THE GERMAN EMPEROR. *Illustrations* from Photographs and from a Painting.

626 MY LADY GUIDE. By Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON. *Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.

636 MASTERPIECES OF HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION. By ADRIAN MARGAUX. *Illustrations* from Facsimiles.

642 A FAMOUS TEST. By ROBERT BARR. *Illustrations* by J. FINNEMORE, R.I.

657 THE LOSS OF THE "ENIGMA." *Illustrations* by E. S. HODGSON and from Photographs.

664 THE KING AND I. By MAX PEMBERTON. *Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.

673 THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF THE FUTURE. VIEWS OF LEADING ARCHITECTS. *Illustrations* from Sketches and Photographs.

681 THE JEWELS OF VISHNU. By HARRIETT BENNETT. *Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.

689 MY FAVOURITE COSTUME. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

698 EYES OF TERROR. By L. T. MEADE. *Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.

711 THE ROYAL ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL. *Illustrations* from Paintings and Sculpture.

720 THE TRANSIT OF VENUS. By MORLEY ROBERTS. *Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.

732 A BUDGET OF PUZZLES. *Illustrations* from Facsimiles and Diagrams.

740 A GLUT IN TURKEYS. By MARION WARD. *Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.

745 CUPID. By S. K. LUDOVIC. *Illustrations* from Paintings.

751 THE LAND IRONCLADS. By H. G. WELLS. *Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I.

765 A TIRESOME CHILD. By WINIFRED GRAHAM. *Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.

771 FATHER CHRISTMAS. By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA. *Illustrations* from Paintings and Old Prints.

777 THE PHŒNIX AND THE CARPET. By E. NESBIT. VI.—DOING GOOD. *Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.

785 SNOW-WAVES. By JOHN SWAFFHAM. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

790 WONDERS FROM THE WEST. *Illustrations* from Photographs.
LXV.—A LOCOMOTIVE GRAVEYARD LXVI.—A TREE THAT TEACHES HISTORY.
LXVII.—A HIGH-DIVING DOG. LXVIII.—A LOBSTER VIOLIN.

795 CURIOSITIES. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE *is Printed and Published monthly by the Proprietors,* GEORGE NEWNES, *Limited, 7 to 12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year,* 10s. *Cases for binding any volume of* THE STRAND MAGAZINE *may be obtained to order from Booksellers for* 1s., *or post free for* 1s. 3d., *direct from the Office.*

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THE KEELEY TREATMENT

For the Cure of Alcohol and Drug Inebriety.

THE Keeley treatment has been employed in this country for many years under the auspices of a committee of broad-minded men of affairs, who have satisfied themselves by personal investigation, not only of the efficacy of the Cure, but of its permanency in nearly every case. This Committee is composed of the following gentlemen, the Chairman being the Rev. James Fleming, B.D., Canon of York, Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty the King; Mr. W. Hind-Smith, National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, Exeter Hall, London; Lord Braye; Lord Montagu of Beaulieu; and Robinson Souttar, M.A., D.C.L., who keeps in constant touch with the operations of the Keeley Institute. Here are some facts from prominent men regarding the Keeley Cure for the Drink and Drug Habit.

"It really cures. It does what it professes to do." Such is the emphatic testimony of Mr. Eardley-Wilmot, the well-known secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, who for some years has had the Keeley method under close observation in this country. He adds: "I do not wish to use high-flown language, but really and truly I look upon the Keeley cure as a modern miracle." And then he tells how case after case that had been considered hopeless has yielded speedily to the Keeley Cure, the patients returning to their work full of vigour, and happy in the restoration of all that makes life worth living.

He has sent bad cases which his society were unable to deal with. These cases numbered in all forty, and Mr. Eardley-Wilmot says that out of these only four have lapsed, while the remaining thirty-six recovered, and have been total abstainers ever since.

Furthermore, Mr. W. Hind-Smith, of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations, declares that in his opinion, after ten years of constant service on the Investigating Committee of the Keeley Cure, it is the only effective cure for chronic alcoholism and drug addiction of which he is aware.

"Why does the Inebriate continue to drink? He drinks because he is a slave of alcohol. He is no more responsible for drinking—when a drunkard—than a man is for having a chill or fever when he is poisoned by malaria. The Inebriate will stop drinking for a few days, or weeks, or months perhaps. You may say then, why not stop continuously? But this is a law of the disease of alcoholism. A man may have an attack of ague, and may then go two days, or a week, or two or three weeks, or even a year, without a paroxysm. You may say, if a man can throw off the disease for a week, or a month, or a year, why can't he do so continuously? The reason he can't is because the nature of the disease is to cause these paroxysms periodically. If the malarial disease is cured, the paroxysms will cease for ever, and the same law is found to hold good with alcoholism.

"The man so diseased will continue to drink rhythmically. His persistence in drinking is a part of, and a main part of, his disease. Can we make it clear and plain to you why a drunkard will continue to drink in spite of everybody and everything good? I think if we examine the laws of disease relating to the action of poisons, and compare them with similar laws in the physical and mental world, that we can make the question and its answer plainly understood.

"It is true that his disease is caused by alcohol; but it is also true that in this disease, when once it is established, alcohol is a necessity. The Inebriate is diseased because he drank whisky with his friends, or socially, or took it as a medicine, or for any reason whatever that caused him to begin drinking; but he continues to drink because his disease DEMANDS alcohol.

"Persons prevent epidemics by fighting their rhythmical returns. They combat disease by interposing remedies which break up the settled rhythms of chill and fever.

"Right here is the secret of the cure of inebriety. The chronic inebriate acquires a resistance to alcohol when he has a drunken bout. His family, friends, his will, and his tissue cells resist it. All these things make such an impression on his mind that he stops drinking for a while. But these resisting forces lose their power in time, and then the glamour of tissue cells for alcohol is again predominant, and he goes off again on another spree.

"From this standpoint a drunkard is made up of the rhythmical predominance of all the forces which lead him to drink, and of the forces which prevent him from drinking. If all these forces could remain equal, he would be naturally cured; but they never remain equal. The Keeley remedy breaks up this rhythm. It puts the inebriate into an entirely new sphere, externally and internally. It is very like, and just as effectual as giving a man who has the ague a quantity of quinine and a change of climate. It breaks up the regular swing of the pendulum which ticks against sobriety at one extreme and into debauchery at the other."

The principles of it are easily explained. The man or woman upon whom has fallen the disease of intemperance goes to the Keeley Institute as he or she would go to any hospital or nursing home. They go of their own free will, or they are not admitted. If they do not wish to be cured, the administrators of the Institute will have none of them. Even when they consent to come, they are left free agents to go in and out at will, so long as they are there at stated hours of the day when the treatment is administered.

The treatment takes four weeks, and is carried out in England only at the Keeley Institute, at 8 and 9, West Bolton Gardens, London, S.W. It consists of hypodermic injections four times a day, and Dr. Keeley's remedies, which are taken every two hours during the day.

At the beginning of the treatment the patient is provided with a liberal amount of the best whisky, if he desires it; or, if the addiction be in the category of drugs, the accustomed dose is allowed, but after two or three days the old craving for alcohol disappears for good and all; for drugs it takes longer.

About one-third of the patients are ladies, all of whom have apartments outside the Institute, of their own selection.

A discerning British public appreciates hard facts. The published Annual Reports of Canon Fleming's Committee can be had for the asking. These reports are highly interesting, containing, as they do, authentic information as to the cures effected, whether the trouble had been alcoholism, morphinism, or nervous prostration.

Some of the patients had been victims to the drink or drug habit for very many years. Cures are the rule, and, what is more, they are permanent. Among the patients are physicians, lawyers, clergymen, journalists, and men generally who do the brain work of the world.

After ten years at 6, Grenville Place, Cromwell Road, the Keeley Institute has removed to new and more commodious quarters at 8 and 9, West Bolton Gardens, in Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.

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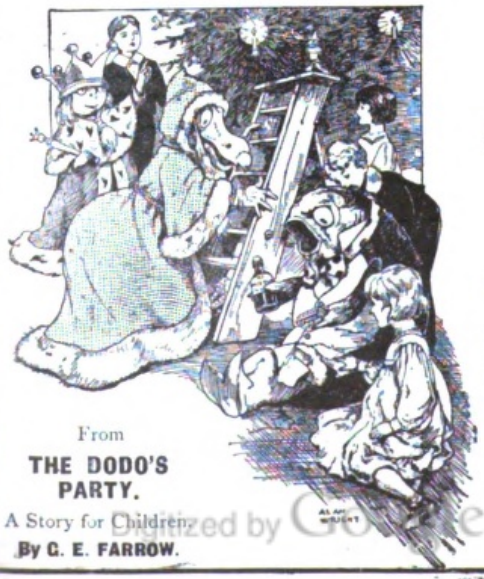
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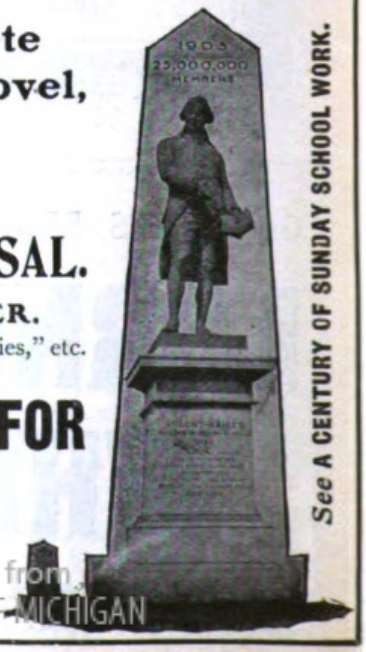
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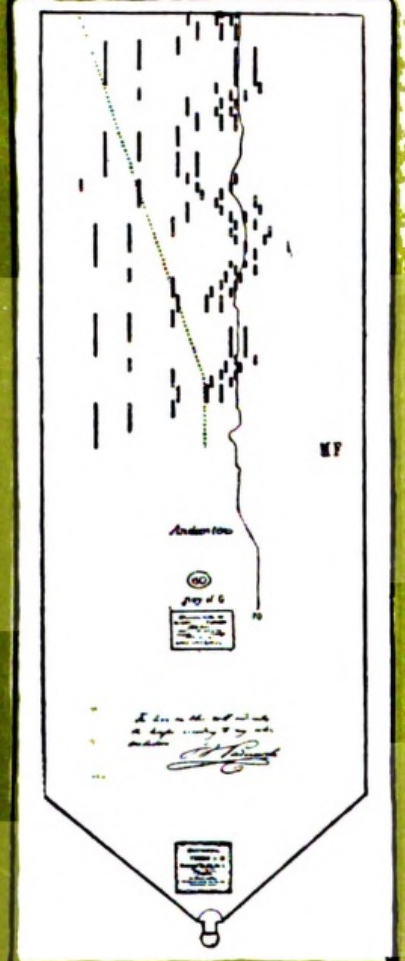
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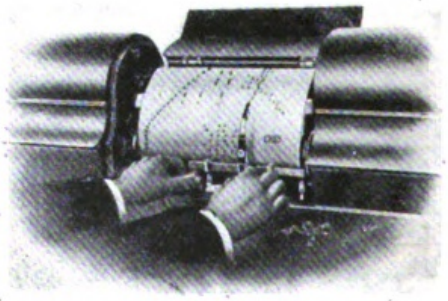
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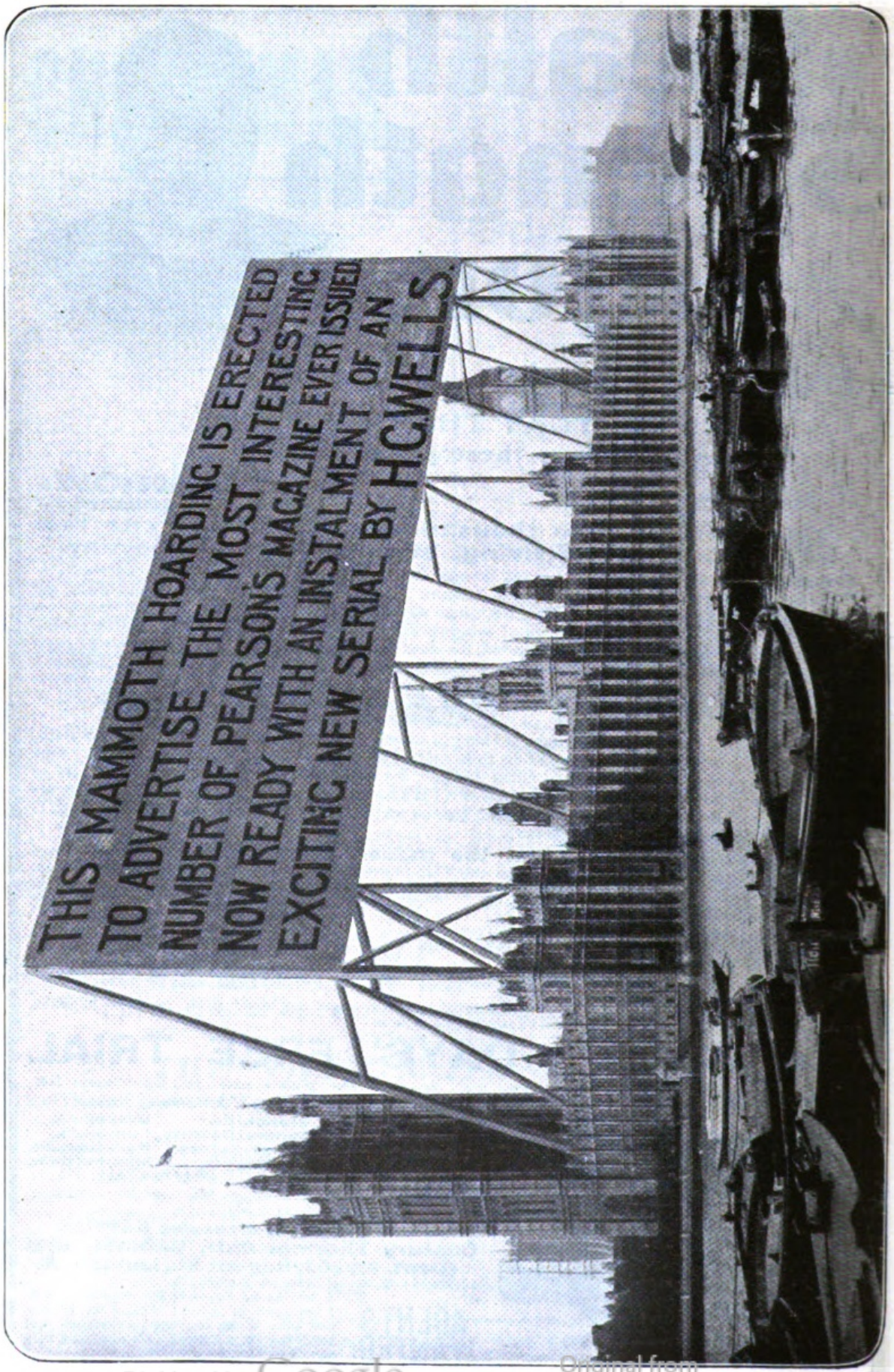
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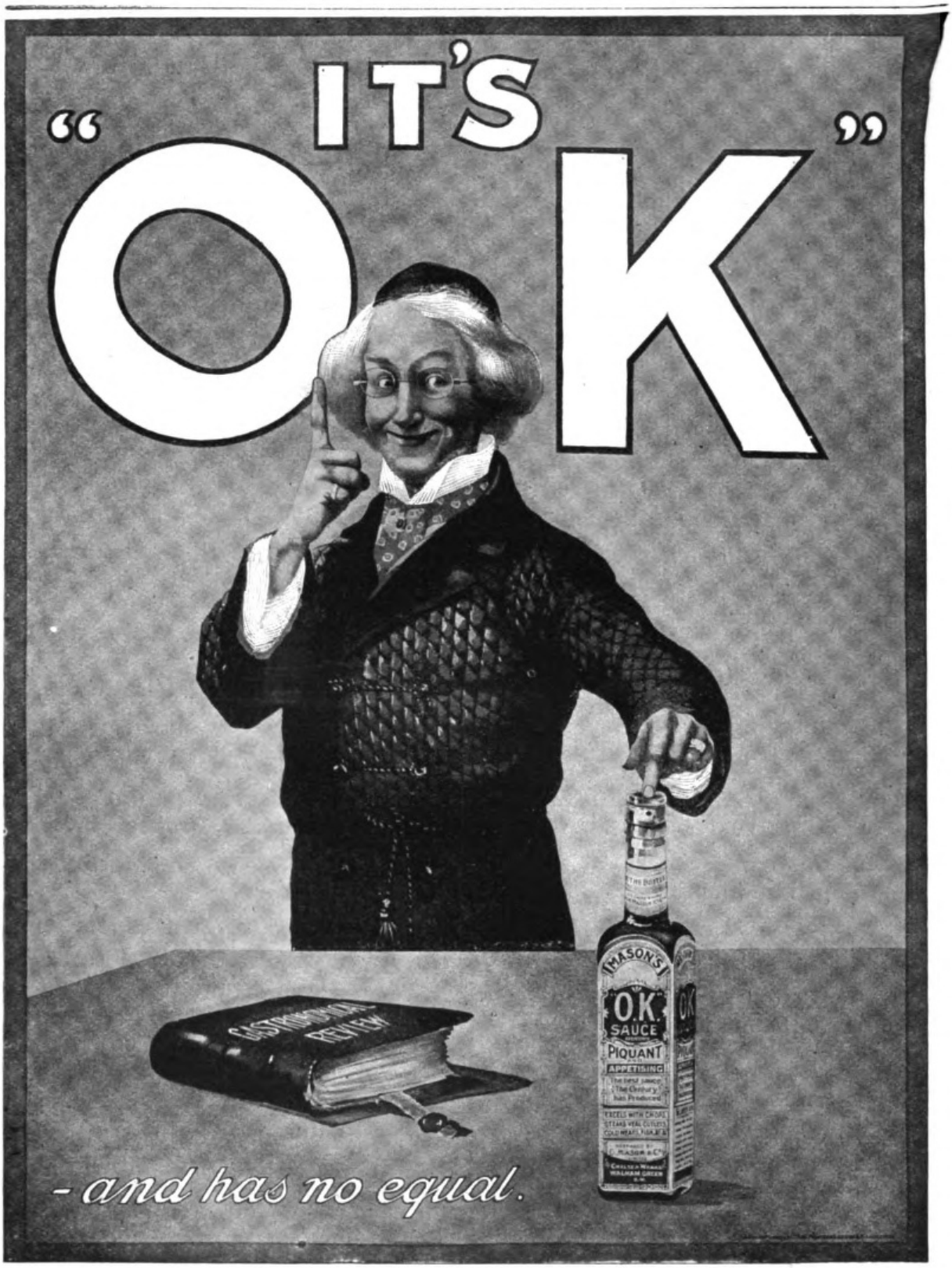
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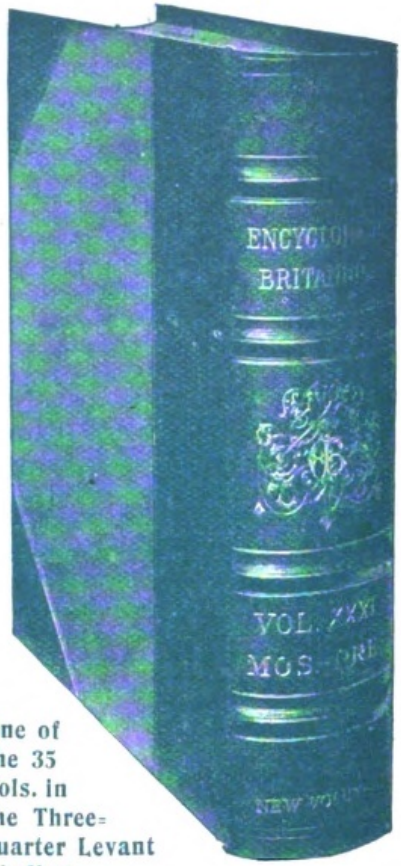
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this week, yet 'The Times' has been selling copies of the book through the autumn, and will continue selling them for a few days more, at only a very small profit. The catalogue price, which is no more than a fair price for The Encyclopædia Britannica (as you will admit if you read this advertisement through, and see what the volumes contain) is £57 for the cloth binding. 'The Times' is selling 'Introductory' copies, in order to advertise the newly-completed book, at less than half this catalogue price and for monthly payments so small that hardly any man in England is too poor to better his education by procuring the great library of reading and reference. Clergymen and school teachers are eagerly buying the book, using and quoting it constantly, speaking of it enthusiastically to their friends. They would not have been able to buy it, they would not be talking about it to-day, if it were being sold at the full catalogue price. And they are not the only classes of men with but small incomes who advertise a book by talking about it. From one point of view, subscribers who begin life with less advantages of education do even more to promote the reputation of The Encyclopædia Britannica when they declare that it is of use to them. When, for instance, a cabinet maker (Mr. W. G. Churcher, High Street, Bishops Waltham), writes to 'The Times' to say how useful the volumes are to a working man, there is no question but that the book is finding its way into the hearts and homes of the people. Another subscriber, at Herne Hill, writes, '*I am only a working chap and have not received much education, but I have tried to make up the deficiency, and have found The Encyclopædia Britannica invaluable.*'



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In the meantime, before you receive the specimen pages from The Encyclopædia Britannica and the account of the work which will be forwarded to you, perhaps you would like to have in a few words a statement of some of its characteristics.

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ritannica, of which the last appeared in April.

The most obvious of these characteristics is of course the huge size of the work. To say that a book contains forty million words of text, as this book does, means that it is as large as three or four hundred ordinary books, for a hundred thousand words is certainly rather over than under the average size of a printed volume. But even this gigantic figure conveys imperfectly the vastness of The Encyclopædia Britannica, because three or four hundred ordinary books present to the reader's mind the experiences and the thoughts of only three or four hundred men, whereas the thirty-five massive volumes of The Encyclopædia Britannica incorporates the work of no less than 2,100 among the most distinguished men of our time. The system of specialization has been carried to the utmost possible limits. To cite one instance, the subject of seafaring alone, the discussion of the building and management of the naval, commercial, and sporting vessels, of sails and marine engines, of lighthouses and pilots, occupied no less than thirty-six distinct contributors. It is only upon a close examination of subjects, and of the admirably chosen contributors in each branch, that one realizes how full a treasury of information, derived from the very best sources, lies within the covers of The Encyclopædia Britannica, **which is also an eminently readable book.** A hundred pages like this would be insufficient for the development of this argument, and one can only come back to brutal figures which stun the reader more perhaps than they can enlighten him.

An Index of more than 600,000 *entries was required for the mere classifying and sorting of the various items of information which The Encyclopædia Britannica contains.* In order to form some idea of what this figure means, think of any six facts ; for example :—(1) The amount of foreign corn which comes into the United Kingdom in a year. (2) The difference between town death rates and rural death rates. (3) The fact that you cannot get a fair amount of work out of a man in England unless he has an amount of food

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costing 3s. 3d. a day. (4) The fact that only sixty years ago 170,000 special constables were sworn in to protect London from a mob. (5) The fact that an electric tram car can do as much as 200 miles in a day. (6) The fact that a recent German law calls for inspection of all dogs' flesh intended for human food.

Here are six facts, chosen at random—facts of varying importance, but any one of them suggesting an interesting train of thought. There is probably no one of them that would not yield material for half-an-hour's interesting talk. **Multiply this six by 100,000; try to imagine a book which contains 600,000 facts, geographical, industrial, statistical, commercial, facts related to art, literature, music, religion, science, to every branch of human thought and human activity. When you have done that you have formed some idea of the size and scope of The Encyclopædia Britannica.**

Another striking and important characteristic of The Encyclopædia Britannica is that it is more up to date than any library which you could possibly form by spending ten times as much money in buying separate books.

The last volume (thirty-five) was issued last April (1903), Volume 34 six weeks before that (February, 1903), Volumes 33 and 32 on the 19th and 15th of December, 1902, Volume 31 in November, 1902, Volume 30 in October, 1902.

All the latest discoveries are fully treated in The Encyclopædia Britannica, and wherever we look we find evidence of the extent to which the book has been brought up to date. The pages are full of such dates as 1902, 1901, 1900—naturally enough, if we consider the dates at which the volumes were published. For example, the article upon Sugar contains the articles of the very important Brussels Sugar Convention, which was not signed till March, 1902; in the article upon Strikes and Lock-outs is included a description of the American Coal Strike which occurred in May, 1902; Marconi's experiments in the following July are discussed by Professor Fleming in his treatise on Wireless Telegraphy; the British Commercial Treaty with China, signed in September, 1902, is included in the article on Treaties; in the article Steamship Lines the history of the Morgan Combine is traced up to October, 1902; the biographies of Sir Richard Temple, Zola, and Rudolf Virchow conclude with the deaths of these men (March and September, 1902), and the biography of Cecil Rhodes (who died March, 1902) goes on to speak of his will. The book contains notices of such recent events as the eruption of Mont Pelée (May, 1902), the collapse of St. Mark's Campanile (July, 1902), the enthronement of the King of Spain (May, 1902), the appearance of Miss Ellen Terry with Mrs. Kendal in 'The Merry Wives' (June, 1902), the Japanese Treaty with Great Britain (February, 1902).

Such obvious instances catch the eye on every hand, and the knowledge that the volumes contain the most recent information on every subject makes the reader turn to them with double confidence.

But it is not merely because it does include all the latest facts, figures, and developments that The Encyclopædia Britannica strikes the reader as being so exceptionally up to date. This conviction is even more brought home to him when he notices the great length at which recent history and the latest developments are treated. It has been computed that more than a quarter of its total space is occupied exclusively with the history, the personalities, the discoveries, and the advances in knowledge that have been made during the past generation.

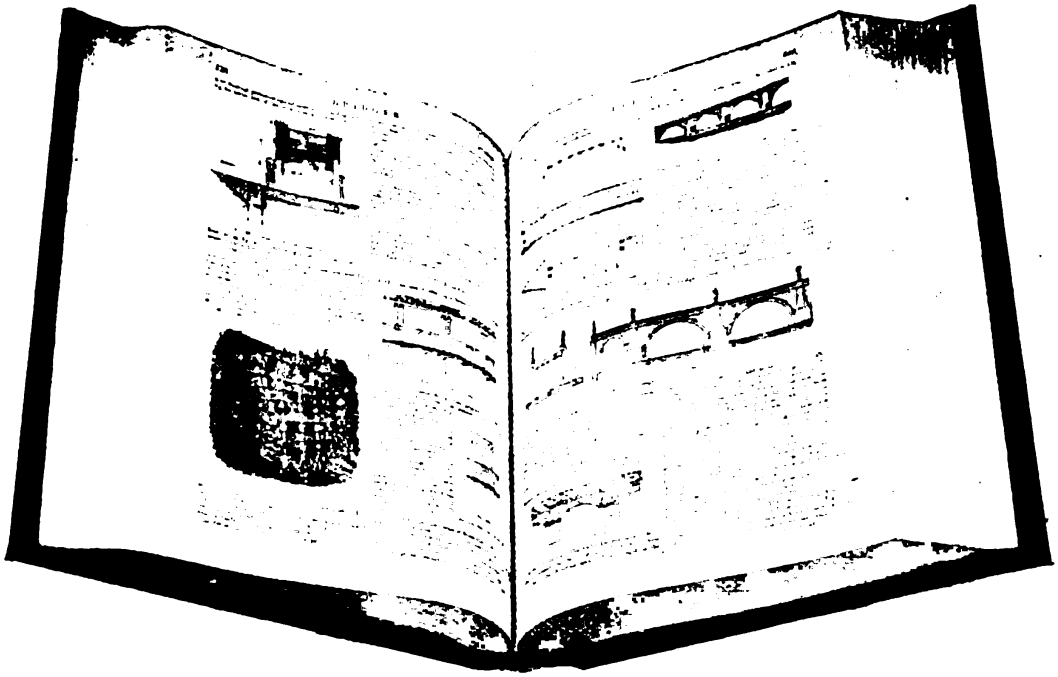
The biographies of living men and women afford, perhaps, the most striking illustrations of the degree to which The Encyclopædia Britannica is up to date. In turning over the pages we find, for instance, not only that there is a biography of Mr. Chamberlain, but also that it is some hundreds of words longer than the biography, let us say, of Sir Robert Walpole; we find again, not only that there is an article upon Tolstoy, but that the article is, if anything, a little longer than that on Aristotle. And this is only an illustration of a quality which runs through the work.

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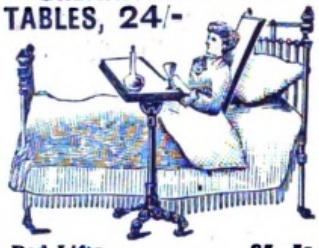


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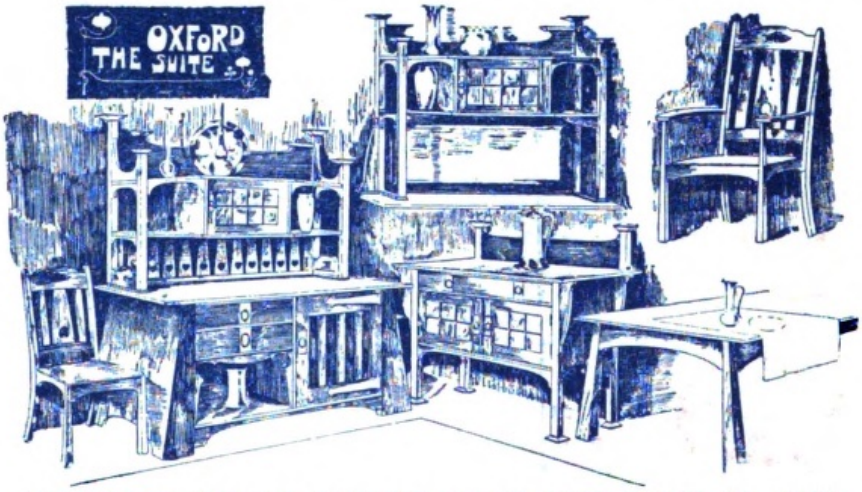
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